



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





Per 2705. d.  $\frac{32.}{28-29.}$









DIVINE SCIENCE

HUMAN SCIENCE

# THE LAMP.

## CONTENTS:

	PAGE		PAGE
THE MARTINS OF LEVER- TON (illus.) 1, 17, 33, 49,	65	THE HYACINTH .....	38
THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER	4	OUR OWN .....	41
A VISIT TO THE VIRGIN'S	4	ERRATIC NOTES .....	42
TEMPLE NEAR CAIRO .....	21	LEANNETTE AND PIERRE	43
TROUBLED TIMES (conclu- sion) .....	8	HARRY'S VISITOR .....	45
SOME PLEASURES AND	11	"TRAY LEAVES FROM ENG- LISH HISTORY .....	59
PASTIMES OF ANIMALS...	11	A CURIOUS CALCULATION	48
THE SISTERS OF MERCY...	12	"PERSONNET HOC CELIS	
IN THE CHRISTMAS SNOW	12, 28	DULCISIMA VOX GAI: BIRDS" .....	55
TURKISH PIPES .....	16	SPEAK NOT HARSHLY .....	58
PROPHECIES OF THE	20	THE FAVOURED ONE .....	61
WORLD'S END .....	20	HOME BY MOONLIGHT .....	61
A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG	72	A STUPID VICE .....	61
THE MOHAWKS 23, 18, 55,	72	LOCKING UP THE TOWER	68
NATURE: REAL AND IM- AGINED .....	26	NEWFOUNDLAND .....	69
GRANDPA'S WHISKERS ..	28	OCULAR EPIGRAPH .....	71
OIL:		TO A LARK .....	75
ON THE WATERS .....	16	THE SNAKE DANCE .....	75
THE OIL FIELDS .....	51	FAMILY FAVOURITISM ..	76
MISERIAL OIL .....	51	REHNSVILLE MANOR ..	77
		MONASTIC HOUSES IN EN- GLAND .....	80
		THE SONG OF THE BIRDS	80

### OFFICES:

LONDON.—25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, E.C.  
BURNS & OATES, ORCHARD STREET, W.  
DUBLIN.—SMITH & SON, MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.  
M. H. GILL & SON, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE  
STREET.  
LIVERPOOL.—SMITH & SON, CASTLE STREET.  
MANCHESTER.—I. HEYWOOD, DRANGATE.  
SMITH & SON, 1, NEW BROWN STREET.



HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1884, HIGHEST AWARD, TWO GOLD MEDALS.

# BRADFORD'S "VOWEL" WASHING MACHINES



BRADFORD'S HAND LAUNDRY.

Have for many years proved their superiority over all others made.  
Price from £2 15s. See Catalogue. Special Discount for Cash.

**Laundry Machinery. Dairy Machinery  
DOMESTIC MACHINERY.**

HORTICULTURAL MACHINERY of every description.

Plans and Estimates of Hand or Steam Power Laundries free on application. Illustrated Catalogue free by post.

**THOS. BRADFORD & CO., LAUNDRY ENGINEERS**

140, 141, 142, 143, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON,

And at MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL.

# OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA.

(ESTABLISHED SIXTY YEARS.)



THE BEST and ONLY CERTAIN REMEDY ever discovered for preserving, strengthening, beautifying, or restoring the HAIR, WHISKERS, or MOUSTACHES, and preventing them turning grey.

Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s.

**C. & A. OLDRIDGE,**

22, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON,

AND ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS.

For children it is invaluable, as it forms a basis of a magnificent head of hair, prevents baldness in mature age, and obviates the use of dyes and poisonous restoratives.

# Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S



ONLY GENUINE.

ORIGINAL AND

# CHLORODYNE

IS THE  
GREAT SPECIFIC  
FOR CHOLERA,

**COUGHS,  
COLDS,  
ASTHMA,  
BRONCHITIS.**

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—Dr. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED a REMEDY to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE INVENTOR, and, as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by Analysis (organic substances defying elimination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne must be false.

This Caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—Vice Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See *The Times*, July 13th, 1864.

**DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY.** GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, London, REPORT that it ACTS as a CHARM, one dose generally sufficient. Dr. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states: "2 DOSES COMPLETELY CURED ME OF DIARRHŒA."

From SYMES & Co., Pharmaceutical Chemists, Simla, Jan. 5, 1880.  
To J. T. DAVENPORT, London.

DEAR SIR,—We congratulate you upon the widespread reputation this justly esteemed medicine has earned for itself all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and, judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances ad infinitum of the extraordinary efficacy of DR. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE in Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, the Vomiting of Pregnancy, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhœa, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power.

We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescribe and patient alike.—We are, Sir, faithfully yours, SYMES & Co., Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain, His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** is the TRUE PALLIATIVE in NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** is a liquid medicine which assuages PAIN of EVERY KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and INVIGORATES the nervous system when exhausted.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** rapidly cuts short all attacks of

**EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC, PALPITATION, HYSTERIA.**

**IMPORTANT CAUTION.**—The IMMENSE SALE of this REMEDY has given rise to many UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS. Be careful to observe Trade Mark. Of all Chemists. 1s 12d, 2s, 6d., and 4s. 6d.

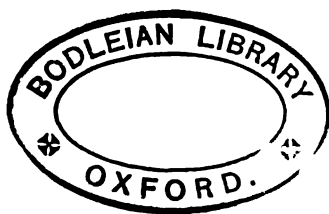
SOLE MANUFACTURER,  
J. T. DAVENPORT & Co., Great Russell Street, W.C.

# THE LAMP.

---

VOL. XXVIII.

---



LONDON:  
25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

1885.



---

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE,  
25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

---

# I n d e x.

- A Day's Work**, 16  
**Advantages of Travelling**, 304  
**A Good Marriage**, 400  
**Among the Wild Flowers**, 374  
**An Attentive Dog**, 220  
**Antiquarian Museums of Copenhagen and Stockholm**, 219  
**April : Facts and Fancies Concerning It**, 202  
**Arctic Indian Modes of Burial**, 106, 117  
  
**Baby's Visitor**, 45  
**Before the Examination**, 52  
  
**Cheap Literature**, 112  
**Coral Animalcule : Their Buildings and Structures**, 358  
**Costumes of the Ancient Irish**, 149  
**Crab's-Eye View**, A, 283  
**Curious Calculation**, A, 48  
**Curse of Lynnbrooke Manor (Illus.)**, The, 225, 241  
  
**Dinners and Dinners**, 144  
  
**Economy**, 348  
**Education of Women**, 164  
**Ellis's Irish Education Directory**, 267  
**Erratic Notes**, 42  
**Evans' Girls**, The, (Illus.), 209  
**Evening**, 234  
**Eve's Tomb**, 171  
**Eyes in School Days**, Our, 94  
  
**Family Favouritism**, 76  
**Favoured One**, The, 61  
**Fiesta de Toros**, Sevilla, 406  
**Flowers**, 293  
**From Over the Sea**, 212  
**Funerals, Facts About**, 277  
  
**German Village**, A, 197  
**Gladiatorial Fight**, The Last, 412  
**Grandpa's Whiskers**, 28  
  
**Heaven Taught Artist**, A, 125, 141, 158  
**Heraldic Gossip**, 229  
**How To Find Out the English in Germany**, 311  
**Humanity**, 296  
**Humorous Definitions**, 128  
**Hyacinth**, The, 38  
  
**Indoor Games of the Old Times**, 379  
**Influence of the Weather Upon the Mental Faculties**, 186  
**In the Christmas Snow : or, Lost and Found**, 12, 28  
**Inward Blindness**, 325  
**Irish Surgeon and the Iron Duke**, 176  
  
**Jeannette and Pierre**, 43  
**Jocular Epitaph**, 71  
  
**Kauri Gum**, 396  
**Knowledge is Power**, 143  
**Koh-i-Noor, the Mountain of Light**, 348  
  
**Labour a Consoler**, 384  
**Legends of the Kingdom of Northumbria**, 342  
**Locking up the Tower of London**, 68  
**Longfellow's Wooing**, 251  
**Love of this Present World**, 373  
  
**Martins of Leverton, The (Illus.)**, 1, 17, 33, 49, 65, 81, 97, 113, 129, 151, 167, 183, 206  
**Maternal Affection**, 153  
**Michael's Stratagem, An Incident of the Penal Settlement**, 93  
**Mind**, The, 150  
**Modern Suburb**, The, 390  
**Monastic Houses in England**, 80  
**Mungo Park, Anecdote of**, 61  
**Mystery in the Old Town of Winchester**, A, 221, 236, 251, 269, 280, 301, 317, 333, 349, 365, 382, 397, 408  
  
**Nature, Real and Invented**, 26  
**Needles and Needlework**, 100  
**Newfoundland**, 69, 85  
**Nora Lismore's Ideal (Illus.)**, 145, 161, 177, 193  
**Notable Cats**, 192  
**Notes of a Voyage in the Levant**, 244, 261  
  
**Oil on the Waters**, 36 ; **The Oil Fields**, 53  
**Our Ladie**, 407  
**Our Own**, 41  
  
**Parenthetical Speech**, A, 342  
**Peacocks, A Chat About**, 363  
**Pedler's Song**, The, 189  
**"Personet Hec Celis,"** 55  
**Pioneer of the Cross**, A, 23, 38, 55, 72, 88, 102, 120, 136, 154, 172, 189, 199, 215, 231, 247, 264, 285, 297, 312, 329, 345, 360, 376, 392  
**Popular Portraits**, 111  
**Postmen and Stage Coaches**, 268  
**Pretty Busy**, 96  
**Prison Life at Louvain**, 235  
**Progress of Love**, 100  
**Prophecies of the World's End**, 20  
**Prudence**, 230  
  
**Quebec**, 411  
  
**Rain Water, The Virtue of**, 144  
**Reptiles a Small and Dying Race**, 85  
**Rheinsville Manor**, 77  
**Rome by Moonlight**, 64  
**Rose**, The, 254  
**Rowing Up the Nile**, 170  
**Royal Visit— and ? A**, 263  
**Rustic Cross, a Play in One Act**, The, 108

# INDEX.—(Continued.)

- S. Columbkille's Lament, 335  
 S. George's Day, 224  
 S. Joseph and the Holy Souls, 236  
 S. Martin's, O'd Canterbury, 240  
 Samuel Johnson's Will, 280  
 Shamrocks, A Request for, 141  
 Sherborne; or the House at the Four Ways (Illus.), 321, 337, 353, 369, 385, 401  
 Shortness of Life, 154  
 Shot or Not, 396  
 Shrine of Ancient Christian Art, A, 164, 180  
 Shrine of Love, 108  
 Sisters of Mercy, 12  
 Smoking and Snuff Taking, 255  
 Snake Dance of the Moqui Indians of Arizona, 75  
 Sneezing, 92  
 Some Heroes of Charles Dickens, 294, 309  
 Some Pleasures and Pastimes of Animals, 11  
 Song of the Birds, 80  
 Speak Not Harshly, 58  
 Spring, 154  
 Stray Leaves from English History, 46, 59, 212, 315, 326  
 Stupid Vice, A, 64  
 Sumptuous Chapel, A, 148  
 Sydney Smith, Anecdote of, 153  
 Tears Robbed of Sentiment, 124  
 "Te Lucis Ante Terminum," 215  
 Temple Church, The, 139  
 The True and the False (Illus.), 257, 273, 289, 305  
 To a Lark, 75  
 To Rome, the Eternal City, 87  
 Toulouse Geese, 91  
 Troubled Times, 8  
 True Gentleman, The, 229  
 True Girl, The, 368  
 True Philosopher, The, 4  
 Turkish Pipes, 16  
 Untold, 392  
 Visit to the Virgin's Tree near Cairo, A, 5, 21  
 Way Home, The, 317  
 What the Grape Produces, 132  
 With the the Swallows in Champagne, 331  
 Woman's Education, 301



# THE LAMP

---



HENRY RIDES OVER TO HIS MOTHER.

## The Martins of Teberton.

BY OLIVER CRANE.

---

### CHAPTER I.

#### MOTHER AND SON.

**I**N looking back to see at what point in the story which I am going to tell I had better begin, I can only rest my mind comfortably on one particular moment when, some years ago, I, Henry Martin, was standing before the looking-glass, giving the last touches

to my hair and my whiskers, preparatory to paying a visit that I had fixed for that afternoon.

As I think of it, I can see my face in the glass as I then beheld it, and it is a good deal different from the face I might see there now if it were worth my while to get up and look at it. Then I had no grey hair, nor lines in my face prophetic of wrinkles. No! I was what people called a

good-looking fellow, and a young man of much promise.

I was, at that time of looking into the looking-glass, twenty-three years of age, and I had been two years in possession of a little property, which I had got by the will of my father's elder brother. No doubt the little world in which we lived thought me much handsomer for having land which might have rented for a hundred a year, but of which, as I did not let it, but kept it in hand myself, I made a very good living. I had lived with my uncle, and he had, in fact, adopted me early in my life, and, on that account, had made me his heir on his death.

My father had been dead many years; I scarcely remembered him; he had left my mother with a baby of a year old, and this baby was now a young man of nineteen or twenty in the office of a lawyer, called Norris.

Mr. Norris had first of all had Ben, my brother, to run messages and exercise his horses—for horses were Mr. Norris's delight—and he had taken a fancy to Ben because of his courage in the stable when he was so small as to have been caught standing on a bucket to do some work which his ambition made him attempt. So he had kept Ben, and taught Ben, and finally had given him work in his office; and he used to say, jokingly, that if Ben would grow a foot or two higher he would make a gentleman of him. But Ben was a good-looking lad, and, though very small, he was very clever; and as he had earned his bread for the last ten years, we had not troubled about him. Indeed it was my dear mother's way to say she was blest in her children; and now as, once more, I send back my thoughts and see myself again in that looking-glass, I see her also—walk into the room and stand by my side.

"Henry, where are you going?" She spoke a little sharply. She was very handsome, and about eight and forty years of age, and I was very fond of her.

"Henry, where are you going? I thought you were going to spend the evening with me—I expected I should have had a walk with you to the farm; I have not been there for weeks."

"You are so busy, mother."

"Yes—I am busy; my trade flourishes; but where are you going?"

"What a good thing it is that fashions change, and that clothes are made of such flimsy materials that they soon wear out. Aye, mother?"

"Nonsense, Henry; where are you going?"

Then I turned around and kissed my beautiful mother, and I saw bright tears in her eyes.

"Mother, I am going to see Alice."

"Henry, you'll break my heart."

"Mother, don't you try to break mine."

"I break your heart—I have no power over you, now."

"Yes, you have, and a power which I do not want you to use so as to make my life wretched. You know I love Alice, and you know that she is equal to me—nay, above me; and you refuse to have anything to do with her because she is a Catholic."

"Yes; I do refuse."

"Why?"

"Because she intends to make you one."

"Now, mother, once more let me say what I feel; when we say the Creed——"

"Oh, I believe in the Creed as much as you do."

"Then you believe in our Lord being born of the Virgin Mary, and that—in short—that the belief in Him is Christianity, and that to preserve this to us, He gave us the Catholic Church."

"Well, yes," said my kind mother, a little unwilling, "we do say that we believe that."

"Then to me," said I, "there is only one question—'Where is that Church?' To that Church I am going to belong. My principle is not to belong to anything of my own fancying, but to that which God gave to the world. Alice says it is the Catholic Church to which she belongs."

"Ah, it's all Alice!" cried my mother.

"Yes, it was Alice that first made me think about it. But if I believe that God gave us the Church, and Himself abides with that Church, then—Alice or no Alice, I will belong to that Church—that or nothing—Alice or no Alice."

"But she said she would not marry you unless you were a Catholic."

"Yes, she did."

"And there can't be a greater temptation," cried my mother, triumphantly.

"It's an *inducement* to examine the matter, I grant you that. I should not have thought of examining the matter but for that determination. But now that I have thought of it I shall do it. I should be wrong not to do it. It will be a good thing to get at *Truth* whatever else I get, or whatever I may lose."

"Still it's Alice, and I can't forgive her."

"You make my life very difficult by not being kind to her."

"She is too young."

"She will mend of that. But she *is* young. Seventeen is too young for my wife, we must wait a little."

"And long engagements seldom answer."

"Then there need not be an engagement. Have Alice here sometimes; and be a comfort to me, mother."

"Oh, she's too fine for me, playing the piano and talking French, and drawing and painting."

"She will have no piano when she is my wife. She will attend to the dairy. She knows all that. She may talk as good French as she pleases, and I intend her to teach me. But I must go now. Kiss me once more, mother."

So my mother kissed me kindly enough, and I left her house to go to Alice.

My mother lived about a quarter of a mile from a large town called Leverton. She had a pretty little house, with a garden. The laburnums were lovely in the spring; her roses had their triumph in summer and autumn, and then the great arbutus, with its red berries, made the place bright in the winter. I could ride across my own fields to her garden, for my farm was only divided by a lane from her little property. The place was hers, and it had been left to her by my father, who had made a pretty residence, and cultivated a productive garden on a piece of barren land. In my mother's house I generally lived; I rented a back

room of her; and in my own small farmhouse I had a resident labourer and his wife, who looked after dairy, pony, and the poultry yard. I had two bed-rooms and a sitting-room at the farm also, and in busy times I stayed there, and, sometimes, when I had a friend with me, I lived there for a week at a time; but, generally, I lived at Rose Cottage, and not at The Meadows, as my place was called, and constantly rode to and fro.

When I had bid my mother good-bye, I went out of the house, and straight across the public road that runs in front of it; and I got through by a gate into a great grass field, through which there was a pathway. This pathway was the nearest way to Oldbury, which was the name of the place where Alice lived.

## CHAPTER II.

### ALICE COMBE.

I RODE straight through the spreading grass land, where the cattle were standing in groups under the great chestnut-trees that made the field look like a part of a gentleman's park, and then I got by another path into a sloping wood of oak, and across a bridge at the bottom which spanned a deep brawling river called the Deane. This river ran through the Oldbury grounds, and the banks were dark, deep and rocky; there was never anything more beautiful, I think, than the scenery at the place where the high narrow bridge went from rock to rock, with a hand-rail on one side only to part of it. Many strangers used to be afraid to go across, and preferred the way by the road, which went over a wide stone bridge, and made a fine entrance to the old house, from which another road branched off, as soon as you had crossed the bridge, to the farm and the stable.

Oldbury was a dark, queer-looking place, half covered with ivy, and having great cedar-trees so close to the house that the branches almost got in at the windows. This was at the back of the house. It was, in truth, a small piece of a very large old mansion.

About fifty years before, the uncle of Mr. Oldbury—for the family and the place were called by the same name—had begun to pull the house down. He had found it very hard work, and had left off in despair. He had lived at Leverton in a good house in the main street; and getting tired of his fancy for pulling down Oldbury, and building a smart little new house on the site, he went abroad. He had gone for six months; but he never came back. He got very ill. He sent for his nephew, the present Mr. Oldbury, to take care of him. And for three years the good young man nursed his dying relative with the greatest attention.

On the death of the old man, the nephew found that he was his heir; and heir to a great deal more than he had ever supposed the uncle to possess. So he came to Oldbury; added on a pleasant room or two to the remains of the old house; built a house and stables with the materials that lay about in great heaps of ruins, and got married. And it was at this place, and with this Mr. and Mrs. Oldbury, that my beloved Alice

lived. She had lived with them from childhood. They had supported her all her life, first at a French convent school, and then in their own house, where she had been placed to help in the nursery, and teach two little girls and a boy to talk French.

Of course, Alice was a beauty. I thought her the prettiest person in the world. I admired her manners, and every word she said seemed to me to have some sort of merit.

The head nurse, Mrs. Slade, was a grand sort of dame. She was full of propriety, and had great authority, and took excellent care of the children. These children used to be a good deal out of doors. They had a carriage drawn by a donkey, and a quiet old pony with Spanish saddles; and they would travel about in this wandering gipsy fashion—Mrs. Slade, the children, Alice Combe, and two boys to take charge of the animals, for half a day at a time. In this manner, they had come to my farm, and asked leave to go across my fields; and they had made friends with Peggy and Walter, who lived at my house, and who liked to show the little gentry the poultry, calves, and young pigs as much as they liked to see them.

In this manner I had got to know Alice, and my first declaration of love had been made through Mrs. Slade. Mrs. Slade liked me, and befriended me, and at last it had got to this—that Alice liked me well enough to marry me—only—she would never marry any man who was not a good Catholic.

"In this," said Mrs. Slade, "she is quite right—for we are all Catholics at Oldbury; and it is the true religion—the *truth*," she said, "which other religions only *imitate*. Now, Mr. Martin," she went on, "as such is the fact—as the Catholic faith is that which has descended from the Apostles to us, why should you not examine into the truth of what I say, and become a Catholic? You are much too wise a man to stay where you are."

And so, having administered this little touch of flattery, she walked away.

This was the speech that had set me thinking. The assertion was a strong one. That their religion was that which had come down from our Blessed Lord's Apostles, and that there was no other. I did not know that anything much stronger could be said; and I felt that if Alice believed this she was not wrong in saying she would only have a husband of the same opinion.

This evening, I felt very seriously that I must either give Alice up, or begin to consider the subject of religion; and so thinking, I crossed the wooden bridge, and made my way through a lovely tangle of holly and other evergreens, bound about with honeysuckle, into an avenue of lime trees. They shed a delicious perfume as I passed quickly up a path in the turf on the outer side that led to the servants' entrance. I had had a note from kind Mrs. Slade, and she told me that she would meet me, and let me have my beloved Alice for a walk in the park field, if I would come that way, and wait for her in the wide gravel walk that led to the kitchen garden, the laundry house, and drying ground.

I got to the place appointed. It was a sunny walk, and the high wall that enclosed the garden was covered on this side with roses and climbing

plants. The whole place was kept in excellent order, and I smelt the rich fragrance of the great magnolia flowers overpowering all other scents. But, seated on a long bench, near the place where I expected to find Mrs. Slade, were Mr. and Mrs. Oldbury; and as I came in sight, Mrs. Slade walked away from their side, and after a moment, in which she seemed to hesitate, she turned, and walked quietly to meet me.

"Mr. Martin," she said, "nobody wants to hurry you; but if you have clearly made up your mind about Alice, Mr. and Mrs. Oldbury would wish to speak to you."

I stared.

"Nobody wants to hurry you," she said again. "There lies our little difficulty. It is rather hard not to seem as if we were hurrying you. But we must do right by Alice at the risk of appearing odd to you. I should say, be content to-night just to see Alice with me by your side. Then go home and turn the whole affair over in your mind once more; and if you still, knowing that Alice will only marry a Catholic, wish to try to marry her, then come here once more and hear what our master and mistress have to say. They have taken on themselves the charge of Alice, and they must have a conversation with you when your mind is made up."

"My mind is made up," said I, boldly.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that my determination is to marry Alice if I can."

"But there is a condition."

"I am also determined for my own sake to enquire into the truth of what you say about the Catholic Church."

"And what do I say?" said the good woman, smiling out of her honest brown eyes into my face.

"You say," I answered, "that the belief in our blessed Lord was not left to be got at any way, through any teacher, but that He founded a Church to teach and to preserve the truth. Am I saying my lesson right?" and then I laughed.

"Oh, yes; you are repeating very well what I have said to you. But I said more, and you had better think it over before seeing Mr. Oldbury."

"No," I said, "I can say to Mr. Oldbury that if such be the truth, it is good for me to know it; and that—Alice or no Alice—I shall make it my business to inquire about it."

Mrs. Slade's eyes beamed brighter than ever.

"That is right," she said; "you have a soul to be saved. I am glad to see you take it in a right light. Whether you have a wife or not, you have a soul. To be forgetful of that, or to be indifferent to salvation, is to be a fool and the worst of fools."

"Shall I go to Mr. Oldbury, or will you go to him first?" said I, with a smile of assent to her statement.

"Come with me," she said.

So we went together to the bench where Mr. and Mrs. Oldbury were seated.

They had got up as we approached; and it was the gentleman who began to speak.

"Mr. Martin," he said, "Mrs. Slade has spoken to us about you and Alice. I wish to tell you that we consider ourselves in the light of her only protectors, and we intend to protect her to

the best of our power. She is seventeen years of age, we believe; we don't *know* her age, for we know nothing about her beyond the day when we found her as we were travelling in Berkshire. She was lying with her leg broken just above the ankle by the side of the road. She seemed to be about five or six years old. We took her into the carriage; we made every inquiry we could, but never learnt one particular about her. We did all that could be done to discover her friends, but without any result. She was dressed in miserable rags; she was covered with marks of blows and ill-usage. She could speak plainly, but she told such a complication of strange things that we could not make any sense out of her story. She talked of some one with one eye, of whom she dreamt so as to wake from her sleep in agonising terror about this 'one eye.' She talked of pretty mamma, and then denied all about her. She had been cruelly beaten. Her nerves were so weakened as to make any discovery about this 'pretty mamma' impossible. She had evidently been the cause of some of her sufferings. At last, we determined never to question her. We placed her among other children in a convent school in France, and when she came back to us she seemed to have forgotten much that we remembered. We have no objection to her marriage with a superior person such as yourself. The only objection lies in your not being a Catholic."

I was more surprised on hearing this strange history of my darling Alice than I can tell you. It made me wish more than ever to marry her. Mrs. Oldbury spoke of her as a model of goodness and steadiness, and so kind was her manner, and so sincere was my interest in this girl whom they had befriended and brought up so carefully, that, before we parted, I am sure we had all become on one point—about Alice—firm friends, and of one mind.

*(To be continued.)*

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER.—The character of the true philosopher is to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable. He who has seen obscurities which appeared impenetrable in physical and mathematical science suddenly dispelled, and the most barren and unpromising fields of inquiry converted, as if by inspiration, into rich and inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power, on a simple change of one point of view, or by merely bringing to bear on them some principle which it never occurred before to try, will surely be the very last to acquiesce in any dispiriting prospects of either the present or future destinies of mankind; while, on the other hand, the boundless views of intellectual and moral, as well as material relations, which open on him on all hands in the course of these pursuits, the knowledge of the trivial place he occupies in the scale of creation, and the sense continually pressed upon him of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend or modify the slightest movement of the vast machinery he sees in action around him, must eventually convince him that humility of pretension, no less than confidence of hope, is what best becomes his character.



## A VISIT TO THE VIRGIN'S TREE NEAR CAIRO.

BY FATHER JULLIEN.

*Author of "A Journey through Egyptian Deserts to  
the Tree of Obedience."*

**T**HIS is the blessed Tree which, according to tradition, sheltered the Holy Family on their arrival in Egypt. It takes only a journey of four or five hours to reach it; but we shall take a longer route to it, in order to see certain local objects of interest on the way. This time, instead of camels, we shall only need donkeys. And what admirable animals these Cairo donkeys are! I do not allude to the great white donkeys with strong heads, which form a breed in themselves and frequently fetch as high a price as a handsome horse. I mean the common donkeys which are quite like those of our own country. But what a difference, however, for all that. The Cairo donkey has nothing degraded or down-trodden in his appearance; he looks quite proud, rather, under his saddle of quilted silk (*reps*), with large pommels of red copper, which is frequently covered with a carpet of red plush with gold fringes to it. Even in repose he holds his head up and his neck thrown back; and he will paw the ground like a blood-horse—looking at you with a keen eye. As soon as he is mounted, he sets off gaily at a trot which easily becomes a gallop. There is never the slightest obstinacy or mark of bad temper in him; never the slightest sign of viciousness in him. You would pass a thousand times through the midst of the squads of donkeys stationed at the corners of the streets without receiving the least injury or annoyance from them. All these good qualities of the Egyptian donkey have gained for him universal esteem; and esteem begets honour. So that it is not considered any way undignified or ludicrous to ride one; and every person here, rich and poor, priests, magistrates, officers and soldiers do so.

The donkey-driver never separates from his donkey, but follows him a few paces to the rear. He is a boy from ten to fifteen years old, clad in a blue shirt, with bare legs, and on his head a white turban striped with bright colours.

He sees to everything, encourages his donkey with a little stick, points out the parts of the road he is to avoid, shows him where he is to turn, and warns the passers-by to get out of the animal's way. You have really nothing to do and nothing to fear, if you are only a sufficiently good rider not to be unseated by the little unforeseen swervings of the animal when it sets off into a gallop at the first touch of the stick. Then again the young driver is as nimble and indefatigable, as gay and as serviceable as his beast. For a ride through the city you only pay two-pence-halfpenny; for the whole day half-a-crown. But then the donkey only costs his owner about fivepence a day for the dry beans with which he is fed in summer, and for the *bersine* or white trefoil which is his winter food, which he stuffs

into the donkey's mouth with his finger without even taking the bridle off him.

We pass first of all through the *Rue du Monsi*, the most bustling street here, which starts from the centre of the city, and goes in a straight line due east. First come the European shops; then those of the Jews and Greeks; and last, as we go on, are the Turkish establishments; for, towards the end of the street, you are quite close to the immense Mosque El Azhar, the most celebrated Mahometan school in the world, having at present more than nine thousand pupils.

After passing thus over a mile and a quarter, we reached the end of the street; and, amidst unlimited dust, we find ourselves at the feet of a line of round hills which shut out the horizon. These are the "Hills of Rubbish," hills that are formed, not of ruins, or blocks of stones, or pieces of sculpture, as one might imagine; but of quantities of baked or raw bricks crumbled into bits; of broken pots and all sorts of refuse, with nothing of the slightest degree interesting whatever in the whole collection.

These hills form a chain nearly five miles long, surrounding Cairo to the south and east. They average ninety feet in height, and cover an area of at least an acre. If all Cairo with its four hundred mosques, and its palaces without number were knocked down, and the ruins all piled up together, it would be nothing in comparison with the hills that I am speaking of. For here we have the dust of many successive cities gathered together. The Mussulman repairs neither his house nor his mosque. When they fall into a bad condition he simply destroys them, carries away the parts that are of no further service to him, and builds himself a new abode. And this is how these hills have been formed.

Having reached the top of the hill by a zigzag path, we had before us the Moquattam chain, with its long quarries of calcareous white *eocene*, which bounds the valley of the Nile to the east. Below us run the loopline of railway which connects the great station on the line for Alexandria and Suez with the little line to the *Baths* at Hellouan; and under our feet in the valley lies a city with domes and minarets of the most elegant and fantastic forms—a city surrounded with immense cemeteries, a silent, and all but uninhabited city—the city of the dead. This is Tourab Kaitbey, commonly named the *Tombs of the Caliphs*. There are houses enough for 10,000 inhabitants, but I doubt that there are as many as 300 living here. These people are simply the keepers of the cemeteries, and caretakers of the ruined mosques.

Not a tree or a blade of grass is to be seen here; nothing but thousands of Mussulman sepulchres as they are to be seen in Algeria. For the poorer classes the tomb is a sarcophagus limewashed and surmounted at its extremities with two pointed stones, which mark the distance from Mecca. For the wealthier families huts in painted wood cover the tombs. For the ancient Mameluke princes there were magnificent mosques now in ruins, and never repaired. From one mosque to another are deserted streets and houses. All this truly represents Islamism



crumbling away in the silence and coldness of death.

Before descending into this necropolis let us cast a look behind us. There lies the big city with its 600,000 inhabitants, its minarets without number, its noisy and interminable crowds. So that we stand indeed between life and death here.

As soon as we reach the bottom of the valley in the midst of the tombs, we turn to the left, northwards, instead of eastwards as hitherto. We now pass by the last of the mosques—a building of incomparable beauty standing quite apart from any dwelling, and now used as a powder-magazine. At each angle of its enclosure stands a hut with a *cactus* growing at each side of it: each hut accommodating three or four of the soldiers in charge of the magazine. The visitor is glad to fall in with these peaceful soldiers as he goes through these solitary places; for beyond here, right up to Suez is nothing but the silent desert. These good fellows approached us, and quite admired the little map we had, which showed us the names of the different mosques without requiring to be told by anyone.

Still going northwards, we pass over the mokattam, and then Gebel El Ahmar, or the *Red Mountain*, formed of ferruginous red sandstone. On the height to our left, are the filtration tanks of the water company of Cairo. We are still in the land of the dead: the ground is strewn with bones, and at every step we meet with tombs and vaults, with their roofs fallen in.

Having arrived at the highest point of our journey, we have before us, to the left, the five barracks of Abassieh, the principal one of which was once the viceroy's, Abbas Pacha, palace. They are immense buildings erected on the sand on the verge of the desert. Further on, before us, rise up the great trees by the Khedive's palace, *El Roubbeck*; and, in the distance, the minaret of Matarych. To the right lies the boundless desert. Near the barracks are to be seen a beautiful observatory (with only one man now to look after it), and two or three uninhabited palaces. There is no lack of barracks in Cairo. A little farther on are monster cannon of the latest invention, pointing to the desert. There is everywhere the same extreme of the beautiful and the useful, ending in ruins and total disuse.

Leaving the barracks to the left, I wanted to show my companion the camp, the polygon of artillery, the twelve great shooting-grounds, and the immense stables built by Abbas Pacha, an hour's ride further on in the desert. But, there were the artillery men at their guns, and some officers, who were conversing at the gate, told us that we could not enter. What was to be done? The camp was enclosed on all sides by a trench dug out in the sand, backed by a parapet. Our project would have been a failure if we could not pass it. Recollecting to have seen another door near the shooting-grounds we galloped up to it. There was no sentry there. We made our decision at once; and, giving the signal to our donkey-drivers, we passed through it at full speed; and, before any one had time to overtake us, we had got beyond the line of cannon.

We now rode to the eastward, leaving on our

right, the sheds, etc., of the shooting-grounds. Each of these shooting-grounds is 200 yards wide and nearly 1100 yards long from north to south; and is enclosed on all sides by a trench, backed by a parapet six or eight feet in height. To our left, was the polygon for cannon-firing, extending from west to east till lost to view.

A telegraph-line connects the camp with the furthest off height. As soon as we had got past the last shooting-ground, we could see to our right, over a mile off, a large and apparently unfinished building. This was the immense stabling erected by Abbas Pacha, and now entirely abandoned. The Pachas of Cairo send their Arab horses out into the desert every year, during the months of January, February, and March; feeding them solely on fresh *bersine* (trefoil) brought thither by camels. Keeping them in the open air, and giving them green food, is considered so necessary for the horses, that less wealthy people keep theirs, during these months out in their yards, or even in the streets, tied up, feeding them on green *bersine*. It was for his Arab horses that Abbas Pacha constructed this great square building in the desert: two hundred yards on each side, and flanked with octagonal towers at each of its four corners. No doubt, the roof, which covered its central part, was once supported by pillars; but all the woodwork has been taken away, and only the walls are now left standing.

We are off again in a northerly direction, taking the minaret of Matarych for a guide, as a ship would a lighthouse. We again cross, its full length along, the cannon range ground, casting a glance at the artillerymen in the distance, still engaged at their guns. The ground is scattered over with broken shells; you might fill several cart-loads with them, as well as with other military *debris*, also. At length we reach the trench bounding the northern rifle-ground; and we are now free from all uneasiness whatever. We had hardly got two or three hundred yards beyond it, when we heard the cannon bellowing forth again.

And now we are in the desert, with nothing to distract us, and compelled, perforce, to become observers and discoverers. We noticed several large lizards sticking their heads out of their holes to take a look at us; but we had not time to go after them. At last, one having got too far away from its nest, tried to hide itself behind a stone, and we captured it. It was the *stellio spinipes*, a thick lizard, a foot long, with a tail furnished with horny spikes, ranged in rings, which is its weapon of defence. We gathered a quantity of flowers; for this was the proper season (February and March) for botanising in the desert—later on, everything would be all burned up. But, beware of the desert-plants; they are nearly all poisonous or purgative; as, for example, a magnificent henbane, with flowers of a deep violet colour, the senna, the colocynth, etc. The Egyptian doctors, therefore, would seem to be in accord with *nature* here, when, on making their visit, they invariably prescribe a purgative, no matter what the malady may be.

We next cross the old railway track from Cairo to Suez, now covered over with the sand. On a height close by, stand large walls, built of black

unbaked, mud bricks; this was formerly No. 1 Station. At length we reach the palm-trees of Matarych.

The first enclosure we now meet, projecting into the sands of the desert, is that of an ostrich park or farm, for the production of ostrich feathers—an establishment founded three years ago by a French company. The chief business here is the artificial hatching of ostrich eggs, and the rearing of the young ones. The eggs are placed in boxes of sand, kept up to a uniform temperature by a boiler of hot water fixed beneath the boxes. The period of incubation lasts from forty to forty-two days, during which time the eggs must be moved as little as possible. Hence the boxes are laid on a thick bed of sand. The ostrich-chick, as it comes out of the shell, is as large as a fowl; its young feathers resembling the spines of a hedgehog. It is kept, for at least fifteen days, in an atmosphere of from 22.° to 23.° (Reanur). It is fed on green food; but it gets nothing to drink until it is from fifteen to twenty days old. Like all young birds, the longer it is kept without liquids the better. The ostrich is full grown when four years old. But the feathers may be plucked from its tail, and from the ends of its wings, when it is from two to three years old. This plucking of the feathers is by no means an easy operation; the bird flaps its wings so violently that six or seven men are hardly enough to hold it. They sometimes have to make use of two strong barriers, fixed to a vertical axis, which holds the bird fast by pinning down its wings to its sides. Up to the present, the feathers of the birds reared on the ostrich farms are found to be not so supple as those of the wild ostrich.

The adult ostriches are penned in pairs in large enclosures, shut in by blackish walls, built of Nile-mud, with a soil of gravel taken from the desert. I remarked that the doors of several of these enclosures were backed by wooden posts; and I was told it was because the doors alone were hardly strong enough to resist the kick an ostrich gives, which is of such force as to cause people's death. They showed us a bucket, half filled with small stones, quite rounded from being rubbed against one another. They had come out of the stomach of an ostrich, which was accidentally killed; they weighed 15 lbs.

We are now but a few minutes' distance from the Virgin's Tree, and to reach it, all we need do is to go on to the westward, alongside of the gardens which surround Matarych. The Virgin's Tree stands in the last garden to the north-west of the village.

The village of Matarych, which is one of the most populous in the neighbourhood of Cairo, lies about six miles to the northeast of that city; and about three quarters of a mile to the south of the ruins of Heliopolis.

Coming hither from Cairo by the main road, after passing splendid fields of cotton, trefoil, etc., you meet with a flat hollow—in which there is water nearly always—extending away to the right almost to the desert. At the edge of this marsh, the buildings of Matarych begin.

As is usually the case here, most of the houses are built of raw bricks, made of mud from the river. However, there are some better built, with

a storey over the ground floor. The road now leaves the village to the right, and passes in front of the new mosque built of beautiful white stone by the Viceroy Temlik I., who is proprietor of a great part of the land here. The village comes to an end to the north, just after passing the mosque. Still following the road we have to the right a well-watered field, at the bottom of which between two little groves of citron-trees, grows an immense and very ancient tree, the sycamore of S. Joseph, to which we shall afterwards refer.

The road now passes by one of those little groves of citron-trees, in which I have several times seen Egyptian *mongoose* running about. This animal (the *mongoose*), is the ichneumon of the ancients, which the Europeans of Cairo, call Pharaoh's rat. It belongs to the *rodentia*, and is about the size of a cat, of a grey and black colour, with a long trailing tail, with a black, bushy end to it, like a fox's. It is easily tamed, and people are glad to keep it in their houses to drive away mice, etc. The ancients looked upon the ichneumon as a sacred animal, and have frequently represented it on their obelisks.

After passing the little wood, we have to our right a beautiful road, about forty yards long, which leads to the garden containing the Virgin's Tree. At its entrance is a quassia-tree, *cassia fissula*, which bears, at the same time, large bunches of yellow flowers, and long blackish pods with a sweetish pulp, which the druggists call cane-quassia.

Let us now enter this holy ground, formerly called the Garden of Balm.

A very ancient tradition records that the Holy Family dwelt on this spot; and that, at the Virgin's prayer, a spring gushed out of the ground, which gave this arid soil a marvellous fertility. A wall, with a little window in it, which formed part of the Holy Family's dwelling, used to be shown here. The Christians built over this wall, a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, in which, attended by a large concourse of the faithful, they celebrated on the 24th of the Coptic month of Bcham (May 31st), the Feast of the Arrival of the Illustrious Fugitives in Egypt, which feast is still kept up by the Catholic Copts. This church existed for a long time, even under the yoke of the Mahometans, who, also, venerated these places, and built a mosque not far away. The church was only destroyed during the last century.

Around the spring, the precious trees which furnished the balm (Balm of Mecca) were cultivated; whence it was called the Garden of Balm.

The Coptic bishops get here the balm which forms part of the composition of Holy Chrism. But this tree has long since disappeared from the country. The last vestige of it dates to three hundred years back; a Pacha, then, had some beds of it still preserved in this garden. The balm-tree (*Amyris Opobalsamum*) grew no higher than a currant or gooseberry bush, with leaves resembling those of *rue*. In spring, incisions were made in it, whence flowed the precious balm.

Such is the Coptic tradition respecting it, of which I have received confirmation from Aboua

Philothaos, the Coptic Patriarch's Vicar-General, the most highly instructed man of his nation.

The present balm-garden is a modern garden, about two acres in extent. Half of it is laid out in alleys, and beds of flowers; the other half is covered with citron trees. This is not the tree on which the citron of Corsica grows, or the lemon of Algeria; its fruit is only the size of a nut, and is extremely acid.

Some few yards from its entrance, to the north of the garden, is a double *noria*, which raises the water in earthen pots, attached to cords made of palm-tree leaves, its great wooden wheels being turned by bullocks. This is what they term in this country a *sakveh*.

As to the miraculous spring, its water no longer rises to the surface, but comes to within ten feet of it. It keeps beautifully cool, even in summer, and never diminishes, even when the neighbouring *sakvhs* are quite dried up. Its water is evidently *not* derived from the filtrations of the Nile—it is a real spring, the *only* one, perhaps, in all Egypt; for, where could springs come from in a country where the rainfall is not more than an inch in the year, the rain being hardly enough to damp the dust on the roads a dozen times in the twelvemonths?

It is this spring, doubtless, which has given the village its name, *Matarych*, which means fresh, or new, water.

We piously drank some of this water; which, according to tradition, has healed many maladies in bygone ages.

(To be continued.)

## TROUBLED TIMES.

### CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

**T**HE next day, at noon, my uncle went to the governor of the castle to ascertain whether the king's orders had reached him. We were longing for the moment when he would take leave of us, to return, bringing my father with him, when suddenly the door of our room opened, and my father was there. Who can describe our delight? Behind him stood my uncle, rubbing his hands. My mother rushed to him, whilst I covered the hand of my restored father with kisses. All thought of the future was lost in those happy moments.

The next day, my father and mother did not fail to wait upon the Countess Furstenstein, to thank her for her intercession with the king. They did not take me with them, so I was left with my uncle, who showed me the most remarkable places in the town. When my parents returned from the Countess Furstenstein, my mother was desirous to leave Cassel as soon as possible, but my father said this could not be to-day, as he had still some little affairs to settle.

Of what nature this business was we should know on the evening of the following day; so when we were sitting on that afternoon in happy conversation, my father drew a little red morocco

case from his pocket, and took from it a beautiful gold ring, and saying:

"Accept this, dear Augusta, as a little token of my gratitude for your self-sacrifice;" placed it on her finger.

My mother was much moved, and, after expressing her thanks, examined the beautiful work of the goldsmith. After the taste of that time, there was, on the outside of the ring, an angel, or genius offering a heart upon an altar, while within was the inscription: "In return for your love and fidelity, receive my grateful heart." My father had written the order for the ring before the time of his liberation, and had entrusted the commission to my uncle; who, however, did not seem to have guarded the secret very faithfully, for presently my mother took a little case from her pocket, and presented my father with a ring made of her own hair, set in gold, on which was a shield with the inscription: "Tender affection." Now it was my father's turn to offer thanks, which he did with great warmth. My father and mother wore these rings, which we called "the Cassel rings," till the end of their lives.

On the following morning, we took leave of Herr Kersting, and departed by the public coach. We travelled by the same road by which we had come. We tarried for a day at Osterode, and then took a sorrowful leave of Uncle Berghausen, with many thanks for his kind help and sympathy. An accumulation of business prevented his accompanying us home as he had hoped, but he promised to come and see us as soon as possible; and we gave him our word that we would let him know how my father's affair terminated. Then we resumed our journey, and at last came to Uelzen in our own Hanover. But we could not salute our dear country as we would have wished, for here we must again part from my father. We went to the inn the "Town of Ham-burg," and here we passed the sad evening hours together. We sat in deep conversation till far into the night, and, in spite of our long journey, felt no fatigue.

In the morning, soon after breakfast, my father went to the governor of the town to give himself up as a prisoner of state, according to his word. The governor was a Hessian, in the service of France. We had not taken leave of my father, as he promised to return to us; so my mother and I waited for long in anxious expectation of seeing him, and taking leave. At last, he came and told us that the governor had received him in a very friendly manner, and had given as a prison, a room in the governor's house with a single soldier, who served both as guard to the prisoner of state, and sentinel to the house. My father added that the governor had imposed it as a duty that he should return at once, and enter upon his imprisonment. So we took leave of him with kisses and embraces, and my mother assured him that she would come to see him with the two boys early in the following week.

When my father had left us, we took post at once for home; about noon, we saw the blue slated roofs of Grunholy before us, and very soon after, the postillon stopped before our house, where the boys and Dora rushed out to meet us.

They were greatly alarmed at not seeing my father in the carriage, but my mother soon comforted them. While we children were sitting with my mother in our parlour, there were plenty of questions and histories on both sides. We told of our journey, of my father and uncle; and, on their part, there were the events of the village, how Dora had managed the house, and of the descent of the French upon Grunholy.

Then my mother and I unpacked the presents. I had not forgotten the box of colours for Theodore, and with the unexpected gift of the Countess Furstenstein, I had bought a second box of colours for my brother Louis, only it was not so large and expensive. For Dora I had brought a great roll of green ribbon, such as the girls in our country are accustomed to wear in their caps, and to fasten their dresses with. The pleasure caused by my presents was at its height, when my mother produced a number of books for my brothers, containing stories and pictures, and for Dora two silk aprons, and a beautiful black silk handkerchief. If my beloved father had not been absent, this would have been one of the happiest moments of our life.

Pastor Reinhard and Herr Hofelmann, those true friends of our family came, as soon as the news of our arrival reached them, which spread like wildfire through the village, to enquire after us, and to hear the news we had to give of my father. They resolved to go and visit him on the following day. The governor at Uelzel bore the reputation of being a kind man, and they gave it as their opinion that my father's liberation was certain, if—of which there was no doubt—the governor should be president of the tribunal.

In the course of a few days, everything returned to its usual course. My mother resumed the management of the house, and I returned with my brothers to school, where I had great admiration from my young companions, because I had seen Cassel, the Countess Furstenstein, a carriage with four reindeers, and a real king.

## CHAPTER XI.

DAYS numbered into weeks, in each of which we received a letter from my father, in which he said that considering the loss of his freedom he was very well, but that the court-martial had not yet assembled; and every week my mother went to Uelzen, accompanied sometimes by my brothers, sometimes by me.

So passed July. In the middle of August it was reported in our village that Austria had once more declared war against France, and was joined by the allied princes. August was not over when we learned, to our sorrow, that Napoleon was laying siege to Dresden, but our sorrow was turned into joy when we heard of the brilliant victories of the allies. Marshal Blucher had defeated the French at Katobach in Silesia, that the Prussian General von Kleist, in conjunction with the Austrians and Russians, had conquered and taken prisoner the hated General Vandamme with 10,000 French soldiers, at Culm, in Bohemia, that the Prussian Swedish army under Bernadotte, Bulow, and

Javentzien, had done great deeds at Dennewitz, and that the Prussian General Derschfeldt, with his corps consisting of French, Italians, and Westphalians, had completely routed the French General Giraud at Hagelberg. Truly the days of the French rule in Germany seemed numbered.

September came, and with it the news that Marshal Davoust was marching towards the left bank of the lower Elbe with 10,000 men. In the course of a fortnight French troops again appeared in our country, and in our village, though not in the numbers that had been expected. It was the division of General Pecheur, which marched towards Lunenburg and the Gahrder Forest, where the general made a temporary halt in that woody country. We learned all this from the fugitives from that neighbourhood, as also that England had sent a detachment in aid of the allies which had turned towards the Gahrder Wood. There was every reason to expect that there would be a battle between the opposed forces, and as the wood was only a few miles from our village, the inhabitants looked forward to it with great anxiety.

So stood matters till, on the 16th September, cannon shots were heard. They came in fact from the wood. We children were with my mother in the garden, busily engaged in gathering flower seeds, but the concourse of people on the Green and in the streets of the village induced us to go forth. Now were reacted all the scenes which were exhibited at the battle of Lunenburg; some people stretched themselves on the ground that they might hear more distinctly the roar of the artillery, others mounted the church tower that they might see as far as possible, while others employed themselves in concealing their valuables, in case the flying French should return to our village. The Cantor Smith, with his telescope, was among the people on the church tower, while Madame Sanders, the "living gazette," moved among the people in the street, turning their heads with her oracular deliveries.

The fight by the Gahrde must have been a heavy one, for the thunder of the cannon rolled through the air like a distant storm till late in the evening, when a red light, as if of fire, spread over the heavens.

At last we returned to the house, and as we children were sitting in the parlour with my mother, a horseman suddenly alighted before our house. We heard the sound of the hoofs, but the darkness of the evening prevented us from seeing who the rider was. One of us was about to go out to see, when the house door, and then the door of our room, was opened. The lamp was burning on our table, and who shall describe our surprise and joy when we recognised my father—the father whom we believed to be yet a prisoner at Uelzen. We flew to him with cries of joy, and while my father with one arm embraced my mother, and with the other pressed us children to his side, he said, with deep emotion: "Free! and in a free country. The Hanoverian volunteer Jagers, yesterday led me out of Uelzen; Wallunden and Settenbarn have gained a signal victory over the French."

After the first joyful surprise caused by my father's appearance and his narrative was over, we

sat down to table, and Dora was desired to bring a bottle of Rhenish wine, of which we all partook.

And now we remarked that my father had the marks of powder on his face and hands, and he told us that he also had borne a part in the great battle by the wood, in the capacity of adjutant to Lieutenant-General Wallmoden; and this military position, he added, made it a duty for him to return this evening to his post, and so he would at once relate the events of yesterday and to-day.

"As I was sitting yesterday morning, busily engaged in writing a letter," said my father, "I suddenly heard horns sounding signals from the gates of Uelzen, which, as I seemed to know, I thought no more of, but went on quietly with my letter. Soon after, I heard the same signals in the streets, as well as the rattling of rifle shots. I now sprang up, and rushed to the window, whence I saw the volunteer Hanoverian Jagers, with my old acquaintance Lieutenant von Kechner at their head, who no sooner saw me than he called to me to come down as quickly as possible, for the way was open. And, truly, there were the French sentinels lying bleeding on the steps, and not far off other Frenchmen, who had seemingly come to the aid of their comrades, some dead, and some wounded, lying on the pavement. The governor, as I knew, was not at home. I began to consider how far my parole was binding; but it seemed to me that I had only given my word as a prisoner of the government, and no further. The governor, however humane he might be, had not performed his duty of calling a court-martial; but, on the contrary, had subjected me to a long imprisonment. In spite of all this, I hesitated to move, till suddenly my door was broken open, and a jager appeared upon the threshold who dragged me down the stairs into the street, where a horse stood ready for me which soon bore me away from Uelzen. I then went to Gahrde, accompanied by my brave deliverer, where I presented myself to Count Wallmoden, who, on account of my acquaintance with that country, at once, without my knowledge, named me his adjutant. I have been able to be of great use to our troops in this morning's combat; I know every part of the Gahrde; and thus we were able to attack the French on both sides and in the rear, so that there was only the choice between giving up or making a doubtful resistance. General Pecheur heroically chose the latter. Surrounded by a force three times stronger than his own especially in cavalry and artillery, he defended himself till his guns were all taken, and his infantry cut down. The General himself escaped with a small troop to Lunenburg. But we suffered a considerable loss, also, and one most lamented was a girl, Eleanor Prochasta, who entered the troop of Volunteer Jagers out of enthusiasm for the cause of her country, and fought bravely in the foremost ranks. Her sex was first known when the field surgeon came to dress her wounds. Severely wounded, she refused the attentions of the doctor, bidding him go where his care might be of some use. Dear wife, and dear children," concluded my father, "I thank God that I, too, have been permitted to do something for the holy cause of my country. Do not take too much to heart my

continued absence from you, which I hope will not be for long, for it is worth a high price to be free in a free country."

Then my father embraced my mother and us, promised to write frequently, and visit us when he could, swung himself on to his horse, and galloped off.

We would gladly have kept my father with us, but we were well pleased to know that he was out of the power of the French. In our evening prayers we thanked our good God for the favourable turn things had taken, and begged Him to continue His protection to our dear father.

On the following day, we wrote to good Uncle Berghausen, to tell him all that had happened, and to remind him of his promise to pay us a visit.

Peace and joy returned to our house, and my mother's delicate health was quite restored.

My father paid us two visits during the next month, but could never remain more than half an hour, as it was necessary to be continually on the watch against the French, who again appeared in our country.

On the 20th of October, we received the news of the battle of Leipsic, and of the great victory gained by the allies. The joy which prevailed in our village can hardly be described, and even we thoughtless children felt an emotion of holy patriotism.

A few days later, we had a letter from my father, containing only the words:

"I am coming."

It was late in the afternoon, and my mother went into the kitchen to prepare a good supper. The table was spread with our finest damask, and our silver spoons and forks, which had been disinterred from their place of concealment, were produced. The table napkins were folded like fans, and placed by the green wine glasses. The large lamp shed a clear light over the table, and everything had a festive look. My mother sent my brother Louis to Father Reinhard and Herr Hofelman, to invite them to supper; an invitation they gladly accepted.

About eight o'clock, when all was in readiness for his reception, we children, who had been waiting at the end of the avenue, came back joyfully, bringing my father home, and leading him first to the arms of my mother, and then to his two friends.

"You have me here once more," said my father, "and I will never leave you again. I took my leave of the corps of Count Wallmoden after the defeat of Napoleon, at the glorious battle of Leipsic. The kingdom of Westphalia is extinguished; England has again declared Hanover its own kingdom; and the Duke of Cumberland, Ernest Augustus, has been sent to resume his sovereignty. Long live to George III., elector of Hanover; long live the Duke of Cumberland; long live the allied monarchs and their people."

Our glasses were filled with wine, and we drank the toast, and praised our Father in heaven for all His goodness. Then we partook of a more joyful meal than we had ever before shared—for we once more had our dear father, and were free in a free country.

THE END.

SOME PLEASURES & PASTIMES  
OF ANIMALS.

**M**Y dressing-room window looks down upon two small back gardens: my own, where Jack, a sacred seagull, reigns lord of all he surveys (not much, I am sorry to say); and my neighbour's, a little patch of grass with half a dozen standard rose-trees in it. Here, the first living thing I see this morning is a splendid tom-cat, now quite a middle-aged gentleman, but yet apparently enjoying a game, with some dead leaves and sticks, like a kitten. I was contrasting mentally his light-hearted happy nature with that of a certain poor departed Jim, who, after he grew up, never unbent in play for a moment; when, looking again, I saw a tiny mouse steal away a few feet from under the cat's paw, and my light-hearted theory burst like a bubble: though I am bound to say that this next-door cat has a very sunny disposition indeed, often enjoying a game of romps with his own dog—a thing our Jim never would stoop to. It was nearly half an hour before I left my room, but there the cat was, still at play with the mouse, which did not seem either much weaker or less able to run than when I first saw it. Now here is a case of distinct animal amusement and waste of time, the result partly no doubt of well-fed idleness. If my neighbour himself, instead of my neighbour's cat, had been playing with the mouse, of course I should have felt it a duty either to write to the "Times" or draw the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to the matter. As it was, I did neither, but it led me to think of the amount of time spent (or wasted?) by animals of all kinds in simple play or pleasure unconnected in any way with more material enjoyment.

Dogs, though not able to squander their time over a newspaper, will spend hour after hour seated at a window, watching all that passes in the street; or, in the evening, regarding a mouse-hole—not with the slightest idea of gain or profit, but merely as an agreeable means of passing the time. Then there are the long-continued flight of tame pigeons about our houses, the quadrille of the house-fly across our ceilings, the gambolling of gnats, and the hovering in the sun of those bright-coloured two-winged flies we sometimes call *drone*s. Even the patient ass, that beast of many woes, is naturally rather light-hearted, though his ordinary relaxation seldom goes beyond a roll in a dusty road when off duty; but those who have kept and cared for one know well enough his loud clear bray of honest recognition and joy, at the sight of any one to whom he is attached; while an under-worked joyous donkey, fond of sport, has been even seen to indulge in hunting pigs round a farmyard, catching and holding them by the tail, until their squeals brought the owner to the rescue.

No boy out of school shows his sense of happiness or freedom more strongly than a horse or pony does when first turned loose for a run at grass—tearing round the paddock, now stopping

for a moment to snort and fill his lungs with the fresh open air, and then, with a kick up of the heels, continuing his gallop. These spells of play last longer with some horses than others, depending often upon the length of time the animal has been stable-fed. A horse, that is turned out daily, merely trots off a few yards, with a merry laugh, before beginning to nibble the fresh sweet grass. In their stable the amusements of horses too often take the form of wanton mischief, or some such "horse-play" as unhooking a stable-jacket and tearing it up, or biting holes in their own clothing, kicking their stall to bits, etc.; while a very playful pony has been known to indulge in pulling the feathers out of tame pigeons' tails. Talking of pigeons reminds me of the quantity of small talk, gossip, or scandal indulged in by them and certain other birds before retiring for the night or beginning work for the day. House-sparrows, starlings, and rooks are all very chatty at these times; while birds who lead more solitary lives nearly always end and begin the day with a song of joy.

Sea-birds probably have their notes of pleasure; but they are rather "Carlylish," if I may coin an adjective, as a rule, and much given to scolding and fault-finding; reminding one in this of the domestic goose and swan. The little tame gull aforesaid is most amusing in this way, indulging in long fits of angry scoldings at intruding cats, or boys who chance to stop and look through the palings of his back garden, and not having a good word for even a policeman. It is said that "a cat may look at a king;" but no matter how respectfully a cat looks at Jack, she is sure to draw down upon her head a storm of abuse. But even Jack has his pastimes, one of which consists in making little nautical experiments with anything that will float, such as sticks and straws, in his pan of water.

We know that in hot weather men delight to pack their carpet-bags and take long journeys to the sea, with a view chiefly to taking headers into it. Similarly, *mutatis mutandis*, porpoises, when they migrate, as they often do, shoreward, up inland lochs and rivers, are seized with a desire to take lofty—almost perpendicular—headers into the air. But whether they do so merely to show their strength and power of rising above their fellows, or to get a peep at the bearings of the land about them, is a mystery.

Dogs do not chew or smoke. But a dog nearly always keeps a store of favourite old dry bones by him, one of which he loves to bring to the fireside, to pass away half an hour before going to bed gnawing at it; while light-hearted dogs will often end a spell of chewing at their bone with a game of pitch-and-toss with it. I have even known a dog to play pitch-and-toss with a single pellet of shot.

One sees more of the dog and cat and their pastimes than of other animals; but it is likely that in a state of nature most beasts spend quite as much of their life in killing time as do these.

I have said nothing of the pleasures of the eye, or what may be called the artistic delights of the animal world, because the lovely colours and forms with which it abounds are now generally supposed to be only given in what an artist would

call a pot-boiling sense—that is, as a means of getting a living or to prevent others doing so. Still, whether this is true or not, the more one looks at nature—especially that of tropical forest life and places where the admiring eye of man is the exception rather than the rule—the more one feels that animals of every sort possess national collections, not of brown old masters, but of lovely living works, the colour and drawing of which cannot be called in question. R. L.

## THE SISTERS OF MERCY.



HEY gather them in from the lanes,  
From the dens of the vicious few,  
From the homes where sorrow reigns;  
While the childrens' hearts are new.

They teach them the love of God,  
They teach them to sing and pray,  
They point to the burial sod,  
And the realms of endless day.

Who says that the idle seek  
Repose in the cloister's shade?  
Oh, let him no longer speak  
A lie by the wicked made!

There is not a nun but works  
She teaches or intercedes,  
No slothfulness ever lurks  
Where is met so many needs.

They gather them in from the lanes,  
They gather the children in  
Where the Spirit of Beauty reigns  
O'er the spirit of woe and sin.

If I were an outcast child,  
My greatest grief would be  
To part from those mothers mild,  
And launch on the fretful sea.

I must have you recollect,  
Those women, so poor and meek,  
Were, likely enough, once deckt  
With the fashion's latest freak;

But, loving their Saviour more  
Than a season's joy and pride,  
They entered the convent door  
For the sake of Him Who died.

Just think what a life is theirs,  
Ye daughters that throng the street!  
And crave a space in their prayers,  
And sit at their holy feet.

They gather them in from the lanes,  
They gather the children in;  
They teach them the sweetest strains,  
And their hearts by kindness win.

When the Angel of Death comes down  
And looks in this dismal mine,  
He will find, for the Saviour's Crown,  
Some precious jewels that shine.

He will light on the nuns, and say,—  
"Your toil and your tears shall cease;  
Lo, the night it has passed away!  
And the home for you now is—Peace."

A. W. W.

## IN THE CHRISTMAS SNOW;

OR, LOST AND FOUND.

*A Story of the Franco-German War.*

BY MISS STEWART.



T was the dawning of the anniversary of that day the advent of which, near two thousand years ago, brought "peace on earth to men of good-will."

A bitterly cold morning in the half French, half German, province of Alsace. We are in Rhineland, and the bleak north wind sweeps across the renowned river, and gives us, on what is assumed to be French ground, a taste of Siberia. The star of Bethlehem still glitters through the keen air, though in the eastern verge of the horizon the dull grey clouds are lined with a faint saffron hue.

The scene is wild, a somewhat lonely spot, no very great distance from Strasburg, a stretch of undulating ground sparsely dotted with the tall pines which cover the steep hills, or rather mountains, in the background.

Very far in the background these mountains ascend, and they overlook the mighty river. But for the mountains, with their sombre crown of the dark blue-green firs, the prospect would be somewhat tame. There is a farmhouse here and there, which, though the red-tiled roofs are now covered with snow, are conspicuous by their pointed gables and lights glimmering through the casements. There is a long straggling village too, stretching over the level ground. The adjacent fields in the autumn are bright with the golden corn, and on the decline of a hill, about a mile beyond the village, is a building which, from its size and style, is evidently ecclesiastical or scholastic. It is a plain and somewhat heavy building of modern erection. Its walls are stone, and it is but one storey high, but the two long rows of windows show that it is spacious. It has a centre and wings; the centre is a church or chapel with a belfry tower, and the chapel and dwelling surround three sides of a court. The fourth consists of a low stone wall with iron gates, and a portico with a statue of that favoured saint whom God chose as the protector and guardian of the infancy and childhood of His Divine Son.

There is something inexpressibly sweet and tender, inviting and holy, in the character of S. Joseph, most venerable and venerated of all God's saints. His prayers, his protection, seem the especial appanage of youth.

That plain commodious building is called S. Joseph's College, and its inhabitants are the Brothers and pupils of the Christian schools.

Midnight Mass you are sure had been said in the college chapel, and the clear sweet treble of young voices had joined in the angelic song of joy. But while there was blaze of taper, and fragrant vapoury wreaths of incense, and mellow notes of the organ in S. Joseph's chapel, all night long the snow drifted and the winds wailed without, seeming as they swept over the whitened landscape to chant a death dirge rather than the joyful promise of eternal life.



It was in the still small hours between two and three in the morning. The lights at S. Joseph's were extinguished, save those that burned before the altar and around the crib with the model of the little Babe of Bethlehem, and the ox and ass deftly contrived out of mouse and rabbit skins, to the great delight of the boys. All was silent, for an hour or two of rest was to be taken before the bell rung for the usual time of rising, six o'clock.

All was dark and silent, too, in the village; the very watchdogs slept. The sky was dark, for no star was to be seen through the snow, which fell like a white curtain betwixt earth and sky.

Yet down a narrow lane, planted on either side with tall elms, and terminating at the foot of the eminence on which S. Joseph's stood, trailed and struggled a homeless, miserable woman.

It was only towards midnight the snowstorm commenced. In the earlier part of the evening there had been merely a gale of that sharp wind which sweeps over Germany, and which in the winter season crosses the ocean to give us a taste of its quality in England and Scotland.

This lane separated two meadows that were part of the land attached to the college.

Such trim farming as we have in England is not common even among the neat and industrious Flemings; it is very seldom seen in France. Nevertheless there was a thick hedge that grew up between the elms on either side, so that the footpath down the lane was in a measure screened from the driving snow.

This lonely woman who was traversing the country on so obscure a night was well wrapped in a large woollen mantle, the hood thrown over her head. She was a tall, stoutly built, and naturally strong woman, and might alone and unencumbered have fought against the storm.

But she was not alone; she carried a healthy child, a boy of three years, a hearty, robust child for his age. This child was carefully sheltered from the storm that beat so pitilessly on her own head; she held him close clasped to her bosom, warmly folded in her cloak. But the north wind came screaming down the lane, whirling the snowflakes, which froze as they fell, between the folds of her hood, and cutting her face like splinters of glass. The poor creature staggered!

Young, hale woman as she was, she could not stand erect before that howling gust. On the wet snow at the foot of one of the tall elms, the leafless boughs of which creaked and swayed in the blast like willow wands, she sank down almost despairing. Her tears burst forth, warm tears that were turned into ice upon her pale cheeks.

"Oh, blessed Virgin!" she murmured, and her speech was not the dialect of Alsace, but that of what its children call, in homely loving phrase, "The Fatherland," on the other side of the beautiful Rhine. "Oh, blessed Mary! Oh, pray for me, a weak and forlorn wretch, a miserable sinner! Oh, sweet Virgin, maiden mother! Have pity on the poor mother from whom I, wicked that I am, have stolen her child! Oh, me, on me, the sinner, let the punishment fall! Oh, let not my gracious and noble mistress, let not her dear child suffer through my trachery! Oh, foolish and wicked that I was! I see now that that false Graf never meant to wed

with one so lowly as poor Charlotte. Oh, vain and miserable creature that I am, and to have believed that he loved me, because he spoke flattering words, and had stolen my own foolish heart. He beguiled me to steal the child of my mistress, he swore that he would marry me, and now that I am in a strange land he abandons me. Ah, *Gott in Himmel!* had not his minions been more merciful than he, both I and the dear young count had died this night, while he goes back in safety to claim his kinsman's grand inheritance! Ah me! how the wind blows and the snow falls; it will smother us both, dear little Graf, before the morning!"

Then the wretched creature bowed her head, and fell into a fit of bitter weeping. Presently she looked up. Down came the white snow, noiselessly, unceasingly, its white glare alone breaking the stark black darkness, which it made almost visible.

The unhappy Charlotte endeavoured to rise; her limbs were stiff with cold and fatigue; it was with difficulty that she moved.

The snow was nearly a foot deep even in the lane; and still the wind came roaring down the lane, bending the tall trees so that the wanderer trembled lest, torn from its roots, one of the leafless giants should topple down and crush her.

"Oh, blessed saints!" she murmured despairingly, "were they indeed more merciful than their master, those rude huntsmen of the Hartz! Oh, beloved child! had they not better, as thy cruel kinsman bade them, have killed us at once than given us the chance of freezing in these cruel snows! What a mockery too! Were I near a town or habitation on this dreadful night, they have left me not a groschen to pay for shelter. Oh, sweet and merciful Lord, suffer not, on this blessed anniversary of Thy birth, an innocent to perish; the sin that finds him was mine, be mine alone the penalty!"

Rather thought than uttered were these self-reproaches, this prayer of the miserable woman, who had been won by a promise of marriage from one far above her to steal from its home the child entrusted to her charge.

She was no fragile, delicate creature, that young German woman, but tall and strong and hardy; but a hale man could not have borne up against the buffeting of that terrible storm, and just as she reached the end of the lane—seen through the rents which the fierce winds tore in the veil of the snow—and the walls of the college were dimly discernible on the rising ground, overcome with anguish and fatigue she fell forwards.

Fell, never to rise again!

In spite of the cruelty she had perpetrated, the woman loved her nursing; with her last breath she folded him convulsively to her bosom.

Then her arms relaxed and fell stiffly beside her, and the forlorn child nestled on the bosom of a corpse.

He was three years and a few months old, that child. He could walk sturdily, and prattle some disjointed sentences.

The worst terrors of the night were past.

The wind lulled, the snow fell less thickly, and upon the leaden sky a few stars began to glitter:



notably the Star of the East, that bright har-binger of the joyful, the glorious morning.

The hood that had shaded the face of Charlotte had fallen back.

Was it the shimmering light of the stars only that illuminated her pale face, white as the snow that enfolded her like a winding-sheet?

The sleeping child stirred, and unconsciously nestled closer to the bosom of the dead woman.

The bosom which, in spite of all, had loved him, was growing cold, the erring heart was still; but the child rested peacefully on his sad couch, and his innocent spirit was lapped in a wondrous dream.

More than mortal melody filled the air; a radiance mild as that of the moon in her placid beauty, more glorious than the sun at noonday, surrounded him.

In that marvellous radiance, the face of poor Charlotte was endowed with a beauty unknown to it in life; a sweet, sad smile had settled on the pale lips, the expression of pain had passed from the solemn brow; it was as the look of one who had sinned and repented, and been forgiven.

And for the child—a sudden bewilderment possessed him.

He was no longer couched upon the bosom of his nurse: he was walking alone, free to wander at his own childish will.

How often, in his baby petulance, had he run away from Charlotte, and propounded in his small brain what the delights of liberty would be—to play by himself on the margin of the lake, to travel up and down the grand staircase, or climb up to the open window. But now that he misses the restraining hand and voice of Charlotte, that he finds himself alone, he is terrified.

It was gloomy and dark and cold, that unknown solitude where he wandered, till swiftly as the lightning's flash he was bathed in that marvellous radiance. It was no longer cold; the atmosphere appeared warm and genial, and in his own fancy the child tripped merrily along, and beside him was another child. A child so marvellously beautiful, with his golden hair, and garments so white that they were dazzling to look upon, that the other boy would have felt dismayed but that the aspect of the stranger was so sweet and loving.

"Be not afraid, but come with me," said the radiant child. "I will take thee to a new home, and my father will protect thee, and have ever a care for thee and uphold thee, so that thou shalt never become unworthy of my love."

And along the brink of precipices, and by thorny paths edged by black and sluggish waters, the child seemed led, till his conductor paused, and, lo! at the gates of a palace, the walls of which shone like the mildly lustrous sapphire, stood an aged man, bearing a stately silver white lily.

And so gentle and beneficent were the looks of this venerable person, that when the boy's conductor said, "My father, have a care for this little one, for my sake," and the aged sire, assenting, held out his arms, the boy sprang to them, and nestled down to a sweet sleep.

The night has passed. The saffron glow in the east has merged into a bright vermillion. The

wind has lulled, the snow has ceased to fall, but the air is keen and sharp, and the frost-king reigns in his glory. Icicles, tinted with all the colours of the rainbow—blue, red, and orange—hang pendant from the eaves of the convent, from the abutments of the belfry tower, from every coign of vantage about S. Joseph's College. The earth is spread with a carpet that glitters in its whiteness. The tall elms are columns of silver in their robe of hoar frost. The dark green of the pine and fir, and the shining metallic leaves of the holly and its scarlet berries, are like emeralds and coral.

The brothers and pupils at S. Joseph's College are afoot; so also are the dwellers in the adjacent village, for S. Joseph's is the nearest church. Many of these peasants will attend the seven o'clock Mass, and the sacristan goes to open the church doors and the gates of the courtyard.

He is accompanied by a youth who has but just joined the brotherhood. This young brother, Aloysius, in his mildness and perfect abstraction from worldly pleasures not a little resembles that gentle son of the Gonzagas whose name he has taken. As he helps the sacristan, an aged man, to open the gates, he starts back with an exclamation of surprise.

Just within the shelter of the porch, and directly beneath the statue of S. Joseph, lay the body of a child.

Brother Aloysius stooped to raise him, fearing that he was frozen to death. No, he was breathing, and warm to the touch; a lovely child, too, whose eyes were deeply and beautifully blue as the rapidly brightening skies of that Christmas morn. He smiled up in the face of the young brother, then looked wistfully round, and called for his mother and for Charlotte.

He was warmly clad, and in garments such as would be worn by the child of wealthy parents; but though his little coat was of fine cloth and lined with sables, it was still a miracle that he had not been frozen to death.

The boy's baby-talk was German, but not such German as is common in Alsace, but the German of a court, of Dresden, or Munich, or Berlin.

Strangely, too, the child spoke of another child, all bright and shining, clad in white and glittering vesture, who had led him by the hand all safely after his nurse laid down to sleep, and given him to the care of his father, who was, oh, so gentle! and who smiled upon him still.

And as it was on the blessed eve of the Nativity that these things had happened, and the boy had come safely to the gates of S. Joseph's through the bitter winds, and the darkness, and the snow, it was devoutly believed that his radiant conductor was He who invites little children to His loving care, and that in the form of the glorious Christ-child He had vouchsafed to become visible to the boy, to whom, therefore, they gave the name of EMMANUEL!

It seemed manifest to the good brothers, that the child found sleeping at their gates on Christmas Day, was, by the Divine dispensation, committed to their care. Every effort was, however, made to discover from whence the boy had strayed, as it was evident from the material of his cloth-

ing that his parents were not of that condition of life that, in a monetary sense, would make him an object of charity.

Little footprints in the snow were a guide to the corner of the lane where poor Charlotte slept in death. Her aspect and her dress led to the conclusion that she was a German *bonne*. But whether accident, or some wrong-doing of the unfortunate woman herself, had made the child an outcast and caused her own piteous death, it was impossible to judge. There was no paper or trinket about either the dead woman or the child from which the slightest clue could be obtained. That the boy had been in her charge was certain, from his mournful cries of "Charlotte! Charlotte!" when he was taken to see the corpse.

Poor Charlotte was consigned to the grave, and the Brother Superior not only caused all possible research and inquiries to be made in the neighbourhood, but was at the trouble of sending to Strasburg, and not only making inquiries among the municipal officers of the city, but was also at the expense of inserting advertisements in the newspapers describing the circumstances under which he had been taken charge of at the college. All these measures were abortive. Days and weeks rolled into months and years, and there was no inquiry for little Emmanuel.

He had been but a short time a resident at the college, however, ere he had so endeared himself to the whole community, that it would have been a grief to every member of it, and especially to Brother Aloysius, had he been claimed. He was so gentle, so obedient and loving.

From the date of the blessed feast on which the young brother found the child at the gates, he had made him his peculiar charge, and to part with him would have been a great sorrow. Let it not, nevertheless, be supposed that Aloysius would for a moment have hesitated between his own feelings and the good of the boy.

The superior himself was not more earnest in his endeavour to discover the friends of the little waif: how hard poor Aloysius tried to glean some information from his baby talk! But it was baby talk, and the name of the parents on whom for many weeks he called so pitifully never passed his lips.

The boy was of German birth unquestionably, but whether from Catholic Bavaria, or Protestant Wurtemberg, Aloysius could not discover.

Catholic of course was the boy at S. Joseph's. Conscious of his own great love for him, Aloysius sometimes scrupled at the satisfaction he was aware he felt at the non-appearance of the child's friends. But as years passed on, this theme of pious self-reproach ceased to exist, as it became very certain that little Emmanuel had no friends in the world save the Christian Brothers!

Worthy of the divine name by which they called him, worthy of the tender care and their best instruction, he proved, generous, sensitive, affectionate and intelligent, the seed fell upon fertile ground, and brought forth abundant fruit. Nor was the casket of his corporeal frame unworthy of the gem of the fresh, pure spirit which it enclosed, for Emmanuel grew to be a tall, strong-limbed boy, and his handsome features glowing with health, his broad forehead shaded

with locks of dark brown hair, his bright complexion and beaming smile, made up an appearance which the heir of a kingdom might have envied. Emmanuel was as brave, too, as he was intelligent, and always self-sacrificing. A sickly season came, and fever ravaged the adjacent hamlet and spread its pestilential wings over the college, where two of the brethren and one of the pupils died.

Then was the courage, the Christian bravery of the foundling boy made manifest.

While the older pupils shrank from those apartments of the college where the sick were treated, Emmanuel made it his prayer to the superior that he might be permitted to attend on them. The superior demurred, though he was sorely at a loss for help in the sick chambers, but the physician assured him that Emmanuel's very fearlessness would protect him from the infection. So he assented to Emmanuel's request, and the boy not only, as the doctor foretold, himself escaped the infection, but had the supreme satisfaction of being told that it was in a great measure owing to his watchful care that one of his companions and his beloved Brother Aloysius, who had been attacked, recovered.

Thus much for the moral courage of Emmanuel. For that kind of valour which demands physical strength, coolness, and determination, he was equally eminent. There came a winter of unusual severity; not only were the peasants starving, but the wild animals, driven from their haunts in the woods and mountains, and made additionally fierce by hunger, ventured into the neighbourhood of the villages and near the small towns.

As in the time of their great founder, when there was a famine in France, which the bounty of Louis XIV., of Madame de Maintenon, and other wealthy and charitable persons could but inadequately relieve, the Brothers of the "Christian Schools" at S. Joseph's were prompt to make their own little less by ministering to the poor.

It was the delight of Emmanuel to be made a dispenser of this charity, and often did he manage when sent to the hamlet with food for some of the famishing children, to reserve his own allowance and go hungry that he might help to feed others.

It was a bitter morning in February. A slight thaw on the preceding day had been succeeded by a still more severe frost. The uneven ground between the hamlet and the college was dangerous to traverse, for the descents into the hollow were sometimes sharp and steep. Now the earth was as if sheeted with glass, and to assist his footsteps Emmanuel carried a stout alpenstock as he trudged laboriously along with a heavily-packed basket on his shoulder.

The first of his charitable visits was to be made to a poor widow with three young children, whose cottage stood by itself on the outskirts of the hamlet.

Piercingly cold as was the atmosphere, the day had been fine; the sun shone brightly, though its rays had no power to soften the keen atmosphere. Now the brief day was drawing to a close, and a few lurid, blood-red streaks in the west showed that the sun had set.

At the foot of an eminence, clothed to its summit with a thick fir coppice, stood the humble habitation of the widow. That wooded eminence was a shelter and protection for the cottage both summer and winter, screening it alike from the bleak winds and the parching heat.

It was no steep mountain, with a thick impassible forest, giving shelter to the wild boar, the bear, and that vile animal, more dangerous than either, the vicious, ravening wolf.

The widow and her children expected Emmanuel's visit, for since the weather had set in so cold the brothers had sent her a weekly dole. Her two eldest children, boys of six and eight years of age, were watching for Emmanuel.

When he was within a hundred paces of the cottage, a red beam of the declining sun settled on his head, and the children with a joyous shout rushed forth to meet him.

But that cry was succeeded by a shriek of terror, for at the same moment forth from the covert with an hideous howl sprang out an enormous wolf.

With foaming jaws and eyes that glared like balls of fire, the monster made for the children, who, paralysed by terror, stood stock-still; and one or both of them had been torn down by the furious brute, had not Emmanuel, at peril of his own life, turned its fury on himself by catching up and flinging at it a loose piece of ice.

The fragment was heavy and sharp, and the aim so true, it struck the creature on the head, fractured the frontal bone, and almost cut out one of its eyes.

With a renewed howl of agony, as well as rage, the monster turned, and sprang blindly at Emmanuel.

Wolves generally hunt in packs, and the boy knew that if the howling monster had companions he was lost.

He had a perilous chance even if it were alone, for it was of unusual size, and he had neither hunting-spear nor firearms with which to defend himself.

With gaping jaws the creature came at him full charge; he would have leaped aside, but that he feared a fall on the slippery descent. If he was to be the prey of the wolf it should not be unresistingly, was his muttered thought. Its weight would hurl him to the ground if he suffered it to spring upon him, therefore, he met its charge, and with unparalleled strength and firmness he thrust the alpenstock between its gaping jaws. Half way down the creature's throat penetrated the iron ferrule at the end of the stout staff, and its fangs crushed through the cudgel-like oaken staff, as if it had been a willow wand. But its throat was torn with the ferrule; it was wounded unto death; choking and blinded with its own blood, it rolled upon the ground, uttering fearful howls, till the brave boy launched at its head a huge stone, which had the effect of fracturing its skull, when, after another faint howl and a feeble convulsive movement, the terrible animal lay dead.

Happily it was alone, and had probably strayed to a considerable distance from its accustomed haunts.

(To be continued.)

## TURKISH PIPES.



HE Turkish pipe, which is called a *chibouque*, consists of the tube, the bowl, and the mouth-piece, so that they are all easily separated and cleaned.

The manufacturers of the tubes are seen at work every day in the shops of Constantinople, where there is a bazaar, or street of shops, entirely for their sale. They are made from the young straight stems of cherry-tree or jessamine, on which the bark is carefully preserved; they are from two to six feet in length, and are nicely bored with a wire auger. The nursing these stems, during their growth, is often the support of a whole family, and requires a good deal of attention. To prevent the bark from splitting in the heat of the day, each stem is swathed with wet bandages, and the least tendency to become crooked is counteracted, either by a judicious application of the bandage, or by more copiously watering the plant on one side than on the other. A perfectly straight stem, with a uniformly shining bark, is, however, a great rarity, and brings a far higher price than any other.

The bowls are made of a clay called *kefkil*, found in Asia-Minor and in Greece. In its native state, it is soft and white, but when baked, it becomes hard; and, unlike the English pipeclay, turns to a black or red colour. These bowls are made of all sizes. The Turks do not like them very large; but those exported to Germany, where they are polished and finished with great elegance, are as large as a man's hand.

The bowls are frequently ornamented with gilding, and the tubes with embroidery and jewels; but it is on the value of the mouth-piece that a Turk prides himself. None but the miserably poor would use anything but amber; and though the common sort are cheap enough to suit all ranks, we have seen some which have cost a hundred pounds, not from their size, but from some favourite tinge in their appearance.

With such a pipe, and with Saloniki tobacco, a Turk is supremely happy. Cross-legged on his Persian carpet, he enjoys it the whole day, and, except to call for more tobacco, or for a cup of coffee, he seldom opens his mouth, as the smoke is emitted, from time to time, in long cloudy columns from his nose. Pipes take the lead in every visit, and are preliminaries to every conversation. The most flattering compliment a Turk can pay to his guest is to present him with his *chibouque* warm from his lips; and I shall never forget the mixed look of indignation and contempt which a pasha of three tails threw at an Englishman, who unwarily wiped the superb amber mouth-piece before he introduced it between his own lips.

A DAY'S WORK.—We can easily manage if we will only take, each day, the burden appointed for it. But the burden will be too heavy for us if we add to its weight the burden of to-morrow before we are called to bear it.



"'YOU HAD BETTER GIVE ME UP, MR. MARTIN.'"

## The Martins of Teberton.

By OLIVER CRANE.

### CHAPTER III.

#### HOME AGAIN.

**B**EFORE leaving Oldbury I sought Alice, and found her on a garden seat near the entry to the park. There she sat, as usual, reading, with a favourite white kitten snugly ensconced on her lap. After a few preliminary remarks of mine leading to the subject nearest my heart, I ventured to propose a walk, to which she objected on the grounds that Mrs. Oldbury expected visitors and would require her in the drawing-room, "and," she added, "let us

stay here awhile; you already have had a long walk and must be tired—sit down on the grass." Without reluctance I obeyed and took my position at her feet. The volume which Alice had been reading was soon laid aside, and I at once began:

"Mr. Oldbury has been telling me your story, my pretty bird."

"A story with very little in it," said Alice.

"Can you remember nothing?"

"Nothing; except that, to this day, if I am tired or not very well, I dream of a face with only one eye!"



"What can be the meaning of that?"

"I don't know. You see, I am an odd sort of person. You had better give me up Mr. Martin."

She looked at me so prettily when she said this, that I knew she was not in earnest.

"I will never give you up," I said. "But here comes Mrs. Slade."

As soon as Mrs. Slade joined us she, too, began to talk of Alice's history.

"It is an odd story," she said. "My arms were the first she rested in, when we found the little sufferer on the ground. I love her like my own child. But, though we shall never now find anything out about Alice, I shall always believe that she is a lady born!"

"Oh, never mind about my being a lady born," said Alice quickly. "It was a good hour for me when I was left with my broken bone in the way of Mr. Oldbury's carriage. And I don't like to hear you talk of my being a lady born. I am a Catholic, practising the true faith, and earning my daily bread. That is what Mr. Martin must take me for. Please not to fill his head with thoughts of my being a lady."

"You shall be my wife, my darling, if you will," I said, "and then I would not change my own place for that of a crowned king. But I should like to know why Mrs. Slade thinks you must have been born a lady?"

"This is the reason," said Mrs. Slade. "Perhaps you will think it a bad one. But, at that time, I was making a black velvet mantle for Mrs. Oldbury. I was then her maid. The child would put strings of beads and a piece of velvet round her wrist, and make me understand that I was to sew the velvet on. I thought that she had been accustomed to bracelets. Many a time, when she had been too nervous to go to sleep, I have sewn a bit of velvet round her wrist, and she has kissed me, with her little arms round my neck, and talked of pretty mama, and slept like a lamb. Then I would cut off the velvet in her sleep, and the next morning she would seem to forget all about it. So I took it into my head that she had been stolen, and her frightened ways seemed to prove it. I assure you I used to fear sometimes that she would never have her senses like other people. But she is clever enough now;" and Mrs. Slade gave a glance full of pride and satisfaction towards my dear Alice.

The time came, only too soon, for my leaving my friends to walk back to the house alone. It had got late, and the clouds were dark and threatening. I had to go to Leverton on some business; so I struck across the fields, and got to the old town as soon as I could. As I entered the streets the old church clock struck ten. I hurried on, for I did not wish to keep my mother waiting. Just as I got to an open square called the Market-place, some one almost ran against me.

"Oh Ben!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, brother;" said Ben, "I almost thought I had missed you. I have been to mother's, and she said you were gone to Oldbury, and that you were coming round by the town. I wanted to see you. So, knowing you must come this way, I have been walking up and down waiting."

"Well, Ben, what is it?" I asked.

"Oh, it's a holiday," said Ben. "I am free from four o'clock to-morrow afternoon till eleven o'clock the next morning, and I thought I would ask you to be at the farm; and then you must ask me to dinner, and give me a bed."

"Very well," I said, "nobody so welcome. Would you like to bring a friend? I would manage to accommodate any friend of yours, I think."

"Thank you, no," said Ben. "I am going to be snug and selfish. You and I will be enough, I think."

We were walking now in the direction of Mr. Norris's house, and at his door I parted with Ben; then I went to a house where my business lay, and this was up a court.

You entered this court, which was rather a pleasant place when you got to it, by a narrow alley, which, to tell the truth, was not pleasant at all.

The business I had to do was with a man I knew very well—a cattle drover. He had promised to look after some animals of a breed I had heard a good deal about, and I was to have a conversation with him that night, at the house in the court in which he lodged. This house looked out from the back windows on a great field, belonging to the Drovers' Arms—and in this great field the cattle under Bill Brookes' care would be pastured for the night. I had known Bill Brookes many years, and my uncle had had a good deal to do with him. He was a clever, straightforward, honest man.

As I entered the narrow alley, to get into the court, I passed an ugly sort of group of persons standing in the shadow of the archway. Among many foul expressions which fell on my hearing, in a confused way, I heard these words:

"Not he. I'd have nothing to do with him. He'd get repenting—those Catholics are never safe;—if he repented it would all be known."

I was standing face to face with Brookes before I could recollect myself. But when I had heard from him that he could not then give me the information I wanted, but that he would get it for me in a few weeks, and when I had again gone through the alley and was walking towards the turnpike road, through the quiet, lamp-lit street, then the words came back to me—*Have nothing to do with him. He'd get repenting—those Catholics are never safe.*

"Oh," said I to myself, "I have always been taught that the best thing is, not to commit sin; the next best thing is, to repent of any sin that you may have committed. So, Catholics repent; the grace of repentance is theirs so often that *they are not safe*; they are not fit companions for the wicked, because the wicked cannot trust them. In spite of their sins God gives them a grace to repent, and then they confess their sins, and God forgives them, and sends more grace to strengthen them in the good way they have got back to. Well," said I to myself, still walking towards home, "I seem to get lessons in the Catholic faith in remarkably odd ways."

Having had these thoughts as I stepped out briskly on my homeward way, a very odd sort of sensation took hold of me, and, for one moment, I stood still in the road. It was exactly as if a

voice had spoken to my heart, and said that no one who wished to learn should ever want a teacher.

It was true that the Catholic chapel at Leverton was one of the poorest little places in the world. There were no fine sermons to attract listeners, there were no public catechizings to instruct the world. There was Mass, and I did not know what Mass was; there were confessionals but I could not go; there were absolutions pronounced by the priest, but they were not for me; yet, still, I was not to be left without a teacher.

And what I thought then, I am quite sure of now; anybody who wishes to learn the true religion may learn it if he will.

I had learnt from Alice, from good Mrs. Slade, from the rich Squire of Oldbury, from vagabonds planning crime in a dark alley, and from the soft voice in my own heart. When the judgment day should come, I should not be able to say, "there was no one to teach me!"

And with such serious thoughts, in the sweet, soft, still summer night I reached Rose Cottage, and I saw the welcome of the light that my mother burnt as she waited for me.

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### QUITE PUZZLED.

I AM telling you my story as plainly and as accurately as I can. I am telling you the facts, and the thoughts that were connected with those facts. Together they make my story, and out of them grew all my perplexity. When I walked into my mother's room she rose from her chair, and said:

"Well, my boy!"

"Well, mother," I said, "I have kept you waiting, I fear."

"Not longer, dear, than I expected," she said; "and have you seen Alice?"

"Yes; Alice and Mrs. Slade, and Mr. and Mrs. Oldbury."

"And you have pledged yourself?"

"As to that, we are not much nearer a pledge than we were before;" and then I sat down and told my mother all just as I have told it here.

She was pleased and interested; and never said a word to vex me. So I kissed her, and thanked her.

"Come to the farm, and spend the day with Ben, to-morrow," I said, "it will be but a poor holiday unless you are there."

Then we went to bed.

The next morning, I was off as usual, at an early hour, and at Ben's appointed time he came, and the dear light-hearted lad started off to fetch our mother almost as soon as he had said "How do you do?" to me. In the course of an hour they were come. My mother was prettily dressed, and Ben said he was proud of her. He was a merry youth, and we had as pleasant a day as was ever enjoyed.

A Mrs. Craven, from a neighbouring farm, and her brother, Captain Bartlet, who was on a visit

to her, and whose home was in Tenby, in Wales, where he had command of a merchant vessel, came to see us in the afternoon. We asked them to tea. They stayed; and the captain, who talked well, made himself very agreeable. We took our visitors over the farm; there was not an outhouse unvisited. The captain admired my arrangements, and praised the neatness and cleanliness, in which Peggy and Walter delighted. That seemed to be what he knew most about; for he made us laugh by saying our cream was too rich for him, and our bread too light.

Ben and I walked home with our good mother after Captain Bartlet and Mrs. Craven were gone. We stayed with her till it was late, then we got back to my house through the fields. It was a strangely dark night for the season of the year.

"Well," I said, as we walked along, "I thought we were going to have a thunderstorm last night, but then it cleared away—is it coming to-night?"

I had hardly uttered the words when some heavy rain-drops fell—all about felt hot and stifling. Then came sharp and distant peals of thunder. We ran as fast as we could go, and just got home before the rain fell in torrents out of skies as black as December.

"Bed is the best place now," said Ben. "I have had a pleasant day. I hope the storm will hurt nobody."

And so to bed we went, having had just enough amusement and work combined to make us enjoy our rest.

I had only one spare bed-room, and that was occupied by Ben. I slept in the room next to his. And then, at the back, there was a room which was occupied by Walter and his wife. Our rooms in the front looked out into a small walled garden. The right hand wall, in its highest part, formed the back of one of our cattle sheds. Close to the house in this wall there was a door, which led into the straw-yard.

After I had been asleep I woke up in a very odd state, like a person frightened. What had startled me? I could not tell. Had there been a noise? I did not know. It was very dusk. Perhaps there had been a flash of lightning—perhaps a peal of thunder—I was so startled; I felt so strangely—I was not a man to leave any mystery unexplained, so I got up and struck a light. There I stood in the silent room with the candle burning, and I listened. There was not a sound except that of steady, quiet rain. It was not a loud, pelting shower, but a soft, ceaseless down-pour. It was not a sound that would have waked up anybody. What had waked me? I could not tell. I did not know: I never knew. But so convinced was I that something strange had happened that I dressed myself, and went out to the landing. It was just two in the morning. I went into Ben's room. There was Ben sitting up in bed.

"What is it, Ben?"

"I can't tell," he said. "What is it?"

"Did you hear anything?" I asked.

"I think I did."

"Did it awake you?"

"Well, I can't tell; yes, I suppose."

While Ben was answering these questions, he was getting up. I said:

"I am sure there is something wrong somewhere."

"Go and see after Peggy and Walter," said Ben.

So I went to their bed-room door, and knocked.

"We fancy we heard something," I said; "do not disturb yourselves. But Ben and I are going out just round the house—that is all."

"I never heard anything, master," said Walter.

"Never mind," I answered. "It is our fancy perhaps."

"Oh, Master Ben is dreaming about the row in Leverton Street."

So Walter made a joke of our fancies; and I went back to Ben. He was standing outside his door, and looking quite pale. I remembered that I had never asked him any particulars of what he had heard. So I said:

"Did you hear anything plainly enough to describe it?"

But he only said:

"Come along, let us go out to the garden."

I did not press him to say more, but I went out, having lighted a lantern that was always in the passage, ready for use.

"It is odd that the dog did not bark."

I kept a dog in the yard. Ben did not speak. We went through the garden. We opened the door that led into the yard, and the first thing we saw was Rufus, the dog, dead. We afterwards found out that he had been poisoned. We saw nothing, heard nothing. We opened every door of hut and outhouse, and went through the barn and stables. It was all dark, quiet, empty. Peering with the lantern through the cloudy night, and under the thick rain, we went from place to place, and were just giving up our search when we thought we would walk round the wood-rick.

Ben stumbled against something.

"Here it is," he said.

I turned the light of the lantern on to the thing, whatever it was, that stopped the way. Horrible sight! The light fell down straight on the white up-turned face of a man who had been brought to the ground by a violent blow, for the blood had flowed from an awful gash on his forehead, and the pouring rain was spreading the terrible stain, and carrying the death stream down into his neck. He was dead!

"I heard his last cry," said Ben. "I am sure that it must have been that, and nothing else. I never heard such a cry in all my life. It was so terrible, so sad; oh, such a pitiable, sharp, despairing sort of sound that I could not tell what it was. I had not been asleep—I might have been dozing. Then the cry came and seemed to break my very heart. I jumped up. But when no other sound came I thought it must have been some awful dream. Well, I was cold, pale, and trembling when you came into the room. His soul went forth with that cry. No wonder I shook under it."

"No wonder," I said.

And it was all I could say. I stood like a p r-

son paralyzed. We did not know what to do next. Were we to stay there staring at that awful sight? Were we to leave it, and go back to the house for Walter? If we left it could we be sure that we should find it again? Were there no people hiding, ready to make off with the proof of their guilt if we turned our back upon it? A crowd of thoughts such as these chased through my mind. I could neither go nor stay—so we stood there; we stood there getting wet through; we stood there turning on the light to that awful white face, and shivering for very horror. I think several minutes must have passed in this scared state; or, perhaps, the time was seconds only, and our horror made the moments seem longer than they were; but at last I said:

"Ben, I am going to call. We won't move. I feel rooted to the spot. I am going to shout for Walter."

Then I called Walter's name as loud as I could, and he answered me immediately. He shouted from his bed-room window, for he had got up, and had been listening to our doings.

"Come here—come to the wood-rick," I cried.

"Coming, masters," he answered.

And then the silence seemed to be greater than ever, after those loud voiced words. And the next thing we heard was the sound of Walter's footsteps.

"Meet him, Ben," I said.

In another moment he, too, was looking on the dead man's face.

*(To be continued.)*

## PROPHECIES OF THE WORLD'S END.

ON a marble slab at Oberemmel, in Germany, is the following:

"Quando Marcus Pascha dabit,  
Et Antonius Pentecostem celebrabit,  
Et Joannes Christum adorabit,  
Totus mundus vix clamabit."

which means, when Easter shall fall on S. Mark's day (April 25), Pentecost on S. Anthony's day (June 13), Corpus Domini on S. John's day (June 24), on the days named all the world shall cry woe. In the year 1886 the above feasts will fall on the days named. The following is attributed to Michael Nostradamus, born December 14, 1502, died at Salon, June 24, 1566:

"Quand Georges Dieu crucifera  
Que Marc le resuscitera,  
Et que S. Jean portera,  
La fin du monde arrivera."

That is, when Good Friday shall fall on S. George's day (April 23) Easter on S. Mark's day (April 25), and Corpus Domini on S. John's day (June 24), the world will come to an end. In 1886 these three feasts will be celebrated on these days; according to these prophecies we have, at least, a little time yet to prepare for the great event.

## A VISIT TO THE VIRGIN'S TREE NEAR CAIRO.

BY FATHER JULLIEN.

Author of "A Journey through Egyptian Deserts to  
the Tree of Obedience."

[CONTINUED.]

**T**HE Virgin's Tree stands about twenty yards to the south-east of the spring, at a point where several roads meet. It is said that the Holy Family, whilst pursued by their persecutors, passed close by a large sycamore-tree; just as they had got out of sight of their pursuers, that, the tree opened to such an extent that the Holy Family and the ass could conceal themselves in it; and that it closed round them until their enemies had gone by. The part of the tree which separated itself from the rest to form their refuge fell down in 1656. Whatever may be the truth as to this tradition, it is the general opinion that this tree dates from the time in which the Blessed Virgin lived, and that the Christians have always held it in great veneration.

The tree is a very aged sycamore (*ficus sycamorus*), the true sycamore upon which Zachæus mounted, which in nowise resembles the species of maple-tree, which we call the sycamore in France. Its great trunk is flattened from north to south, and you would think that it was only the half of a tree. It is about seven yards in circumference, and eight yards high, and inclines to the north. It is perfectly sound, with vigorous branches, making it altogether a fine tree. To preserve it from mutilation, they have surrounded it with a wooden railing, which is covered with jasmine creepers, and forms an enclosure about eight yards square. It is, however, easy to pick off a few leaves from the large branches, which incline towards the ground; and the old Arab caretaker, who is asleep close by, covered up in his mantle, will allow you to commit this pious theft for the most trifling *baksheesh*.

The sycamore is a fig-tree; and, in the month of August, it bears on the young shoots running along its great branches, a large quantity of round figs, of medium size, rose-coloured, and having a sweet, earthy flavour, large quantities of which are sold in the streets of Cairo to the Arabs and to children. Its wood seems to be heavy and brittle; large branches frequently fall of themselves, or else, cause the tree seemingly to incline under their weight. The leaves resemble those of the alderbush of our streams, and are ever-green. This sycamore is very common in Lower Egypt. When you see away on the plain, near a spring or a tomb, a beautiful round topped tree, of a dark green shade, it is a sycamore. The long Alley of Chonbrah, what is to Cairo, what the Prado is to Marseilles, or the Avenue of the Bois du Bologne is to Paris, is entirely planted with old sycamores. Its root, like that of the olive-tree, is almost indestructible. The tree may fall by accident, or from disease, or even from old

age, but the root always lives, and sends forth new shoots that will form another tree.

If this is not the actual trunk of the tree that sheltered the Holy Family, it is certainly a trunk sprung from the same root. It is in this sense, that the pilgrims to the Garden of Gethsemani are told, that the olives growing there are of the time of Our Lord.

In 1869, when the Empress Eugénie came to Egypt, to be present at the opening of the Suez Canal, the Viceroy Ishmael brought her to see the Virgin's Tree; and thought that he could not make her a more acceptable gift than to offer this tree to her and to France. But, unfortunately, there was only the verbal offer—nothing given in writing; so it had no more effect than if it was never made; and the Virgin's Tree, together with the Garden of Balm, is now the personal property of the present viceroy, Tewfik.

We remained on our knees for some time beneath the foliage of this blessed tree, offering up to the Divine Infant, on behalf of our mission, the prayer from the Canticle of Zachariah: "Through the bowels of mercy, with which Thou hast come to visit us, enlighten, oh, Lord! this people that are seated in the darkness, and in the shadow of death." S. Luke's Gospel.

From thence, we went about two hundred paces to the south, through a plantation of large cactus to S. Joseph's Tree, to offer up our little prayer to the amiable Head of the Holy Family. This tree is also a sycamore, and appears to be of the same age as the Virgin's Tree. Its enormous trunk is hollow, four or five persons could conceal themselves in it. It measures about seven yards and a half in circumference. Very few persons come to visit the Tree of S. Joseph, its existence being scarcely known. There is no railing to protect it; no garden surrounding it. It serves as a shelter to children, and to the buffaloes that work the neighbouring *sakye*.

We are now but a quarter of an hour's distance from Heliopolis. The Holy Family must, doubtless, have often trod the road that leads to it, and looked at the obelisk here, which was standing in their time. It is even said that they lived amidst the ruins of the great city of Heliopolis. The road leads to the north, through beautiful, cultivated grounds, sloping slightly to the west. Soon it crosses a ridge of rubbish, which forms the boundary of Heliopolis. Three hundred yards farther on, it passes, on the right, an avenue of perished-looking trees, leading to an obelisk standing in the middle of a field of wheat. This is the oldest obelisk in Egypt; it bears the cartouch of King Onsortesen, who lived 2,100 years before Jesus Christ. Its inscription, most part of which is covered over with wasps' nests, is the same on all its four sides. The height of this monolith is nearly seventy feet, but a part of it, (about nine feet), and its pedestal, are embedded in the ground. This obelisk belonged, probably, to the great Temple of the Sun, as well as Cleopatra's Needles, which were removed from here to Alexandria, from which one was sent to Rome, and the other recently to London, where it now stands on the Thames Embankment. The ancient authors state that in front of the temple stood a long avenue of sphinxes, with many



obelisks, the work of the first race of Pharaohs. The obelisk, and some large stones bearing hieroglyphics recently unearthed in a field to the westward, are nearly all that are left of these great structures. A miserable Arab village occupies the place once covered with splendid palaces.

Heliopolis (or *City of the Sun*), which is designated *Om* in the Bible, was in the ancient world the centre of all the sciences. The Egyptian priests came there to learn philosophy and astronomy. Moses, it is said, studied in its schools. The Greek philosophers, amongst others Plato, came hither to acquire science. But, said the prophet Jeremiah, 43, v. 13: "*The king of Babylon will break the statues of the house of the sun in the land of Egypt.*" And when the historian, Strabo, visited this city, several years before the coming of Our Lord Jesus Christ, he found it destroyed. "It is situated," he says, "on an elevated ground; around it are marshes fed by canals from the Nile. It is in ruins. Nothing is left of it but its temple, and a very small number of inhabitants." Some children offered us for sale little plaster statues painted in light blue like those that are found in great numbers in the sarcophagi of the *mummies*. One of these statuettes represented a jerboise seated on its two great hind legs, an animal which is very common in Egypt.

Before quitting these interesting places let us read in her "*Meditations on the Sojourn of the Holy Family in Egypt*," what a poor peasant girl, belonging to the diocese of Munster (Germany), Catherine Emmerich, who became a nun, Sister Augustine, in the Convent of Dulmen, says about them: Chap. 89. "I saw the Holy Family settled down in a great ruined city. It extended along a large river with several branches. It could be seen from afar on account of its elevated position. I saw there, with surprise, the remains of great edifices, of temples almost entire, with columns like towers. I saw also other very lofty columns pointed on the top and covered with strange images as well as with large figures resembling dogs sitting down with human heads to them. Before a place shut in on one side by a wall and opening on the other under a range of thick but not tall pillars, Joseph had arranged a light construction formed of wood. It was in this they dwelt. Many people had formed dwellings for themselves under these columns. In front was a great temple of idols, with two courts. To the north of Heliopolis, between that city and the Nile, which is divided into several branches, stood the land of Gessen. There was a place between two channels where a very large number of Jews dwelt, who were very degenerate as regards the practice of their religion. They had a golden calf, a figure with an ox's head, and around, little figures of animals resembling a pole-cat with little canopies over them. These are the animals (*ichneumons*) which protect men from the crocodiles. Joseph, however, had constructed an oratory where the Jews assembled with him; for before they had no place where to pray in common.

"Chapter 92. After a sojourn of nearly eighteen months the Holy Family quitted Heli-

opolis in consequence of want of work and of much persecution. They went down as far as Troya, now Thora, which faces Memphis; they returned to the north, following the course of the river in the direction of Babylon (Old Cairo). They went round it, passing between the Nile and the city, and travelled about two leagues of road along the river. They arrived, at length, at a place, the ancient name of which I have forgotten, but was called later on Matarea. It was near Heliopolis. This place, situated on a tongue of land, so that the water bounded it on all sides, was greatly depopulated. The habitations were made of date-tree wood and dried mud, and covered with reeds. The Holy Family took up their abode under a dark arch in a solitary place a short distance from the gate by which they entered. Joseph constructed, in addition, a light building in front of this arched space.

"Chapter 93: They lived here many years, and I have seen scenes of many years of the Infant Jesus. I have seen the place where He slept. I saw also an oratory arranged by S. Joseph in this habitation.

"Chapter 87: They had no water, and they were sitting down quite exhausted on a hill of sand. The Holy Virgin implored God, and I saw an abundant spring gush forth beside her and gush forth all around. The portion of ground which it watered was marvellously blessed; it was soon covered with verdure, and the precious tree which produces the balm grew there in great abundance. This place became celebrated later on as the Garden of Balm. Divers persons settled down here at a subsequent epoch; they dug out here another wide and deep well, from which they drew, with the aid of a wheel set in motion by bullocks, a large quantity of water, which they mixed with that from Mary's spring to water the whole garden.

"Chapter 96: The fountain of Matarea does not owe its origin to the Blessed Virgin, it had only sprung up afresh. I saw that Job had been in Egypt before Abraham, and had inhabited this spot. He had discovered the fountain, and offered up sacrifice on the large stone that was there. The country was full of frightful animals. I also saw animals who had their hinder parts very long and the front ones shorter like moles; they could leap from one roof to another.

"Chapter 97: Abraham at the time of his sojourn in Egypt also planted his tents near the fountain, and I saw him instructing his people there. He resided here several years with Sara. [Josephus and other writers say that Abraham taught the Egyptians arithmetic and astronomy.] I have seen also many things concerning the fountain of Matarea down to our own day, but I only recollect the following: Already at the time of the Holy Family the lepers made use of the waters as possessing special virtues.

"At a time, much later on, when over Mary's dwelling a Christian church had been built, with an entry near the High Altar for descending into the cave where the Holy Family had so long dwelt, I saw the fountain surrounded by habitations, and its water employed as a remedy for different sorts of leprosy. I also saw people bathing there in order to be delivered from cer-

tain diseases of the skin. This still took place when the Mahometans were masters of the country. I saw also the Turks keeping a lamp perpetually lighted in the church which had served as Mary's abode. They feared that some misfortune would befall them if they neglected to keep it lighting. In modern times I saw the source in the solitude at a very great distance from any habitation. There was no longer a city on this spot, and various wild fruits grew up all round it."

And in Chapter 98 of the same book of Sister Emmerich, "The Life of the Blessed Virgin," speaking of their return to Judea, she says:

"They passed between Heliopolis and the Jewish village situated on the side of the Nile, and turned off a little to the south towards the spring which had welled up at Mary's prayer before their first arrival at Heliopolis. All round the place was covered with beautiful verdure. The stream ran round a square garden bordered with balm trees. This place was about as large as the Duke of Croy's at Dulmen (where Sister Emmerich lived). The balm-trees were nearly as tall as medium-sized vine stalks, and had leaves like those of the trefoil."

It certainly does not behove us to attempt to decide as to what portion of this pious contemplative's words come from God, and what part from her own imagination.

S. Ignatius somewhere tells us that it is very difficult to distinguish in supernatural consolation how much our own mind adds to it unknown to itself. But of a certainty there are many things here written that we know to be true which Sister Emmerich learned from no mortal man.

We returned back to Cairo by the carriage road. Near the village of Mataryet it crosses a beautiful plain, the scene of one of the most glorious deeds of arms of the French troops. It was here that, on the 20th March, 1800, Kleber with the 10,000 men left him, defeated 80,000 Turks. The battle extended past Heliopolis and is called by the battle of that name.

In the fields here, which are always green, we saw several flocks of birds, as white as snow, the size of a small fowl, but more slender, and of a very graceful appearance, which seemed scarcely frightened at our approach. All tourists call these birds the Ibis. But they are not, however, the sacred Ibis of the ancients (*Ibis religiosa*) which is black, with its beak curved back from top to bottom, and is rarely seen in Cairo. Our pretty white ibises are really the Heron Bouvier (*Ardeala Russata*).

Further on we passed through a plantation of olive-trees badly cared for. What can they be doing in these rich alluvial Nile-lands under a blazing sun? They can only bring forth inferior fruit eaten by worms before it has time to reach maturity.

No matter; to us they bring to mind our dear France.

At length we enter once more the great city of Cairo—a city in which Jesus is now, as He was once in Heliopolis, a poor stranger, unknown to the great majority of its inhabitants. May God enable us to be the means of making Him known and loved by them. Amen.

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINBECK.

### CHAPTER I.

**O**N the upper stream of the S. Lawrence, that great means of Canadian traffic, where the confluence of the S. Maurice is divided by two large deltas into three branches, there lies a flourishing commercial town, named by the English Three Rivers, by the French *Trois Rivières*, which reckons among the oldest of the North American settlements, for nearly 250 years have passed since its foundation. On the 4th July, 1634, M. de la Violette of Quebec, the capital of New France, as it was then called, came thither with a little band of colonists, chiefly artisans, and formed a trading station, where the friendly Huron tribes carried on with them a brisk trade.

At that time the five races of the powerful Iroquois dwelt to the south of the S. Lawrence. From of old, the sworn enemies of the Huron and Athapasca tribes, they did all the injury they could to the French, and they especially hated the zealous missionaries of the Catholic church, who were for the most part French Jesuits. No doubt the instigations and the supply of arms, given by the Dutch Settlers on the Hudson, in the present state of New York, did much to irritate the Iroquois, and particularly that wildest of their tribes, the Mohawks, against the French, and the hatred of those Dutch Protestants to the Catholic Mother Church, would help to re-kindle the torch of war. But it was also evident that hatred of the Church is not to be considered the chief motive which led to the excitement of the Mohawks, it was much more that the extension of the French settlements through the Catholic missionaries, put the Hollanders in fear for their own colonies.

Soon after the foundation of the trading port at Three-Rivers, the indefatigable forerunners of Christianity, the Jesuits, built there a mission-house; and from this outpost of civilization they carried the Cross westward into the unknown wilderness around the Ottawa River, and as far out as Lake Huron, where the brave fathers of another order were obliged to give up the work they had begun in 1615. The French priests had already made numerous settlements on the banks of the North American Lakes, and carried on friendly intercourse with the native tribes before the New England Puritans and the Dutch Protestant settlers on the Hudson, found that their piety and their zeal produced the conversion of those who came in contact with them, and thus took from them the brothers who dwelt, as it were, at their very door.

On the first of August, 1642, there was an unusually active life going on in the little fortified settlement of Three Rivers; for, on the following day, a little flotilla of twelve bark canoes, with six

and thirty Huron warriors, and the Jesuit Father Isaac Jaques, was to return to the missionary settlement between the Nipissing and Lake Huron, and there was much to do in order to supply the voyagers with all that they required. F. Jaques and five brothers had been working for six years with great success among the Hurons, as well as the Petuns or Jabano-Indians, and now, at the desire of his principal, F. Jerome Lallimant, had journeyed to Quebec, under the protection of the renowned, baptized Huron-chief, Ahatsitari, to purchase clothing, vestments for Mass, altar vessels and books, with other things required by the mission, and also to protect the Hurons, hard pressed by the Iroquois and other western tribes, by opening for them a commercial treaty and definite alliance with the French government.

The excellent priest had acquitted himself of all these engagements, and now he longed after his "red children" and his faithful brethren in the distant wilderness, for he well knew that they were anxiously expecting his return. Before him lay a long and fatiguing, and at that time a very dangerous journey. Only lately, the Jesuit missionary, F. Jean de Becheuf, had been almost taken prisoner by the Iroquois, and now this tribe was so irritated by a recent defeat, that a fearful fate awaited any Frenchman who fell into their hands. To this might be added that the Mohawks had brought back to Three-Rivers, two French soldiers, and had required the conclusion of a peace under conditions, with which it was impossible to comply, and when it was pointed out to them, that the conclusion of such a treaty was not to be thought of, the savages were so greatly enraged, that it was found necessary to drive them away with cannon-balls.

The good fathers at Three-Rivers did all they could to induce the missionary to remain longer with them. They represented the danger which the flotilla would incur from the Iroquois who swept both banks of the S. Lawrence; they begged that he would wait a week, or at the furthest a fortnight, for an officer with a detachment of troops was expected, who was to erect a fort higher up the river, in order to hold in check the Mohawks, who were becoming bolder and more annoying every day.

"What is the use of incurring dangers which you can so easily avoid?" asked the chief of the missionaries at Three-Rivers. "It will bring no advantage either to our holy cause, or to the brave brothers at Lake Nipissing, that you and your little band of companions should be exposed to the risk of being taken prisoners by the revengeful Mohawks, in order to arrive a week or two sooner at S. Maria, and even without the Mohawks the journey offers quite dangers enough. In your bark canoes you have to encounter giant rivers and foaming cataracts, gaping whirlpools and sunken rocks. Heavily laden with your luggage and canoes, you have to pass along slippery paths, along the brink of deep abysses, and when you come to the sixteenth and seventeenth cataracts, and when all these dangers are passed, you have the march through the wilderness till you come to the mission. Here are difficulties and dangers enough. But you yourself know all this,

and you alone have to decide whether you will go or stay."

"I know how to appreciate your well-meant advice," replied F. Jaques cordially, "and you may believe that it is no foolish hardihood which makes me underrate the dangers threatened by the savage Iroquois, but that I have mighty reasons for wishing to hasten my return as much as I possibly can. I know how anxiously we are expected at S. Maria, for they have been for some time in want of the most absolute necessities. If the Lord of the heavenly hosts wills not to deliver us into the hands of our enemies, He will protect us without the aid of our soldiers, and if it is His holy will that the wild Iroquois should triumph over us and take us prisoners, if it pleases Him to bestow upon His poor servants the martyrs' crown, may His great goodness be praised to all eternity. Look; there goes the noble Eustachius; let me ask him what he thinks of our delaying our journey. He sees us. He is coming."

Ahatsitari, who in holy baptism had taken the name of Eustachius, was in search of F. Jaques, and when he saw him standing at the window of the Mission-house, he respectfully approached the two priests.

"You come just when wanted, brave Eustachius," said his chief. "We were speaking of the dangers of our journey, and I was trying to persuade our good F. Isaac to stay till the soldiers arrive, whom we are every day expecting from Quebec, that they may accompany you to the mouth of the Ottawa. You are an experienced warrior and know very well that we only play into the hands of the enemy, when in a thoughtless and useless manner we run into danger. Now tell us freely, whether you advise us immediately to continue the journey, or to make a little delay?"

The chief cast an enquiring look at F. Jaques, who said with a smile:

"Give your opinion, my son."

Then, in broken French, the Huron replied:

"My Father Ondesonk" (this was the name given by the Hurons to the missionary) "knows best whether to go or to remain. Ahatsitari will remain with him or go with him. No fear of Mohawks. The good black robes at Nipissing wait for Ondesonk. All ready. Ondesonk only say when go."

"Yes, dear Eustachius, we will set out to-morrow," replied the missionary.

When the Huron chief had departed, the two priests returned to the cell of the superior to speak of many things and to make arrangements. It seemed as if some approaching misfortune cast its black shadow over the house at Three-Rivers, for since the missionary had distinctly declared that he could not wait for the arrival of the expected troops, the joy of the pious inhabitants had been damped, and they looked with heavy hearts to the future.

And so broke the morning of the 2nd August, and F. Jaques for the last time for many years offered the Holy Sacrifice in the little chapel. Immediately after, the little but valuable luggage was placed in the birch canoes. After a short but cordial farewell, the brave Pioneer of the Cross embarked, with his faithful companions, in the

frail vessels which were to bear them through countless dangers far into the wilderness.

The strong arms of the Hurons dipped their short paddles into the stream, and the slender canoes shot out into the stream amid the loud adieux of the friends they had left behind, who presently re-entered sad and silent to the little chapel, and again prayed for the protection of the Almighty for those who were going forth into the wilderness in His service.

Besides the missionary there were two Frenchmen with the Hurons who were returning home: William Couture and René Gaupil. Both were oblates, that is men who, without belonging to any order, had devoted themselves to the service of the missionaries. Couture had left S. Maria, where he had for some time been of much use, and particularly by his care of the sick, with F. Jaques, and Gaupil, who was a very clever surgeon, had, at his earnest request, obtained leave from F. Nimout in Quebec, to accompany the missionary, the Hurons being in great want of a surgeon. He had passed some time in a Jesuit novitiate in Paris, but as his delicate health rendered it impossible for him to enter the Society, as soon as this was in some degree established, he went to Canada, where he offered himself to the superior, and passed two years in the house of the order in Quebec, where he did much work in the hospital, and he now was happy to go to the distant country of the Indians. F. Jaques and the two oblates, with the two Hurons who used the paddles in turns, embarked in the largest of the canoes.

As soon as the flotilla had reached the middle of the stream, which at Three Rivers is a mile broad, they formed a long line. The Huron chief, in the war canoe, was at the head, the canoe which carried the whites in the middle; full of joyful hopes they looked forward to the future, and thankfully gazed on the splendid panorama which unfolded, as they passed along, before their eyes.

Bordered by trees upon both sides, the stream rolled its waters eastward towards the sea. Gigantic sycamores threw their shadows into the flood, while the higher banks of the river were covered with oaks, briars, limes, birches, elms, beeches and dark groups of cedars, with other lofty growths of the varied flora of this country. Now and then a heron would rise into the air with clattering wings and a hoarse cry, disturbed in his fishing, or a flock of wild ducks, from their morning rest, would skim over the watery mirror and hasten their course to the distant wilderness.

The voyage was continued but slowly, for the strong stream of the S. Lawrence exhausted the rowers so much that they were frequently obliged to rest on one of the little islands which are so numerous on the upper stream of the river. Besides this there were so many measures of precaution to be taken that it was not until the morning of the third day that our travellers arrived at the so-called S. Peter's Lake, which is an enlargement of the River S. Lawrence, extending about thirty miles. At the broadest part the banks of the river are here about nine miles apart, and as a great number of greater or smaller islands are scattered about, both the eastern and western

sides, divided from each other by narrow channels, they offer a ready ambush for concealed enemies. Here it was that the greatest danger threatened, and the experienced Ahatsitari lay to on a small tongue of land not far from the junction of the S. Francis for a longer rest. From thence he sent spies in canoes both west and north, who were to reach the islands in those directions, while he himself with four experienced warriors, among whom was his bosom friend Teandechoren—in baptism Joseph—would search the banks of the S. Francis and the borders of the southern lakes. The rest of the company remained behind under the command of the well tried Annaotana—his Christian name Stephen—who was to protect the French and their cargo.

The copper-coloured forms crept silently from tree to tree in the twilight, or bent like greyhounds over the bushes as they glided through the thicket. Every shrub and every foot of ground was tried with a quick and experienced eye, but no trace of a human being was to be found; only the footprints of wild animals who had come down to drink were to be seen, and Ahatsitari, Teandechoren and some other warriors had explored many miles of the borders of the lake, would have given the sign for return when, from the direction his spies had taken, he heard the shrill cry of a falcon. He at once answered the cry by an imitation of it. He was hastening to the spies, who had given the alarm, when Jeandechoren made a loud cry of "Aah!" the Indian signal for surprise.

The Indian chief was soon at the side of his companion who pointed in silence to three flat impressions on the moist sand about two feet wide. They were without doubt made by boats without keels, which had been pushed into the water, and near these marks were new traces which could have only been made by mocassins.

Ahatsitari examined the marks closely, and then remarked, as he shook his head:

"Three canoes, with ten warriors. But the Red Wolf does not leave marks like these when he goes out for plunder. They are Mohicans which the Cunning Panther, their great chief, is leading on the war path."

"The Cunning Panther does not follow the war path with but ten warriors. He has many young men who would not remain like squaws in the villages, when he puts on his war-paint and seizes the tomahawk," replied Teandechoren, doubtfully.

Again sounded the shrill falcon's cry from the left, and again it was repeated for the third time louder and sharper, as if the spies who gave the signal were impatient or were threatened by some immediate danger. Ahatsitari again answered the signal, beckoned to Teandechoren and the other warriors to follow him, and then hastened to the not very distant place from which the alarm had been given.

Among the thorny, almost impenetrable bushes he found his spies standing before the remains of a little fire, on which, hardly twenty-four hours previously, flesh had been roasted. Some hickory sticks remained among the ashes on the ground, the short moss was in some places pressed down as if by men who had sat there, and bones were

scattered about to which half-eaten pieces of flesh still hung.

The chief examined the place carefully, and then asked :

"Has Strong Tooth seen whence the warriors came and whither they went?"

"The water is very crooked and flows not far from here. Strong Tooth has seen the huts of beaver-hunters. Ten warriors and a pale-face came here from the water in their canoes," replied the person addressed, as he bent aside the bushes, and showed a place upon which the marks of three bark canoes were visible which must have lain there.

Ahatsitari smiled. He saw in this a confirmation of his surmises, and was now convinced that Mohicans were on the S. Francis, and that they had carried their canoes across a bend of the river to the lake, hardly half a mile distant. Now he wanted to discover who the white man was who was with them, for he had not seen the impression of his boot among those of the mocassins on the shore. He searched with his warriors, and it appeared as if the white man must have returned to the S. Francis and have gone on in a canoe. But the braves could give no information as to whether it was up or down stream.

Meantime it had become midday, and the chief and his companion returned to the camping place on the tongue of land where they expected to find the other spies.

When the Hurons gave up the search for the white man whose trail they had lost on the S. Francis, and were recalled, they little suspected how near to them the white man was, whose track they had endeavoured to find, how sharply he observed them, and how greedily he listened to every word they spoke. He was concealed by the thick boughs of an aged elm, at the foot of which Ahatsitari was awaiting his spies after he had given them the signal for return. He lay motionless, stretched out upon a mighty bough covered with thick foliage, and listened. The man's garments were of leather after the fashion of the wanderers who at this period strayed about the forests in the Indian country, and he was armed with a gun, a knife, and a tomahawk. His small green eyes shone uneasily under his bushy reddish-brown eyebrows, and a scornful smile played round his half-opened lips, the dark colour of which afforded a sight of teeth of dazzling whiteness not unlike those of a wild beast.

As soon as the Hurons were out of hearing, he swung himself to the ground by means of one of the long branches of a grape-vine which hung from the boughs of the elm, stretched his limbs, and hastened in a southerly direction along the banks of the river till he reached a low marshy spot thick with tall reeds, which in many places was so covered with water as to unite with the river. There he leaped over the trunks of some fallen trees into the thicket, and entered the canoe he had himself concealed there. He pushed it through one of the natural canals into the river, and rowed as quickly as he could to the opposite side, where he disappeared in the wood; this time he did not take the trouble to conceal the traces he had left.

(To be continued.)

## NATURE: REAL AND INVENTED.

**T**HERE are two kinds of nature—that which belongs to fact, and that invented by the novelist in the construction of fictions. Real nature presents herself to our eyes in sober but, says Imagination, commonplace aspects; her trees are sometimes dingy and bare, her sun-shine is occasionally clouded, her rivers are not always clear, her weather is fine and disagreeable by turns, and now and then neither one nor the other. The majority of her human beings, again, are neither superlatively good nor terribly bad; for in every one of them virtue and wickedness is more or less blended. Now novelists, if we judge from their works, consider that this state of things is susceptible of vast improvement: it is their evident opinion, that the pictures nature presents are tame and spiritless. They, therefore, desire to put more "effect" into them, to do which they adopt high colouring as a leading principle; for the fault which they chiefly find with nature is, that she has not enough of contrast. "Extremes," therefore, is the novelist's motto: his trees are very green, his snow is of dazzling whiteness, his rivers are pellucid, his mountains alpine, and his storms—oh, how awful!

His human nature is painted upon similar principles; virtue and vice, innocence and guilt, affluence and poverty, oppression and generosity, are invariably placed in juxtaposition. The consequence of novelists tying themselves down to these rules is, that their range of characters is far more limited than those with which nature presents us in real life. Every novel—we defy exceptions—contains three characters—the hero, the heroine, and the villain. Of these we will treat separately.

### THE HERO.

The heroes of old romance were puissant warriors: the hero of a modern novel is frequently a successful lover, therefore he is generally handsome, for the tender feelings of ugly men are invariably doomed to disappointment. For the same reason he is young; and upon the principle that "none but the brave deserve the fair," he is courageous. In the metaphysical code of all fiction-writers, beauty and virtue invariably go hand in hand; regular features and an unblemished reputation are inseparable. He is also highly accomplished. Sometimes he sings or plays the flute, but he is always brave as a lion. This concatenation of perfections, however, produces in the reader a passive rather than an active interest; and the hero has of late years undergone some modification; a few faults are imputed to him to give him a dash of humanity and a spice of spirit; but then the faults are so trifling—committed under circumstances of such entire misconception, or from temptations which no human prudence or energy could escape—that you are made to like the interesting sinner the better for his imperfections. In the more recent "fashionable" novel, this innovation is carried further. The hero, elegant, accom-

plished, and captivating, is guilty of vices which the author does not attempt to soften or gloss over, because they are of the most aristocratic and *recherché* kind, which it would be positive vulgarity in any novel reader, with the least pretension to gentility, to object to. True morality having been thus invaded, a wider step was taken, and a school of novel-writing created, which manufactures heroes out of highway robbers! The sentiment by which your sympathy is appealed to in this class of novels is extremely droll; blighted affections have caused the hero to take to strong drink—his heart is broken, and he turns out a thief! Nature and inclination would, you are told, have made him great and good; but it was the force of circumstances—mere accident—that converted him into a criminal; thus you are always led to suppose him an innocent victim of a false witness or a tender passion. If, in short, you do not pity him, be he ever so great a scoundrel, there is an end to your interest in his adventures. The next character to be considered is

#### THE HEROINE.

The heroine is always in love, generally with the hero, but in some instances with a minor character. She is lovely, patient, incorruptibly constant, and very much oppressed. This rule is almost arbitrary; hence nothing more can be said about her; pass we, therefore, to

#### THE VILLAIN.

The villain is always placed in strong contrast to the hero. In the romantic school of a former day, he was a terrible Turk—a kind of demon above ground, walking about at night under a slouched hat, with his person mysteriously hidden in the folds of a huge cloak. He had a great deal to say about "revenge," and "vipers crossing his path," which he was continually expressing an intention to strangle; all this having direct reference to the hero and heroine. In romance he is always a nobleman with a castle on a remote estate; and sufficiently well off to hire a murderer or two—not as occasional servants, by "the day, month, or hour"—but permanently on his establishment. He commits, with their help, a vast number of atrocities; but as the minor characters only are his victims, the author expects you to consider these in the light of little sins, hardly worth notice. You are to bottle up all your resentment for the grand annihilation of the hero, which is always going to happen, but never takes place; for some cleverly contrived mistake, made just in time for the catastrophe, puts an end to the villain instead. In some cases he is a sporting character, he buys race-horses, makes cross bets, and cheats at *écarté*. He is a most elegant scoundrel, smelling of eau-de-Cologne, swindling in full dress, and never touching any sort of dirty work unless with kid-gloves. For him we must give the moderns some credit for originality. They have changed him from a blustering, absolute, sanguinary kind of ogre, to a cool, passionless dandy, who ruins his friends with the utmost *sang-froid*. The Newgate novelists' villain is even more original, for, having used up

every species of villainy to manufacture their intensely interesting felon-heroes out of, they are driven to the expedient of selecting their vicious characters from among the virtuous. Their villains, therefore, are generally selected from those classes of society the members of which are supposed by most people to demand the highest respect and admiration. Should, for example, the hero be a condemned criminal, the villain is the judge who condemns him; if a highwayman, the clergyman or baronet he robs; if a pick-pocket, the prosecutor is the villain. Indeed it may be here remarked, that the novelists of most kinds, in drawing the strong contrasts supposed to be necessary to an exciting story, imagine that everything is to be done by antithesis, not only of character, but rank. If, for instance, the hero be a plebeian, the villain is a lord; if a factory-boy, the villain is his overseer or master; if a servant-girl, it is her master or mistress; the evil genius of a literary hero is a grasping publisher; when the hero is a spendthrift, it is a money-lender who is the villain. Creditors, especially landlords, are all villains; the guardians of rich wards are villains; uncles have furnished a large supply of villains from the times of the Children in the Wood and Richard III.; whilst step-mothers, lawyers, gentlemen's stewards, and managing clerks, have been villains from time immemorial. Such is the law of nature—that is to say, the nature of novelists.

We must not, however, omit to mention, that amongst the characters-in-chief of one class of novels no villain whatever appears. We allude to the nautical novel; in which, could you place implicit faith, you would imagine that a bad character does not exist on ship-board; except, perhaps, when a little tinge of ill-feeling is infused, for variety's sake, in a boatswain or his mate. No story can, however, get on altogether without a villain, so the authors of these floating romances go ashore for him. The evil-disposed persons of a tale of the sea are invariably persons comprehended under the term "shore-going sharks." Otherwise, this happy country would appear, from the ship-shape school of novel, to possess a fleet freighted with by far the largest proportion of the honour, chivalry, loyalty, generosity, joviality, gallantry, and bravery that belongs to the natives of Great Britain. This amiable weakness in the authors arising from a pleasing *esprit-de-corps*, most of them being sailors themselves.

Besides these three fundamental characters, there are others which find their way into a large majority of modern novels. A rich, testy, disagreeable, capricious father, or god-father, can seldom be dispensed with as an instrument for creating vicissitudes in the career of the principal characters, and for performing in the end what is denominated "poetical justice," by leaving his wealth to the good, and disappointing the bad; happiness and a few hundreds a year being seldom separated in the moral philosophy of novels. But the most frequently-used axis, upon which the wheel of fortune is made to turn its contents into the lap of the virtuous, is that eternal rich uncle who is sure to come quite unexpectedly from India about the middle of the third volume. Then there is often a designing executor and guardian, who



wants to marry the heroine-ward himself, or is keeping her for a lout of a son or nephew, and whose intrigues for that purpose thwart the lady's favoured swain in every half-dozen chapters. Novelists also personify certain moral characteristics, by taking their possessors out of particular classes of society. A British merchant or a rich banker is always the representative of open-handed generosity. Family pride is exhibited in a decayed earl or a broken-down baronet. Patient meekness, under the most humiliating suffering, belongs to high-minded governesses in private families. That, however, the misfortunes of fiction should not fall severely or harshly upon the sympathetic reader, so as to cause in him too much pain, they generally light upon those characters who are made out to deserve them. Disappointment in love usually happens to a dull, disagreeable, ascetic fellow, who *ought* to be disappointed. In the duel that few novels are without, it is the least amiable of the combatants who is hit. Lastly, the perjuries at which Jove is said to laugh, are, almost without exception, committed by army officers; especially those of cavalry regiments—the nearest approach to the false knights of a former age—who are always made "to love and to ride away."

Certain other propensities have also their stock representatives. Comic characters are uniformly taken from special walks of life, as if humour and facetiousness only belong to particular ranks and employments. Landlords of inns are always jovial companions; coachmen, grooms, and such like are equally jolly, and always polite to waitresses. Ladies' maids must be pert and cunning, always enjoying the confidence of their mistresses, to the fullest extent. Aldermen, again, personify good humour and gluttony, and are seldom mentioned without a facetious allusion to turtle-soup. The measure of national characteristics is meted out in novels by the application, also, of an unalterable standard. Irishmen are eternally making real or unintentional jokes, and saying civil things to the ladies; Scotchmen are overflowing with nationality and caution; Frenchmen always shrug their shoulders, and engage in political intrigues; Spaniards are proud; Italians revengeful; Dutchmen fat; Germans metaphysical; Poles deceitful; and Russians drinkers of train oil. Such is the code of national peculiarities as settled by the commonplace novelist. His still life is painted with equal conventionality, but as this would bring us to the scenery and plot of the stage, and as our space, too, is limited, we shall not touch upon it now.

---

### GRANDPA'S WHISKERS.

---

GRANDPA likes to kiss wee Sallie; she says no: Says his whiskers, thick and bushy, prick her so. Grandpa's head is smooth and shiny on the top, Where the hair began to thin, and would not stop. Grandpa kisses; Sallie questions, so 'tis said, "Grandpa, why not put your whiskers on your head?"

EVA M. TAPPAN.

## IN THE CHRISTMAS SNOW;

OR, LOST AND FOUND.

*A Story of the Franco-German War.*

BY MISS STEWART.

[CONTINUED.]

**I**N the neighbourhood of Landau, in that district of Bavaria which is adjacent to the Rhine provinces, stood the castle of the Counts Werdendorf.

They were wealthy those Bavarian nobles, and their castle more resembled the princely abode of a magnate of Hungary than one of the keep-towers, for they were little more, of the robber-knights and barons of the Rhine.

There was, however, great and immeasurable grief in Castle Werdendorf.

It was the destiny of the owners to verify the aphorism, in which the poor cannot believe, that riches do not secure happiness.

Two great afflictions had befallen the family of Werdendorf. Count Werdendorf, though still in the prime of life, had been for many years deprived of the use of his limbs, and was in a state of constant suffering from general ill-health. His condition was the result of a fall from his horse when hunting. He had received internal injuries, and his life was long despaired of.

It was while his sorrowing wife was tending on his sick couch, fearing with each sunset that he would never more behold the dawn, that another and dreadful calamity befell her.

The only child of the Count and Countess Werdendorf, a beautiful boy of three years, disappeared with his nurse, and was never seen or heard of more.

In this woman, Charlotte Krichner, the countess placed an implicit trust, which was not shaken even by the loss of her child.

Poor Charlotte doted on the boy, and the countess urged the absence of all motive for her stealing him away. Her faith in the servant's fidelity remained, and she adopted the idea suggested by her husband's cousin, Count Ludwig, that some gipsies who had been lurking in the neighbourhood had stolen the child, and not improbably murdered the unfortunate nurse.

As these people had disappeared, and no trace of them could be found, there was a certain plausibility in this terrible conjecture. It will be perceived, however, that the lady's confidence was thoroughly misplaced; that Charlotte was a treacherous, false creature, who paid with her life the penalty of her wrong-doing; and that by the merciful dispensation of Providence only the little count was in the safe and pious keeping of the disciples of the Venerable Abbé de la Salle.

The unfortunate Charlotte had really loved her little charge, and the certainty in the mind of the countess that she had so loved him, made her repudiate all idea of the woman's treachery.

In spite of all the care of the countess to conceal from her sick husband the knowledge that their boy was lost, the count became acquainted

with it, and he fell into a fit, from which it was thought he would not recover.

Then his villain cousin, Count Ludwig, who had, all unknown to her mistress, deluded the foolish Charlotte with a promise of marriage, and sent her away in charge of two ruffians, who had passed themselves off as gipsies, with orders to murder both the woman and boy, affected immoderate grief, and refused to leave his cousin's bedside.

In reality, he was watching eagerly to see him draw his last breath, for the child gone, he was the next heir to the title and estates of Werdendorf. That proud title, those broad lands, would be his, he reckoned, before the lapse of another day. But as it had pleased the Almighty to defeat his cruel intentions with regard to the boy, so, also, was he disappointed in calculating on the father's death, for the count still lingered, though a hopeless invalid.

Count Werdendorf passed from the fit into a calm sleep, from which he awoke perfectly conscious, though grieving bitterly about his little son.

The villainous Count Ludwig anathematised his own ill-fortune, for he was a gambler and spendthrift, and he had drained all his resources to see Caspar and Gottfrid to perpetrate the, to him, useless crime of abducting the child, Rudolph, for while the father lived, Ludwig, of course, would not succeed to the title.

So time passed on. The count was always confined to his chamber, always suffering and ill, but he did not die. Though bitterly disappointed of that immediate success to the title and estates which he had promised himself, Ludwig was fain to be content to wait the issue of the count's illness. He might linger for years, but it was most improbable that he would live to be an old man. It was still more improbable that there would be any other child to replace the lost Rudolph, and Count Ludwig thought that he was dead.

The two ruffians, Caspar and Gottfrid, brought him a plausible story of how they had bestowed both the boy and his nurse beneath the waters of the Rhine, and the cruel heart of Count Ludwig was no more moved by compunction for the fate of poor Charlotte, whose affection for himself had been the source of her destruction, than for the innocent child; and it is to be remembered that he thought they were both murdered, and was as guilty as if his myrmidons had carried out his commands.

The disappearance of the boy, and prolonged illness of the count, of course, improved the position of Ludwig.

In the first place, he was next heir to Werdendorf; in the second, his sick and crippled cousin committed to him the sole management of the almost princely domain.

For the first year or two, however, Count Ludwig was greatly harassed by the demands for money made on him by Caspar and Gottfrid. It was in vain that he reminded them that he had paid most munificently for their dark deed at the time of its committal. The fellows laughed, and said that as from year to year his profits and advantages would continue, so from year to year should their stipend. They took care, also, to convince him that they had retained proofs that

would convict him of bribing them to murder his cousin's heir.

"You cannot tell that story without condemning yourself to the garotte," said Ludwig, though in spite of that attempt at bravado his cheek grew pale with fear.

"True, Herr Count," replied Casper, the most daring of the two ruffians, "but if we were garrotted you would lose your head, and your name would be erased from the books of the nobility. Now the money you gave is gone—spent, as it was earned, in the service of Satan: it is as well to be hanged or garrotted as starved, so your excellency must give us a settled sum every six, or perhaps better, every three months."

Count Ludwig stormed at this proposal; he tried persuading them to go to America with the lure of a large sum down, but they would not agree to it.

"No, no, Herr Count," said Caspar, cunningly; "we are poor humble fellows, but we love the Fatherland. We will not go to America. Suppose we take your offer—five hundred gold pieces—we might get broad lands for them in the far west, but we have no mind to the woods and wilds, we who have ruffled it at Munich and Dresden. Five hundred gold pieces, you will say, would be a start for us at New York, since we have a liking for city life; but trade is always doubtful, and suppose all our money were lost in some unlucky speculation, it is a long way across the broad ocean, and the Herr Count might not hear the pitiful cry of his poor servants Caspar and Gottfrid for help. No, no; we will stay in our native land, and the Herr Count will not then forget what we have done for him or prove ungrateful. So instead of five hundred down, the noble Count Ludwig will give us twenty-five each every three months."

Ludwig exclaimed against this extravagant demand, equivalent to two hundred pounds English money every year. But the ruffians had the better part of the argument. At the worst, they had but their lives to lose, not to be valued at a thaler any day, for long before Count Ludwig had taken them into his counsel those lives of theirs had been forfeit to the law.

Count Ludwig protested he would not yield to such a demand.

Caspar laughed and said:

"The Herr Count has too much reason, is too just, to refuse. In this Fatherland of ours is many a reigning prince whose income does not match that of the Frey Graf von Werdendorf. What is it that we ask? a crust of bread out of an abundance."

The count reminded them that this magnificent income of Werdendorf was still in possession of his cousin, but Meinherr Caspar was prepared for him at every point. He had now the whole command of the Werdendorf revenues, and as he would certainly enrich himself, he could well spare the amount demanded by the poor fellows whose daring and risk alone had secured for him so much wealth; for if the Herr Count's head was in some danger should the truth be discovered, there was no question at all as to the peril of their necks.

It was in vain that Ludwig endeavoured to persuade them to be satisfied with receiving the money every six months. They shook their heads,

and Caspar, who was the spokesman, made answer as if he and his fellow-bandit had sounded the depths of philosophy; for he declared "that they knew themselves." They were, he said, he and Gottfrid, poor, foolish, extravagant fellows; gold was always too hot to keep in their hands. No doubt the modest stipend they required would be always spent long before the quarter was out, and they would by no means trust themselves for six months.

Count Ludwig could not controvert these arguments. He was in the power of these men, as the rich villain is always in the power of the poor one he has apparently made his tool and really his master; for communism is most decidedly the law of crime.

About two years afterwards Gottfrid died, and Caspar then came to the count and proposed to do what he had at first refused—take a certain sum of money and relieve him from further importunity. Count Ludwig gladly agreed to this, most heartily wishing that Herr Caspar had departed this life along with his companion.

It was something, however, to be rid of the villain, to escape the terrible necessity of seeing him.

It was not that the dark soul of Ludwig was touched with true remorse, but the recollection of Charlotte and the boy made him uncomfortable, and the quarterly payment to Caspar was a perpetual reminder. It is very seldom that there is any satisfaction in crime.

Count Ludwig was by no means happy. It is true there was no chance of his cousin's recovery, and he had the management of the estates; but he was compelled to appear moral and discreet—"to affect a virtue if he had it not"—to live for the most part of his time at Castle Werdendorf, when he would fain have been rioting at Munich, Vienna, or Berlin.

Still time slipped away, and though perpetually paralysed, the general health of Count Werdendorf improved, and seven years after the abduction of his son there was less chance than ever of his death.

The lost boy was growing up in health, goodness, and intelligence in the college of the Christian Brothers.

It was the momentous year 1870, and all Europe echoed to the ring of the gauntlet which France dashed in the face, rather than flung at the feet of her great Teutonic rival.

Germany was prompt to lift the gage and call her sons to arms, and no less eagerly and bravely did they respond to the call.

The invalid Count Werdendorf gave orders for the equipment of a fine body of men from his vast estates, who joined the German host under the command of Count Ludwig.

Treacherous and wicked as he was, Ludwig was no coward, and he welcomed the war as a release from the inactivity in which he had for so many years been compelled to live.

When in English homes we speak of "the horrors of war," we use a phrase which in those English homes is meaningless and hollow.

Except for the miserable scenes of civil discord, more especially the "Wars of the Roses" and the "Great Rebellion," no battles have been

fought on English ground for many hundreds of years. Our towns have not been sacked, nor our villages burned, nor our fields laid waste by foreign soldiers. Yet this is what throughout the length and breadth of Europe our Continental neighbours have had to endure.

We are not writing a history of the French and German war. Never were the French armies more repeatedly or terribly defeated. The losses of the Germans were, however, little less terrible than those of their enemies. The highways and byways were alike strewn with the wounded and the dead. Here a village was a heap of smoking ruins, the poor inhabitants, mothers carrying their infant children, the elder ones toiling along with such few articles of bedding or household goods as they were able to carry, to lie in the open fields, those fields which, full of ripening corn, had been trodden down in dust and blood.

Now the tide of war had rolled upon Alsace, and Strasburg was besieged.

For many miles round the country was laid waste.

There had been a sharp skirmish in the neighbourhood of S. Joseph's College, which ended, as did almost all the contests of that fatal period, in the defeat of the French.

They had posted themselves in the college, but had been driven out, and the building set on fire, and the adjacent hamlet had shared the same fate.

It was a lovely evening early in September, the last faint streak of crimson had scarcely faded from the western sky, and in the opposite quarter of the heavens the harvest moon rose round and full. But her silver radiance fell not on the sheaves of yellow corn, on the purpled vine, the sparkling waters of the bubbling rill, nor was reflected on the cottage casements. The corn has been burned as it stood, the waters of the brook are running red with blood, the casements are a black void, and the cottage roof has fallen, its fragments heaped upon the hearthstone.

The bodies of the slain are everywhere; the wounded have crawled away, been removed by their friends, or by the charitable care of those very men whose sacred and quiet home has been burnt over their heads—the Christians Brothers of S. Joseph's.

Where have the inhabitants of the hamlet taken refuge? The towns and villages of the neighbourhood have equally been the scene of the bloody contest.

After driving back and defeating the French, the detachment of Prussians who have destroyed the college, have pressed forward to join the great body of the army besieging Strasburg.

So the Christian Brothers and their pupils and the poor peasants, thirty-six hours after the battle, returned to their homes, extinguished the fires, and commenced to clear away the rubbish.

The college church has been but slightly injured: the stone walls were not combustible, and it had not been shelled; for severe as the affair had been, it was but a chance medley, a skirmish, compared with the engagements of Saar Louis, Gravelotte, and other pitched battles of that dreadful war. So in the church the brothers have provided shelter not only for their pupils and some of the villagers, but for various wounded men, French and German.

Among the whole community none has been more active in the work of mercy than brother Aloysius; and ever at his side—active, courageous, and efficient, without a thought of self—has moved the noble lad who is known at S. Joseph's as Emmanuel, the Christmas wanderer of so many years ago, and who is really the young Count Rudolph von Werdendorf, the heir of a noble patrimony.

The two, who are ever inseparable, have helped to contrive some pretence of bedding for the poor wounded wretches abandoned on the field, to assist the humble peasants back to their dismantled cottages, and once more they are passing over the bloody ground, carefully searching whether any are yet living among the grim and gory dead.

Beneath a clump of hawthorn at the foot of a slope, the very spot where Emmanuel had done battle with the wolf, lay a Prussian officer: a few paces farther a private soldier, also of the Germans, had crawled to die.

He lay upon the brink of the rill which came bubbling down from the eminence; but though parched with the thirst of death, the miserable man turned sickening from the waters that ran red with blood.

Carrying a lantern and a pitcher of water—for thirst is the great torture of the wounded on a battlefield—Brother Aloysius and Emmanuel passed so near this man that his faint, hoarse cry of "Water! water!" met their ears.

Emmanuel, who carried the pitcher, quickened his steps, and Brother Aloysius, setting the lantern on the ground, raised the fainting wretch in his arms.

He was a horrible-looking object, that poor wretch, for the stroke of a sabre had laid his cheek open to the bone.

The blood had clotted and dried in the night wind that made his wounds smart so terribly, and no more striking contrast of peace and beauty, of horror and despair, could have been imagined than that which the visage of the wounded soldier, sordid and repulsive even in health, presented to the aspect of the boy who, kneeling beside him, presented the little tin can of water to his quivering lips.

The lantern on the ground flashed up into the face of the wounded Prussian; the fair, pale moonbeam fell like a shower of silver on the boy's head, and the soft light touched his fresh and comely features with the beauty of an angel.

The boy placed a cup of water to the wounded soldier's lips: he drank it greedily, then raised his heavy eyes to thank him, and gazed as if transfixed upon the fair, candid face.

Then he groaned heavily, stretched out his unwounded arm, and making a vain attempt to grasp at the boy, sank back with a few words half articulated.

"Oh, Gott in Himmel! it cannot be! The child is dead! he perished in the snow! And now he comes in angel-guise to summon me to judgment!"

The soldier fell back in a dead swoon.

Brightly and beautifully rose the morning sun on the running stream, which was less darkly

tinted with the ruddy life-drops. The most repulsive traces of the conflict had been removed. The wounded creatures had been taken to the impromptu hospital in the church. They were but three in number—a French sergeant, the private with the sabre-cut across his face, and the officer who had fallen beneath the hawthorn. The good brothers, with the help of some of the peasants, had dug a trench in which they buried the dead, and the broken arms and other wrecks of the skirmish had been cleared away. The tops of the pine trees waved gaily in the breeze, and from some of the cottages the smoke, not of a direful conflagration, but of the fire kindled for domestic purposes, curled up to the azure skies. That morning sunbeam, streaming through one of the dismantled windows of the church, shone on the face of one whose eyes would close for ever before it set.

It was the Prussian officer, who, aroused by the wild exclamations of the soldier, had managed to make known to Brother Aloysius that he, too, though severely wounded, still lived.

Assistance had been procured, and both the soldier and officer had been conveyed to the church. Among the brethren the science of medicine had its professors. Among these, the most eminent was Brother Albert, and he attended to the wounded men. Of these, the case of the French sergeant was the least severe. The Prussian soldier recovered from his insensibility, and after his arm was set and the wound in his face bound up, he fell into a quiet sleep.

The condition of the wounded officer was the most perilous—Brother Albert gave no hope that he would survive. His senses wandered; he was in a high fever, and talked wildly during the night of a woman he had cruelly deceived and a little child perishing in the snow.

He said that the woman kept ever beside him wrapped in a winding-sheet of snow, and his question to her was:

"Where was the child?—what had she done with the child?"

After the midnight hour—that wretched hour so critical to the sick or the dying—the violence of his delirium moderated.

Though not sleeping, he closed his eyes, and remained perfectly quiet. When the day had fully broken he looked round and in a faint voice addressed Brother Aloysius, who was watching beside his bed.

"Good brother," he said, "you see before you a dying wretch who is unworthy of your charitable care. I am the near kinsman of an opulent Bavarian noble, failing his own children, the heir to his title and his wealth. My career might have been one of happiness and honour, for the Frey Graf was most generous; his interest was all mine, and his wealth to an extent that would have more than satisfied any reasonable expectation. But I was possessed by an inordinate love of pleasure. I chose the broad path that leads unto destruction. I was dissolute and a gambler. I fiercely envied and hated my generous cousin, and still more so did I hate his innocent heir!"

The unhappy man here paused in his narration, and Brother Albert, who had come to examine

into the condition of his patients, administered to him a cordial, and warned him that his excitement might cause immediate dissolution.

"Tell me not, reverend brother, that I must be calm," replied the Prussian. "Well I know that I stand upon the brink of eternity, and that my eternity is with the souls in hell!"

"Nay," said the good brother, "with the truly penitent even at the last hour may be plentiful redemption."

"No," groaned the officer, "not mercy's self can spare the villain who led astray a weak and wretched girl by reason of her love and blind trust in him, though he loved her not, and laughed at the infatuation which made her his willing instrument in a yet blacker crime!"

"Black, indeed, must be the crime which can exceed the betrayal of a simple creature through her love. It is indeed like unto seething the kid in its mother's milk!" said Aloysius.

"Aye!" said the dying man. "But what say you to prevailing on the girl to steal her nursing, because that nursing was my kinsman's son, and stood between me and a rich inheritance?"

"Did the kinsman die, then?" inquired Aloysius.

"No," answered the penitent, "but he was supposed to be at the point of death, and though he did not die, he remained crippled for life. But he did not die—he did not die—and I have sinned in vain! I gave instructions to two villains, dire almost as myself, and the child and nurse were hauled out to murder! Oh, meet and fitting retribution! I bade the ruffians cross the Rhine and in Alsace do the deed of blood; and lo! in Alsace the earth drinks up mine own blood!"

Then the unhappy sinner broke out into wild and frenzied lamentations. He refused all consolation, he would not listen to the words of hope or pardon.

"See, see!" he exclaimed, "how Charlotte stands beckoning to me—how she points with her pale hand to a black, deep pit, from the depths of which leap tongues of lurid fire! She has not the child with her; his innocent spirit passed at once to heavenly glory!"

A deep and hollow voice here broke in upon the dreadful revelations of the dying man. Aloysius turned and perceived that the wounded soldier, whose pallet was but a few feet distant from that of the officer, desired to speak.

"Count Ludwig!" he said eagerly. "Stand aside, reverend brother; let him see; I must speak to him!"

"Who speaks of Ludwig?" said the wounded officer. "That should be the voice of Caspar, he who, though he shed the blood of an innocent, is less guilty than I who prompted him to the deed. But this is another of the delusions with which the evil one is permitted to torture my last hours. Caspar is gone; he crossed the broad ocean full two years ago."

"It is no delusion, Herr Count," said the soldier. "It is the living Caspar who speaks—Caspar who is soon to die! I crossed the wild waters and came back. I joined the armies fighting for our Fatherland; and on me, as on you, falls the judgment of dying in Alsace! Yet

were Gottfrid and I less guilty than you suppose; we did not actually kill either the woman or the child; we gave them a chance of life by setting them adrift in the snow. And the boy lives, Herr Count, I know he lives!"

"Lives! Oh, happy, blessed news!" cried Count Ludwig. "But where? but how? Oh no, it is not true!"

"It is," cried Caspar. "Look upon this fair boy!" and he pointed to Emmanuel. "Behold in him the living image of the good Count Werdendorf in the days of his youth. He who searched us out upon the battlefield, who has watched beside us all the livelong night, he is Count Rudolph, whom you bade me murder. I know this by a scar on his left hand, the mark of a wound when he fell upon a flint stone in the castle grounds. Charlotte, poor Charlotte doubtless perished; and how the boy is yet in life I know not; but this I know—he is your kinsman's son, he who stands before us!"

Happily both for himself and the kinsman whom he had so cruelly wronged, Count Ludwig lived to hear how, by a beneficent Providence, the child Rudolph had been guided to the sanctuary of S. Joseph's College through the Christmas snow.

The good brothers also told how they had found the body of poor Charlotte. A ring that she wore served the count to identify her without the clothing of the child, which they had preserved with it. Though the load of crime was somewhat lessened by the preservation of Rudolph, the miserable Count Ludwig still had the death of Charlotte to account for; but he died deeply penitent, after making a deposition that might establish the identity of Rudolph.

Count Ludwig died soon after he had signed this deposition. Caspar lingered till after Rudolph, the Emmanuel of S. Joseph's, was restored to his parents, and died in the course of the ensuing winter through the fresh breaking out of his wounds.

Of the transport of the parents of Rudolph, the Count and Countess von Werdendorf, little need be said.

Not only was their beloved child restored to them, but his naturally excellent qualities had been so fostered by his reverend protectors, the Christian Brothers, that he was all the wisest and most religious parents could wish—an ornament to that exalted rank which his virtue made a blessing to all around him.

What a recompense of the sorrows of past years! It may be well believed that the charity of the good brothers was returned a thousandfold by the munificence of Count Werdendorf. Not only was S. Joseph's College repaired and re-established, but the neighbouring hamlet was restored, and another home for the Christian Schools was built near Castle Werdendorf. It was amply endowed, and Brother Aloysius was the Superior.

As to Count Rudolph, he ever kept the holy and beloved name of Emmanuel; and since to be good is to be happy, the heir of Werdendorf was as happy as in this mortal state it is possible to be.

THE END.

# IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

TRADE



MARK.

## CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION

AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,

PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD AND SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

**I**NDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations; amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pain in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels; in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require sometime to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated

without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems—nothing can more speedily, or with more certainty, effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers and

: did

and  
sire,



into th  
him a  
ment n  
"Te  
calm,"  
that I  
my ete  
"Ni  
penite  
redem  
"No  
can sp  
wretch  
in him  
the in  
strume  
"Bl  
exceed  
her lov  
in its r  
"A  
you to  
becau  
stood l  
"D  
Aloysi  
"N  
suppor  
he die  
But h  
sinned  
lains,  
nurse  
fitting  
Rhine  
lo! ir  
blood  
The  
and fr  
solatic  
or par  
"Se  
stands  
pale l  
of whi  
the ch  
once t  
A d  
dread  
turned  
whose  
of the  
"C  
aside,  
speak  
"V  
officer  
who, t  
less g  
But tl  
the ev  
Casp  
two y  
"It  
soldie  
Casp  
water  
fightin  
you, f

A CLEAR COMPLEXION!!!

## GODFREY'S EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS

IS strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying, and Preserving the SKIN, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c., and by its Balsamic and Healing qualities render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, &c., clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful.

Sold in Bottles, price 2s. 9d., by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

## STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS FOR CHILDREN CUTTING TEETH.

THE value of this Medicine has been largely tested in all parts of the world and by all grades of society for upwards of fifty years.

Its extensive sale has induced spurious imitations, in some of which the outside Label and the coloured Paper enclosing the Packet of Powders so closely resemble the Original as to have deceived many Purchasers. The Proprietor therefore feels it due to the Public to give a special caution against such imitations.

All purchasers are therefore requested carefully to observe that the words "JOHN STEEDMAN, Chemist, Walworth, Surrey," are engraved on the Government Stamp affixed to each Packet, in White Letters on a Red Ground, without which none are genuine. The name STEEDMAN is spelt with *two E's*.

Prepared ONLY at Walworth, Surrey, and  
Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors,  
in Packets, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.



THE SOLDIERS AT THE PLACE OF THE CRIME.

## The Martins of Teberton.

BY OLIVER CRANE.

### CHAPTER V.

#### DISCOVERIES.

WAS so appalled that, as I stood with Ben and Walter by my side, in the steadily pouring rain, with no light but

that of the lantern which I held in my hand, I did not know what to do next.

I had a vague notion that we ought to wait and watch till morning. I think I had but one desire, and that was for daylight. Digitized by Google

But Walter, who was older and wiser, after a moment of solemn contemplation, spoke more to the purpose than I could have done.

"I wish the rain would cease," he said. "But if you will come with me, Master Ben, we will get a sheet, to cover the poor body up decently. And one of us must go to the police station."

He and Ben left me then, with the lantern that Walter had brought. But there was a sudden clearing of the sky, and the clouds parted, and the early light of the summer morning was breaking round us when they got back and brought the sheet to cover the dead body with.

"You can see, now," said Walter. "Master Ben, saddle the little mare, and go as fleet as you can with safety into the Leverton Road, and give notice at the police station on the bank—the Bank Station is the nearest. You are the right one to go, I think; for you can proceed to Mr. Norris. We shall be none the worse for a wise head like his, I am thinking."

Ben was glad to go; and he got the mare ready, and was off through the fields, with as little delay as possible. Then Walter went into the house again, and came back in his own peculiar, cool, business-like way, with some tobacco and pipes.

"Now, master," he said, "you might catch cold, you know. I have told my missis to ask no questions, but to get the house ready in time."

And so saying, he lighted a pipe, and motioned me to sit down by him on a log of wood.

"May be," he said, "there are some who would leave the poor cold corpse; but I can't."

"No," I said, "we shall stay here."

"Death comes to all of us, you know," said Walter. "We all know that somehow and somewhere, death will meet us, and we shall leave this world for the world to come."

"I did not know you thought much of that kind of thing," I said.

"I was always a thinker about death, all my life, I had these thoughts even when I was a little child. You see, I had an aunt who was a Roman Catholic, and she used to teach me to say *the four last things*. I have said them often, ever since."

"Four last things," I said—"What are they?"

"Death, Judgment, Hell, Heaven." Walter spoke reverently; and when he said *Heaven*, he looked up for an instant, and made a movement of respect, lifting his hand to his head.

I was very much struck by good thoughts following me, and finding me out, ever since I had thought of becoming a Catholic. "No man is lost for want of a teacher" said I to myself, "why here is my own labouring man teaching me."

The morning was coming now. The light was round us. The birds had begun to sing as if there was neither sin nor death in the world, and we heard the sound of hurrying feet.

Brighter and brighter grew the daylight, all the storm and darkness were gone, and the world looked lovely in the presence of the rising sunlight. There had been long no need of our lantern. Walter had made several excursions backwards and forwards, to and from the house, and after the lad's absence he said to me that he

had told the 'old woman'—for he so always called Peggy—all about it.

Presently up came Mr. Norris and Mr. Pierrepont. Mr. Pierrepont was our nearest magistrate, and I found that already many things had been done to secure any suspected person, and to watch all vagabonds and ill-doers.

The small staff of local constabulary being mostly out on duty, the chief magistrate, through the emergency of the case, was induced to avail himself of the military then stationed in the town for recruiting purposes, and a party of them now arrived guided by the inspector of police. They examined everything. Mr. Moore and Mr. Maitland, two other magistrates, now joined us. We all went into my house, and every thing that happened was stated by me and by Ben, who had now come back again. He had made a round, and been away for half an hour with our mother—all that he said was written down.

The body of the dog was taken away, to ascertain the means of death, and the whole place was examined to discover if traces of the murderer could be found. Then came Mr. Light, the surgeon. He declared that the dog had been poisoned by prussic acid. Then Ben said that our mother had told him that she had heard people in the road. She thought some one had sheltered under her garden wall.

"Sheltered under her wall," repeated one of the men, "why the wind blew right against the wall; if anybody had wanted shelter they would have gone on the other side—it looks more like hiding than shelter."

So we started off to go to my mother's house, walking carefully, taking the path that would have been trodden, most probably, by any person coming from her house to mine that night.

In the meantime, I must tell you, the body of the murdered man had been put into the little barn where Walter kept his tools, and hurdles, and such things, and the door had been fastened.

To go from my house to my mother's we first had to go by a well-trodden path through what we called the long meadow; then through two fields. The vetches had been cut off the first field, and the ground was being prepared by the plough for the next crop; in the next field the oats were looking well, and the pathway went close to the hedge side. Then a stile took you into a lane, and across the lane, exactly opposite, there was another stile—that stile took you into a potato ground, and down by the side of the potato ground a path took you to a stile, close to the corner of my mother's garden wall. When you got over this last stile you were in the turnpike road.

"Your mother," said the man who had spoken before, "probably heard some person getting over this stile. It is an awkward stile, and they might, in the darkness, have made some sort of stumble there."

And sure enough there were marks of the turf being torn away, as if some one, in the wet, slippery night, had fallen, and fallen under some great weight. As soon as this idea of a weight having been carried got into our minds, we turned round, going carefully back again. Over every stile there had been some sort of struggle; it was

quite evident. Every stile they had dragged something over. Even the rain had not been enough to wash out the marks which showed that more than one man had staggered under a weight. And so we got back to my farm, rather more puzzled than when we set out.

Now I must tell you that the turnpike road opposite my mother's cottage divided the parishes of Barrow, in which Oldbury was situated, from Little Leverton, in which my farm was; the turnpike road was a county division also. If anything happened at Oldbury, they would send to the Barrow station for the police, and not to the Bank station, to which I had sent; and those stations were full two miles apart. When we had got back to my farm, we saw several people coming up to it by the path from Leverton. Among them were two of the Leverton police.

"A great robbery last night at Oldbury," they said. "Mr. Oldbury has had his arm broken just above the wrist. If it had not been for that they would have been caught. He had knocked one man from the head of the stairs to the foot; he was disabled somehow, for his companions had to drag him away, as it appears by the marks on the garden beds. But the house was entered from the back, where the old path is, and all the plate that could be found is gone."

By this time Mr. Hunter, the coroner, had come, and there was an adjournment to the barn, where the dead body lay. I knew nothing of forms of law in such cases; but there were plenty of people there who were well acquainted with all that ought to be done, and I had not interfered with them.

The body was examined. He had been bruised by a fall; he had had his ankle broken; he was, no doubt, the man whom Mr. Oldbury had knocked down; he had been dressed and carried from Oldbury to my house by his companions—and, oh! it is too horrible; but we were all of one mind—he had been murdered by his own companions for fear he should tell upon them—"Dead men tell no tales." They had not been able to carry him further, and to secure his silence they had killed him.

Then, suddenly, and very clearly, there came into my mind the few words I had heard as I went up the alley that led to the court where I was to see Brookes the night before. Some one had said that no Catholic was safe to confide in in any case of wickedness. They repent, he had said—if they repent, things get known. Had these very people been the robbers? Had they got some bad Catholic among them? Had they put him to do the sin?—perhaps, because it was a Catholic house he knew it—and then had they killed him for fear he should repent, and make the crime known?

All these thoughts were rushing through my head when the coroner said, "Can the body be identified?"

There was a little whispering and wailing.

"Well, sir," said some one, "it looks like a man never up to much good, though born of good parents. It looks a good deal like Jemmy Jackson's son. I expect if anybody knows him it will be his brother, whom he tried to get upon his own bad track; but the boy was not very willing,

and Father Bennett got hold of him and kept him straight."

Father Bennett was the Catholic priest of our town.

I felt quite sure that my suspicions were right, and it turned my head giddy to think of the repentance, the prayer, the flinging himself on God's mercy, that there *might* have been in the death-cry that had been heard in the night. I hoped the best. But I knew that cry might have been the wail of a lost soul. I am sure you will believe me when I say that I turned away to wipe the tears from my eyes, and prayed.

People about me were talking of Oldbury, but I did not listen to them, nor did I ask them any questions. I loved my dear Alice so truly that I could not ask questions about her from indifferent people; and I had a feeling about Oldbury quite different from anything I felt for any other gentleman's house.

Oldbury was an ancient Catholic mansion, and it had a chapel in it. There the priest, who was an aged man, a Rev. Mr. Bide, said Mass daily. I had seen him very often, for every fine afternoon he walked into Leverton to pay Father Bennett a visit. You may be sure I never omitted to touch my hat to his grey hairs, in honour of his sacred office; and, latterly, he had sometimes said, "God bless you, young man," as I passed him in the lime tree avenue on my return from seeing Alice at Oldbury.

People talked and exclaimed, and said a thousand things to show how shocked they were about something, but I turned aside. Not from indifference; no. I felt too much to talk or listen; I was determined to go to Oldbury myself as soon as the usual hour for my visit arrived.

It was a very long day. When everybody was gone, and the body of the murdered man removed to Leverton, I was astonished to find it was only one o'clock.

A sudden quietness seemed to have fallen on the whole earth. I shall never forget how the great stillness of that June day contrasted with the trouble, anxiety, and clamorous terror of the past twelve hours. Then, there had been the intense eagerness, and minute attention of the search in which we had joined; and the commanding way of the magistrates, and of those who knew the law, and the right way of proceeding in such a case as that which has arisen.

All was over now. There was a profound calm. The turf was trampled bare in some places. The yard bore the marks of those who had crowded it. But there was nothing else left to tell of the trouble that we had only just now gone through. Things looked worse still for the contrast that had arisen. Our faces were sad, our ways had more gravity about them. I stood still looking up to the sky, flooded over with soft clouds, like cotton wool, so lightly did they float in the deep, still azure of the quiet sky. Suddenly I thought of Ben.

"Where is my brother?" I asked.

"He went away with Mr. Norris. He did not like to stay after he had heard—"

"Heard what?" I felt surprised. I thought there was something odd in Peggy's face.

"Why heard of Oldbury, you know," she said,

still looking into my face with her kind sorrowful eyes.

"How did it concern him—why could he not stay?"

"Oh, master. Surely we all guess—guess that —"

"Good heavens, have mercy on us!" I cried out in a terrible panic. "What can you mean?"

"Master, go to Oldbury yourself," said Walter, "go and know the rights of the things that are said. Go, and don't waste time."

(To be continued.)

## OIL ON THE WATERS.

### I.

**T**HE saying of the wise man that "there is nothing new under the sun," seems to be proved true by the history of many so-called discoveries. The knowledge painfully acquired by their progenitors is in the lapse of ages entirely forgotten by the families of the earth, and perhaps if the sages of ancient China or of Chaldea could return, we might find that they could enlighten us upon points of practical application which we marvel to think could ever have been forgotten.

One of the subjects of deep interest at the present day is the very old one of pouring oil on troubled waves; a question which, except by a few practical seamen who have tested the matter for their own preservation, has only within the last three or four years been recognised as a real thing of serious importance to seafaring folks. It has hitherto been deemed merely a poetic metaphor with no practical foundation, and yet its use was known, and there were allusions to its properties, by Aristotle, Plutarch, Pliny, and in later days, Erasmus of Rotterdam, Linnæus, and Benjamin Franklin.

When holy men, such as S. Cuthbert or Adamnanus, soothed the angry waves by the outpouring of a little oil, this natural result was, of course, attributed to the miraculous efficacy of consecrated oil. And even when, in A.D. 1776, Lelyveld, a practical Dutchman, published his "Essay upon the means of diminishing the dangers of the sea by pouring out tar-oil or other floating matter," which was followed in 1798 by a more elaborate statement of "Emdem on the Oil Question," published by Otto, at Weimar, the interest temporarily awakened soon subsided, and generation after generation of seafaring men have continued wholly to neglect the use of this simple precaution; and sad it is to read the record of wrecks on our own shores, and to note how, in many instances, life might probably have been saved, had the strong brave men so ready to sacrifice their own lives in order to succour others bethought them of lightening their task by the use of a few gallons of oil.

Only a few months ago, the *Juno*, a large vessel, was lost with all hands at the mouth of the Mersey. The captain, with his wife and child, had been washed overboard, but twenty-five men were clinging to the rigging, when a steam tug with two lifeboats started to their

rescue. The sea was, however, so heavy that the attempt had to be abandoned, and the unhappy men who saw their deliverers approaching had the anguish of finding themselves abandoned to their fate. Those who have studied the practical use of oil most thoroughly, say, that if that steam tug had taken on board fifty gallons of mineral oil at sixpence a gallon, and hove to fifty yards to windward of the wreck and then poured out the oil, it would have so effectually smoothed the surface of the sea between the tug and the wreck that it could have approached with perfect safety.

As yet those in authority cannot be induced to move in this matter, but the time is fast approaching when the rising generation will wonder at the folly of ever having neglected such a means of salvation, for the mass of evidence which has recently accumulated on this subject has compelled the attention of the most sceptical, and the experiments so successfully carried out on the stormy coast of Aberdeenshire, at the harbour of Peterhead, have borne fruit far and near. At Aberdeen itself the experiments were abandoned almost as soon as commenced because no one was found willing to defray the expenses, which at Peterhead had been generously borne by a citizen of Perth, Mr. John Shields.

Mr. Shields strove to stir up the authorities of Aberdeen to lay the oil apparatus so as to guard the mouth of their most dangerous harbour. Pitiful, indeed, have been the oft recurring cases of ships wrecked either on the bar or by being dashed against the pier-head while trying to enter in, in one of which, that of the "*Duke of Sutherland*," nearly the whole of the ship's company perished when within speaking distance of their agonized friends assembled on the pier. All Mr. Shields could, however, obtain from the Harbour Commissioners was a miserable vote of £20! Nothing daunted Mr. Shields proceeded to lay down the pipes at his own expense, and sent a stock of oil to enable the authorities to judge of its efficiency. The Harbour Commissioners showed so much apathy in the matter that Mr. Shields, at last, presented his apparatus to the city, and offered his services gratis in superintending the work. His generous offer received no reply!

But these test experiments were not altogether fruitless. Some of the fishermen who had witnessed the experiments remembered them to good purpose when trying to enter the harbour at Stonehaven, and warned of their danger by the white-crested waves raging on the bay, and profiting by the lesson they had learned, they decided to put it to the proof. They had with them only a little colza oil, and a little paraffin for their lamps, so little that it might have been thought folly to cast it on such tempestuous waves. One man stood on either bow, and just as the boat approached the raging reef they slowly poured out their offering to the waves, which, as if by magic, ceased to break, and rolled on in harmless green billows which carried the boat safe into port.

And now, thanks to the large-hearted and energetic Scotchman, of whom we have already spoken, the men of Kent see the oil break-waters of Peterhead applied to their own harbour of

Folkestone, and are eye-witnesses of how quickly, on a stormy day, a few gallons of oil have calmed the waves, and made the harbour smooth and safe. There is a general belief that the entrance of Folkestone Harbour may be made absolutely secure in the most severe storms.

In confirmation of all this there is the curious fact of the existence of a phenomenon known to sailors as *the oil spot*. It is in the Gulf of Mexico, about ten miles to south of the Sabine River, which forms the boundary between Texas and Louisiana, and is about a mile from the shore. In fine weather there is nothing to attract attention, but when a gale from the north-east sweeps the ocean this natural harbour reveals itself. No visible boundary divides it from the tempestuous ocean around, but within a space two miles in length *the waters remain perfectly calm*, their only change being that they become turbid and red as if the oil-bearing mud were stirred up from below. A broad belt of white foam and towering breakers marks where the mighty waves rolling shoreward across the gulf are suddenly arrested and sink down powerless as soon as they come within the mysterious influence of this gentlest of rulers.

Unfortunately this peaceful haven is very shallow. It is variously stated at twelve and eighteen feet, so that only vessels of light burden can here take refuge; to them it is, indeed, a most blessed shelter in which the weary crew may rest as securely as if within an encompassing coral reef.

It does not appear that any scientific examination has yet been made of this so-called Oil Spot. Sailors who have taken refuge here state that the bottom is a soapy mud, into which they can easily push a pole to a considerable depth. The chief grievance of the storm-driven mariner in his place of shelter is that the brooding calm seems to have special attractions for the mosquitoes who haunt the neighbouring shore in blood-thirsty myriads.

But the question may be asked: "Supposing the use of oil for the stilling of angry waves should become general, how will a supply of the immense quantity required be obtained?"

We must answer this question by a little inquiry into the history of oils.

Before the fountains of mineral oil were revealed for our use and comfort, animal and vegetable oils were those used. Train (or *drain*) oil was that most abundant; it drained from the blubber of the great Greenland whale, one of which would sometimes yield fully six thousand gallons of oil. The sperm whale also yielded oil, which, though less in quantity, was of a finer quality; the grampus, dolphin, porpoise, shark, and seal also yielded oil.

Vegetable oils form a very important item in our supplies. Oil seeds are annually imported into Britain for crushing purposes, and the export of oil from London, Hull, and Liverpool was in 1880 more than fourteen millions of gallons. Linseed, cotton-seed, and castor oil rank under the head of seed oils. Colza oil, which is used so largely in our table lamps, is made from mustard, hemp, radish, turnip, and other seeds. Olive and almond oils are much used in medicine, and for

the table. About fourteen tons of croton oil are annually imported for the use of the wool dressers of Great Britain. Many oils besides those mentioned are in use in this country for different purposes, but from a much shorter list of materials than those enumerated our grandparents derived all their artificial light.

It seems as if the first attempt to distil mineral oil fit for burning, from the bituminous shales hitherto deemed worthless, was made by a Frenchman, M. du Buisson, but though he succeeded in his experiment the shales of France were not found to yield oil in paying quantities. The bituminous shales of Dorsetshire and "Kemmeridge coal" were found to yield a much larger proportion of oily matter, but as it was not possible to overcome the noxious smell of the various products, the enterprise did not command large success.

About the year 1847, Sir Lyon Playfair, then Dr. Playfair, discovered a petroleum spring at Riddings, in Derbyshire, to which he called the attention of Mr. James Young, a Manchester chemist, who obtained from it two kinds of oil, while solid crystals in the petroleum suggested the presence of paraffin, and the possibility of obtaining a candle-making substance. The result of this was the manufacture of the two first paraffin candles, which were lighted by Dr. Playfair to illustrate the subject at a lecture to the Royal Institution.

Attention was now directed to this subject, and distilleries were set up in different neighbourhoods, where bituminous shale was to be found. His now celebrated patent was granted to James Young.

It was not till six years later that any fresh attempt was made to utilize the great beds of bituminous shale, which exist so extensively in carboniferous districts. These have been found to yield from thirty to fifty gallons of crude oil per ton, and extensive works for the production of mineral oil have been established at many places in England, Wales, and Scotland.

"Brighter Britain" was not slow to adopt the new industry of the mother country, and, in 1865, New South Wales discovered a shale, a sample of which was brought to Sydney for distillation, and one ton yielded 160 gallons of oil. Thereupon, the New South Wales Shale and Oil Company was established, and appears to have had a successful development.

Before this, in 1845, America had taken up the subject, and by 1860, upwards of fifty factories for this work had been established in various parts of the States.

Then came the discovery of real mineral oil wells in America, which so quickly revolutionized the oil traffic of the world. But here again the "nothing new" theory comes in, for the Seneca Indians of Pennsylvania knew that oil flowed from the rocks at various points of the Alleghany mountains; and a French traveller, in 1750, records that when he once saw the tribe assemble for a religious rite at the junction of a small stream with the Alleghany River, the chief applied a lighted torch to the surface of the river, which was thickly covered with an oily scum, and that the flames immediately spread over the



surface of the water, amid the shouts of the red warriors.

In the same district, at the spot now known as Titusville, was a well, on the surface of which oil floated, and the Indians, who had long known its healing properties, now so fully recognized in its refined form as vaseline, were in the habit of collecting it by laying their blankets on the glassy surface, which absorbed the oil, which they then wrung out and stored for sale. So early as 1833, an account was published in "The American Journal of Science," of the way in which certain persons made a living by skimming this most unfragrant grease, heating it and straining it through flannel, when it was sold under the name of Seneca oil, as an excellent specific for healing sores, and curing sprains, and rheumatism.

In 1853, it occurred to Dr. Brewer that this natural oil might be turned to account for lamps; and a Company was formed, with very small results, till in the year 1859, Colonel Drake's attention was attracted by the oil which oozed from the fissures of the rock all along the stream now known as Oil Creek. He thought there must be a reservoir somewhere to supply this oozing. He was empowered by the company to work on their account, and at once commenced operations.

He began by sinking a shaft on the artesian well principle, and after boring to a depth of 600 feet, to his unspeakable delight, found that he had reached the main supply, and oil was henceforth pumped up at the rate of from 400 to 1000 gallons per day.

Of course, this news spread like wildfire; men came crowding to the wonderful oil region, and the land was riddled with borings, of which, it was estimated, that not one in six yielded profitable returns. Upon the whole the yield was enormous. Two years after Colonel Drake had sunk his first shaft, the oil yield was two millions of barrels, and, in the following year, it reached three millions.

Sometimes the oil spouts in a majestic column to the height of a hundred feet or more, and will continue playing for several days in a gigantic but most unattractive fountain of dark green greasy liquid, and, then, perhaps, cease altogether, till, by introducing some nitro-glycerine, a miniature earthquake is produced, the rocks below are rent, oil and gas are liberated, and the geyser is renewed.

---

**THE HYACINTH.**—This flower was originally found near Aleppo and Bagdad, where it still grows in great abundance in a wild state. The garden species (*Hyacinthus Orientalis*) was brought to England before 1596, as Gerard speaks of it as a well-known flower, without saying when it was introduced. Up to the beginning of the present century, the only varieties known were blue, white, and pink; but many new and brilliant colours have since been superadded by cultivation. So much, indeed, is the hyacinth now esteemed, that it is regarded, in its season, as an indispensable ornament to every drawing room

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINBECK.

### CHAPTER II.

**W**HEN all the warriors who had been sent to explore had returned to the peninsula, Ahatsistari took counsel with his people, or rather he communicated to them what he had seen, and ended with the assurance that no danger need be apprehended, since the spies who had been sent to the north and west had not discovered any suspicious signs.

Upon this the aged Onduterraon, one of the most zealous of the missionary's pupils, and a man highly respected by his people, shook his head thoughtfully, and also Stephen Annastana and Paul Ononhoraton, renowned for sense and boldness, differed from the opinion of the chief.

"Will not Ahatsistari remain here till the great light has set? Then the islands will throw black shadows over the water and conceal the canoes from his enemies. The light will be sufficient to go forward by," said the old man.

A cloud of displeasure passed over the countenance of the chief, and there was a tone of command in his voice as he replied with a wave of the hand:

"Ahatsistari's eyes are sharp. He can count the feathers in the wing of the soaring falcon; the Red Wolf does not leave a trail such as he saw. The islands have drank much Mohawk blood, and the Red Wolf trembles when he hears the war-cry of the Huron. Wherefore should Ahatsistari wait till it is dark? What says my brother Aundataha?"

"Let Ondesonk speak," said the Indian addressed; for he knew the strong will of the chief, whose hatred of the Mohawks was far too strong for him to avoid a battle with them so long as he could himself hope for the victory.

"My son Eustachius has promised that he will not shed human blood except in the greatest necessity, and he will not break his word. If he is convinced that the trail which his warriors found, and which he himself saw, is not that of the Mohawks, then let us go at once without waiting for the setting of the great light. If he is not certain of this, then let him do as Onduterraon advises."

Ahatsistari cast down his eyes under the searching look of the missionary, and replied with a look of suppressed anger:

"The Wolf calls Ahatsistari the Climbing Cat. He fears his teeth and claws. His trail is not to be found. The great light goes towards the land of the Hurons, and we must follow him. Ondesonk has himself said that the black-robe at Nipissing expects him."

With this he rose, and gave command that the canoes should be again laden and prepared to proceed. His Indian nature prevailed, and his love for battle had gained the mastery over his prudence. He was not at all certain the trail which had been found was that of some friendly

tribe, but his pride revolted from the idea that he should give way before ten or eleven enemies when his own troop was so superior in numbers. Besides it seemed as if the men in the canoes were a hunting party, and could not, therefore, have spied out the Hurons. Above all things the trail of the white man which had led to the S. Francis and then vanished excited his suspicion, but he strove against this, and said nothing about it.

And so, about noon, the little flotilla launched again into the lake, and, instead of choosing the broad part of the stream, took a course which led by a canal about two hundred paces broad to the southern islands. The stream was here less strong, but the danger of surprise in the narrow, winding water-way was considerably increased.

Towards four o'clock they had reached the middle of this course, which here became extremely narrow, and was bordered by two large islands covered with trees, which lay quiet and peaceful, while only the gentle rushing of the stream mixed itself with the slight plash of the oars with which the Indians steered their bark canoes and was the only sound heard.

Then Ahatsistari in the first canoe, suddenly stopped and looked sharply towards the bank of the island lying to his left, where some bushes had seemed to move in an unusual manner, but he failed to discover anything suspicious and his craft glided onwards.

Onduterraon, who was in the last of the boats, had also observed the movement in the bushes, and with his left hand seized the bow, which in the hand of the old man, was always an instrument of death. He sat there bending down, but fixing his eyes on the spot, every muscle of his gigantic frame thrilled in expectation.

After shooting some arrows, the flotilla pressed on. Then a gun was suddenly fired from the island. Ahatsistari bent down and placed his hand upon his breast, which it was intended to strike. A moment of silence followed, and then, from the island on both sides there broke a cry, the smoke of gunpowder rose here and there from the thickets, and the bullets of the concealed foe fell clattering through the gaping wounds they made in the walls of the canoes.

The party attacked rushed about with loud cries. Some plunged into the water, and sought to escape by swimming with the stream, others rowed for the northern island where the firing seemed less active. A few only followed the chief, who, breathing revenge, gave forth his war-cry, and took his way directly to the southern island, in order to meet his subtle enemy with knife and tomahawk, for he knew that the Mohawks were only to be conquered in single combat, man to man.

And he was not wrong. The enemy could not stand the attack of the bold little band, but hastened back to the interior of the island in order to re-load under the shelter of the trees.

Meanwhile, the Mohawks were constantly increasing in strength. Many who had remained concealed further westward rowed up, took possession of the abandoned Huron boats, and followed the fugitives.

Surrounded on all sides by pitiless foes,

Ahatsistari and the sixteen warriors who still remained to him, with the two Oblates, who fought manfully, threw themselves into a little grove of cedars which lay like an island among the more lofty trees, and offered them an excellent protection. This movement of the Hurons was so unexpected by the Mohawks, and was executed so quickly, that the protecting trees were reached without a man being lost, and while their frustrated opponents rushed forward with cries of rage, hoping by their numbers to overpower the little troop, they were received by a shower of arrows and compelled to return to their canoes.

Now the Mohawks held a council of war. No more shots were fired. The howls had ceased and a deep and gloomy stillness succeeded to the fearful noise of the combat.

Then Onduterraon crept cautiously to Ahatsistari and made him observe the great branchless stem of a prostrate tree, which served as a protection to the Mohawks as they rolled it towards the thicket. Almost at the same moment two of the other warriors gave notice that the enemy was seeking to attack them from the other sides. The chief decided to allow the creeping foe to approach as near as possible, and then to break forth from the thicket, at the head of his warriors and strike out to the west, or with his hatchet in his hand to sell his life as dearly as possible.

Few words were needed to show the dangers of this despairing decision. The enemy approached nearer and nearer. Now and then a shot was heard or a bullet whizzed over the heads of the concealed party. But they moved not, till the trunk had been rolled to within distance of an arrow-shot. Then arose the war-cry; with wild haste they break from their place of refuge, and in spite of the shower of balls, which they received from the enemy, the brave warriors with the quickness of thought struck down those who were bold enough to approach them, and rushed to a little hill of which they gained possession.

The Mohawks were so taken by surprise by this bold proceeding that they lost their presence of mind and looked in confusion at the enemy without any attempt to prevent it; but hardly had the Hurons reached the hill when the enemy set off after them with a cry of rage, which might have been poured forth by a troop of demons.

About half a dozen of the warriors remained without taking any part in the pursuit, and turned towards the spot where the canoes of the Hurons had been left, hoping that they might find there guns and ammunition. A singular sight presented itself to their eyes. A tall man in black flowing garments was kneeling by the side of a warrior who had been shot in the breast, and before whose failing eyes he held a crucifix, while he uttered prayers aloud. He became aware of the approach of the Mohawks, but paid little attention to them till the soul of the wounded man had departed. Then he rose, looked fearlessly at the enemy, and said to the astonished men in the Huron language:

"I am not a warrior, the Mohawks may take me, I shall not fly. But they must not prevent me from helping the wounded and lessening their pain."

The singular appearance of the man, and his

calm composure, failed not in their effect. For a short time the savages gazed on the missionary, whom they believed to be a conjuror; then one of them sprang upon him with a piercing cry, and swung his glittering tomahawk over his head. The murderous hatchet would have cloven the skull of the priest had not a young chief seized the arm of the enraged man and so prevented this.

"The black snake does not bite," he said, protecting F. Jaques with his outstretched arm; "why will Wappatonada destroy it? It shall writhe and twist, it shall hiss at the stake, and my young men shall burn it. Why——"

The Mohawk was interrupted by the war-cry heard from the western side of the island mixed with the yells of an Indian death-cry. Taknetete—for this was the name of the priest's protector—was filled with rage, and hastened to the scene of battle with his men.

And now the missionary could have escaped, and a Huron, who had received a ball in his leg, entreated him to fly.

"There are still two canoes. No Red Wolf remains. Come Ondesok! Strong Hand will help you and take the oars," said the brave, and was moving towards the bank.

But the priest held him back, and, pointing towards heaven, replied:

"Ondesok must do what the Great Spirit has commanded him. He must stay here with his red brothers, and care for them. Strong Hand may fly. Perhaps he may reach the village of the pale-faces from which we came. Ondesok will remain here, and give what help he can."

"Strong Hand will not fly! Ondesok's Great Spirit says also to His red child, 'stay here,' and Strong Hand will not leave his white brother, and if he cannot help him, he can die with him," replied the Huron warrior, as he wrapped himself in the cloak which the missionary had given him, for the fever of his wound began to set in.

F. Jaques then stepped to a Mohawk who was lying near in great pain, having been wounded by the knife of one of the Hurons. When he saw the priest approaching, he collected his strength, and looked with hatred and contempt on one whom he considered his own deadly enemy. He believed for certain that the white man would take his scalp, and began with a weak voice to sing the Indian death-song, and it was very unwillingly that he allowed the priest to give him a little strengthening wine out of his flask. But when his mysterious attendant gathered some leafy branches from the surrounding bushes, and placed them under the head of the dying warrior, surprise was expressed in his failing eyes, and he tried to hold out his hand to his benefactor. As the brown right hand, which had so often swung the tomahawk in martial combat, lay in that of the white man, whose eyes rested upon the departing one, the dying warrior smiled as he murmured:

"The great Manitou send you a protecting spirit."

The missionary then turned from the man for whom he could do nothing more to seek among the bushes for other victims to whom he might perform his offices of Christian love.

Meanwhile the triumphant Mohawks returned

to the place where the Hurons had landed. The indefatigable priest had just finished his charitable work by cooling a fearful scalp wound with a part of his moistened cassock. He now leant, quite exhausted, against the stem of an oak tree, and considered with a calm and peaceful look the troop of his deadly enemies who looked at him with blood-thirsty eyes. But not one of the Mohawks dared to lift his hand against the missionary, nor did they utter a word of reproach. The savages had seen with surprise that the white man, in the fury of the fight, had endeavoured, with equal care, to give relief to friend and foe, and now gave himself into the hands of his enemies though it had been in his power to escape. They could not guess his motive for such self-sacrifice, much less understand it.

Prisoners were taken on both sides, and there was reason to dread that the much-loved Ondesok had fallen into the hands of the merciless Mohawks.

René Gaupil was among the prisoners. The Oblate had fought boldly, and was only overpowered and bound after a brave defence.

"Oh, father, father, you, too, have fallen into the hands of these murderers," he cried, and hastened to the rescue of the priest.

Then a blow from the fist of his conqueror stretched him on the ground.

"Think on the sufferings of Our Lord, and bear with resignation whatever, in His holy will, God may send us," said the father to console the young man as he looked at him while his victor seized him by the hair of his head.

Then two warriors brought up old Onduterraon. His right arm had been shattered by a bullet, and hung powerless by his side. The old man was not bound, and he was not prevented from going up to the priest, to whom he said:

"Onduterraon is going to the Great Father beyond the clouds. Ondesok, pour water on his head, and make him a child of the one, true, Great Spirit. His Son died for all His children, even for His red ones. Onduterraon has brought water with him."

The priest took the gourd which the wounded old catechumen offered him, and baptized him. The Mohawks looked on with signs of mistrust, and some of the warriors murmured words of displeasure that the pale-face should be allowed to speak over the old Huron his words of magic, for such they considered the baptismal form to be; but Taknetete, the same man who had before saved the father from the threatening tomahawk, quieted them, and assured them that Airestai—the Mohawk god of war—was mighty enough to protect him from any harm which the incantations of his adversary could do.

The holy rite being concluded, the newly baptized looked at his beloved teacher and friend, and told him in a few words all that he knew of the course of the battle. As they rushed from their concealment in the wood his arm had been shattered by a bullet, and he had been unable to follow Ahatsistari, but had fallen into the hands of the Mohawks.

When the old man had finished speaking, he turned his back to the people of his tribe, who lay on the ground, and were watched by some of

the young Mohawk warriors, while their chief took counsel with some of the elder ones. But Eagle, their chief was not there, and till his arrival the fate of the prisoners could not be decided. They did not trouble themselves about the missionary, and he was, therefore, at liberty again to make the round of the wounded, when a few more Mohawks came up bringing with them a white man whose face was covered with blood.

F. Jaques became cold as ice when the prisoner threw himself at his feet, and raised to him his face disfigured by wounds.

"William! you, too, my son? I hoped you were safe. Tell me; are you dangerously wounded?"

"Do not be so anxious about me, father," said the Oblate, as, with the help of the priest's hand, he raised himself to a sitting posture. "Are all prisoners?" he asked the missionary.

"Eustachius may come with some of his warriors. God grant that this hope may not deceive me."

"I saw the chief with my own eyes break through with some of his braves," continued the Oblate. "The sudden outburst which we made under Ahatsistari entirely succeeded, and before the astonished Mohawks well knew what had happened we broke their line, and rushed down to the water to reach the little rocky island which could easily be defended, and which was well known to Ahatsistari and the other Hurons. I had taken his weapons and a quantity of powder from a Mohawk who had struck down Stephen Annastaha, and was endeavouring to cover the retreat of our friends, when suddenly a thought entered my mind. I knew that you had landed upon the island where we now are when we did, but I had neither seen or heard of you since. So I determined that I would share whatever fate God had in store for you, and returned to seek our landing-place; then these Mohawks met me, and at once fired at me. I, of course, defended myself; I shot a bullet through the skull of the first, the second I struck to the ground with the butt end of my rifle, and I should have made an end of the third but that the noise of the shot and the howls of the savages brought two more red-skins to his rescue. Before I even saw them I was struck down. I am only surprised that they did not scalp me at once, for the fellow whom I shot dead was one of their chiefs.

F. Jaques listened in silence to the young man. The rapid consequences of the occurrence and its unusual circumstances did not prevent the missionary from seeing it in its true light and esteeming it at its true value. He acknowledged, above all things, the true devotion of this man who had voluntarily given himself into the hands of his blood-thirsty enemies in order to fulfil the requirements of his vow, but the full greatness and value of the sacrifice he was to learn at a later time.

The savages broke out into a wild tumult when the body of the man who had been shot by William was brought in, and had not Eagle, their great chief, returned from the pursuit of the Hurons, Couture would surely have become the victim of their rage. Eagle, however, protected him, and made his warriors understand that they

would have much more honour in taking the Frenchmen alive to their villages than simply bringing their scalps.

"My young men have destroyed many of their enemies, and Deer-foot, our brave brother, will not appear without companions in the happy hunting-ground. We will carry away the pale-face who shot him; we can do with him what we please. Let my young men make the pale-face cry out, but he shall not be killed."

Thus spoke Eagle, and the Mohawks answered with a mighty howl. They rushed upon Couture, tore off his clothes, struck him, and thrusting a knife through his hand, cast him under some bushes and left him.

When F. Jaques came to the aid of the faithful Oblate he met a fearful sight, for the enraged savages had ill-treated him till they left him senseless. They satisfied their rage on Gaupil in much the same manner, but the imprisoned Hurons were spared.

It was now evening, and tired with their bloody work the Iriquois and their three-and-twenty prisoners took rest after they had plundered the canoes and taken the spoil to their retreat for the night, and covered it with green boughs.

*(To be continued.)*

## OUR OWN.



F I had known in the morning  
How wearily all the day  
The words unkind  
Would trouble my mind,

I said when I went away—

I have been more careful, dearest,  
Nor given you heedless pain;  
But we vex "our own"  
With look and tone  
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening  
I may give you the kiss of peace,  
Yet it might be  
That never for me  
The pain at the heart should cease!

How many go forth in the morning  
That never come home at night—  
And hearts have been broken,  
By harsh words spoken  
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,  
And smiles for the sometimes-guest,  
But out for "our own"  
The bitterest tone,  
Though we love "our own" the best.

Ah, lips, with word impatient!  
Ah, brow, with look of scorn!  
'Twere a cruel fate,  
Were the night too late  
To undo the work of the morn.

## ERRATIC NOTES.

**N**ONE of us, I think, are wholly unaffected by, what I may call the most enduring and perfect of all the arts, architecture. Enduring, for the architectural remains of the pre-historic world may be seen to this day—in many cases, as perfect as when completed 2000 years ago. Perfect, for the architect makes use of almost all the sister arts, themselves perfect in their way, to complete and enrich, as with painting and sculpture, the more substantial parts of the objects of his care and solicitude. To many grand and solemn erections in all parts of the world, quaint and curious stories are attached, which may be of interest to many of our readers. We need only allude in passing, to such famous stories as that of the foundation of Our Lady's great Basilica in Rome (commemorated by a universal and yearly festival), and the consecration of Westminster Abbey by S. Peter, as such will be familiar to most Catholics. A beautiful story is told in connection with the taking of Christian Constantinople by the Turks. Mass was being said in the church of S. Sophia (now a mosque), and as the infidels entered the building, the wall behind the altar opened, and enclosed the priest, holding the Most Holy Sacrament from insults and profanation. The similarity of this event, with the removal of the Holy House of Loreto, will at once strike the Catholic reader. In the Middle Ages, the popular mind, impressed by the unearthly grandeur of the cathedrals and monastic churches, that towered above the pigmy dwellings around, ascribed their erection to angelic or supernatural aid. An example of this belief, is afforded by the legend of Christchurch Priory, Hants, where it is told how Our Lord, disguised as a workman (or, more probably, a monk, since much of the actual manual labour was performed by the religious themselves) assisted in the building of this noble minster; and how a beam, which still is seen, having been found too short, and put aside, was, without human aid, fixed in its destined place. To commemorate this event, the priory was named *Christ-Church*. In many, indeed most, of the old English parish churches, it may be observed that, in plan, the chancel inclines, or swerves towards the north; an arrangement intended to commemorate the dying gesture of Our Blessed Lord, when His head fell towards His right shoulder. Indeed, in the "Ages of Faith" the most seemingly trivial matters were often made to show a beautifully touching symbolism. The "Broad Arrow," the familiar mark of royal property, is undoubtedly the three nails of the Passion; and in the natural world Catholic piety loved to find memorials of the presence on earth of the God-Man. The north transept of York minster contains five superb lancet windows, filled with ancient stained glass. The pattern for this glass, which resembles tapestry or carpet, is said to have been worked, in full size, by five sisters, all nuns, in the adjoining convent; and, from this circumstance, the windows are still distinguished as "The Five Sisters." The magni-

ficent Escorial Palace in Spain was built by Philip II., on the plan of a gridiron, in honour of S. Lawrence, the monarch having gained the victory of S. Quintin, on S. Lawrence's Day, 1557.

It will interest many of our readers to know that there are more representations of Our Blessed Lord of extreme antiquity than is generally supposed. There are many half obliterated frescos in the catacombs, of the second to the fourth centuries; and in the Christian Museum of the Vatican are numerous sculptures on sarcophagi, some of them very perfectly executed; also a famous Mosaic portrait of the third century, while in the sacristy of S. Peter's basilica is preserved the original portrait, brought, first by the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus from the East to Constantinople in A.D. 944, and afterwards to Rome by the Crusaders. The story (part of which is undoubtedly true) connected with this latter portrait is as follows: In the year of the Crucifixion, Algar, King of Edessa, wrote to offer Our Lord an asylum in his territory, and the bearer of this letter, by name Ananias, took this opportunity of procuring the portrait of Our Lord, which for six hundred years was venerated at Edessa, and brought, after many adventures, from thence to Europe, as above described. Eusebius (who died A.D. 336) tells us, that the woman who was cured of an issue of blood by Our Lord, erected before her house, at Cæsarea Phillipi, two figures in bronze, one Our Saviour, the other herself kneeling at His feet as a loving memorial of her miraculous cure. When Julian the Apostate overthrow these statues, the Christians took the head of Christ into their church, where it was long venerated as a true likeness of Our Blessed Saviour.

To pass abruptly from the consideration of Christian archæology to that of pre-mosaic idolatry. The pyramids, popularly supposed to have been erected as tombs of Egyptian kings, are more correctly supposed to have been temples for the ever-burning Fire, the representation of the supreme deity among so many nations who had preserved vague and incomplete traditions of the revelation; "Pyr" signifying "fire." It is incontestable that there are instances of lamps having been found *burning* in long unopened tombs. One was found in a tomb at the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII., that was computed to have been buried for 1200 years. Another was found at Rome, in the time of Pope Julius III., A.D. 1550, in the tomb of Tullia, the daughter of Cicero, that had been shut up since the commencement of the Christian era, 1550 years. This latter is still preserved in the museum of the Vatican Palace. During the Elizabethan persecution in England, the homes of the wealthier Catholics were constructed in order to afford concealment to hunted priests during the longest and most rigorous search. Boscobel House in Staffordshire, and Hendlip House in Worcestershire were good examples (now destroyed); the latter being completely honey-combed with secret recesses and "priests' holes." Many in different parts of the country, however, may still be seen. In conclusion: The "erratic" spirit which has possessed us, has not allowed us to consider one subject for any length of time, but still, we trust,

has enabled us to imbibesome quaint scraps of out-of-the-way information and legend on subjects about which an interest is felt by all classes of Catholics.

AMBROSE.

## JEANNETTE AND PIERRE.

**T**OWARDS the beginning of the seventeenth century Annecy was a far more important town than it is nowadays. The Dukes of Savoy, who, several times a year, held their court there, gave to the place an appearance of animation which it has lost ever since. But, notwithstanding this, brilliant courtiers and handsomely attired women were, in Annecy, as in every town, in the minority. Narrow, dingy streets, small delapidated houses, canals filled with dirty sluggish water were in close contact to the grand chateau of the dukes, re-echoing with song and merriment; wealth and misery, as much then as now, walked side by side.

Not far from the cathedral, a long narrow street with irregular houses was to be seen. One of these houses was even of a poorer and meaner appearance than the rest; the low windows, thickly clad with iron bars, hardly let light and air into a large desolate room where two young children were playing. Indeed from the outside we might have fancied the little hovel uninhabited, had not a few flowers in the window revealed the presence of some inmates. Evening was now setting in, still the two little boys were alone; at last, tired of playing, they fell into a sound slumber, out of which they were roused by the hinges grinding in the old door.

"Ah! dear Jeannette," they exclaimed, "how late you are! But I hope you have been able to get plenty of money for your nice lace."

The words were addressed to a young girl of about eighteen years of age, tall and slight with dark brown hair and chestnut eyes. Her face, though pretty and of a perfect oval, was rather pale and sunk, speaking eloquently of privations, and her expression, generally calm and placid, was, at that moment, full of anxiety, even of despair. She did not answer, but stooped to kiss the little ones, and in so doing big tears rolled from under her dark lashes upon their innocent cheeks. For Jeannette was their elder sister, their only support; she had, at their mother's death two years ago, been left alone in the world, with her two brothers, then mere babies. She battled bravely, and, by sheer hard work, managed to clothe and feed the three of them, but not without much suffering. Not always could she sell her work, not always could she get employment, and this evening was one of those in which she saw hunger creeping closer to them. However, drying her tears, she said with effort:

"No, my darlings, I only have a piece of bread for you, but to-morrow we shall get on better."

So distributing that meagre fare, of which she hardly partook, she laid them down to rest side by side. Then kneeling beside them she prayed

that God would give them their "daily bread" on the morrow, and in quiet faith she, too, laid down to sleep.

The next day, however, brought no change in their position. Jeannette's last coin was spent to buy bread, and she thought with dread of the morrow. Yet God, she said, Who feeds the birds of the air must also take care of us, and thus consoled kissed the children and went to rest.

Annecy in the seventeenth century was divided into two distinct parts: Annecy-le-Vieux and Annecy. The former was not as large, and, perhaps, quainter than the actual Annecy, the houses were still older and more irregular but not bordered by canals.

In the last days of May, 1612, a widow and her son left Annecy-le-Vieux for Annecy, her recent grief rendering unbearable everything which too vividly recalled her husband's presence. So they both resolved to settle down at Annecy, at a short distance from the lake, her son being a fisherman. Nearly opposite Jeannette's room was a small house which suited them in every way, and about a month before the opening of this story, they were comfortably established there, both resuming their former life, Pierre his fishing, his mother her spinning. For a few days Pierre and his mother excited their neighbours' curiosity, even Jeannette threw a cursory glance at the strong young fisherman, but soon the small excitement caused by their arrival ceased, and everything assumed its usual aspect.

Jeannette forgot, or rather would have forgotten, the presence of the new-comers, had it not been for some fresh flowers which from time to time she found added to those she generally kept on her window-sill, and which she always felt reluctant to throw away when they had lost their first bloom. Unvoluntarily her thoughts rested on Pierre when a bunch of forget-me-nots added their perfumes to the field-flowers she had already gathered. Yet Pierre himself she seldom or never saw; he was out all day, she was busy on her side, and sometimes she totally forgot him in her hard struggle for existence, until one evening when he became more than a mere stranger to her.

Three days had elapsed since we first saw Jeannette, exhausted, haggard, as she came home with all her lace unsold.

"My poor little ones," she exclaimed, "nothing sold, no bread, no money; oh! my God, what shall I do!" she cried convulsively.

The children looked at her with fear, and slunk into a corner; nothing save her tears broke the silence. Suddenly a timid knock at the door startled them all. Who could it be? Hastily drying her tears, and throwing back her hair, Jeannette ran and opened; she and Pierre stood face to face, both colouring deeply.

"Mam'selle," at last said Pierre, visibly embarrassed, "I have caught more fish than usual to-day, and my mother said you might, perhaps, like some."

So saying, he handed her a dish full of steaming fish.

If we knew better what want and hunger were, we should, perhaps, understand with what feelings of gratitude and joy Jeannette received the humble gift.



"I never, never shall forget what you have done to-night," she said, with emotion, "and if ever you are in trouble, I consider myself bound to help you."

Jeannette's looks said more even than her words, and Pierre, encouraged by them, continued:

"Mother wishes me to say that she would like you to come over sometimes and have supper with us, for she has often seen you, and says she likes you very much, and so——"

He stopped abruptly, fearing he had said too much, but she only blushed and smiled.

From that day a new life began for her, and often was the frugal fisherman's meal shared by their three new friends, and the words Pierre did not dare add that night were now spoken more than once. At last Pierre's mother was seen bustling home with a white veil and orange blossoms, whilst Jeannette, blushing and happy, pondered how she could reward Pierre and his mother for all the joy they were giving her.

The next day Annecy was in a state of confusion and excitement, the streets were decorated, flowers were strewn in the principal squares, everything denoted an unusual event. And so it was an incident which, though occurring from time to time, nevertheless always created some sensation. The Duke of Savoy was making entry with all his court. Pierre and Jeannette were among the lookers on; he whispered to her:

"I am sure the Duke of Savoy, in all his pomp, is not as happy as I shall be next week, when you shall be mine."

She only laughed; some of Pierre's comrades soon joined him, and they all joked and entered fully into the spirit of the feast. Suddenly silence fell upon them; a man on horseback, sounding a trumpet, announced the duke's arrival. Everyone made way, the streets were cleared, only hedged on each side by a deep row of lookers on. The cavalcade soon appeared, first officers and soldiers with swords drawn, their breast-plates and helmets glistening in the morning sun; next courtiers and ladies gorgeously attired, and lastly the duke on a rich caparisoned horse, surrounded by guardsmen. As the duke was passing Jeannette and her group, a dog ran into the middle of the road. One of Pierre's friends picked up a stone, saying:

"I shall hit that dog, and oblige him to make room also."

"No," said Pierre, "better not."

But it was too late, the stone was thrown, and Pierre, trying to hold back his friend's arm, jerked it into another direction; it hit one of the duke's officers in the chest! The blow was a mere trifle, not so the insult! The officer appealed to the duke, who had seen all, and in a second Pierre, the innocent Pierre (whose arm was still outstretched to stay the flying stone) was marched off towards the dungeons of the castle, whilst his cowardly friend had effected his escape. Jeannette had witnessed this rapid scene; she staggered back nearly senseless, and at last rushed to Pierre's home, where she fell, crying hysterically, into his mother's arms. This violent grief for so slight an offence may appear to some exaggerated; but we must remember that justice in

the seventeenth century had still much progress to make, and if we recall the history of the times we shall recollect the names of many unfortunate victims of alleged crimes, who, at the mercy of their tyrants, were cast for years into impenetrable dungeons where their cries and sufferings found no echo in any heart.

Night set in, a dark, cold night, with large clouds rolling rapidly over the small town, which was lulled into silence, hardly a passer-by was to be seen. Yet in the solitary streets a dark, slight form, wrapped in a shawl, was hurrying along. The shadow passed rapidly by the closed shops and solitary cathedral, and then advanced to a massive door close by. Here Jeannette, for it was she, hesitated, and then rushed in, as if by a sudden impulse, through the still open door-way. She crossed the inner court, and mounted a flight of stone steps, she would have proceeded onward had not a strong hand held her back.

"Hallo, and what are you about here, if you please, at this unearthly hour?"

"Oh, I cannot help if it is past midnight. I wish to see Monseigneur."

"The girl is mad, quite mad," said the servant in a gruff voice, "my master does not receive at these hours, he is in bed, and the sooner you make off the better!"

But Jeanette remained motionless.

"It is all Monseigneur's fault," he continued muttering, "we are infested by beggars, because he is ever encouraging them; if Monseigneur only knew how to keep up his dignity properly, all this would never happen. But, now, begone," he said, raising his voice, "or else I shall oblige you to leave!"

"Oh, if he only knew, if he only knew," said Jeannette with despair, "I am sure he would listen to me."

"If he only knew what, my poor child?" said a gentle voice above her.

She raised her eyes and beheld, wearing a bishop's garb, a man whom she oftentimes had seen. A long beard covered his chest, his eyes were full of meekness, an expression of ineffable sweetness played about his mouth, whilst his whole countenance was one of such celestial beauty that he appeared to be more an angel than a man.

"It is you, Monseigneur," said Jeanette, falling at his feet; "I beseech you not to send me away!"

"How could I be so unkind; are you not one of the little lambs of my flock?" he said, gently making her rise. "Come, dear child, tell me all you like, my day's work is over, I have but to listen to you."

"There, that is always the way," muttered the servant; "I really believe Monseigneur would sit up all night, listening to these peoples' complaints."

"Roland, my friend," said François de Sales, with a look of reproach, "am I a pastor for anything else? But, now, go to bed, you are tired, do not mind me, I shall not require your services at present. So, good night, and do not," he added, with a smile, "be angry with your poor master if he does not always follow your advice."

Roland bowed, and retired slowly.

"Come now, dear child, what have you to tell me?"

Encouraged by the bishop's kindness, Jeanette confided all to him. How she loved Pierre, how, one day, he had saved them from starvation, and how she had promised, if ever she could, to do something for him in return.

"And now," she added, "that day has come, for they may keep him there for years, yet he is quite innocent; but they would not believe me or him either; only you, Monseigneur, who would not believe you, who could do otherwise?"

"You have a great opinion of my power, poor child."

"Oh, yes, Monseigneur; one word from you to the duke would release Pierre."

François de Sales reflected.

"I shall go there to-morrow morning; but no," he said, glancing at the large clock, "it is only just past ten; they are still up at the castle; why should the poor fellow spend a night of anguish when it, perhaps, rests with me to prevent it."

"You are an angel, you are a saint," exclaimed Jeanette, throwing herself at his feet; "I really think Christ Himself could not be kinder."

"Hush, hush," said the bishop, hastily, "you do not know what you are saying. God alone is good. But come, we have no time to lose."

Ten minutes later, the massive castle gates opened before François de Sales, the guardsmen, seeing his well-known face, saluted and presented arms; he answered by blessing them. The large court was dimly lighted at each extremity, but from the inner building the bustle and clamour caused by numerous voices, the sounds of musical instruments, showed that the ball had commenced. François arrived at the entrance hall, and asked for one of the duke's officers, refusing to mix with the brilliant assembly. Presently, one of the duke's aides-de-camp appeared.

"What! you here, Monseigneur," said the officer, surprised, kneeling to kiss the pastoral ring, "surely nothing has happened."

"Oh, nothing of importance, it is only a petition."

And, in a few words, the tale was told. The officer coloured with anger.

"Why, that is the very rascal who threw the stone at me to-day. I have had him well locked up; he shall not escape, I vow."

"But you do not understand," said François de Sales, gently, yet with a certain firmness, "that he is quite innocent."

"Oh, that is a made up story by his people."

"It is simple truth; but, supposing it were a tale, when does forgiveness harm us? Have we not all something to be pardoned?"

The prelate looked steadfastly at the officer standing before him; his eyes so pure and calm, seemed to read into the inmost depths of his soul. The young man could not bear that glance, he turned hastily away.

"Well, there is no resisting you, Monseigneur, but, remember, it is for your sake alone that I do it."

"Thank you," said François de Sales, simply; "now return to your amusements, but be assured that the good action you have done to-night will not remain without its reward."

"I think that near you, Monseigneur, bad actions would be impossible; but, hallo, Fléchier" (a soldier ran up immediately), "go and fetch that fellow you locked up this afternoon; and you, Monseigneur, do be seated, as you refuse to enter any further."

"If you do not mind, as the night is very dark, I shall help the soldier to find his way. I am always fond of sight-seeing in prisons," he added, laughing, noticing the aide-de-camp's look of surprise.

The latter stood for a moment watching the saint disappear with mingled sentiments of admiration and respect; he then re-entered the ball-room more thoughtful, but also more pleased with himself than he had been for some time.

Meanwhile, Jeanette was anxiously pacing up and down before the imposing drawbridge, starting at every sound, sometimes saying a prayer half aloud, sometimes smiling, sometimes weeping, in the alternations of hope and fear. At last, the heavy door turned on its hinges; Jeanette's heart beat violently. With a cry of delight, she sprang forward, for two figures were advancing, and one she never could have mistaken, even on the darkest night.

"Now, my young people," said François de Sales, gaily, "I leave you, for I must make a hasty retreat. If Roland is still up, your poor pastor will be well scolded. Bye the bye, when does your marriage come off?"

"In ten days," they answered together, half bewildered, yet unable to realize their joy.

"Well, come and see me to-morrow, we shall settle everything by daylight; for really the night is so dark that I hardly know one from the other, and that would never do!" he added, laughing.

And the tall figure of Francis of Sales hurried down the steep hill.

"Remember, Jeanette," said Pierre at last, "you always said that you would never forget the night on which I brought you some fish; well, to-day you saved my life."

"Oh, not I," she whispered, delighted, "it was Monseigneur."

At the cathedral, about a week later, a young couple were married; they belonged to the humblest class of society, and the lookers-on wondered exceedingly at seeing their bishop himself perform the ceremony of marriage; but those who knew what had occurred easily understood that he who had saved them from years of separation now wished to consecrate their union for ever.

ANNE M. G. BOND.

## BABY'S VISITOR.

My baby sat upon the floor,  
His big blue eyes were full of wonder,  
For he had never seen before  
That baby in the mirror door—  
What kept the two, so near, asunder?

He leaned toward the golden head  
The mirror border framed within;  
Until twin cheeks, like roses red,  
Lay side by side, then softly said:  
"I can't get out, can 'oo come in?"

## STRAY LEAVES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY—A.D. 1570-76.

BY S. HUBERT BURKE.

"Can it be that there is no bright reversion beyond the stars for those who nobly think and bravely die?"

**B**EFORE entering upon the forgotten or misrepresented incidents of English history I must remark that the most terrible period in the history of the Tower, and that which has been most deliberately falsified, even to the present time, from sectarian motives, was that of the reign of Elizabeth. Amongst the historical records of the Tower of London there are many matters which possess a special interest for Catholics. To the old English Catholic families every apartment, every little nook or corner, in those historic buildings has deep and lasting memories—"half sunshine, half tears." Not always a prison-house, for centuries the kings and queens of England resided in the Tower at certain periods of the year. The romantic King Stephen kept court there at Whitsuntide; also Henry III., Edward IV., Henry VI., and later sovereigns. Amongst its captives were such men as Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More; likewise the Countess of Salisbury, who was horribly despatched with the axe; and from the Tower the beautiful Lady Bulmer was sent to the flames in Smithfield. She died grandly. "I have come here," says Lady Bulmer, "to die for the olden religion of England. I have nothing to regret; and I rejoice and thank God that I am given an opportunity of offering up my life for the true faith of Jesus Christ."

The execution of Margaret Clitheroe is the most horrible incident in the reign of Elizabeth; yet the English reader is kept in utter ignorance of the rack and Toppcliff's "new mode of torture." Mrs. Clitheroe was executed at York.

In after-years the story of Tutbury and Fotheringay "frequently made Queen Elizabeth tremble." So writes Lady Southwell. Elizabeth in old age had a strong presentiment that her remains would be dishonoured after death. Her pictures were removed from the place where they were to be seen in her lifetime. King James "would not permit any mourning to be got up for her." He also released from the Tower several ladies who were imprisoned for twenty and thirty years for the "rights of conscience." The members of the ducal house of Norfolk were invited to court; also the widow of the unfortunate Lord Essex, who was sent to the scaffold *two hours after the death-warrant was signed*. It was no wonder for the ladies of the court to state that the approaches to the royal chamber on the "last dread night of Elizabeth's life were filled with fluttering ghosts."

It is stated by Blanch Parry that in childhood Queen Elizabeth met with poverty; for it is recorded amongst the old traditions once known in Hunsdon that after the execution of Anna Boleyn little Elizabeth *had no shoes for three months, and was in tattered garments like a peasant*

*child*. The Princess Mary, hearing of her condition, caused a search to be made for her, and the child was found in the humble cottage of a gardener named Tom Sparrow, whose wife was very fond of the unknown child. Catherine Parr's little daughter was in a similar condition.

### THE NORTHERN REBELLION.

The Northern Rebellion proved most disastrous to the interests of the English Catholics. The projected marriage between the Duke of Norfolk and the Queen of Scots brought ruin upon those who were favourable to this political union—for a political union it was intended to be, and nothing else.\* Whilst residing in Carlisle the Queen of Scots was visited by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, also the Duke of Norfolk and his sister, Lady Scrope. Mary Stuart was highly pleased with the enthusiasm of her heroic champions in the field, especially Northumberland; still, she could perceive that both lacked that calm judgment necessary to conduct such a doubly hazardous undertaking as that proposed. The *present* object of the insurgent lords was immediately, or as soon as practicable, to release the Queen of Scots, and at once salute her Queen of England—a title to which she had a claim both in law and equity. Then they expected a more general rising. Lord Hunsdon, anticipating this military action, suggested that the royal captive should be removed from Tutbury immediately. Hunsdon writes thus to Sir William Cecil: "For God's sake let the prisoner [Mary] not remain any longer where she is, for the great force of the rebels consists of good horsemen full of courage and daring."† Lord Hunsdon's advice was promptly adopted, and in the dead of night Mary Stuart and her faithful ladies were hurried away to Coventry, where they were closely confined. The insurgents were within a few hours' march of Tutbury at the time, and the news of this disaster—for disaster it proved to be—cast a gloom over the Stuart party in England. Disappointed in their hopes of effecting Mary's release, the leaders of the movement determined to retrace their steps; and, in their situation, retreat was ruin. Disaffection and disorder followed. Lord Hunsdon's cavalry pursued a number of the insurgents during the night, slaughtering them without mercy or pity. Hundreds of English farmers were *hanged at their own doors, and their wives and daughters outraged in a manner that covers the name of Queen Elizabeth's soldiers with everlasting infamy*. It was only in unhappy Ireland that greater atrocities had been perpetrated by English soldiers. For days, weeks, and months those scenes continued. Burning houses over the heads of women and children was the amusement of the hired mercenaries of Elizabeth. Whether by accident or design, there were ten Catholics hanged for one Protestant on this occasion.

La Motte Fénelon, the French ambassador, in his secret despatches assures the French government that since the days of the Pilgrims of Grace

\* The Queen of Scots was a widow for the second time, and Norfolk had buried three wives.

† Lord Hunsdon to Sir William Cecil: Border Secret Correspondence.

under Henry VIII., no such wanton massacres of men, women, and children took place in England. At a later period Sir Amyas Paulet stated that "those severities were necessary in order to promote the growth of Protestantism in England." And again, on the morning of the execution of the Queen of Scots, the Earl of Kent addressed the royal captive in these words: "*Madame, your life would be the death of our religion, and your death will be its preservation.*" To this believer in the essentially political existence of Protestantism Mary Stuart replied: "Oh, glorious thought, that I should be chosen to die for such a cause!"\*

To return to the Stuart insurrection. While Queen Elizabeth and her council were exulting over the recent massacres in the north of England a meeting of Scottish nobles and chiefs was held at Linlithgow. They sat in deliberation for several days. This "Council of State" represented nearly all parties in Scotland; Chatelherault presided. Amongst those present were Lords Argyle, Huntley, Atholl, Sutherland, Fleming, and a few influential chiefs. Several outlawed Englishmen took part in the proceedings. Lords Dacre and Westmoreland met with an enthusiastic reception from the Scots. Those brave and chivalrous noblemen assured the council that they joined heartily with their Scottish friends in the struggle to restore Queen Mary. Lord Westmoreland had the imprudence to inform this public meeting that he himself, and many thousands of his countrymen, looked upon the captive of Tutbury Castle as their lawful sovereign, and not upon the daughter of "wicked Nan de Bouleine." Westmoreland's indiscreet language did much injury to the cause he honestly advocated. The French party were represented at the council by De Virac. Sir John Gordon was unanimously selected by the Scotch council to wait upon Queen Elizabeth and respectfully demand the restoration of their sovereign lady, Queen Mary. They further protested against the violation of their country by English armies, who, by their wanton destruction of life and property, placed themselves beyond the pale of civilized nations.† The excitement caused in Scotland by the conduct of England to the people of that country became for a time of serious interest. Randolph, then residing in Edinburgh, had to retire to Berwick to avoid the fury of the populace.‡ "The friends of England at Edinburgh," writes Mr. Froude, "were appalled by the vacillation of Elizabeth at this time" (1570). The "vacillation," however, was only apparent; for in the deep recesses of the English queen's heart was evidently written her undying hatred of everything and everybody who sought to uphold the interest, or even safeguard the life, of Mary Stuart. In 1570 there was a number of disaffected English along the Border Country, also a few desperate men from Ireland. When Elizabeth became acquainted with the proceedings of the council—and especially with the fact that her "rebel subjects were present and well received"—she stormed in a terrific fit of

passion, stamped her foot, and uttered her usual oaths, that the Scots should dare thus openly to insult her by receiving in their councils her traitor subjects and listening unchecked to their rebellious words. "Vengeance is mine," exclaimed the English queen, with blasphemous Biblical familiarity. An army of some five thousand men was quickly assembled at Berwick; the chief command of this force was given to Lord Sussex—a man well acquainted with the art of shooting down and hanging from the trees unarmed men and supplicating women, and then burning houses over young and old. The leading men of the "rebel confederation," as the adherents of Mary Stuart were called in the reign of Elizabeth, had escaped, and were beyond the reach of the English government or the Scotch regent (Lord Moray); but the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland fell into the hands of Lord Moray by the vilest means that could disgrace the officials of any land. It is affirmed that Queen Elizabeth instructed Sir William Cecil "to do his utmost to decoy Northumberland into England." It is, however, only fair to the queen to state that Cecil required "no promptings" from his royal mistress when a despotic or base action was to be perpetrated in her behoof. So a plan was quickly arranged. Robert Constable, a Yorkshire gentleman, "a near relative and a Catholic—a professing one—and a bosom friend," as he describes himself, of Northumberland, was engaged to play the character of a traitor of the basest type. Constable crossed the Border, and, after some disguise and treachery, discovered the hiding-place of his confiding and high-minded cousin, Northumberland. He immediately made professions of hearty loyalty to the cause of the leaders of the English outlaws, and, above all, brotherly love for his kinsman. No suspicion crossed the mind of Northumberland and his outlawed companions. They hailed their visitor as a noble and disinterested friend. The next step taken by Constable was to write to Sir Ralph Sadler, informing him how "far he had got into the confidence of his 'beloved cousin' and the other confederates, whom he had advised to return to England." Queen Elizabeth rejoiced to hear of this intelligence from her secretary. Constable was promised a large sum, to be paid down in gold, if he succeeded in bringing the Earl of Northumberland and his friends within the territory of the English queen. In order to disarm suspicion Constable spent a night at Jedburg, in a house which was the resort of the most desperate men who wandered along the Border Country. Those outlaws, as they may fairly be styled, presented a mixture of the most opposite characteristics; they were profuse in their hospitality, and it remained a mystery as to where the money came from. No one dared to ask such a question.

#### THE BORDER OUTLAWS.

A Swedish traveller observes that "thieves, outlaws, rebels, and patriots, of various shades of opinion, found an asylum in the Border Country and lived on good terms; but when an English spy became known he was hanged from the nearest tree and his body quickly removed."

\* *Martyre de Marie Stuart.*

† *Despatches of the French envoy, De Virac; Proceedings of the Convention at Linlithgow; MS. of Adam Gordon.*

‡ *Sir Thomas Randolph to Lord Sussex.*

The writer adds: "The poorest of this mixed community spurned the gold cautiously offered by the agents of Queen Elizabeth, several of whom were killed on suspicion of tracking English and Irish outlaws. The outlaws of the Border Countrie were very popular with the Scotchwomen, of whom many romantic narratives have been related."

Some of those exiled Englishmen were admirable story-tellers. They had travelled over the Continental cities and towns, and were well informed as to the scandal-gossip of many high circles. They were recklessly brave and well acquainted with fire-arms and sword-exercise. As to religion they were no bigots; some were professing Catholic, others Protestant, but all were true to the brotherhood, and Mary Stuart was their idol. The Protestant outlaws were, perhaps, the most enthusiastic supporters of the Queen of Scots. Pictures and mementos of the royal captive were to be seen in the apartments of the exiles. The name of the high-minded and faithful Jane Kennedy was lovingly toasted after that of the Queen of Scots. The time was passed amidst conviviality and danger, whilst treason-plots were continually progressing with daring courage. Queen Elizabeth had her spies in the Border Countrie, as well as in other districts, but a deadly fate awaited them the moment they were discovered. No mercy was extended, in any form, to a spy or an informer. An outlaw against either the English or the Scotch government was welcome and defended to the death. From what Constable witnessed in the Border Countrie he had not sufficient courage to attempt his desperate scheme of treachery. So it fell through. Another bravo, named Hector Armstrong, suddenly appeared upon the scene. This man was ready to undertake any adventure, ready to commit any crime, for gold. Few, however, even of his employers, trusted him, and Walsingham considered him "a dangerous man." Moray, the regent, having received private information from Armstrong that the Earl of Northumberland was at the house of Mr. Elliott, where a number of the supporters of the Queen of Scots were at supper, a party of men in the interest of Moray attacked the house. The outlaws were instantly roused to action, and they made a desperate fight, several being killed and wounded. The gallant Percy defended himself bravely, but was made a prisoner and carried off; he was subsequently lodged in Lochleven Castle, where he remained a close prisoner for two years. His arrest and detention were opposed to all international law and precedent. A writer upon the "extraordinary doings of the Border men" assures us "that Hector Armstrong, who was comparatively rich before the above events, fell shortly after into poverty, although he received £300 from Moray or Lord Marr for betraying his friend." Universal execration was raised against Armstrong. The "Border women cursed him on bended knees, and the children screamed at the mention of his name."

During the time Northumberland resided

\* Ratcliff's "Anecdotes of the Outlaws in the Border Countrie"; Ridpath's "Border History"; Crawford's "Memoirs of Border Life."

amongst the outlaws he was treated with marked respect and kindness by the poorer class, who were devoted to the cause of the Queen of Scots. It is stated that either Morton or Moray was present at the capture of Northumberland; but I think this statement is highly improbable, for about the quarter where the earl was arrested resided the deadly personal enemies of Moray and Morton, and it is not likely that either of them would escape death in the "hand-to-hand" struggle which took place on the night of the noble outlaw's arrest. Armstrong was formerly under many obligations to Lord Northumberland when residing in London. But this was the age of base actions. John Knox and Lord Moray corresponded with Cecil as to what means should be adopted to "hunt down the wandering rebels of the Borders."

Whilst negotiations were pending between Elizabeth and the Scotch regent for the "betrayal and sale" of Lord Northumberland, the career of Moray was suddenly brought to a close by the well-aimed shot of one of his victims—Hamilton Haugh.

(To be continued.)

## A CURIOUS CALCULATION.



ECull the following from a Paris newspaper: Some singular genius has perpetrated the following calculations, which are amusing: "I have been married 32 years, during which time I have received from the hands of my wife three cups of coffee each day, two in the morning and one at night, making about 35,040 cups of half a pint each, or nearly 70 barrels of 30 gallons each, weighing 17,520 pounds, or nearly nine tons weight. Yet from that period I have scarcely varied myself in weight from 160 pounds. It will therefore be seen that I have drunk in coffee alone 218 times my own weight. I am not much of a meat eater, yet I presume I have consumed about eight ounces a day, which makes 5,806 pounds, or about ten oxen. Of flour I have consumed in the 32 years, about 50 barrels. For 20 years of this time, up to 1871, I have drunk two wine glasses of brandy each day, making 900 quarts. The port wine, madeira, whisky punch, etc., I am not able to count, but they are not large. In champagne I have been extremely moderate, as I find from my bills that I have paid for 53 baskets in the last 13 years, which is about one bottle a week, and this not all consumed by me. When we take into the account all the vegetables in addition, such as potatoes, peas, asparagus, strawberries, cherries, apples, pears, peaches, raisins, etc., the amount consumed by an individual is most enormous. Now, my body has been renewed more than four times in 32 years; and taking it for granted that the water, of which I have drunk much, acts merely as a diluent, yet, all taken together, I conclude that I have consumed, in 32 years, about the weight of 1100 men of 160 pounds each.





“‘CAN’T TELL YOU, MR. HENRY!’”

## The Martins of Leberton.

BY OLIVER CRANE.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE ROBBERY.

**T**O Peggy’s remarks I made no reply, but in wonder started off to Oldbury, not even stopping at my mother’s cottage, though I had to cross the turnpike-road and to go over the little wooden bridge in front of it. Few were on the road. I met no one to check my progress till coming over the bridge I saw Martha Cunningham, on her way from the hall, where she was employed as needlewoman, and on this occasion was going with a letter to the office of Mr. Norris. With a solemn face the woman wished me “Good day,” adding :

“It’s a sore trial, a terrible cross, sir !”

“What is ?” I said, wondering at the same time why she had been selected instead of a man-servant to deliver what appeared to me from its large size a rather bulky communication.

“Can’t tell you, Mr. Henry. God bless you ! He will never put too heavy a cross on the shoulders of one who is always mindful of those in need.”

I did not wait to hear more, and soon reached Oldbury. I walked in at an open door, and found myself in the midst of a group of servants and police. I uttered one name only :

“Mrs. Slade !”

Someone took me kindly by the arm, and led me into the open air. I sat down on a bench, and felt sure something had happened to my Alice.



"Keep up, Henry," said my friend's sympathetic voice. "Surely you know what has happened?"

"No," I said.

"No! The house has been robbed."

"I know that."

"Mr. Oldbury is badly hurt."

"I know that, too."

"The wretches made off —"

"I know that also—well?" and I trembled.

"When we assembled together—keep up, Henry Martin—Holy Mary, pray for us—Alice was gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes, gone! We have looked everywhere; are doing everything. No care, thought, or money is spared. There is no more to be told—yes, a handkerchief, the little blue striped one she wore at the time on her neck, was found caught in the bushes by the river bank, under the foot-bridge. That is all."

I was as strong as any man of twenty-three ever was, but when I heard Mrs. Slade say that Alice was gone, and that no exertion that had been made in the hours that had passed since had brought any news of her, then—I fainted, falling back, as they afterwards told me, like a dead man against the back of the bench. One of the men-servants ran out hearing Mrs. Slade's cry, and I soon recovered; but I was so heart-struck that I could not bear anybody to look at me. I opened my eyes and saw a crowd of kind faces; but then I closed my eyes again, for it was more than I could bear. In another instant I heard the kind voice of Father Bide, the aged priest whom I have ever respected in my heart. I heard, too, that many footsteps were departing from about me; and presently Father Bide said:

"Young man, you are exhausted, Mr. Rawlins has brought you something, and you must take it."

Then I opened my eyes, and saw Mr. Rawlins, the butler, and he had a little tray, which he placed on the end of the bench; and then he took Mrs. Slade's place by my side. He gave a sandwich into my hand, and I ate it, feeling scarcely in my senses, and then I sipped at some sherry and water. It refreshed me very much.

"When did you eat last?" he asked, with a smile.

"I don't know," I said.

And that was quite true, for I had had too much to do to think about food, and, in fact, since I had taken one cup of tea at my mother's table before my walk on the preceding evening, I had not had any food of any kind for four-and-twenty hours. Now, as I look back upon it, I can remember it all so well.

There was the fine enclosed yard, and the acacia trees loaded with flowers, hanging over the wall, and shedding a delicious perfume. There were the towering heads of the old cedars, and inside the wall the old rose trees, all carefully trained and covered with roses—white, golden, yellow, the sweetest pink, and the darkest red.

These flowers were cultivated by the men-servants. The flower-border in front of them was called "Cook's Garden."

I suppose in the old-fashioned times, this old

rooted-up garden border had been full of mint and thyme, parsley and sage; but now the servants had taken this ground under the sunny wall for their own pleasure place; and I, who had been so often there, now, while my head was swimming with weakness, and such a noise in my ears from exhaustion that I could hardly hear anything distinctly, felt all those particularities in the place around me, and began to wonder how the robbers of the night before got in, and whether or not they had had anything to do with the disappearance of Alice. As soon as my strength was sufficiently restored, I looked up in Father Bide's venerable face, and said:

"For the love of mercy, tell me all about it, sir."

And then he spoke so simply and gravely. I am always grateful to him for his goodness that night. He saw in a moment how my heart was bruised, and my spirits broken for the time, and he knew that the best healing was to give me a simple narrative of all that had occurred. The story was this:

About midnight when the storm was at the darkest, Mr. Oldbury thought that he heard a noise. No idea of robbers was in his mind. He only wondered if any tiles off the roof had been moved, or if a limb of a tree had fallen. After a time he again heard something. He could not tell what time had elapsed between those two alarms, for he did not know whether he had been asleep or not.

This time he got up and opened the door. He thought he heard a step. A light that it was the custom of the house to burn on the landing at the head of the great staircase was put out—all was darkness.

The only place where Mr. Oldbury knew he could certainly find matches in the dark was in the sacristy of the chapel. He went down the passage, therefore, with his slippers and dressing-gown on, in order to get a light. He was not even then alarmed. He could hardly believe that the house was attacked. But he had heard something, and found the lamp out, so he would examine into things and satisfy himself. He stayed in the sacristy several minutes listening, but heard nothing.

You must understand that the chapel is at the end of a passage, leading from the landing at the head of the front stairs, and that, as you stand facing the chapel door, you have the sacristy door on the right hand side, and the little staircase on the left is the one which the servants, tenantry, and others come up to the chapel. This old staircase, called the chapel-staircase was steep, and to prevent any accident with the children as they passed in and out at Mass and at prayers, there was a little wooden gate.

It was a slight sound which Mr. Oldbury knew very well as belonging to the latch of this gate that caught his ear, as he stood concealed and listened. Then came another sound—someone's hand was on the sacristy door. No doubt this person expected to find it locked, but it opened easily—and there was Mr. Oldbury. A fierce struggle ensued. Mr. Oldbury forcing the man back, till, by a smart blow, Mr. Oldbury's arm was broken, and in return the man was flung

back with such violence that he fell backward down the stairs. He, was caught in an angle where the stairs turned, and fell doubled up in a crushed position, from which he was unable to move. Mr. Oldbury left him and alarmed the house. By the time the men of the household had got together, the injured man on the staircase had gone. Some went off in pursuit; some examined the house with Mr. Oldbury, and, being a large household, and all in motion, a long time passed before enquiry was made for Mr. Rawlins, the butler, and Alice.

Alice was nowhere to be found. On the way to Mr. Rawlin's room, which was called the tower-room, and which was between two other rooms, the muniment room and the plate room, was found one of Alice's shoes, so it was supposed that she was on her way to alarm Mr. Rawlins. But she could not have reached him, for the good man was sound asleep in his lonely tower, and the movement that had been going on down below had not penetrated the thick walls of this part of the ancient house.

Search was made for Alice now. The pantry downstairs had been robbed. Every bit of plate in common wear was gone. There must have been several persons on the premises, though only one had been seen. There were marks outside, too, which showed how they had got into the house, which gave evidence, the police thought, of three men and a boy having been employed in the robbery. At the time, however, the family at Oldbury thought of nothing but Alice. Advertisements had already been sent to the papers; handbills printed; large rewards offered; and a number of people sent out to search.

The only discovery, so far, had been that she must have been near the footbridge, because, beneath it, caught on the bushes, was her silk blue-striped little neck-tie.

As I was now well enough, I was taken to see Mr. Oldbury. He was in bed with his broken arm, which had not been many hours set.

I told him of the few words I had overheard going to see Brooks. I told him that the man who had been killed in my house had a broken ankle, and marks as from a fall. I told him, also, that he had been identified as a bad Catholic.

"Yes," he said, "I thought I knew him."

And then he mentioned his name—Jemmy Jackson's son!

"Go now," he said, "the thought is more than I can bear."

## CHAPTER VII.

"ALICE, OR NO ALICE."

I WENT slowly out of the room, saying to myself:

"The thought is more than I can bear!"

Far above the loss of worldly possessions—of injury to his house—of his own broken limb—came the thought of the bad Catholic, and his awful end. Dearest than any earthly thing was the sinner's soul—"The thought is more than I can bear!" So I went, as Mr. Oldbury told me; but I took his words, and his voice, and his sad

awe-struck face away with me in my memory, and shall never forget them.

But I could not leave Oldbury till I had seen Mrs. Slade once more.

"Are you *sure* that everything is being done to find Alice?"

"Sure," she said.

"And cannot I do anything?" I cried out, for I was in terrible distress.

"You can do a deal of mischief," she said, looking gravely at me.

"It is not to be expected that I should do nothing," I answered, truly angry.

"You will have to abide God's will," she said; "you will have to *wait*."

"Oh, give me a little more consolation," I sighed forth in my despair.

"You may try to pray," she said, "now mind, I don't ask for your prayers. I ask only for the prayers of all true Christians—the members of the Catholic Church—but if you are really a man sincere in trying to serve God, sincere, too, in wishing to be all that God expects us to be, you will *pray*—pray for *her*, for *us*, for *yourself*—pray for God's grace."

So then I said good bye to Mrs. Slade, and walked slowly away.

I went first to the foot-bridge. I did not feel pleased with Mrs. Slade for saying that she did not *ask* for my prayers, nevertheless, that, if I was sincere, I should pray. "Would my darling Alice have said so?" I asked petulantly in my heart, and instantly my heart answered, "Yes." Instantly my heart seemed to say to me that if that was the feeling with good Catholics, then that I would not have had her a loose, or faithless, or ignorant Catholic for all the world.

"Why," said I, arguing *against* myself, and *to* myself, "if Catholics believe that the Church which is theirs came to them by God's will, through a succession of bishops and priests straight from Jesus Christ, of course they must, and ought to be strict; to be so very easy-minded as might, perhaps, please me, would be to be thankless for the greatest of gifts, and disrespectful to God Himself. But," I went on, "I like honest, understanding, faithful people. If Alice is a Catholic, then, to please me, she can't be too good a one. And now," thought I, for I had got to the foot-bridge, "I will pray."

I stood still, it was all sweet, cool, peaceful shade. There was no sound but that of the rippling waters. The long grass, and the fern were at my feet, springing up among great rocky stones, which lay about, and were coloured with patches of bright moss.

"Now," said I, with a strange sort of solemnity creeping over me, "now I will pray!" But not a word or a thought came. A wonder, that turned me sick, as to how the poor girl got there—as to which of the little branches had caught her neck-tie—as to whether she had thrown it down as a signal, or whether she had been killed, and was, even then, lying a poor disfigured corpse among the high fern and thick bushes not far from my feet, quite possessed and overpowered me. I could not pray. I wandered about searching, fearing, shivering. Then I was taken with such a strange tremour that I, who had never known

anything of illness, felt frightened—so frightened lest I should lose my health, or my senses, that I really *did* pray. I dropped on my knees in the dim, shadowy light, with a chill air playing round me, and I prayed—but not for Alice, for *myself*. “Lord have mercy upon me a sinner.”

I kept on saying it. I had nothing else to say. Indeed, I know now, that I could never have said anything better. *Lord have mercy upon me a sinner!*

So, after a time I got up, feeling very quiet, and with a sense of trust in God within me which I never had before. I felt that we must work with all our strength of body and mind, and trust in God with all our souls.

It was like standing on firm ground to feel this as distinctly as I felt it. I thought I would go home; eat, sleep, and renew my energies, and then use them, praying to God.

I had a feeling that God would make me what he chose me to be, if I used my energies, working well, and asking his mercy. I might be received into the Church. I might find Alice and be her husband, impossible as it looked at that hour, if I prayed and was humble and sincere.

So I walked homewards, saying, “Lord, teach me to pray—teach me to love Thee.” I liked to say those last words very much, so I said them over and over again. For love gives, and love accepts, and there is no measure for love’s strength, and no end of love’s faithfulness. God loved my soul—I knew that. I would love true. “Lord, teach me to love Thee.” I said it again and again. I hoped never to forget to say it. I desired to say it all my life long.

And thus, I wish you to understand, that my great trouble—the great and unexpected events of the last few hours had broken me up, like hard land broken by the plough.

I had heard of the true Church; I had had my love accepted by my darling girl; I had listened to the voice of sinners taking counsel together; I had been waked from sleep by the cry of a soul going to judgment; I had looked on a murdered man; I had found that that murder had been done by his own evil companions for their own safety’s sake; and then my Alice was gone—gone where none could protect her but only God Himself, Who knows all things, and could see her from Heaven.

So I was, as it were, forced back upon God. I was obliged to go to Him as my friend. And what right had I?

The question would come. I was an ignorant man on these things; but I answered the question as well as I could:

“By the right of being born,” I said. “Now I am in the world, therefore, I ask the Lord of all things to protect me.”

But it was not enough. I yearned for a tenderer answer. Then came the thought of Jesus, as the Good Shepherd.

“I am a poor wounded, tortured, broken-hearted wanderer,” I said. “Take me into Thy arms, and carry me home.”

In my desperate circumstances my heart got prepared for the good end. In my wounded state I went to Him who is strong to save—the Good Shepherd—the Great Physician.

As I have said, I was, as it were, forced into the true refuge for us all. “Be Thou my help; teach me to love Thee; carry me home—home!” I was saying.

“Perhaps,” I said, “she is speaking—perhaps she is dead, and praying for my soul.”

I think—so much did I suffer—that if I could have *known* she was dead, I should have been happy. I was sure she had been torn away from her home by ruffians; carried by them to infamous haunts, and subjected to trials and dangers to think that death might come as a mercy.

Alice, my Alice! how could I meet the darkness—how could I lie down on my bed of peace? How could I have felt otherwise than I *did* feel—broken to pieces, and *forced* to go for help to God?

Then, when I got home, and met my mother’s anxious face at the garden gate, she said, bursting into tears:

“God help you, oh, my son!”

“Where is Ben?” I asked.

“Oh, the boy can’t see you. He heard they had taken off your dear Alice—the brutes! He could not bear to see you; he felt it so.” And then again she wept bitterly.

Not here, and there, and everywhere, and anywhere—my spirit, made sincere in its desperation, sickened at such ideas, not at the meeting-house of my friend Thomas, nor at others of the parish churches of Oldbury or Leverton, where our parson preached one thing, and the others just the contrary.

I could not do without God now. Where shall I find him? I knew what Alice would say, if her dear voice had been allowed to speak to me that night:

“In the Catholic Church,” she would have said, “which is One, which is Holy, which is Catholic, which is Apostolic.”

(To be continued.)

## BEFORE THE EXAMINATION.

ONE has a headache, one a cold.  
One has her neck in flannel rolled;  
Ask the complaint, and you are told  
“Next week’s examination.”

One frets and scolds, and laughs, and cries,  
Another hopes, despairs, and sighs;  
Ask but the cause, and each replies,  
“Next week’s examination.”

One bans her books, then grasps them tight,  
And studies morning, noon, and night,  
As though she took some strange delight  
In these examinations.

The books are mark’d, defac’d and thumb’d,  
The brains with midnight tasks benumb’d,  
Still, all in that account is summed,  
“Next week’s examination.”

L. D.

## THE OIL FIELDS.

## II.

**A**BOUT the year 1874, came the discovery of the amazing wealth of the "Bradfield oil fields," which alone, in the year 1880, yielded twenty-two millions of barrels.

The discoverers of any abundant oil deposit take all the care they can to keep their good luck a secret, but are seldom very successful in this. Crowds of people hurry to the spot. In the case of the celebrated Cherry Grove well, in Warren County (State New York), which was struck in the spring of 1882, in the heart of a lonely forest, the discoverers did all in their power to keep their secret, and even to place sentinels on watch night and day to shoot any rash intruder, yet the secret was discovered almost immediately. Within a month two busy towns had sprung up, as if by enchantment—wooden, it is true, but not the less towns—where there were hotels and drinking bars, and even recreation in the form of a theatre. Within six months of the day when the first oil-geyser spouted in Cherry Grove, upwards of three hundred wells had been sunk, and all were hard at work. But this could not continue: the overflow, which, in August, had reached 40,000 barrels a day, gradually diminished and soon became so poor that numbers of disheartened men abandoned their wells and carried away their machinery in search of more profitable fields.

Thus it is that the oil-region is dotted over with the traces of what were once, for a little season, busy towns with thousands of inhabitants—now utterly deserted, only tall unsightly derricks of rotting timber remain to warn off careless steps from too near an approach to the deep, abandoned well.

In 1883 Richburg, New York, was a rural village of two hundred inhabitants, remarkable as being a religious community known as Seventh Day Baptists. One memorable day one of the brethren chanced to strike an oil spring, and the spirit of gambling was awakened. Land rose from ten dollars an acre to two hundred; within three months 550 oil wells were started, and the Seventh Day Baptists sold their land at an enormous increase. The once peaceful village of Richburg has now (1884) upwards of five thousand money-craving, energetic inhabitants, with hotels, "rum holes," banks, Chinese laundries, and an opera house, including one notable proof of rapid progress—namely, that it has had three murders in six weeks.

Four lines of railway have been laid and opened during these three months, and in regard to this I may mention a novelty in the way of railway disasters quite peculiar to themselves. In January, 1884, the train running across the oil-region near Bradford, in Pennsylvania, came to a spot where a well had suddenly spouted and overflowed, and the oil-stream flowed across the line. Sparks from the engine ignited the oil which at once blazed up and set fire to the train, and before it could be stopped and the passengers extricated, thirty persons were frightfully injured, and three women had been burned to death.

Canada has springs to the north of Lake Ontario, but Pennsylvania is the chief region of these deposits.

This is enough to show that, however great the demand for earth oil may become for the purpose of calming the troubled sea, the supply is not likely to be exhausted; but it is found also in the other quarters of the world, and in Asia on the banks of the Caspian Sea there are wells the supply from which is enormous.

So lately as 1875 Ludwig Nöbel and his brother, engineers and Swedes, heard reports, and saw enough to believe themselves justified in undertaking works at Baku on the Caspian, and the results have been such that a detailed account of their progress is of the highest interest. On a future occasion we may, perhaps, place this history before our readers.

## III.—MINERAL OIL.

We will now turn our attention to the supply of mineral oil afforded by Asia, which in more senses than one may be called the Cradle of Light, as there is reason to believe that upwards of 4000 years ago the people of Nineveh and Babylon had made use of the mineral oil which flowed from the Fountains of Is, on the Euphrates. It was collected in great pits, and the more solid deposits formed the asphalt "slime" which was used by the builders of Babylon to cement their bricks.

Burmah has long valued her supplies of earth-oil derived from springs near the river Irawaddy, and Burmese naphtha and Rangoon tar find their way even to British markets. These wells are about sixty feet deep, and yield an oil about the consistency of treacle.

The Ghebres, or fire-worshippers, of Persia, have ever recognised a sacred fire-symbol in the flame of the native naphtha, which flows from the soil in some parts of Persia in so pure a form as to burn without rectification. The word naphtha is derived from a Persian word, *nafata*, which signifies "to exude."

In the year 1880, the fire temple of Surukhani, on the western shore of the Caspian sea, was still frequented by reverent pilgrims, who for 2000 years had come to worship at a spot where the sacred earth-fed flame burned unceasingly. Inexhaustible supplies of gas were obtained by merely inserting pipes into the earth. But since this spot has become the centre of a busy trade, and the springs have become desecrated, the ancient fire temple has been abandoned, and the pious worshippers are replaced by admiring travellers, who go for an evening row on the Caspian to visit the submarine oil springs to the south of the town of Baku. Here petroleum and naphtha rise to the surface and form little eddies on the water, which is only about fourteen feet deep, and a handful of blazing straw being thrown upon the naphtha it ignites, and on a calm night a dozen of these flaming spots produce a fairy-like illumination.

Besides these submarine springs, the naphtha which exudes from the ground on every side of the old Persian town of Baku is so inflammable that the light naphtha-gas was often known to ignite spontaneously, and to play in livid flames above fissures in the rocks.

The sleepy Persian town, with its small trade in opium, salt, naphtha and perfumes, has experienced a great change since the genius of commerce has established itself, and Baku, which was some ten years ago the peaceful abode of some 1200 persons, has now developed into a great commercial centre and a place of increasing political importance, with 30,000 inhabitants. This transformation has been effected by petroleum.

The town of Baku is situated on Apsheron Peninsula, a high sandy plain about fifteen miles in width and projecting thirty miles into the Caspian. The ground on every side is black with waste petroleum, indeed the whole surface of the soil is as a sodden crust into which, in hot sunshine, the foot sinks to a depth of two or three inches, while in cold weather it attains to the consistency of asphalt. The atmosphere is poisoned by the dense smoke pouring from the chimneys of about 250 refining factories, and the air is redolent of petroleum. The surrounding country is desolate and dreary, and totally unproductive by nature; the soil is saturated by the naphtha which lies on the surface in pools and lakes.

Russia possesses groups of oil springs in various parts of the empire, but none are so rich as those of Baku, the commercial value of which was so fully foreseen by Peter the Great that he seems to have undertaken the conquest of this district in order to secure so precious a possession. Early in the present century a monopoly was granted to a Russian merchant named Meerzoeff, whose descendants retained it till 1872, during which time the work was carried on in a most slovenly and unsatisfactory manner. There was no boring attempted, the oil was only collected in shallow pits, and the small quantity thus obtained was sold at prohibitive prices. When America began to export good petroleum at a moderate price it soon carried the Russian market, and, in 1872, the Russian Government, finding the country flooded with American produce, while Baku, with its unbounded stores, could only supply two million gallons, interfered, and the monopoly was abolished.

The ground was now divided into plots of twenty-five acres, and the purchasers carried on their work individually and without combination. The produce on the whole increased, but the waste was enormous in consequence of the inadequate provision for storing the oil which flowed so copiously on the smallest provocation. Oil newly struck will spout up in a column of forty feet in height, and continue playing for several days. Even less active fountains sometimes flood the ground to a depth of six inches, forming pools of oil, and channels have to be dug to lead it off to the sea to avoid the danger of explosion before tanks can be made ready. There is a fountain at Balakhani which has been flowing steadily for upwards of two years and still continues to yield 800 barrels a day. Another well, not far off, began by throwing up a jet of thirty feet into the air and then flooding the land with oil for a considerable distance all around. Near this spot an oil spring on being tapped straightway threw up a column of petroleum to twice the height and size of the Great Geyser in Iceland, forming a huge black fountain two hundred feet in height.

This fountain on the first day poured forth about two million gallons or fifty thousand barrels. It continued to play for five months, gradually decreasing week by week till it finally ceased to play. But in spite of this abundant supply the work was still carried on in such a slovenly and desultory manner that the expenses of collecting and of transport were so great that America could still pay freight from Pennsylvania, and undersell the Baku oil-merchants in their own Russian markets.

In the year 1875, Ludwig Nöbel, one of two Swedish brothers, engineers, whose father had settled in Petersburg as a gunsmith, sent his brother Robert to the Caucasus to purchase walnut wood, suitable for making gun-stocks. On his journey, Robert Nöbel chanced to visit Baku, and was so struck with the wonderful capabilities of the oil region, that, on relating his impressions to Ludwig, he sent him back to make further investigations, and soon followed in person. Perceiving the enormous advantage which would be derived from systematic working, the brothers sought to interest others in the matter, but without success. Their theories were denounced as folly: the producers, the land transport carriers, the steamboat and railway companies were all against them, so they resolved to start in their own fashion.

They calculated that to do this would require an outlay of about £1,380,000; so to obtain this they must inspire others with their own enthusiasm. They first imported a body of wise and steady Swedes, who would work faithfully for them. Then they established great refineries at Baku, laid down oil-pipes thence to the oil-fields of Balakhani—distant about six miles—and then began scientific boring to a greater depth than had yet been attempted. They were subjected to great difficulties in all this. The oil carriers seeing their profession endangered, often endeavoured to pull up the pipes; and at first it was found necessary to keep sentinels always on guard to defend them.

In order to dispense with the use of barrels the cost of which was great, as all the wood required had to be imported from afar, the Nöbel Brothers carried pipes from their refineries to the seashore, so as to pump the oil direct into great iron tanks on board the steamers, whence, at the end of the voyage, it could be pumped into tanks on the railway, and so carried to great reservoirs in all parts of Russia. The railway and steamboat companies, however, persisted in their refusal to coöperate, and the Nöbels were thus compelled to have steamers built specially for their own trade, with great cisterns capable of containing 750 tons of oil and constructed to burn only oil-fuel. They now own upwards of a dozen large steamers on the Caspian, thirty specially adapted for traffic on the Volga, and they chartered fully twenty more steamers to carry their naphtha refuse to various parts for sale.

They have also built for themselves fourteen hundred locomotive oil-cars—i.e., cylindrical tanks on railway waggons, besides a great number of large iron reservoirs at the wells, at the refineries, and at all the chief railway stations, the largest being in Petersburg. So now the petroleum

shipped at Baku is conveyed to every part of the empire, even to the shores of the Baltic in trains, each numbering twenty-five oil-cars, whence it passes to Sweden, Germany, and wherever else it can obtain an entrance, in determined rivalry to the petroleum of America, which it has already well nigh expelled from the Russian market.

The supply of oil appears to be inexhaustible, for already twelve thousand square miles have been proved to be oleiferous, and as yet only six miles are being developed. The oil-bearing stratum is found to extend beneath the Caspian Sea, where it crops up in Icheliken, a true isle of oil, which literally streams into the sea, from hills and cliffs, which are entirely formed of ozokerite—in other words, of crude paraffin. In fact, the supply of mineral oil in this region appears as if quite inexhaustible.

While Ludwig Nobel continues to be the acknowledged oil king of the Caspian, his marvelous success has given a tremendous impetus to the whole life of the oil trade, and numerous capitalists have pressed forward to follow in his footsteps, so that Baku has rapidly developed into a large city, with a coast-line of about six miles sweeping round a well-protected harbour, crowded with shipping. Forty new steel steamers, specially fitted with great tanks, were to be delivered to various firms before the close of 1883, and several hundred sailing vessels have been constructed for the same purpose.

A notable feature in all these steamers is that they are worked entirely with oil-fuel. Newcastle coal will soon cease to find a market on the Black Sea.

### "PERSONET HEC CELIS DULCISSIMA VOX GABRIELIS."

*Inscription round an ancient bell in S. Mary's Parish Church, Badsworth, Yorks. Supposed to have been the Sanctus Bell.*

How fitting was it, that this bell,  
Whose ancient office was to tell  
To all the people, far and near,  
Unable to be present there,  
The holiest part of Holy Mass,  
When bread into the Word doth pass,—  
How fitting was it, that this bell,  
Should be surnamed Gabriel,—  
Should, after God, to him be given;  
One of the great archangels seven.

'Twas Gabriel's office to make known  
To Mary, and, through her, to all,  
His advent, whom we rightly own  
Our God, and our Redeemer call.  
So, in the Holy Mass, this bell  
Performed the work of Gabriel,  
Like him, announcing unto men  
God's coming, hidden from our ken.

J. WILSON (Badsworth Postman).

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINBECK.

### CHAPTER III.

**T**HE sun had sunk for some hours beneath the western sky, and the stars of Charles's wain had passed the zenith, the moon shed her pale light over the slumbering landscape, and the murmuring breeze played among the branches of the overhanging trees. All breathed of rest and peace, and even upon the island in S. Peter's lake the very men who a few hours before had fought each other with a deadly hatred, now slumbered side by side.

F. Jaques had wrapped the injured hands of the Oblates in some fragments he had torn from his own shirt, and stripped of the dress of his Order, and bareheaded and barefooted, sat by the brave René Gaupil, whose aching head rested upon his lap. William Couture, faithful unto death, lay senseless at the feet of the priest, who, in spite of his fearful exhaustion, and his burning wounds, had yet strength enough left to care for his suffering companions.

René's spirit passed in rapid succession through the phantasies caused by the fever of his wounds. He was again in his distant home and his bloodless lips murmured: "Mother! Madeleine, I am with you!" Then awaking, he raised his wounded head, and in a weak voice asked for water.

The young Mohawk, who watched the prisoners, heard the request of the suffering man, and approached him that he might not misunderstand a foreign language. The missionary had heard it also, and by signs expressed René's wish to his guard. Then the Indian silently took a gourd which was hanging from a branch, held out the refreshing drink to the white man, and then offered it to the missionary. The Oblate drank plentifully, and F. Jaques wetted his lips. The savage then again hung the flask upon the tree, and, after he had commanded silence, by placing his finger on his lip in a significant manner, and pointing to his sleeping companions, his tomahawk and his skull, returned noiselessly to his post. The angel of God recorded this good deed in shining letters in the book of life.

The stars had now begun to pale, and the wind moved the branches of the trees and carried the lead-coloured surface of the lake. Then the bark of a fox was heard on the shore of the neighbouring island, and two ravens rose into the air as if suddenly disturbed from their rest. Then there was a profound silence. Yet, in spite of this seeming repose, the Mohawk who held watch over the plundered canoes must have remarked something which excited his powers of observation, for he slipped behind the trunk of a fallen maple tree and looked sharply across to the other bank, from which a dark object, like the floating stem of a tree was unloosed, and slowly pushed into the water. The nearer this dark mass approached the place of the Mohawk's concealment,



so much the more clearly did he perceive it to be the trunk of a tree such as are driven down the stream of the S. Lawrence in thousands every year. The mighty log of wood followed the south-easterly course of the river, till, when about eighty paces from the island, it suddenly stood still, and then slowly steered for a marshy corner by the landing place of the canoes. Some power, for the present invisible, seemed to propel it.

Then, as the shrill cry of a king-fisher sounded over the water, the Mohawk let the gun which he had raised sink down, and now observed a man who was swimming and pushing the mass of wood before him with great strength and dexterity. The Mohawk left his concealment, placed the butt-end of his rifle on the ground, and waved his left hand over his head, to show the swimmer that he had heard his signal and recognized him. But yet he made no attempt to give the man any help, though he might easily have done so. He had no great feeling of friendship for him, or he would not have left him to struggle against the stream by himself; and yet he could not have been a declared enemy or the Mohawk's rifle would not have remained so long silent.

And now the mysterious arrival performed the rest of his task. With wonderful adroitness and knowledge of the place, he drove on his tree-trunk, upon which lay a long heavy rifle, and a rough powder horn, so carefully through the flood that not a drop of water wetted either the weapon or ammunition. He must often enough have crossed this arm of the lake, and well knew its depths, for when about twenty paces from the shore, he gave his tree a mighty push, and turned it, so that his foot stood upon firm ground, while the water hardly reached the middle of his broad breast. He waded cautiously to the shore, for the shallow was but narrow and soon stood on dry ground. He examined his rifle and powder-horn very cautiously, and the result caused a grin of satisfaction to pass over his unpleasant face. He then wrung the water from his thick, reddish brown hair and rough beard, which looked as if it was trimmed with the hunting knife instead of the shears.

When the stranger had, after this fashion, completed his toilette, he noticed the Mohawk, who had seated himself on the trunk of a plane tree, and was looking at him with seeming indifference. He stepped slowly up to the red warrior, sat down near him, and began in the Mohawk language:

"The Hurons have fallen into the trap; what has become of the black-robe? He has not escaped?"

With a dark countenance, he looked at the Indian, who silently pointed to the bushes, behind which the prisoners were concealed.

"Good, very good," replied the questioner with a grin; "Eagle is brave and cunning," he continued after a while, for the Mohawk remained silent, "if he is bent upon prey, it cannot escape him. There will be great rejoicing in the villages when Eagle arrives there with his prisoners."

As no answer followed these words, and the Indian only stared at him as if he were dumb, the eyes of the bushranger sparkled with anger, his countenance showed ill-suppressed rage as his right hand doubled a fist.

"These copper-coloured fellows are no better than others," he muttered, in the jargon of his country which was then under Spanish dominion. "If I did not hate the beggarly French and their bald pated black-robcs, with such deadly hatred, and if the fat Hollanders in Renselaerswyl did not pay me, I would move neither hand nor foot for the red-skins."

"What says Red Hand?" asked the Mohawk suddenly, who, in spite of his obstinate silence, and his eyes immoveably fixed upon the stream, had not lost a word of his new companion. He did not understand the mixture of Spanish, Flemish and French that the white man had muttered; but there was such an unmistakeable and deadly hatred in his countenance that the cunning savage guessed very clearly the meaning of the strange words.

As if by chance he let his hand fall upon his girdle, in which were placed his tomahawk and knife, and then he repeated his question in a low voice:

"What does Red Hand say?"

"The brave Mohawks have had a good take. Airestai helped them. He gave a wicked conjuror into their hands. They must watch the black-robe very carefully, and not believe his words, for he has a clever tongue. The black-robe is a mighty conjuror, but if the Mohawks will torture him, Airestai will rejoice in hearing his cry for mercy, for he will not then be able to hurt them;" and, as he uttered these untruths, he cast a look at the watcher, which was more like that of a tiger than of a man.

"Aah!"

The Mohawk looked with surprise at the false white man, who read the effect of his wickedness in the Indian's face; for, like all savages, he was in a high degree superstitious, and feared nothing so much as magic and bad spirits.

This "Aah" was a certain sign to the white man that his diabolical intention in thus describing the missionary had answered, and he continued after a short pause:

"Does not my red brother know that the black robe is a child of the bad spirit? Airestai hates him, and will be glad that you should give him pain. For every cry which he utters you will win a new scalp. The black-robe must die at the stake, that your wives and children may laugh when he cries out in pain."

After these words, the white man rose, and would have gone to the resting place, but the Mohawk stood before him, and said decidedly:

"Red Hand cannot speak with Eagle. Eagle is sleeping. When the great light shines in the heavens, then will Eagle come to Red Hand. Red Hand can wait for him here."

The bushranger again sat down on the tree-trunk in sulky mood, and sank into a deep silence, which the Indian did not break.

The short morning twilight soon passed, and the sun had hardly shed his first rays upon the watery mirror when the sleepers awoke. With the stoical equanimity of the Indian, which makes no resistance to the unavoidable, the captive and almost without exception wounded Hurons, also, had availed themselves of the rest granted them. They knew, besides, the punishment which

awaited them, and that they should need all their strength to bear it.

F. Jaques had also got an hour or two of broken slumber, and by this short rest was decidedly refreshed. After a few quiet prayers, he prepared to go about his task of cooling and binding up anew the wounds of those who lay around.

The conquerors left him in peace, and when Eagle saw that the priest bestowed the same friendly care upon the Mohawks as upon the Hurons he looked with surprise at the black-robe, who, in spite of his hatred, excited his admiration. He could not imagine what inducement this singular white man could have, thus to take such loving care even of his enemies, and was in vain seeking the solution of this riddle, when, suddenly, the bushes were pushed aside, and the bushranger entered the circle. A diabolical joy appeared in his countenance, as he stepped up to the chief of the Mohawks, and pointing to the priest, said in the language of the savages:

"Eagle has made a good take, Airstai has given a mighty and cunning magician into the hands of his children that they may sacrifice him to him. The more the Mohawks make the black-robe suffer, and the more he cries out under it, so much the more will Airstai rejoice."

The chief's eyes shot fire as he asked:

"Does Red Hand believe that the black-robe will do any harm to my wounded braves?"

"He has not the power to do that, for Airstai protects them. But he intends differently. He will make Eagle and his braves believe that he is their friend, and if they allow themselves to be deceived by him, his magic will begin to work, and the Mohawks will find, when it is too late, that they have suffered a servant of the bad spirit to escape them, and then they will have to bear the anger of the mighty Airstai."

"Has Red Hand ever before seen this black-robe?"

"Not the black-robe, but I know the two other pale-faces who lie there. They are the magician's assistants. The Mohawks must keep a sharp eye upon all three, for they are clever and as subtle as snakes."

"When Eagle holds a snake in his claw he may writhe as much as he will, but he will not escape. Red Hand has kept his word and shall be rewarded."

The Mohawk chief said this in such a contemptuous tone, and made so commanding a movement of his hand that the bushranger thought it advisable to cease his attempt to irritate the contradictory leader against the imprisoned Frenchmen. He must often have experienced similar treatment from the wild man, for he took his dismissal very quietly, and withdrawing into the thicket, threw himself upon the dry leaves and muttered:

"Yes, you red villain, you may play the high minded, but you shall pay for it when the time comes. You shall not make me angry with your grand airs. Wait a little, we will have our reckoning."

The two Oblates only awoke when F. Jaques came to them to dress their wounds. They offered some fervent prayers with the holy priest,

and then, by his advice, again lay down to take as much rest as their conquerors allowed them. They had not seen the white man either come or depart, and the missionary was too much occupied to observe him.

As soon as the bushranger had withdrawn, Eagle called together the subordinate chiefs, and held a council. Their talk must have been a great deal about the bushranger, for the chief often pointed to the thicket into which he had gone; he did not seem to place much confidence in the pale-face.

The council might have lasted for about an hour when Eagle rose and had the captives brought for examination. He wanted to enquire into the plans of the French who had settled on the S. Lawrence. He also hoped to learn from them whether the Huron tribes had made a war treaty against the Iroquois, with them and the settlers on the Lakes Huron and Nipissing.

Many of the Hurons had received severe wounds, and must be taken away by the conquerors. Among them was a young chief, for whom the missionary had a great affection, who had been shot through the breast, and when two Mohawks now dragged forward the mortally wounded man, he turned his head to the missionary, who saw, with a bleeding heart, this treatment of his friend, and begged with a faint voice for Holy Baptism.

"Make me one of the children of your Great Spirit," he said. "He Who caused His Son to die, that all mankind should be happy, and not be overcome by the bad spirit. Make haste, Ondesonk, death is coming!"

The missionary held a gourd filled with water in his hand, from which he had been accustomed to relieve the thirst of the sufferers, and, as the two warriors placed the young Huron chief before Eagle, he stepped up fearlessly to the tribunal of the revenge-breathing savage, and turning to Eagle, he said in the Huron language:

"You will not prevent me from assisting this sufferer. I have tended your warriors."

The chief nodded in silence. The priest bent his knee, when, near a little opening in the thick underwood, the boughs cracked as if a hunted deer was passing through them. The Indians and the white men listened in surprise as the noise came nearer and nearer, and before the listening warriors had become quite certain whether a man or a beast were rushing through the thicket, the bushes were divided, and a tall, dark figure, before which the Mohawk braves drew back as from a spirit, sprang into the circle.

"Aah!" "Ahatsistari!" "Eustachius!" broke from the lips of the astonished people.

Had Heno the thunderer come down from the cloudless sky, and suddenly appeared among the red-skins, their surprise could hardly have been greater than it was now, that the equally feared and hated, and as yet unconquered, Huron chief stepped into the midst of his mortal enemies. It had been believed by all that he had retreated with his followers, and this quite unexpected return was equally inexplicable to friend and foe.

Without vouchsafing a look at the warriors, Ahatsistari hastened to the missionary, threw

himself on his knees before him, seized with both his hands that stretched out to him by the alarmed priest, and stammered in his native tongue:

"Eustachius has forgotten his duty, for he has not kept the promise he gave to Ondesonk in the village at Lake Nipissing. But he is come now to fulfil it. Ondesonk must pardon him. Eustachius then promised the Lord of heaven, to whom he prayed with the pale-faces, that good Ondesonk should never be left to wander about alone, so long as Eustachius should be able to follow him; he vowed that he would protect Ondesonk, and share with him whatever fate the great God should send him. Eustachius forgot that and went alone to protect his people from the attacks of the Red Wolf, and to lead the young men to revenge. But before the great light had come back from the land of the pale-faces, the great Spirit cried out to him, 'Your word is nothing!' and Eustachius returned. Now he remains with Ondesonk; he will live or die with him."

The first surprise over, several of the Mohawks would have thrown themselves upon Ahatsistari, but a commanding sign from Eagle withheld them, and with his hand upon his tomahawk the Mohawk chief approached his old enemy.

The Huron rose, slowly drew himself up, and addressed Eagle in these words:

"Here, Mohawk, you have the Climbing Cat. He gives himself into your power; he will no more tread the war path, his days are numbered, and he is ready to die."

As he said this, the faithful Huron threw his only remaining weapon at the feet of his foe, crossed his arms and looked at Eagle with such a piercing look that his eyes sank under it. He had understood what Ahatsistari had said to the priest, and there arose a feeling of humanity in his heart; for the Indian knew how to value truth and fidelity. But this emotion was soon stifled by the thirst for revenge. The name of Ahatsistari had been for many years the symbol of terror, and many an Iroquois had fallen under his tomahawk or his bow. And now the fearful man stood there unarmed, and gave himself into the hands of his foe.

Eagle soon recovered his self-possession, and made a sign to some of his braves.

"My young men shall take Climbing Cat. He will drink no more blood. My warriors shall bind his claws so that he shall use them no more. The great Spirit has turned away from the Hurons since they have belonged to the pale-faces. The great Spirit no longer speaks to the Hurons, and they do not know what they do. Ahatsistari prays with the black-robés, now he can show whether he has the heart of a warrior, or has become a woman."

In a moment, the Huron chief was bound, and F. Jacques had hardly recovered from his terror when he saw his faithful follower lying with the other prisoners. With a deep sigh he turned to Fittig, and bestowed upon him the rite of Holy Baptism.

In silence, and with more fear than reverence, the Mohawks looked on. When the priest, after the completion of the holy rite, bent over the

Christian to dress his wound, and to bind it up with a fresh bandage, Eagle turned to Ahatsistari:

"Climbing Cat is a warrior," he said, "and for this reason the Mohawk chief likes better to speak to him than to the black-robe. Let Climbing Cat tell the black-robe to speak his magic words, and exercise his power over my wounded braves, that they may again become strong and well."

Then the Christian Huron raised himself as well as he could on to his elbow, and said with a look of scorn:

"Ondesonk is not a makon-man, as the Red Wolves believe, because their eyes are dull, and the bad spirit dwells in them. Ondesonk has received great power from the Great Good Spirit. Ondesonk's Great Spirit is much stronger than Airestai, to whom the Red Wolves pray and offer bloody sacrifices. The black-robe did not make an incantation over my brave brother Fittig; he has prepared him to find the way to the land of happy souls. Eagle and his howling Wolves are blind and dumb."

"Climbing Cat lies. He shall be bound to the stake, and the black-robe, the pale-face with him. If the power of the black-robe is so great, and if his Great Spirit is mightier than Airestai he can set him free. Eagle and his braves laugh at the black-robe. Heno will not listen to him, and will not send down lightning at his command."

The chief then turned away from Ahatsistari, and began to question the other prisoners. He learned but little from them about the strength and the intentions of the Frenchmen and their Indian allies. The Hurons returned a scornful smile to all questions, and the two Oblates paid no attention to the Mohawks. The priest declared however, that he was a man of peace, and knew nothing of warlike plans. He had always advised peace, which he greatly desired.

Eagle commanded him to be silent, and exchanged some whispered words with the chiefs near him. Then the bushranger, who had been listening, suddenly joined the circle uncalled for and unexpected.

*(To be continued.)*

## SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.

SPEAK not harshly—much of care  
Every human heart must bear;  
Enough of shadows darkly lie  
Veiled within the sunniest eye.  
By thy childhood's gushing tears,  
By thy griefs of after years;  
By the anguish thou dost know  
Add not to another's woe.  
Speak not harshly, much of sin  
Dwelleth every heart within;  
In its closely covered cells  
Many a wayward passion dwells.  
By the many hours misspent,  
By the gifts to errors lent,  
By the wrong thou didst not shun,  
By the good thou hast not done,  
With a lenient spirit scan  
The weakness of thy fellow man.

# STRAY LEAVES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY — A.D. 1570-76.

BY S. HUHERT BURKE.

[CONTINUED.]

## TUTBURY CASTLE.

**I**N this narrative I cannot pass over Tutbury and its surroundings. It is situated on the south bank of the river Dove, which parts the counties of Derbyshire and Staffordshire. The ancient village of Tutbury is about five miles from Needwood Forest, once connected with the ballad lore and legendary exploits of Robinhood and his fair vanquisher, Clarinda. The Castle of Tutbury was originally a Roman fortress, but had been several times rebuilt and experienced frequent changes of masters. Mercian princes, Norman chiefs, and king-defying barons had in turn made Tutbury Castle their stronghold. It had been connected with the tragic story of the unfortunate Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, and associated with the splendour of the haughty John of Gaunt, who founded there his "Court of Minstrels." The castle was for a long period considered a place of impregnable strength. It was girded with a broad moat nearly thirty feet in depth, surrounded with lofty walls, ramparts, and flanking towers of defence, enclosing three acres of ground, the only access to it being by means of a drawbridge. In this gloomy fortress the unfortunate Queen of Scots was closely confined for nearly fifteen years. The reader can form some idea of the treatment which the royal captive received at Tutbury from the report made by the deputy-jailer to the queen's council: "The woman (Mary Stuart) is well watched by day and by night. The queen and her ministers may rest assured that the woman (Stuart) has no possible chance of escape, unless she could transform herself into a flea or a miserable little mouse." Another official states that at this very period no servant of the captive queen could speak to one another unless in the presence of Lord Shrewsbury's spies. The Queen of Scots was not permitted to open her lips to any one of her attendants, unless in the presence of one of the Talbot family. All her letters were in the hands of the jailers; and Mary Stuart's interviews with her physician were also in the presence of spies. The priest was hunted out altogether.

Gilbert Talbot, the deputy-jailer, received the "congratulations" of Queen Elizabeth for the manner in which he performed his duties at Tutbury Castle. In the face of the State Papers on Tutbury and its royal prisoner Mr. Froude asserts that the "plot to assassinate Lord Moray was originally formed in the household of Mary Stuart, if she herself was not the principal mover in it."†

\* Gilbert Talbot, deputy-jailer to the Earl of Shrewsbury, May 22nd, 1571. This precious document is to be seen amongst the Tutbury Castle State Papers (most secret) concerning the Queen of Scots.

† Froude's "History of England," vol. ix., p. 595.

## THE BETRAYAL AND SALE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

To return to the noble prisoner pining in Lochleven Castle for a period of two years. The Countess of Northumberland—a most devoted wife and a high-spirited and patriotic woman—went to the Low Countries, where, with laudable devotion, she contrived to collect the sum of two thousand pounds as a ransom for her husband.\* Lords Marr and Morton accepted the money offered, and next privately communicated with the Queen of England and Lord Burleigh (Cecil) as to what sum they were inclined to pay. Burleigh proposed to double the amount already offered by the Countess of Northumberland, whilst the Scotch knaves increased their demand upon the English council to ten thousand pounds, all to be paid down in gold on the day that Lord Northumberland was delivered up to the agents of the English queen. Queen Elizabeth, in her usual style, denounced the proposal as "an extortion; she would pay no such sum." "Then," said Lord Morton in his letter, "your highness will not have the immense pleasure of cutting off the head of your rebel subject." The queen took ten days to consider the matter. At the end of the time named she agreed to pay the sum demanded.

"Even in that ruthless age," remarks Mr. Hosack, "the giving up of a fugitive to certain death was regarded as a heinous crime." In the eyes of William Cecil and Francis Walsingham such a crime became a venial offence, or one justified on the broad ground of expediency. Of all the actors in this infamous transaction, Morton, in the opinion of his contemporaries, incurred the largest share of guilt. It was given out that Northumberland was to be conveyed in a Scotch ship to Antwerp and there set free. He therefore joyfully left his gloomy prison at Lochleven and embarked on the Frith of Forth, as he believed, for Antwerp, where his wife and friends awaited his arrival. To his astonishment and dismay he found that the vessel, instead of putting out to sea, ran down the coast off Berwickshire and anchored near Coldingham. Lord Hunsdon went on board the vessel, when John Colville, a "Scotch gentleman," delivered to Queen Elizabeth's political agent the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland. The gold was then paid down in a business-like manner. Northumberland underwent an examination which lasted six weeks; but he criminated no man, betrayed no one. John Colville, who aided in entrapping the Earl of Northumberland, had originally been a Presbyterian minister. He next took to the "politics of the times, and became a spy for both parties." His treachery was revolting. He was the author of some blasphemous tracts against Christian principles. He was also said to have been the writer of a life of King James VI. Like many of the political adventurers and dagger-men of those times, he died in poverty, abandoned by his corrupt patrons and false friends.

Queen Elizabeth sent her final command, or

\* At a later period the Countess of Northumberland wandered through Scotland in a state of destitution until aided by the ladies of the noble house of Montrose. The Scotchwomen were always true to the standard of the unfortunate Stuart.

judgment, to Lord Hunsdon to bring his prisoner immediately to York, where her highness "commanded" that he should die on the public scaffold as a rebel and a traitor. Northumberland had no trial, but was simply impeached—nothing proved against him, and no witness to make even a false statement. Lord Hunsdon, although a rough soldier, seemed shocked at this proceeding on the part of his royal mistress. He wrote to Burleigh that "he would not lead the noble prisoner to the scaffold; some other person must be found to perform that degrading office"; and, further, "he would, rather than obey the queen's command in this matter, go to prison at once." Sir John Foster—described as "a high-minded knight"—on whom the queen conferred a large portion of Northumberland's property, undertook the superintending of the execution. In Elizabeth's letters to Lord Hunsdon she desires that he should hold out hopes to his prisoner of a pardon in case he implicated others amongst the outlawed Englishmen beyond the Borders, and induced them to return to England. But when her highness was assured by Hunsdon that Northumberland was "resolved to be true to his unfortunate countrymen to the death," she became much excited, and, addressing her cousin, Hunsdon, said: "So this traitor Percy is rather stuck-up and proud, and will not bend before *his* queen. Then, by God, I will *will make the remainder of his life as miserable as possible*. I understand that he is fond of savoury belly-cheer. Let him have no food but of the *poorest description, and not much of that*; let it be just fit for a roadside beggar. I wish to humble this proud Percy to the dust."

The queen was disappointed. Percy died in a manner worthy of the descendants of Hotspur. He scorned to beg for his life, and seemed unconcerned as to what action the queen might take against him. To his honour be it told, Lord Hunsdon did not in this case comply with his sovereign's command, for he brought his chivalrous and warm-hearted prisoner to his own table, and treated him with all the respect due to a descendant of the Border chiefs.

The Earl of Northumberland knew little of the political intrigues that surrounded him. He was unfitted by nature, study, or general habits to become the leader of a political movement like that of the disaffected English Catholics, who had to combat with difficulties unknown in other countries. The Earl of Northumberland was "merely a country gentleman," but was immensely popular for his fine social qualities. Lord Hunsdon relates that he found him far more ready to talk of his horses, hounds, and hawks than of the graver charges of high treason preferred against him. He delighted in relating anecdotes of the fox or of some favourite huntsmen in the by-gone. He was intimate with the principal sporting gentlemen of England, and the famous story-tellers and strolling players were always welcome at his baronial castles, where profuse hospitality "awaited all comers, high and low." The number of guests was considerable, and the servants and

retainers averaged three hundred and sixty men and women. In the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. the Percy property was far more extensive. Taking "all the surroundings" of this nobleman into account, it is no wonder that he was beloved, and his sad fate lamented by so many of his countrymen and women.

#### THE EXECUTION OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

The 22nd of August, 1572, was the day named by Queen Elizabeth for the execution of Northumberland. The bloody scene took place at York. The earl ascended the scaffold with a firm step. A spectator says: "His dress was elegant, and his fine person never looked to greater advantage. He advanced to the front of the large scaffold, accompanied by his confessor, Father Talbot, and an Irish Dominican friar named Hubert de Burgh, his physician (Dr. Shadwell), and two gentlemen of his household." Lord Hunsdon had some difficulty in procuring this indulgence from the queen, who was inclined to listen to the suggestion of Lord Leicester—namely, that the rebel earl should not have the "benefit of clergy." The crown was represented by the high sheriff, Sir John Foster, the executioners, and several officials. A strong military guard of horse and foot was at every point surrounding the scaffold. Father Talbot having upheld the crucifix, the murmur in the vast crowd became hushed.\* Northumberland appeared to be deeply affected. He gazed upon the crowd again, and then kissed the crucifix. He addressed the people—men and women—in a firm and dignified tone. "He assured them that he regretted nothing that he had done. He wished to tell the people of England that he would die as he had lived, a true and devoted member of the Church of Rome. He considered Queen Elizabeth as a usurper and the illegitimate offspring of Nan de Bouleyn and King Henry VIII. He looked upon the Queen of Scots as his lawful sovereign, being the grandniece of the late King Henry." He next bade all his friends and retainers farewell. After a pause, in which he surveyed the vast crowd once more, he said: "Remember that I die in the communion of the Catholic Church, and that I am a Percy in life and in death. Now, dear friends, I wish you all a long farewell. Pray for me."

Northumberland then knelt down with the priests and his immediate attendants. The people followed the example. After the lapse of a quarter of an hour the final preparations began by the noble victim taking off his coat and stripping his neck. A fresh murmur now ran through the crowd, followed by the sobbing of widows and orphans who were depending on the bounty of the noble owner of Alnwick Castle. The excitement became greater upon the appearance of the headsmen and their assistants, who came upon the scene flushed with carnifical victory from another execution. The "finishing of the law" was conducted in a cruel and disgraceful manner. A blunt carpenter's axe was used, and the exe-

\* Lord Hunsdon's letter to Sir William Cecil is printed in Sharpe's "History of the Northern Rebellion," p. 311; also Ridpath's "History" and Ratcliff's "Border Anecdotes."

\* Catholicity was not crushed out of the rural districts at this period—far from it; for it was represented by many brave and loving hearts, men and women, true to the cause as the dial is to the sun.

cutioners were, as usual, in a state of drunkenness. For several minutes they were chopping at the neck of the unfortunate earl, who, in a faint voice, at intervals exclaimed: "Jesus, have mercy upon my soul!" *The blood was flowing in a stream.* At last one of the executioners held up the convulsed and blood-streaming head to the gaze of the excited multitude.

The high rank and ancient lineage of the Earl of Northumberland, the disgraceful circumstances attending his betrayal by the Scots, and his steadfast adherence to the olden faith of England created a profound sensation throughout the realm; in fact, all the great cities of Europe felt indignant at the conduct of Queen Elizabeth in this special case, in which her highness set aside the law—even such a show of that arbitrary weapon as she used on other occasions. But worse than all was her purchase of the noble victim from the regent of Scotland for the sum of ten thousand pounds, paid down in gold on the delivery of the prisoner, who, according to the usage of all civilized nations, then as well as now, was entitled to protection and hospitality in Scotland, against whose laws he had not offended. There was no second opinion on this matter throughout Europe, and it hands down to infamous reproach the character of the Scottish regent (Lord Marr), Queen Elizabeth, and Sir William Cecil.

**ANECDOTE OF MUNGO PARK.**—Park, the famous traveller, served an apprenticeship in a doctor's drug-store in Selkirk, and during his study of physic-compound, the following little episode, which we have from a venerable doctor of medicine, occurred: An old well-known burgher stepped into the shop one day, and, looking in an excited manner at the boy, said: "Mungo, is the doctor in?" "No, sir." "Oh, Lord! and I'm nearly dead wi' the toothache." "But I'll draw the tooth for you, if you wish it drawn." "You, callant? Did ye ever draw any teeth afore?" "Yes, I have sir." "Faith, I'll rather come back again and see the doctor than lippen ye!" The old gentleman went off, and ere long, he returned with the old question—"Mungo, my man, is the doctor in now?" "No, sir, he's not come yet." "What am I to do? I'm nearly daft wi' the pain. Mungo, are you perfectly downright sure ye've drawn teeth before this?" "I really have, sir," said the boy. "Then get the nippers, and take out mine. Now mind!—take care—be canny." The youth extracted the tooth, and after the old gentleman got over the shock it caused, and found himself relieved, he complimented him on the skill he had shown—and then asked him how many teeth he had drawn before operating on himself. "Only thirty-two," said Mungo. "Thirry-twa! Faith, I think it's a guid, only where in the world did a' the folks come frae?" "Oh, I took them all out of one man's mouth." "That was dreadful! I wonder the man let ye pull them." "He couldnt prevent me." "How?" "Because he was dead." The old gentleman sprang from his seat, ejaculated "Mercy on us!" and hurriedly left the shop.

## THE FAVOURED ONE.

**I**N the drawing-room of a handsome country house, a small party were assembled one summer's evening; an elderly gentleman and lady of fine appearance, whose placid countenances were agreeable to look upon, betokening not only contentment with their circumstances but good will to all around. Playing before them was a little girl of about five years of age, dressed with exquisite care, and who, with her long fair ringlets and sunny dimpling smiles, was as beautiful as a little fairy.

The fourth and last member of the party, was a lady, seated apart from the others, and habited in deep mourning. In her hand she held a piece of knitting, but the work seemed to have been taken up as merely a semblance of occupation to have her thoughts at liberty; and these, to judge by the expression of her face, were evidently of the most melancholy description. The nature of her sorrow might, in a degree, be inferred from the colour of her garments, while the sad, half envious looks, not altogether devoid of bitterness, with which her eyes followed the movements of the little girl, suggested the idea that that lovely and happy child reminded her of one whom she had loved and lost.

And such was precisely the case. Mrs. Lorton had laid in the grave her only child, and she could never see another of the same age without bitter repining in her heart. Though more than a year had elapsed since the event happened, she still wore the same depth of crape as at first, and when urged by friends to lay it aside, would invariably declare that she intended never to make any alteration in her dress, she would go mourning to her grave. Grief, when indulged beyond a certain point, becomes rebellion against Providence. Mrs. Lorton thought that the Almighty had dealt very hard with her; and, then, her bereavement, instead of drawing her nearer to God, had driven her further from Him. As little Violet romped about the spacious drawing-room, now running up, for a moment, to the elder lady or gentleman, one of whom would stoop and give her a kiss, the other stroke her curls, and pat her cheek, Mrs. Lorton thought:

"Why is she well and happy, with everything life can give her, while my child lies alone in the cold churchyard?"

In spite of the presence of this dark lady, who, with her sable garments and gloomy face, was like a cloud on a sunny landscape, the drawing-room of Walden Grove presented a pleasant scene on that summer evening. The sun was setting, and poured his beams in a golden flood into the room, casting a radiance now on the walls and the many rich ornaments scattered about; now tingling little Violet's hair, or the glistening silk of silver grey, which composed the dress of Mrs. Walden. The large French windows, reaching to the ground, were unveiled, and through them was seen, in a picture, the sunlit western sky, the broad green lawn, studded with trees, and the park beyond, in which groups of animals feeding had a most picturesque appearance.



Mr. and Mrs. Walden, seated each in an easy chair, were idly enjoying the pleasant evening hour, unoccupied, save in watching little Violet at her play, and had any stranger been present to observe the ease and freedom with which the child addressed that stately couple, or seen the kindly notice, and looks of affection, which they, in turn, bestowed on her, he would naturally have concluded her to be their own much loved child, or, rather, grandchild. But Violet was no child of theirs, saved by adoption; though she called them papa and mama, the relationship was scarcely countable. The history was this.

Mr. and Mrs. Walden were a very rich and prosperous pair, who, during many years, had but one subject of regret—viz., that they had no children on whom to lavish their affection, and to inherit their name and their wealth. It seemed in their eyes almost selfish to possess so beautiful a house while they had no one to share it with them. To the poor they were bountiful, but their hearts were overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and they yearned for some nearer object of affection. This suggested to them the idea of adopting a child.

Mrs. Walden had a relative, a cousin many degrees removed, who, some ten or twelve years before, had made a very poor, ill-advised marriage. She had fallen out of the rank in which she had been born; and it now occurred to this wealthy and childless couple to offer to provide for one of her children.

They accordingly undertook a journey to inspect the family and make the proposal.

Ruth was found in a small cottage, situated on the outskirts of a manufacturing town, bringing up her large family under great difficulties. She worked in a factory, as her husband had done, and it was as much as she could do find them all in food, clothing and a very moderate amount of education. Ruth felt bitterly the disadvantages under which her children were growing up. It was not that they would have to work hard that she complained, for, as their father's children, they were born to toil, nor that their clothing was coarse, and their food often scanty, but in the locality where she was forced to reside they were daily exposed to bad example and evil influences, and it would be very difficult, as they grew up, to preserve them from contamination.

No sooner did Mr. and Mrs. Walden name the object of their visit than Ruth gratefully accepted the offer, and she brought forward one after another of her children, saying for each a word of praise, in the hope that each, in turn, might be the favoured one.

There were several boys—fine boys, Mr. Hughes called them—would not Mr. Walden like a boy to be his heir.

No, that gentleman replied, a boy, to be done justice to, must be sent away to school, and what they wanted was a young creature who would make their home bright and happy, and whom they could retain with them.

A well grown girl of ten was next introduced, and her merits strongly pointed out by the anxious mother.

Mrs. Walden showed her head; a girl of that

age is already partially formed, she would prefer one much younger.

The last of the family, a little girl of four, was then named, and the visitors requested to see her. She was brought in: a little child very much in the rough; her face and head are much sunburnt; her hair cropped short for convenience. Her clothes were whole and clean, but that is all that can be said; she was, however, a fine, promising little girl, and Mr. and Mrs. Walden at once fixed their choice on her.

The arrangement was as follows: For an entire year the mother was not to attempt to visit her; at the end of that time Ruth was to go to Walden Grove, and if she found that her little Letty was not happy, that she was not affectionately cared for, or if she herself regretted having parted with her, the agreement should be dissolved, and Ruth should be at liberty to take her daughter away. If, on the other hand, she was satisfied to leave her, the child was to take the name of her new guardian, and be given up to them entirely, with the understanding that she might have intercourse with her own family from time to time.

It was a hard parting for both mother and child, but Ruth's very love for her little Letty induced her to consent, and consoling herself with the thoughts of the unexpectedly brilliant destiny of her daughter, she saw her lifted into the fine carriage, drawn by handsome horses, that was to bear her away to her new home.

No sooner, however, was the excitement of the parting over, than the mother felt a blank in the house, the feeling of which increased day by day. She regretted having consented to the arrangement, and at length determined, as soon as the twelvemonth was expired, to reclaim the child. She pictured her languishing among strangers calling in vain for her mother; she looked into the garden—the homely cottage garden, and saw the flowers Letty used to gather, the meadow where she used to play. She looked at her little bed, and thought:

"You have no mother to kiss you; who tend you if you are sick?"

She felt perfectly in the dark as to how the child was getting on; for all they knew she might be treated with hardship or neglect, and Ruth bitterly repented having given her up.

And so the long twelvemonth wore away, an very long did it seem to the mother, who counted the days that must elapse before she could fetch home her absent one.

It was evening when she arrived at Walden Grove, the evening on which we have been introduced to the party. The sun, as we have described, was going down, when Ruth Hughes, tired and dusty, having alighted from a stage-coach at some distance, walked up the avenue. More than once she paused to look on the landscape the fine trees casting a rich shade on every side the smooth shaven lawn, the glimpse of an extensive and carefully laid out flower garden; it was all very beautiful—more beautiful than any place that woman had ever seen before; then she reached the mansion, and, before ringing the bell, she glanced unseen into the drawing-room.

Mr. and Mrs. Walden she recognised instantly.

and seated on the carpet, at their feet, was a little girl playing with a costly doll, but Ruth's eyes, too, had passed her in search of another, for in that lovely child she did not at the first glance trace a resemblance to her own. Unconsciously she pictured Letty as she had last seen her, a sunburnt little girl in coarse clothing.

This child was as fair as a lily, her hair fell in silken ringlets down to her waist, her frock was of the finest muslin, one snowy, transparent fold of which fell gracefully over another; her little shoes were of blue kid. In a moment the child raised her head, when the mother recognized the little face. She hastily rang the bell, and in another second had clasped Violet in her arms.

It was some minutes ere Ruth could get over the surprise she felt. After showering kisses on her recovered treasure, she held her from her, gazing at the little bright vision with admiration and delight. The child was the same, yet how different! There were the same features, the same innocent, expressive eyes, the same ready smiles, yet the whole was incomparably more beautiful than even the mother could have believed possible. She questioned her:

"Are you happy, darling?"

The child scarcely understood the question, but the dancing light in those blue eyes made other answer unnecessary. It came nevertheless:

"Oh, so happy!"

"Do you love that lady?" pointing to Mrs. Walden. "Is she kind to you?"

The child answered by throwing her arms round Mrs. Walden.

The mother felt a momentary jealous pang:

"Shall I take you away from here, Letty? Will you come home with me? Brothers and sister and mother want you very much."

"You and all come and stay here," was the reply.

The child had, apparently, not been taught to forget her own family, she wished that they might share with her that beautiful home, but she did not wish to leave it.

Ruth Hughs pursued:

"You don't love me any longer, Letty, you even call that lady 'mama.'"

Ruth felt herself drawn in two directions; she had come that day on purpose to take the child away, but a mother's affection is stronger than selfish feeling. A disinterested regard for her daughter's welfare had induced her originally to consent to the separation, and she now perceived, more clearly than ever she had done in prospect, the advantages which that separation purchased. Then she had taken those advantages on trust, now she saw them with her own eyes.

During the greater part of the evening, while this question was agitating her mind, Ruth sat with the child on her lap, listening to Letty's description of all the beautiful things that were given her, and of the life she led. A pure, simple, happy life it seemed, and every word tended to confirm Mrs. Hughs more and more in the inclination to leave the child where she was.

In the midst of the conversation, a maid appeared at the drawing-room door, on which Violet said:

"That is nurse, come for me to go to bed."

"Is it? Then I must let you go," was the reply. "Give me one kiss more, now. Run away, pet."

"Not yet," said the child, and slipping from her mother's lap she ran across the room, and dropping on her knees, at Mrs. Walden's side, repeated, as was evidently her custom, a short and simple prayer, followed by an evening hymn.

Ruth watched her during this proceeding with intense interest, not unmingled with self-reproach, and her reflections were somewhat thus:

"I never taught her prayers like that, she is not only happier, but better here than I could make her. Shall I take her from this beautiful home, where she is so happy, so loving and so loved, back to my poor cottage, to its homely clothing and scanty fare, where, too, she must hear and see much that is evil? No, I willingly leave her, and not only her, but thankfully would I part with every one of my children could they have likewise the privileges which this favoured one enjoys."

And so the following morning Ruth Hughs voluntarily sealed the compact which confided her darling to the guardianship of Mr. and Mrs. Walden, and kissing little Violet, was satisfied, while leaving her in better care than her own, to look forward to seeing her every six months, according to the terms of the agreement.

As she was crossing the hall, with a grave yet cheerful face, she was met by Mrs. Lorton, who requested her to step into the library.

"Well," said the lady, "how have you decided? Are you going to take the child away?"

"No," was the reply, with feeling, "she is far happier and better off here than I, with my best endeavours, could make her. I love her with my whole heart."

"And you can part with her so cheerfully?" said the other, in some surprise, "do you not feel the separation?"

"I hardly know," answered the mother, with a smile that illuminated her countenance, "my whole feelings are absorbed in the contemplation and thought of her welfare. I am happy in her happiness."

Mrs. Lorton burst into tears.

"Why do you weep?" asked Ruth.

Then, as her eye fell on the black dress of the mourner, she added, gently:

"Have you, too, lost a child?"

"Yes," returned the other, somewhat bitterly, "but in a different way from you. My child is—"

"I understand you—gone before you to heaven. Then your child is more favoured even than mine. I have been struck and surprised by the beauty and happiness of Violet, but the contrast between what she was and what she is, is not so great as the difference between her in her earthly beauty, and the little shining seraph which your child now is. I am enchanted to find Letty in a house like this; but what is there here to compare with the courts of Heaven? Oh, if you could, for one moment, see your child as she is, and where she is, I am convinced that you would not, if you could, bring her back to you."

She ceased; but not so the effect of her words;

an impression was produced on Mrs. Lorton which did not pass away.

From that time she spoke no more about churchyards and the cold grave, because her own thoughts no longer dwelt there; she put off her mourning garb, for she pictured her child not as dead, but as alive, beautiful, happy beyond imagination. She was not only resigned but cheerful, for she felt that her child was, indeed, "The Favoured One."

## ROME BY MOONLIGHT.

**T**RAVELLERS who leave the Eternal City without visiting its ruins by moonlight have but a very imperfect idea of its grandeur. Therefore, my friend and myself, on the eve of our departure, determined to experience for ourselves the effect such a spectacle would have on us. And we never have had reason to regret the hours spent rambling through the ruins of ancient Rome.

When we started upon our moonlight expedition the sun had long sunk below the horizon, still a few faint roseate hues coloured the west, as if in memory of his past glory. By degrees the dark sky became darker, and numberless little stars peeped out from that rich curtain and seemed to smile upon us. The heat of the day was over, a gentle breeze refreshed us, as silently we advanced towards the Colosseum. Words cannot express the impressions which penetrated our souls—impressions of peace, of joy, but also of indefinable sadness, upon treading among those relics of the past, so great, yet now so desolate. The moon, which up to then had but faintly shone upon us, now burst forth in all her splendour. The Italian moon, so different to that of northern climes, no mere flat circular orb, but a regular globe of light, floating as it were in the heavens, bathed in transparent vapours. The brightest stars look dim when compared to her; one is never tired of contemplating her luminous face, which charms, but does not dazzle.

Then I turned my eyes upon the Colosseum, and my admiration only increased. There it stood erect, unmoveable, clothed in the white robe of moonlight. What in the day time appeared severe or stern, was now softened into mysterious and harmonious shades. All that time had spared was still there in all its grandeur. Crossing the vast amphitheatre which had witnessed so many scenes, we slowly ascended amongst its ruins. The radiant moonlight penetrated everywhere—upon the porticos bent under the weight of centuries, through the arches where field flowers were growing, on the top of shattered columns covered with moss and ferns. How much that mysterious moonlight added to the sublimity of those ruins; how its pale rays blended and harmonized all those stray fragments! The arena, that mausoleum of martyrs, unfolded itself before us, calm and melancholy. Gazing at it with emotion, we should scarcely have marvelled had we seen angels hovering over that sacred spot,

singing the triumphs of the Cross over those relics of Christian Rome. But the hour was advancing, yet still we lingered, loath to tear ourselves away, but we must needs do so at last; and turning from the Colosseum with sad looks of farewell, we entered the Via Appia, and strolled beside the tombs. How peaceful and serene they looked, silvered in the moonlight rays! Not a sound, not a human voice was to be heard; nothing broke the profound silence save the autumn leaves which rustled beneath our feet. Could anything be more impressive than the sight of time-worn monuments erected by by-gone generations? They are to us the living history of the past, and bring with them a thousand recollections. For a moment we nearly forget that the great wheel of Time has ever rolled on, placing between the past and present a barrier which eternity alone can destroy. Some such thoughts crossed our minds as we gazed upon those graves. It was alike beautiful and stirring, moving the inmost feelings of our hearts, as we stood there with so many asleep around us, nature slumbering also, waiting for the dawn of morn—the type of resurrection!

When we turned our steps homewards we were startled by the beauty of ancient Rome wrapped in torrents of light: the Forum with its gigantic columns, the Tarpeian rock with its dark history, the arch of Constantine with all its souvenirs, stood out. Everything contributed to render the already imposing sight more imposing still.

We had seen that night how the beauties of Nature add majesty to those of art, and how remembrances linked to every stone make the smallest ruins sacred, carrying us back to the past without effort of our own, reminding us alike of the great ones of the world, the saints, who won in humility their crown of glory, and the loving hands and hearts which raised these stones as memorials of the dead.

ANNE M. G. BOND.

**A STUPID VICE.**—What a stupid, illogical, useless passion is jealousy! And how wretched it makes its victims! Somebody likes you better than me, therefore I am to hate you. Thus jealousy reasons, and seems to forget one of the most obvious facts in life—namely, that one is liked by any person according as one presents a likeable appearance to that person. Nothing can prevent the operation of this natural law. It is no good your urging that you are the father, mother, brother, sister, husband, or lover of the person by whom you wished to be supremely loved. If you are not lovable to him or her, all argument, all exhortation, all passion is thrown away which is intended to produce love. You can force the outward show, but not the inward feeling. A jealous person will exclaim, "Why don't you confide in me?" The real answer is, "You are not a person to be confided in;" and all claims to confidence come to nothing when confronted with that important fact. Jealousy is, therefore, the peculiar vice of stupid people. A deep thinker, or one who has a reasonable amount of self-respect, will not yield to it for a moment.



THE VISCOUNTESS AND LADY BARRACLOUGH.

## The Martins of Teverton.

BY OLIVER CRANE.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### A STRANGE SUNDAY.

**T**HE next day was Sunday. Never as long as I live shall I forget that day. It seemed to my saddened soul to be the saddest and most solemn day that ever rose upon

the earth. It was, indeed, a wonderful day to me—a day with no Alice in it. Really, no Alice! For I could not mourn for her as dead. I could not rejoice in her as among the living. She was nowhere that I knew of; and when I tried to fancy where she might be, I was so troubled by the thought of what misery might have fallen on her,

that I wished her to be dead. But I did not say dead; I said, with God. Already, thinking of Alice as a good Catholic; I had begun to see that death to the righteous—to such as she was—must be the beginning of a new life of happiness unutterable, in the presence of God.

I ate my breakfast silently. My mother's eyes would often fill with tears, but for my sake she kept them back bravely. As I have said, I shall never forget that Sunday. I got up from my meal and opened a window that looked out across the fields towards my farm. In came the scent of the bean-fields, for the wind came that way; and I never smell that scent now without a sense of sadness coming across my spirits.

"What are you going to do, my son?" said my mother.

"I am going across to Oldbury," I said.

So I took my hat, and strolled very slowly across the fields that I have before described to you. I got to the wooden foot-bridge in the woody glen, and I crossed it. Then I went down to the brink of the stream, just to where I had been the day before, and sat down in the shady silence on a piece of rock, and gazed at the water. It went purling and bubbling on, and I watched how the stream went round one great stone, and was stopped back by another, till it bubbled away in a divided current and went on merrily dancing, with a pleasant sound. It seemed odd to me to be alone there listening. Nobody by; and yet the pretty stream was always pouring forth its water, and making these thrilling sounds, and keeping on its persevering way, night and day, in the retirement of this unfrequented nook never thought of by thousands, though they lived close by. Suddenly I felt it was like the Catholic Church—like, that is, what it had been to me. Going on with its work, keeping on with its story, pouring forth its ceaseless life, and never suspected by many—among that many never suspected by me—to be the means appointed by God for the salvation of man. While I was thinking, like a man in a dream, in this quiet place, a sound reached me—a tinkling bell. I felt sure it was for Mass. So I got up and walked lazily towards the house. I went in, and up the stairs to the chapel door. The place was very full, and Father Bide was preaching. He said:

"The Sacraments of the Church give grace. They apply the precious blood of Christ to our souls. These means of grace abide with the Catholic Church, and are nowhere else. You are now here," he went on, "to hear Mass, and by the great blessing of God I, being a priest, shall say Mass before you. When the bread and wine are changed into the Body and Blood of Christ, at the words of Consecration—then, then the adorable Host is elevated, and you all on your knees worship It—worship God, and you will this day all join, I am sure, in one prayer. You are going to witness and assist at the unbloody sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ. It is offered, as you know, first, for God's glory; second, in thanksgiving for His benefits; third, to get pardon for our sins, and lastly, for getting all graces and blessings through Jesus Christ. The blessing we will ask for this day is that—"

He stopped. I knew what was coming. I

heard a sound, as if one sob had risen from the whole congregation—then he went on:

"The circumstances are so extraordinary that I shall not scruple to speak plainly," he said; "the blessing we will ask for, as if one heart moved, animated us all, is, that Alice Combe may be found, unhurt, and restored to her friends in safety."

Then he said a few words more, and the whole congregation, on their knees, at his desire, said the Hail Mary with him. When they said, "Pray for us sinners, now"—I declare to you that I felt that everything depended on those prayers being heard—"Now, now!" my poor heart cried out, and I was down on my knees with all the others.

Mass then commenced. I knew nothing, I understood nothing. But the remembrance of what I had heard about the great change at the words of Consecration, and how that the people would kneel to worship the adorable Host, kept ringing in my ears, and my memory seemed to be waiting for that moment.

Well, it came; I did not feel overpowered or touched any way—but I got up from my knees quiet—more quiet than I had been since the trouble began. All my excitement, all my wonderings were over. I said to myself, quite coolly:

"It is worth while to be a Christian, all this being true. It is worth while to belong to this wonderful Church, on whose altars God Himself reposes. This is something worth having. Such a belief must move the strongest man; and the most wicked if he has ever believed, can never cast it off."

Then came back, as if I saw it, the face of the murdered man, the bad Catholic, the man who had been killed for fear he should repent and tell upon his wicked companions. Oh, it seemed to me in that hour a solemn thing to be a Catholic! It seemed to me, too, as if Alice must be kept safe, because God Himself had been asked to keep her so. And I went away—back through the wood, without speaking to anyone, with the first stirrings of faith in my poor soul. I did not stop now to muse and meditate by the side of the stream. I walked briskly forward, and I found my dear mother, leaning on Ben's shoulder, waiting for me against her garden gate.

"Have you seen anyone to speak to?" she asked.

I answered "No."

Then Ben and I had some talk as we paced the garden walk, and my mother went in to see about dinner. Not a thing that belonged to that Sunday will ever be forgotten by me. We had a leg of lamb for dinner, and some fish, fried, that Ben had been catching; there was a pudding of my mother's making, some ripe strawberries, and bowl of cream sent down by Peggy from the farm. "A dinner for a prince," said Ben.

Then I said grace, and we began to eat. Ben had said something some which had determined me to go into Leverton that evening; he had offered to go with me, but I would not take him from my mother. So we all stayed together till about five o'clock, and then I went on my business. policeman, Trant, had found, it was though



some clue, which, followed up, might bring us news of Alice. I knew the man by sight, and I thought I would call on him. I had no need to call, however, for I met him walking at a very leisurely pace as if to meet me. When we met, we both stopped, but neither spoke. We could not help smiling at our own silence, so, to break it, I said:

"Who speaks first?"

"You have done it," said Trant. "Perhaps you know me?"

"Trant, in plain clothes?" I said.

"Yes; but I do not think we ever saw each other ten times in our lives. I am sure we never spoke to each other before."

"Maybe so," I said; "but you are a conspicuous personage, and I am a humble individual who can pass in a crowd, which you can't."

"Your brother said you might have something to say to me."

"I can identify the man who spoke against employing a Catholic in their wicked plans. As I went up to the court, the light fell on one face only—the face of the speaker."

"And he was disputing the point with another?"

"Yes."

"You did not see that other?"

"No."

"Nor hear his voice?"

"No."

"Tall or short?"

"Tall."

"Sure?"

"Yes; quite sure."

"Very tall, in fact?"

"Yes, very."

"You had better walk on," said Trant.

"Don't say that; we have spoken together, and you need not speak to me if you see me again, unless I speak to you first."

I walked on to Leverton; I had determined where to go. I was going to the little old Catholic chapel.

## CHAPTER IX.

### LEVERTON STREETS.

I KNEW where the Catholic chapel was very well. It was called S. Peter's, but I had never been into it in my life. It was through a short narrow passage, where the doors of the houses were always open, and where women were always standing talking. This passage led to a square, where there were some pretty cottages, and some fine old trees grew along by the side of a high brick wall. In this wall there was a door, and I knew that that door opened into the vestibule of the chapel. I had seen it often, but had never looked in. I will be quite truthful, even against myself; I had thought this a low sort of neighbourhood. By going up the narrow passage across the square, and through another passage, I could get out into one of the main streets of Leverton, and so I had often used this way as a short-cut when I wanted to save time, but I had thought it downright vulgar.

I knew Mr. Oldbury was a gentleman, and I

thought a private chapel, and a resident priest for the family, rather a genteel sort of thing; but the poor, mean, little, old mission-chapel in Leverton, that was of a different sort, quite vulgar, common, low, altogether below the notice of a smart young man of landed property, like myself.

I do not mean to say that I ever said these words, but I had the feelings. Such were my opinions; and though I had got into rather a different spirit lately. I believe they were my opinions on the very Sunday evening of which I am writing.

Still, I would go. But, as I look back, and wish to tell you the whole story honestly and truthfully, I yet cannot tell why I wished to go there. I knew that in thinking of the murdered man, I thought also of the brother, of whom it had been said at my farm, that he could identify him, and that he himself would have been led astray but for Mr. Bennet, the priest. That memory was in my mind as I walked off to Leverton. I suppose I thought I would see and hear Mr. Bennet, in his own little chapel—I suppose I wished to have the chance of seeing the boy whom his good advice had kept straight.

Whether or not these wishes urged me on—the fact was that, very soon after speaking to Trant, the policeman, I found myself near the passage that led into S. Peter's Square. I was thinking that I hoped no friends would observe me. I was feeling, I am half vexed to say, a little ashamed of myself, when I saw dash into the street at the opposite end a very magnificent carriage. I was just going to make the turn up into S. Peter's Square when I was startled by the sudden pulling up of the horses close in front of the entrance.

A man out of livery jumped down from the box, and he said to me:

"Is this the way to the Catholic Chapel?"

I said, "Yes."

"Is Mr. Bennet at home?"

"I do not know," I said.

He stared!

"I—I—I am not a Catholic."

He turned short off as if he were quite disgusted with my answer; and I felt an odd sort of guilty shame for the conceited thoughts that had so lately been mine. This man took up so much room that I really could not get by without pushing uncivilly, so I was obliged to stand still. He went to the carriage door and opened it.

"We are not late, I hope, Barron?" said a gentle voice; and a young lady got out of the carriage as the words were spoken, whom I thought the most elegant person I had ever seen.

"I am afraid we are a little late, my lady," said this grand man, who had been called Barron, casting a glance back at me, which said—"You stand where you are, and keep your distance till my lady has got out," as plainly as glance ever spoke.

She got out, and turned her head—I saw her plainly. Something made my heart stand still with wonder—I had seen her before—I had spoken to her, and she had spoken to me! She turned round and helped an elderly lady, dressed in black silk, out of the carriage, and I knew the

look of her kind eyes as well as I knew my own mother's.

I felt confused in the greatest degree. I felt so confused that I leant against the wall, with a sensation of fright. I had seen her before—spoken to her—where? when? I knew not. I cannot describe to you the odd feeling of fright that came over me. I suddenly thought to myself—I am ill! The trouble and anxiety of the last few days are affecting my brain. I will go to a doctor; I must be ill.

But I managed to walk up to Mr. Barron, who was just saying "all right" to the coachman; and as the carriage was driving away, and he was following his mistress, I said:

"Would you tell me who the lady is?"

He stopped, and looked at me from head to foot.

"Where are you going?" he said.

"To the chapel."

"And not a Catholic?"

"No."

"Take care!"

"Why?"

"If you are not in earnest, stay away."

"Why?" I asked again.

"Lest your knowledge and your opportunities ill-used should condemn you."

"Thank you," I said, "I am sure you mean well. May I ask you who it is that speaks to me?"

"I am called Barron. I am in the service of Viscount S. Martin."

"And who is that lady?"

"The viscountess."

Then we were at the chapel door; and I followed Mr. Barron into the building.

Father Bennet was preaching. I need not tell you anything of the sermon, more than that it seemed to suit me. But close by me, very near the door, was an aged woman in a clean brown print dress; she was supporting and comforting a youth, who appeared to be in the deepest distress.

"Go home, my boy—go home Ned, darling!"

But the boy slipped down to the mat on his knees, and leaned his head against a pillar that supported a gallery, and wept bitterly. I asked the woman if he was ill—if I could help him?

"Let him alone," she said. "He's Jemmy Jackson's son."

With those words all the terrible past came back again to me. I whispered to the woman:

"I'm the owner of that farm—the Meadows."

She gave me a fixed stare, then said, pointing to the lad:

"He identified him."

Then a sweet hymn burst forth, and the priest and acolytes came in from a side door to the altar, and we had Benediction.

I must confess to you that I had looked about for the Viscountess S. Martin, but I did not see her. I could see Mr. Barron, but no one else. I did not think it right to stay there to watch people, so when those who were nearest the door went out I went out too. I waited for the dear old woman in the neat brown dress, and she came out after a

time; she was alone. I went straight up to her, and said:

"I should like to ask you a few questions about Jemmy Jackson's family. May I?"

"Not here," she said. "I could not bear to talk of those things in Leverton streets." But if you would like to come home with me you are welcome."

So I did not hesitate, but walked on by the side of my new acquaintance.

On our way down the path leading from the church we passed by the viscountess, who was the admired of young and old. On her arm leaned the old lady, whom I had seen her help to alight from the carriage. Beautiful, indeed, were both, one in the prime of her youthful loveliness, reminding me, oh, so forcibly, of my own sweet Alice, the other equally beautiful in the grandeur of her venerable old age. At that moment I could not help thinking to myself how lovely are the mothers, wives, and sisters of our own country. We may, indeed, be proud of them.

I turned to my companion, and asked:

"Who is that grand old lady with the viscountess?"

"Lady Barraclough," she answered; "Lord Stackhouse's aunt. Her history is, indeed, a romance; she became a Catholic when quite young, and for this lost her position at Court; her friends and most of her relatives then gave her up. There, young man, you may see one instance of what has been, and always will be, sacrificed for the true faith."

*(To be continued.)*

**LOCKING UP THE TOWER OF LONDON.**—Locking up the Tower is an ancient, curious, and stately ceremony. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour of eleven—on Tuesdays and Fridays at twelve—the head-warder (yeoman porter), clothed in a long, red cloak, and bearing a huge bunch of keys, and attended by a brother warder carrying a lantern, appears in front of the main guard-house, and loudly calls out "Escort keys!" The sergeant of the guard, with five or six men, then turns out and follows him to the "Spur," or outer gate, each sentry challenging as they pass his post: "Who goes there?" "Keys." The gates being carefully locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation, and receiving the same answer as before. Arrived once more in front of the main guard-house, the sentry there gives a loud stamp with his foot, and asks, "Who goes there?" "Keys!" "Whose keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." "Advance, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well." The yeoman then exclaims, "God bless Queen Victoria!" the main-guard respond, "Amen." The officer on duty gives the word, "Present arms!" the rifle rattle; the officer kisses the hilt of his sword; the escort fall in among their companions; and the yeoman marches across the parade, alone, to deposit the keys in the Lieutenant's tower. The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress precluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the counter sign.



## NEWFOUNDLAND.\*

**I**N the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the people of southern Europe, the Spaniards, Portuguese and Italians, were not only the most advanced in material and mental progress, in literature, arts and arms, but also the most enterprising, the most commercial, and the most adventurous of all other nations. In 1492, Columbus, the great Genoese navigator, after hearing Mass, and together with his crew receiving the Holy Communion in the Franciscan Church of Nostra Senora la Bella, in Palos, in Andalusia, from the hands of his friend and patron, Father John Peres, the guardian of the convent, unfurled the golden banner of Spain, crossed the wide waste of waters, and gave a new world to Castile and Leon.

Only five years after, in 1497, Cabot, another Italian, a Venetian, discovered *Newfoundland*. Although these two great men are always called the discoverers of America, still it is certain that, at least, the northern parts of it had been visited, and, perhaps, partially settled by the Northmen of the Middle Ages. There always existed a dim tradition that the western shores of Europe were not the boundaries of the world. The legend of St. Brendan, the Bishop of Kerry, in Ireland, sailing across the Atlantic and discovering an *Island of the Blessed*, and Plato's *Atlantis*, were but the traditional embodiment of a fact. Columbus visited Iceland to seek there among the traditions of the natives some clue to the mystery of the ocean. We know not what encouragement he may have received; but modern research has proved that the traditions were not without foundation.

The Society of Northern Antiquaries has done much to clear away the mist. Professor Rafn has collected and translated very many of the songs of the *Scalds*, or Scandinavian poets, recounting the voyages of their countrymen to the western land; many of them have been translated into English by Mr. Beamish, of Cork, and others, and are most interesting to all early historians of America.

We know for certain that, about the year 981 or 982, Eric, called the Red, a Norwegian Viking, discovered Greenland, and that a bishop's See was established in that inhospitable region, about the year 1021. A list of bishops of that remote See has been preserved down to 1406, nearly four hundred years, when all communication between it and the mother country ceased, and the imperfect colonization introduced perished. A few ruins of walls, or stone-fences, now mark the site of the Norwegian colony.

It is quite natural to suppose, that these adventurous mariners, who crossed over to Iceland and Greenland so frequently, would not content themselves without passing the few hundred miles which separated them from the western continent, only about 500 from the western seaboard of Greenland.

Accordingly, we find accounts of voyages to

\* Abridged from a Lecture by the late Dr. Mullock, Bishop of Newfoundland.

and from settlements in Helluland, Vinland, Markland, and Ireland-it-Mikla.

Helluland is supposed to be the barren and stony land of Labrador; Vinland or Winland, Newfoundland; but, there being no wild vines here, many learned men transfer the name to some more southern land in the United States, while others again say that the Northmen looked on the abundance of the raspberry plant as entitling the country to the name of Vinland. Markland is supposed to be Nova Scotia, or Maine, and Ireland-it-Mikla, or Great Ireland, the main Continent of America, the present United States. It is very improbable that so many accounts of voyages would be preserved, the names of the discoverers and navigators, the birth of some of their children recorded, the wreck of one of their ships on Keeler Ness (Kell Cape or Ship Cape), and the locality marked out New Keels in Bona Vista Bay, by the certain but rude way of determining the northern latitude—that is the length of the longest day in the summer solstice—if it were all a work of imagination. I have no doubt but that these sea-kings, after establishing colonies in Greenland and Iceland visited Newfoundland, and made some settlements here; but, I believe that the few people they brought with them either perished in their wars with the Skroelligers, or Esquimaux, or that the remnant left the country, which they could not then have found very inviting. The real cause, I should imagine, of the abandonment of these lands, was the invasion of more genial climes and polished nations by the Northmen.

When they obtained possession of one of the finest provinces of France, now called after them, Normandy, when they settled in Northumberland, and along the fertile banks of the Shannon, in Limerick, Waterford, Cork, Dublin, Wicklow and many other Danish towns in Ireland; and when they showed such a capacity for the remains of Roman civilization, as to adopt the languages, arts, and sciences they conquered, we may naturally imagine that they would abandon the frightful shores of Greenland and Iceland, or the rugged and uninviting localities of Newfoundland for the shores of smiling France, and the rich pastures of Ireland and England, and the western land would soon be forgotten.

It is said that a Greenland bishop, Eric, visited Winland, in 1121, to endeavour to re-convert his countrymen to Christianity who had forgotten it.

We know quite enough to excite our curiosity, not to satisfy it; and it is impossible that the real history of the Northmen in America will ever be cleared up. They left no monuments after them: like all people who have abundance of wood, they would not build stone houses; and the only records we have left of their existence here are the songs of the Scalds, or the histories of Adam Bremen and others, half fact, half fable, and written long after these Northmen had passed away.

The wonderful discovery of Columbus had excited, in a degree we find it difficult to comprehend, the enthusiasm of Europe, and all wished to participate in the glorious inheritance acquired for Spain by the Genoese mariner. The Italians

almost monopolised the American discoveries; and two brothers, of the name of Gabota, natives of Venice, who resided in Bristol, offered their services to Henry VII., to make discoveries in the Northern Ocean, and find, perhaps, a passage to India by that route. The offer was accepted, and on the 20th of June, 1497, Sebastian Gabota, (Anglicised to *Cabot*) discovered *Newfoundland*, and gave it the name of *Bona Vista*, happy sight, or happy view, to the cape he first sighted, which Italian appellation it retains to this day. He returned to England the same year, and brought with him three of the natives of the island, a race now cruelly exterminated. It was supposed that these interesting aborigines were descendants of the Northmen; but their skulls showed them to belong to the American or Mongolian race, and not to the Caucasian, of which the Northmen were a branch.

We know that they called themselves *Beoths*; that they painted themselves with red ochre, as the Britons of old did with woad, and hence they were called by the settlers *Red Indians*. They were clothed in robes of skin; their arms were the bow and arrow and spear; they lived by hunting, and preserved the flesh of the deer by fucanning. They made enormous fences (such as are used in Ceylon to entrap elephants), sometimes extending as far as thirty miles, and converging to a point where the deer, in their migration, were obliged to pass; thus they were enabled to kill large quantities, which served them both for food and raiment. Their huts are represented as comfortable, and capable of lodging several families. Of their religion we know nothing; but something like a carved human head is said to have been found in one of their houses, which would lead us to believe that they practised a species of idolatry. A Florentine writer, Rucellai, in 1560, in a general map of the world, gives a very imperfect map of *Newfoundland*, and a short description of the people:

"They," he says, "are barbarous and savage, eat large quantities of the fish called *baccaloas* (or codfish), raw meat, and even human flesh," (which was false), "and they adore the sun, the stars, or anything that strikes their fancy."

They were a fierce people, and resented the intrusion of the English on their salmon fisheries, and the *Micmac* Indians on their hunting-grounds. Their bows and arrows were no match for the musket of the white man and the Indian; and this interesting people were left to the cruelty of the *Micmacs*, and of the whites, more cruel than the savage. The entire race perished, and no trace of them is to be found in *Newfoundland* except their graves and the mouldering remains of their huts and their deer-fences. I have made every enquiry I possibly could, among our own people, and Indians employed by the government to look out for them. Their haunts have been explored, but their graves alone remain; their fires are extinguished for ever, and their fate is a disgrace to the government of those who took no steps for their civilisation or preservation.

I have some slight reason to think that a remnant of these people remains in the interior of Labrador. A person told me there some time ago that a party of Mountaineer Indians saw at a

distance (about fifty miles from the sea-coast) a party of strange Indians, clothed in long robes or cassocks of skin, who fled from them; they lost sight of them, but on coming up to their tracks, they were surprised to see the length of their strides, which showed them to be men of a large race, and neither *Micmac*, Mountaineer, or *Esquimaux*. It is believed that they were the remnants of the *Beothic* natives.

We may wonder why England, after such a valuable discovery, did not avail herself of the acquisition; but soon after Henry VIII. commenced the Reformation, as it is called, and squandered the treasures left by his parsimonious father, Henry VII., who munificently rewarded Cabot with the sum of £10 for discovering the *New Island*, which about this time got the name of *Newfoundland*.

No gold or silver was discovered; and so the *Biscayans*, who are said to have fished on the banks, and to have been aware of the existence of the island, even before, or as early, as Cabot, the Bretons, the Spaniards and the Portuguese enriched themselves by the inexhaustible mines of the fisheries, while Henry and his nobles were impoverishing themselves by the useless pageant of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, or the wars in France, and endeavouring to repair their shattered fortunes by the plunder of the Church.

An English captain wrote a letter to Henry VIII., in August, 1527, in which he tells him that in the Port of St. John's he found eleven ships from Normandy, and three from Brittany, engaged in the cod fishery.

As all Europe was Catholic at the time of the discovery of America by Columbus, and of *Newfoundland* by Cabot, we find that the names imposed by the early navigators were either the names of saints on whose days the land was discovered, or the names of some localities in their own country which it resembled, or names descriptive of some natural feature distinguishing the place—a most favourable contrast with the names given by subsequent navigators.

The Italian, Cabot, often, perhaps, deceived by fog banks, seeing at length the cape well defined, the surges breaking on the spillers, and the dark green of the forest, gives expression to his feelings in his own musical tongue, and cries out *Bona Vista*. Oh, happy sight! Gaspar de Corteale, a valiant and religious Portuguese, especially devout to the Blessed Virgin and St. Francis discovers the great Bay of Conception, and calls it after the great mystery of the Immaculate Virgin, *Conception Bay*; and the cape at its entrance, Cape S. Francis; he also named S. Lewis' and S. Francis' Bays on the Labrador. Go round the shores of the island, and you will see the Catholic devotion which named the bays *Conception*, *S. Mary's* and *Notre Dame Bay*, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin—*Trinity Bay*, including *Catalina* or *S. Catherine's*, *S. Clare's*, now *S. George's*, *S. John's*, *S. Peter's*, *S. Jude's*, now *Cape Judy*, and *Trepassey*, the Bay of the *Trepassey* or *All Souls*.

Again we have the French recollection of their own smiling land in *Audreine*, *Freebel*, and *Plaisance* or *Placentia*, on account of its beautiful situation; and the Portuguese, *Fermosa*, beauti-

ful, Renew, rocky, and numberless others, a most happy contrast certainly with Bay of Despair, Gallows Harbour, Pinch Gut, Old Shop, Bread and Cheese, and many others too trivial and vulgar to mention.

In 1534, Jacques Cartier, the great French navigator, visited the island, and named many capes and bays. In 1583, Sir Humphrey Gilbert took possession of S. John's; put up the Queen's Arms—Elizabeth's, and established the Book of Common Prayer as the only form of worship to be used for ever on the island.

The country was now about to commence a new phase of existence; which, however, ended in disappointment. Sir George Calvert, subsequently Lord Baltimore, having obtained an Irish peerage, got from King James a large tract of land from Bay Bulls to Cape S. Mary's. A zealous Catholic and most enlightened philanthropist, which he proved himself to be by the universal toleration he established in his new colony of Maryland (the only part of the world in that age where, as long as Catholics held power, conscience was legally free, and no religious test was required for the enjoyment of citizenship or office); he established a colony in Ferryland, and laid the foundation of what, but for adverse circumstances, would have been a great state at the present day. As he was thoroughly English and Catholic, he wished to perpetuate the religious memories of the English Church in his new plantation; accordingly he gave the name of Avalon to his province. It was a tradition in the early British Church, that S. Joseph of Arimathea after the Passion of Our Lord fled from the persecution of the Jews, and took refuge in Britain. He came, it is said to Avalon, afterwards called Glastonbury in Somersetshire, and founded there a church, which was looked upon subsequently by Britons, Saxons and Normans as the cradle of British Christianity. A splendid abbey, which covered sixty acres, was subsequently erected, but perished in the so-called Reformation, along with the other glories of Catholic England. There is an ancient Roman town, now called from the great abbey, subsequently built there, but in ancient times called Verulam. The proto-martyr of Britain, S. Alban, there shed his blood for Christ; and the abbey and town afterwards took his name. Calvert, thinking, then, to revive those Catholic glories of his country, called the southern province Avalon, in honour of S. Joseph of Arimathea, and his own town Verulam, in honour of S. Alban. Like most of the foreign names, French or Spanish, this was corrupted into Ferulam first, and next into the modern name of Ferryland. Calvert spent over £30,000, an immense sum in those days, in the settlement; but a grant of a more favoured territory in the Chesapeake, the incursions of the Indians, and the attacks of the French, induced him to forsake Newfoundland, and to establish Maryland, called after Charles' queen, and the city of Baltimore, called after his Irish title. Thus Newfoundland sustained an irreparable loss, which retarded its progress for two centuries. The French, on the other side of the peninsula, founded the town of Placentia, and provided for its security by strong fortifications. These are

now in ruins. It is remarkable that several properties are still held in Placentia by virtue of the original French titles; and such importance did the government of Louis XIV. attach to the place, that all the grants are signed by the king's own hand, and countersigned by his minister, Philippean.

Nor were the French oblivious of the necessity of religion in their new settlement. A convent of Franciscans, a branch of the Convent of Our Lady of Angels, of Quebec, was established, in 1689, on the site of the present Protestant Church and burying-ground, and a few French tombs of the date of 1680 and 1690 yet remain to mark out the place where it stood. Most of the French tombstones were taken by the English settlers after the surrender of the place by France, and applied to the ignoble purpose of hearthstones and doorsteps.

Newfoundland was then under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Quebec, and, in 1689, the second bishop of that See, Mgr. S. Vallier, made a visitation of Placentia and the neighbouring parts in company with Father Giorgien and some of the Franciscan community of Quebec. The record of the foundation of the convent, and of the episcopal visitation, are in the archiepiscopal archives of Quebec.

A series of skirmishes, naval battles, and obscure sieges, followed, until the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, when the French, exhausted by war, were obliged to resign all claim to Newfoundland, to evacuate S. John's, which they had held for five years previously, and were strongly fortifying, retaining only the small islands of S. Pierre and Miquelon, and the right of fishing from Cape Bonavista to Point Riche. England now obtained the dominion of the entire island, but had no intention of colonizing it. She wished to retain it as the French do the north and west shores at present, as a nursery for her seamen, and to make the riches of the deep in Newfoundland contribute to the strength and wealth of England. Freedom of Catholic worship was, by treaty, allowed to the French residents, but with the sinister proviso, "as far as the laws of England permit." Governor Edwards, taking advantage of this, gave such annoyance to the French Catholics and their clergy, that almost all of them sold their properties and left the island.

*(To be continued.)*

---

JOCULAR EPITAPH.—Wits are not generally nice as to either the objects or the seasons of their jocularities. No time, circumstance, or occasion, however inappropriate, is exempt from their intrusion; and even tombstones are made to perpetuate morsels of their skill. The following epitaph by a lady upon herself, which may be seen in the churchyard at Folkestone, is only one of a thousand such attempts at unseasonable jesting:

"A house she hath, it's made of such good fashion,  
The tenant ne'er shall pay for reparation;  
Nor will her landlord ever raise her rent,  
Or turn her out for non-payment;  
From chimney-money, too, this cell is free;  
To such a house who would not tenant be?"

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINBECK.

### CHAPTER IV.



EAGLE cast a look of rage at the intruder, but this produced no effect upon him. He began in his Indian jargon:

"If the Huron dogs and the pale-face will not speak, I will do so for them. The French will send no soldiers after the bald-pated black-robe. But the Hurons who have escaped will make a great out-cry in their villages, and call up all those who are able to draw a bow or wield a tomahawk. But Eagle has nothing to fear from them before the moon is again round; for it is far to the land of the Hurons."

"How many tracks has Red Hand numbered?" asked Eagle, sullenly.

"Four; one was very short, for as soon as I found it I followed close upon it, and the man soon lay dead on the ground. Brave Eagle's white brother has a rifle that never fails. The great chief of the Mohawks may hang up his scalp in the smoke of his wigwam."

As he said this he brought out of his bullet-case a scalp, which he offered to the chief; but Eagle pushed the trophy aside, and replied, proudly:

"Eagle dries no scalps that he does not himself take."

The bush-ranger bit his lip, replaced the scalp, and muttered in his jargon:

"I might have saved myself the trouble. I shall remember this for the future. The beggar! To give me no thanks for the piece of Huron skin that I took from the skull of that red devil! Wait a little, scoundrel, and I will pay you!"

Then he resumed the Mohawk speech, and said, with a malicious grin:

"Eagle spoke the truth; the black-robe has a clever tongue, and this Huron, too, is a liar."

Quick as lightning Ahatsistari was on his feet. His hands seemed hardly an obstacle. A little bent, he looked the white man in the face, and said, in a deep voice trembling with anger:

"Bloody Hand!"

"Do you know me, false Cat? You have, perhaps, not forgotten how you drove me like a dog from your village when I wished to do good to your ragamuffins, and would have warned you against the black-robe?"

"The Red Wolf does not know Bloody Hand. Eagle is hunting in company with a crow," replied the Huron chief with proud contempt.

"I fear you not, Climbing Cat; I am safe from your claws."

"Jean Bauffet!"

The bush-ranger turned in terror and met Ren 's flashing eyes, who now stood near him supported by the priest.

"Gaupil!" muttered the cunning white man, turning pale.

"Yes, Gaupil, who knows you to be a gallow's bird wherever he may find you. How did you settle it with the court of justice at Quebec, you murderer?"

"Ah! Then I am in a whole nest of black snakes. But you can only hiss at me. Care is taken that you shall not bite," growled the unmasked culprit, as he doubled his fist and sought the haft of his hunting-knife, while a diabolical grin distorted his face.

"Strike, Jean Bauffet, strike! One more murder will make no difference to you, you cowardly bandit!"

The Oblate raised himself to his full height and looked fearlessly at his opponent.

Then the bush-ranger let go his hold upon the handle of his knife.

"No, my lad; the wild Jean Bauffet is not yet so foolish. My friends the Mohawks would not thank me were I to deprive them of the pleasure of destroying you yourselves. No, you blockhead, I shall not do you this favour. It will be much better that you should be burned at the stake."

"Bloody Hand is not a crow. Bloody Hand is a mangy white dog. Eagle must beware of him. Bloody Hand has many tongues, and will betray the Mohawks as he has betrayed us," said Ahatsistari, again taking up the word.

"Are you so certain of that, you red Jesuit-skull. You will soon be able to show what you have learned from the bald-heads. When tied to the stake you will have an opportunity of telling what the black-robcs have taught you. I shall never forget how you drove me from the place the bald-heads called an altar when I struggled with the old fox. Bloody Hand has never forgotten the red-skinned wretch who drove him from the temple."

"And you, Jean Bauffet, have, I hope, not forgotten what awaits the ungodly man," interposed the missionary.

"Away with such nonsensical talk. There is neither God nor devil; there is no heaven and no hell. This might seem to make me wise when I was a child, but it is long since I ceased to believe it. Do not prattle in that manner or I will stop your mouth for ever," raged the bush-ranger, whom the priest's reminder seemed to excite to madness, again seizing his knife.

So far Eagle had remained a silent witness of the scene, but now he seized the arm of the enraged man, and said coldly:

"Red Hand has no right over the prisoners. Red Hand will find his reward in Eagle's village. There he will find the brown-skins ready."

This was too much for the traitor who had betrayed the missionary and his companions into the hands of their pitiless enemies for the price of a certain number of skins. With a wild curse he struck the butt end of his gun on the ground, and roared out:

"Red Hand will reckon with you, Eagle; depend upon that!"

Then his reason returned. He threw his heavy rifle over his shoulder like a feather, held out:

his hand to Eagle, and said with forced composure:

"Eagle is a wise chief, and he speaks the truth. He can do what he will with the prisoners. Red Hand has no right over them."

With some delay and evident repugnance the Mohawk grasped his hand, for he feared the wild fellow with his unfailing rifle whom no Indian could surpass in cunning. After casting a look of hatred upon the prisoners the bush-ranger retired into the interior of the island, soon to be lost sight of among its thick trees.

When Eagle found that he could not gain any information from the prisoners either about the French settlers, or the Hurons, he determined at once to return to the village inhabited by his tribe, and proceeded to the division of the spoil. According to the customs of his people he did not, as their chief, seize upon the booty which had fallen into his hands, but was content with Ahatsistari's weapons, which consisted of a bow, a quiver, a few arrows, a tomahawk, and a knife. The vestments for Mass, which the missionary carried about with him, together with the books were packed in the leather case from which they had been taken, for the Mohawks believed them to be needed by F. Jacques for carrying on his magic. They cast lots upon the remaining booty.

After that Eagle divided the prisoners whom it was the custom to assign to those who had conquered or disarmed them; but this rule was in the present instance relaxed, as the great council of the Mohawks must first be held as to the fate of the Frenchmen. Ahatsistari belonged to no one, for he was to be sacrificed to Aïrestai, the god of war. The priest, for the present, fell to the same savage who had the evening before made him suffer so severely, as his slave, and the two Oblates were given up to those who had most ill-treated them. The two Huron braves who had been so severely wounded, Strong Hand and Fittig, and who could not very well be moved, were, at a sign from Eagle, cast aside into the bush. A few minutes after their scalps were seen attached to the girdles of two Mohawks whose tomahawks had put an end to the earthly sufferings of these faithful followers of the missionary.

The Oblates turned with horror from the ghastly sight, but the good father remained unmoved and whispered prayers for the souls of the murdered men. Ahatsistari was filled with uncontrollable anger at the sight, but when he saw the priest engaged in prayer, he folded his fettered hands, his features lost their firm, hard expression, and his anger fled away.

It now remained to decide the fate of Onduterraon, and the old man was placed before his inexorable judge. The loss of blood had weakened him, but he tried to hide the pain caused by his shattered arm, and appeared with a lofty carriage before the chief, who looked at him almost with an air of pity.

"Will the Huron warrior, upon whose head lie the snows of many winters, be able to follow Eagle to the Mohawk village?"

The old man shook his grey head, and replied:

"Onduterraon can no longer be of use to his

friends, he will go to the Great Spirit of the pale-faces Who dwells above the clouds and Whom the Mohawks do not know."

"Will Onduterraon tell me whether the black-robe here is indeed a great magician?" asked Eagle.

"Ondesonk is not a magician, but he has received great power from the true Great Spirit, and when he asks If the Great Spirit destroys his enemies. Do not forget that Eagle, and set Ondesonk at liberty."

"Then does Onduterraon think that a Mohawk chief fears the black-robe and his Great Spirit? Eagle will show him that he laughs at the Frenchman."

Then the chief rose and gave the priest, who was unprepared for such treatment, so heavy a blow in the face that he staggered, and would have fallen had not the wounded old man caught him in his left and still useful arm.

Then the eyes of the old man sparkled, and in an angry voice he exclaimed:

"Eagle, you are not worthy of the race whose name you bear. You come from the nest of a chattering jay. Your tongue is busy when no danger threatens. The Hurons have only heard your war cry when you fall upon them like a cowardly wolf, and because you had a great troop of warriors with you. Onduterraon has never seen your face in battle, but he has seen you fly from Ahatsistari like the deer from the hunter. Your voice is loud like that of the bull-frog, but your arms are as weak as those of a squaw, and your heart is so small that no arrow can find it! Eagle, you are not what your name calls you—you are the most cowardly of all the Red Wolves!"

As the old man stood there, and with his arm encircling the priest, and with flashing eyes, spoke thus to his conqueror, he looked like one of the heroes of ancient Rome, who might have addressed a hero in similar terms.

Eagle answered not a word, and as, after a short pause, he still made no reply, Onduterraon lifted his left hand towards heaven, and continued in a loud voice:

"Eagle, the Great Spirit hears and sees everything. He knows even what we think. He has seen what you and your people have done. The souls of the two braves whom your warriors have killed in the bush are gone to Him, and to Him mine and yours will also go; from Him we shall hear whether here upon earth we have deserved reward or punishment. Eagle, Onduterraon now stands before you, he stands before you at the end of his years, the next step will remove him from the abode of bodies to the abode of souls. Believe his words for he speaks the truth. The One True Great Spirit, before Whom the Hurons bow the knee with the black-robe, this One True Great Spirit will turn away from the Mohawks and His anger will fall upon them if their hearts remain closed against the words which He speaks to them by the mouth of the black-robe. The Great Spirit is over all; He is here among us. Listen, Eagle, for He will fulfil the words which I speak to you. A light shines upon the forest. Onduterraon sees wide fields and great villages in which dwell pale-faces who have come over the

wide waters. He sees how the pale-faces increase like the grass upon the prairie and the trees in the woods. Their thunder carries death among the Mohawks. They throw the firebrand into their villages, they poison the red men with their smoke and destroy them with the fire-water. Onduterraon sees how the Red Wolves are driven from their forests and follow the great light, and roam about in a far land poor and miserable. They have no longer a hunting ground and must beg of the white man who has brought to them death and destruction. Eagle, you have been fighting against peaceable men, you have overpowered and killed them—you have shed their blood. You are a disgrace to your tribe. Onduterraon will not follow you as a captive to your village, he will die when his last war cry is heard. The weapon of your warrior has broken his arm, and the life is slowly flowing from the wound. The Great Spirit has so ordered it and Onduterraon thanks Him for it. The Mohawks have no more power over him, for he will go to the distant land where peace dwells and no war-cry is heard. Do not think, Eagle, that Onduterraon is angry with you. No, he pities you, for you are blind, and your mind is confused so that you persecute the children of the Great Spirit who know Him and pray to Him. Onduterraon will pray to the Lord of Life that He will no longer be angry with you. Leave the men in peace, and no longer threaten their lives. Onduterraon has spoken."

The old man hid his face in his hand. The Mohawks remained silent, while the Huron stood there, not as their prisoner, but as the announcer of his own sentence. His prophetic words had made a great impression and Eagle felt ashamed before him.

The Mohawk had listened, immovable, to the speech of the old man, but now animation returned. His old savagery resumed its sway, his eyes glowed like those of a panther, his breast heaved. He rose slowly, and, as if mechanically, seized the tomahawk which hung in his girdle.

Onduterraon withdrew his hand from his face, cast a bright glance towards heaven, and, then, for a moment, looked calmly at his conqueror; he then bent his grey head in silent expectation of the mortal blow. But the tomahawk fell not; the wild chief restrained his wrath, replaced the bloodstained weapon in his girdle, stretched out his unarmed hand to the speaker, and said in the loud and deep tones of his native speech:

"The old raven of the Hurons cannot frighten a warrior. He shall die at the stake. He has spoken in vain, Eagle has closed his ears. Onduterraon shall go into the land of souls, that his black-robe has promised; he shall go hence, and shall seek it but he will not find it. The happy hunting grounds are closed against him, for he has turned away from the Great Spirit of the red men, and he is no longer his child. Who, of my warriors, broke the wing of the gray crow, and who took him prisoner? Let him come forward and put him to silence. Let him take Onduterraon's scalp, and give his body as food to the fishes."

One of the Mohawks stepped out, and drew his

knife. Murder glared in his eyes, and he would have rushed upon his victim if F. Jaques had not placed himself before him.

"The Great Spirit will require of you every drop of blood that you shed! Tremble before the vengeance of the living God!" he cried in a loud and threatening voice to the savage, who timidly shrunk back.

"Does one of my braves shrink from a black snake that can only hiss?" thundered Eagle, overcome by anger, and with his strong arm, he pushed back the exhausted priest so that he was obliged to cling to a tree to prevent himself from falling.

The ill-treated man raised his hands entreatingly to heaven, as he exclaimed:

"Oh, Thou, my God, wilt Thou suffer such evil deeds? Have pity upon us, and if it can be, let his cup pass from us!"

The Mohawk, encouraged by his chief, took advantage of this opportunity, and plunged his knife into the breast of the old Huron, who remained motionless for a moment, and then fell lifeless to the ground.

The murderer made a yell of triumph, and threw himself upon his victim to scalp him. The missionary uttered a cry of horror, and again, with uplifted hands called to heaven for help, and, then, as if God would send him a sign that his prayer had been heard, a vivid flash of lightning shone from heaven, accompanied by a deafening clap of thunder, which rolled and cracked in the air, as if the firmament was broken up, while but a few paces from the scene of the murder a mighty oak was cleft in two.

The Mohawks crowded howling together, while the Hurons looked in surprise at the Jesuit, who, they believed, had called down the lightning on their enemies. Conquerers and conquered were equally amazed. René Gaupil and William Couture were on their knees in prayer; F. Jaques stood there deeply moved, and offered the thanksgiving of a full heart.

The rain rushed down in torrents; and brought relief to the wounded men; but the storm, which had gathered unobserved, seemed to have exhausted itself in this one fearful outbreak. It continued to lighten for some time, and then the clouds parted, the rain ceased, and the sun again shone in the blue heavens.

The terror of the Mohawks was over as soon as they saw that the black-robe had ended his prayer, and was again beginning to attend to the wounded men. The sun, meanwhile, was declining, and Eagle prepared to retire; but the circumspect chief desired to leave no traces of the battle, and for this reason the bodies of the fallen and murdered men has to be laden with stones and sunk in the river, a work which occupied some hours. It was near midnight when the canoes were pushed into the water and manned. All the damaged canoes of the Hurons were destroyed, and those still useful were hidden in a little bay of the Iroquois river, where it flows into the S. Lawrence.

By daybreak, the victors, with their booty and their prisoners had left S. Peters Lake, and the vultures, greedy after blood, were the only living creatures which gave any sign of the late battle.

Eagle knew that another warlike body of his tribe was near, and in order to give them information of his conquest, he had caused its story to be engraved on the bark of a mighty tree in the primitive picture-language of the Indians. There, after many years, was the account found by some white hunters, and the French authorities in the settlement caused a wooden cross to be erected in memory of the sufferings endured by the brave servant of God and his companions. But the tooth of time has eaten this away, and the tree, with the picture made by the wild Mohawks, has long since been destroyed, for the plough has, for more than the age of a man, broken up the forest ground, and peaceful and industrious people who live there little know of what once happened in their fruitful homesteads.

(To be continued.)

## TO A LARK.



WHAT ails my little warbler?  
She singeth not to-day,  
From her cage beside the window,  
Her carol sweet and gay.

She is longing for the freedom  
She used to know and love,  
When her home was in the woodlands,  
Her cage the sky above.

Ah, well! my tiny minstrel,  
I sympathise with thee;  
I, too, am weak and weary,  
And long so to be free.

Far from the giant buildings  
That half shut out the sun,  
Where men like slaves must labour,  
And toil is never done.

I long to greet the meadows  
Wherein, a child, I played;  
To quench my thirst at the Silver Well,  
To wander through the glade;

To hear the bells at evening  
Ring out so sweet and low;  
To sit beside the stream and hear  
The music of its flow.

But ah! my little singer,  
My hopes, like thine, are vain;  
I toil for men with book and pen,  
Bound down by Labour's chain.

I see no sight to cheer me  
In dusty rooms like these,  
I have no solace but to hear  
Thy tinkling melodies.

Then deem me not too selfish  
If I feed and keep thee here—  
The only thing that bids me cling  
To a sunnier atmosphere!

GEORGE HULL.

## THE SNAKE DANCE

OF THE MOQUI INDIANS OF ARIZONA.



THE Moqui Indians live just west of the boundary line between New Mexico and Arizona, north and east of the Colorado Chiquito river, and sixty or seventy miles south of the Grand Colorado. The Moquis inhabit seven pueblos, or villages, each built upon the crest of a precipice or sandstone, impregnable to any ordinary assault. Here they have lived since the middle of the sixteenth century, and most of their present customs have existed since then. One of their ancient religious ceremonies is the snake dance, and it was this that Captain Bourke determined early in the summer of 1881 to see. The date for the beginning of the ceremony was the full moon of August, and the scene was Hualpi, one of the seven Moqui pueblos. Passing over the account of the journey, with its attendant incidents and adventures, to Hualpi, let us take up Captain Bourke's description of this strange religious ceremony, the snake dance. The process of catching the snakes is thus described by one of the more communicative Indians: "Before they go out to hunt the snakes, the young men meet in the house of the head man of the order, and there have prayer and a bowl of sacred corn-meal. They make their sacrificial wands of the feathers of the eagle and the bluejay before going out to catch the snakes, for which they begin to search eight days before the dance, going north, south, east, and west. When they catch a snake, they seize it back of the head, hold it up towards the sun in their left hand, and stroke it lengthwise with the right, repeating a prayer." When it is known that over 100 snakes were used in the dance, and that most of them were rattlesnakes, and all poisonous reptiles, one can appreciate what pleasant sport it must be for those young fellows to catch and bring them back alive.

Once brought to the village the snakes are placed in what is called an estufa, a chapel or council chamber, where they are "herded" by two old men. These old men seemed to be under the influence of narcotics, and aroused themselves only when some serpent ventured beyond the limits prescribed for it. They used eagle wands—a stick in the end of which are two feathers—to keep the snakes in submission, the Moqui theory being that the serpents have an instinctive dread of an eagle's wing. This curious use of the eagle feathers was also illustrated during the dance. Both young and old showed no fear of the snakes so long as the reptiles were uncoiled. They picked them up, holding them near the head and stroking them to keep them quiet and to prevent them from winding about the arm. In the same room, also, the men and boys were preparing for the dance—painting themselves and arranging their hair, the characteristics of the latter being a fringe that came down to the eyebrows. The snakes were gathered up, some of the old charmers taking a dozen at a time, and placed in buckskin bags, after which they were taken to the Chapel of the Rabbit dens, in further preparation for the dance in the quadrangle around the "sacred rock."

The author gives a vivid description of the scene



when the whole village is on tiptoe, in view of the coming ceremony.

Here you have the projecting beams of the ladder leading down into one of the estufas ; close to this the sacred rock, with its niche containing the sandstone torso idol and the largest of the petrified wood, eagle-down and the corn-shucks. On this side of the sacred rock are the cotton-wood lodge and the sacred tree, and right back of these a mediæval jumble of masonry, for all the world like the half-ruined castle of a Rhine robber-baron of six centuries ago. Fill every nook and cranny of this mass of buildings with a congregation of Moqui women, maids and matrons, dressed in their graceful garb of dark blue cloth with lemon-stitchings ; tie up the young girls' hair in big Chinese puffs at the sides ; throw in a liberal allowance of children, naked and half-naked ; give colour and tone by using blankets of scarlet and blue and black, girdles of red and green, and necklaces of silver and coral, abalone, and chalcihuiti. For variety's sake add a half-dozen tall, lithe, square-shouldered Navajoes, and as many keen, dyspeptic-looking Americans, one of these a lady . . . and with a hazy atmosphere and a partially clouded sky as accessories, you have a faithful picture of the square.

The spectators numbered 750, and one can well imagine that the few white people among them looked with wonder upon the scenes that followed. We will condense the account of Captain Bourke, and still retain his language as far as possible :

The dancers moved into a square ; first a bare-footed old man sprinkling water on the ground, another carrying a basket of fine cornmeal, others with odd-looking rattles, nine little boys also with rattles, an old man twirling a wooden sling, the sound of which was like falling rain ; the next division consisted of forty-eight persons, two of them children, and all males ; each bore wands of eagle feathers in both hands. All the dancers wore, tied to the right knee, rattles made of tortoise shells and sheep or goat toes, which clanked whenever the leg was moved. Their faces were blackened from brow to upper lip, while mouth and chin were painted ghastly white. Their bodies, legs, and arms were naked, and greenish black in colour, kilts of painted cloth hanging from the waist to the knees. Beads, shells, girdles, etc., were their ornaments. Then followed the march around the sacred stone, and the two divisions then formed in line a few paces apart, facing each other. After other ceremonies, sounding the knee rattles, waving the eagle wands and chanting, the men composing the second division pranced two by two and arm in arm around the sacred rock, going through the motion of corn planting. Then came a band of gaily-dressed squaws, who sprinkled meal in all directions. The second division of men then disappeared, but soon emerged, marching two and two as before ; but those in the left-hand files carried snakes in their hands and between their teeth.

The Indians in the right file still retained the eagle wands, and with them they tickled the heads, necks, and jaws of the snakes, thus distracting their attention from the dancers, in whose teeth they were grasped so firmly. The spectacle was an astonishing one ; and one felt horrified at

this long column of weird figures. With rattles clanking at knees, hands clenched and elbows bent, the procession pranced slowly around the rectangle, the dancers lifting each knee slowly to the height of the waist, and then planting the foot firmly upon the ground before lifting the other, the snakes all the while writhing and squirming to free themselves from restraint. When the snake carriers reached the eastern end of the rectangle they spat the snakes upon the ground, and then other movements were performed. Women threw corn meal in the air and upon the snakes, which were then transferred to the little boys, who formed part of the first division. One five-year-old youngster, in the fearlessness of infancy, stoutly and bravely upheld a five-foot monster which earlier in the day had so nearly scared me out of my senses. This part of the ceremony lasted only a moment, the serpents being replaced in the sacred lodge. As fast as the members of the second division had dropped the first batch of snakes they returned with more, every man carrying a reptile between his teeth, and the women filling the hair and faces of the men with flour. Again and again the weird procession circled around the sacred rock. Some dancers even took two small snakes between their teeth. No steps had been taken to render these snakes innocuous either by the extraction of their fangs or by drugs. Once or twice snakes of unusual activity had coiled themselves up in attitudes of hostility, from which they were driven, not by the ordinary eagle-wand-bearing attendants, but by older and more dexterous manipulators who, it is fair to assume, were expert charmers. Two or three serpents struck viciously at all who approached them. Finally all the snakes were brought out again, placed in a circle and covered with meal. The Indians of the second division then grasped them convulsively in great handfuls, and ran with might and main to the eastern crest of the precipice and then darted like frightened hares down the trails leading to the foot, where they released the reptiles to the four quarters of the globe. The whole dance did not occupy more than one-half or three-quarters of an hour, over 100 snakes being used ; and this within seventy miles of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad.

---

FAMILY FAVOURITISM.—Family favouritism is a besetting sin that is often aggravated by peculiarities of disposition, which very peculiarities are frequently developed by circumstances. Two children of the same parents are born with very similar dispositions, perhaps, but one is plain and the other pretty ; the one possessed of average childish manners, while the other is especially graceful. Now in many families this would serve to create a different feeling for the children, and while the plain, ordinary child would be well treated and cared for, the pretty, graceful creature would be the favourite from very early life. And if the other one has average sense he will notice the difference very soon. This in turn will tell on his disposition by rendering him still less lovely, from the very consciousness he has that he is unfairly dealt with in being slighted for that for which he is in no wise to blame.

## RHEINSVILLE MANOR.

**A** LOVELIER spot than the little village of Rheinsville it would be difficult to find, nor a more cheerful or pleasant residence than that known as Rheinsville Manor. Everything spoke of comfort and hospitality, for Frank O'Malley was as fine a specimen of an Irish gentleman as could be found in the kingdom. When he came home to settle down on his property in the County D——, after years of residence abroad, he did what most men under similar circumstances will do. In other words, he took home a wife. In the discharge of all his duties, public and private, he contrived to journey along the road of life as evenly as most men, meeting, however, with an irreparable shock in the death of his wife, who left him one child—a daughter. Just then, as if to fill the vacant spot in his heart's affection, and to give a companion of her own years to little Ellen, it happened that his brother, Myles O'Malley, died, leaving his only child, Philip, now parentless, to the love and care of Frank. Time thus passed on; the cousins grew up to be man and woman, or nearly so, but Philip, at the time when our story opens, had not visited the Manor for nearly two years, having been pursuing his studies in old Trinity. In the meantime, however, it was tacitly understood that when he had completed his studies, and been fairly started in a legal career, he would find a reward in the hand of his pretty cousin.

Seldom was the tranquillity of the beautiful little village of Rheinsville so put to the rout as it was one fine May evening, in the year 18—, when a neat and dashing gig, with high stepping cob and groom, in a rich, though not gaudy, livery, whirled up to the door of the "Rheinsville Arms." There is something wonderful in the celerity with which the tidings of an arrival are spread through the population of your small, quiet villages, where such an event is of unfrequent occurrence; the knowledge becomes universal in spaces of time so exceedingly brief, that it seems to be the result rather of intuition than of any ascertained mode of communication. Such was the case in the present instance. It was not every day that such a smart turn out was to be seen in the village of Rheinsville, so the excitement of the inhabitants was intense, and the occupant of the vehicle was received with a degree of curiosity and attention adequate to his distinguished appearance. He took the two best rooms at the "Rheinsville Arms," and was understood to intend making a long stay in the village. Evidently he was rich, for he paid for everything with an unquestionable and most agreeable liberality; young, handsome, and accomplished. In short, never were the people in and about Rheinsville so delighted with man, as with the dashing proprietor of the gig. He had a particular faculty of making himself acquainted with everybody, and by the end of the first week of his stay, was on visiting terms, not only with every family of the least note in the village, but with all the neighbouring gentry within a circle of twenty miles. But there was one thing that slightly—but very slightly—

diminished the universal satisfaction felt and expressed at the presence and manners of the new-comer; and this was the mystery in which, for some reason or other, he thought proper to envelope his parentage, connections and pursuits.

At any rate, he neglected no occasion to let all the world (of Rheinsville) know that the subject was one on which he did not wish to be interrogated. One of his first visits was to the manor, a circumstance which was the result of an accident.

Amongst his other habitudes, Squire O'Malley was a sportsman, and at the close of one day, when he had been enjoying the pleasures of the chase with some of the neighbouring gentry, he found himself quietly riding homewards in company with the stranger, who had ridden to the hounds during the day, and who now beguiled the road by pleasant converse. Imperceptibly, by his apparent frankness and cordiality, the latter so favourably impressed the squire, that when he arrived at the gate of the manor, he invited him to his table, which, after a slight demur, he accepted. Probably the stranger's acceptance was influenced by the appearance of Ellen, who flew down the avenue to greet her father's return.

Certainly, the stranger made himself speedily at home and at ease, evidencing the most flattering estimate of the hospitality that made him thus comfortable.

The evening turned out very stormy, and O'Malley solicited his visitor, if he were not particularly engaged elsewhere for the evening, not to "break cover" for the night, a request to which he readily acceded. Indeed, he said, his time was his own, being an idle bachelor, rambling, for amusement, about the country. And not only for that night, but for many succeeding days and nights, did he remain at the Manor.

Frank O'Malley found out that he was very cunning at tying flies, and handled a double-barrelled gun like a man that knew what he was about. Ellen at first merely thought him a very agreeable, pleasant fellow. In point of fact his visit appeared about to be indefinitely prolonged. He presented Ellen with piles of new music, and some charming *bijouterie*, all of which he laid with such easy grace before her that she felt no embarrassment, nor thought of declining his gifts.

And so the summer passed away, and autumn found the captivating stranger still at the Manor, which for many years had never been so gay as under the inspiring influence of his presence. The men all swore that he was the best rider, and one of the best shots they had ever seen. The old ladies eulogized his profound skill and attention at whist, and the young ones were all in raptures with his fine voice, his exquisite taste in dress, and his delightful gallantry. He was always proposing and carrying into effect some particularly agreeable scheme of amusement: to-day a picnic on the summit of one of the bold hills at the base of which reposed the Manor; to-morrow a ride to the ruined castle that frowned over the river, which, either leaping and tumbling down over rocks and shingle, or warbling along the flat, rich meadows for a space, lent such a picturesque effect to the valley of Rheinsville.

Ellen, from simply regarding him as a pleasant

visitor, gradually but surely was affected by his assiduous and elegant attentions. She was a delightful creature, and when her bright hazel eyes made the stranger (Hugh Dalrymple, as he now acknowledged his name to be) her slave, was just nineteen. Occasionally, thoughts of her absent cousin, Philip, would strike her, and she would ask herself were it possible that the affection which he believed to be centred in himself could ever be transferred to another; but still she could not shut her eyes to the evidence of her power over the stranger, nor (with a woman's vanity) to the deal of envy which his marked attention to her excited.

Such was the state of matters on one evening, when those grey lines in which September monotonously, but sweetly, arrayed the little village, verdant mead, and tinted wood, were gradually deepening, Ellen O'Malley sat in pensive thought on a green bank, beneath a canopy of umbrage, formed by a cluster of ancient sycamores and elms, in the park of the manor; a few patches of gleaming sky from above redeemed the place from the character of gloom which the loftiness of the trees and the masses of foliage contributed to produce. A deep shade of melancholy had settled upon her lovely features; a frightened, nervous expression, betokening long unrest. A few days previous, a letter had been received by her father from Philip, in which he announced some college success, and his intention of paying the manor a visit, after his lengthened absence. That very day, too, Dalrymple had told her, in low and hurried accents, how he only lived in the hope of winning her love, and that one little word from her lips would decide whether he should be a wanderer without aim or end of existence, or remain by her side.

Confused and surprised, Ellen found no words for utterance. She besought Dalrymple to be less precipitate. Yet on that evening she was not indifferent to his whisperings. Pensively seated beneath the spreading trees after her interview with him, asking herself how would her present state of mind reward the devotion of her cousin Philip, she thought of how in their infant days they had played together in the shrubby lanes and grassy meadows, and were ever the companions of each other's hours, and the mutual sharers of all their childish joys and sorrows. But the phase of childhood passed over, the capacity of heart increased. And so, just at the time when Philip left Rheinville to pursue his studies in the metropolis, little Ellen had begun to grow shy of her playmate. A womanly sedateness was mingled with her smile, as she laughingly and blushing promised to be his wife when he returned, a great man. What was she now about to do? To withdraw her promise and bestow her hand upon another, and that other a stranger! Heavily passed the hour she spent beneath the trees, and keen and bitter were Ellen's feelings that night as she rested her head on her pillow.

Philip, in his letters to Ellen, seldom reminded her of their betrothal. All earth's powers could never have persuaded him that, in his absence, her tastes or feeling would have become perverted. His faith was centred in a belief of her high principle, her truth, and her warm heart, and so when he heard from herself, as well as from his

uncle, of the continued sojourn of the handsome stranger at the manor, and of the attention which he paid her, no jealous pang wrung his heart, and he hopefully looked forward to the time when emancipation from his studies would place him once more within the domestic circle at the manor.

About a week before the time when Philip was to arrive at the manor, the "Rheinsville Arms" received an accession of guests, in the shape of two travellers, who, if not as aristocratic as the one who dashed up to its door in his gig some two months before, accompanied by valet and groom, were, at any rate, equally mysterious in their movements. One of them was a man of some five-and-forty years, rather short in stature, and whose features were harsh and unprepossessing. But there was a certain amount of plausibility in his speech, and he evinced considerable tact and cunning in the manner in which he contrived to acquire information relative to the various families in the neighbourhood, and the principal items of local gossip. Much of his time, for a day or two after his arrival, was spent in the bar-room of the "Rheinsville Arms," in the company of Hugh Dalrymple's two servants, who still remained there, although what he was able to see in their society, was more than the portly landlord could fathom. When not thus engaged, he busied himself in his own apartment in the careful perusal of various bundles of papers, while his companion, who was much more reticent and reserved in his manner, availed himself of the privilege accorded to residents at the "Rheinsville Arms," by Frank O'Malley, of visiting the grounds surrounding the manor. In the course of these rambles he now and again encountered Ellen and Dalrymple strolling through the demense, and upon these occasions, although it might have been observed that he respectfully stood aside to allow them to pass, he would follow their after movements with a degree of scrutinizing zeal, that evidenced the interest he took in them was of no ordinary kind.

And that he and his companion had a motive in their apparently eccentric proceedings, was soon clear, for a circumstance occurred, so much out of the ordinary course of events in Rheinville, that to this day it forms the most notable event in the history of that quiet little village.

One fine afternoon Charley Grace, then the butler, but at one period the huntsman of Frank O'Malley, perceived, with no small surprise, the two guests at the "Rheinsville Arms," leisurely walking up the avenue that led to the manor, and to his greater amazement, saw that they were accompanied by the village constable. O'Malley was not a J.P., and what the latter's object was in thus seeking the manor was quite beyond Charley's comprehension, and, therefore, he hastened to apprise his master, who was in his study, of the circumstance. O'Malley was no less surprised as to the meaning of this unusual visit, and directed the trio to be shown into the library, where he speedily joined them, anxious to know the cause of their appearance there. To his enquiry on this point, the sojourner at the "Rheinsville Arms," to whom we have more particularly alluded, said:

"I have the honour, I believe, to address Mr. Frank O'Malley?"

"The same, sir, at your service."

"And I, sir, have the honour to introduce myself to your notice, however unpleasant my visit may ultimately prove, as John May."

"The name is one that I do not immediately call to mind. Perhaps you would——"

"Probably not, sir, but it is one well known in London. I am, in short, as well as my comrade, a Bow-street officer, and my present business here is to arrest a person who has been enjoying your hospitality for, I believe, some months. My justification for this seeming strange proceeding is this warrant," he added, producing that document.

"Arrest my guest, sir!" said O'Malley. "I do not exactly comprehend you."

"I am convinced of that, sir; but allow me to explain myself in as few words as possible. There are so many charges against the person in question that you would be hardly able to comprehend the general nature of the proceedings instituted against him. Nor is it necessary that you should do so, but the specific charge upon which I hold this warrant for his arrest, is his malversation, to an incredible extent, of the funds of a London bank, in which he held the position of cashier. I have had," continued the officer, "for the last six or eight months, a stern chase after him, and that proverbially a lengthened one, but I have earthed him at last; and while my success is to me a source of more than mere gratification, I have only to thank you, awkwardly it may be, but I can assure you sincerely, my regret that my professional avocations should have necessitated my intrusion into the residence of an honourable gentleman, whose only association with the business which I have in hand, is that he has unwittingly allowed himself to be made the dupe of an impostor."

The feelings of Frank O'Malley at the conclusion of this speech are indescribable. Motioning the speaker and his colleagues to seats, he remained silent for a few minutes, but at last observed:

"I need not remark how poignant is the regret which I experience at the fact of my roof-tree having for a second sheltered one whose antecedents are such as you have described. And this regret is the more irritating, seeing that the plausibility of his manners has gained for him so much of the society of my daughter, while his qualifications as a sportsman has secured his access to the circles of all the chief families in the neighbourhood of Rheinsville. He is not at present within, but I expect him every minute, and will gladly afford you every facility to aid the ends of justice."

But this charge of malversation of the bank's funds was not the only one against the gentleman who whirled up to the "Rheinsville Arms" one May morning, accompanied by a pair of servants; whose *distingué* appearance and off-handed manner so completely awed the good people of Rheinsville; who followed the county hounds with such sportsman-like ardour and dash; who was the cynosure of all eyes; who so coolly made himself at home at the manor; and who wooed and almost won the daughter of its owner. "Hugh Dalrymple" (as he called himself when he did condescend to give a name) had so many aliases

that it would be a difficult task (even for John May) to trace his new patronymic. There were few gaming-tables at which he was not disadvantageously known. He was, in fine, an accomplished vagabond, and it was whispered even worse, although it was difficult to fix the darker crimes upon him. How he contrived to obtain a position of trust in a London bank was never known; the only feasible opinion hazarded was, that, having got the son of one of the firm into his power in some "hell," he had employed his advantage in securing a birth in the establishment—with what result we have seen. So cool and consummate a scoundrel was he, that when arrested by John May (whom he at once recognised as an old acquaintance) on his return from a stroll with Ellen, he coolly raised his hat as he left the place in custody, and, with one of his most elegant bows, remarked that there were few pleasanter days in his career than those which he had spent at Rheinsville Manor.

And what said Ellen to the *dénouement* of this strange but true story? She flung herself upon her father's neck, and while her bosom heaved and throbbed, as her feelings sought to gain utterance in speech, no words could express them. They were too deep for speech, and it was not until her parent soothed her with all a parent's tenderness that she at length revealed how deep a hold the stranger possessed of her affections, and in what a new light Philip stood in her estimation. Never before had she appreciated his patient and enduring attachment. Pressing her hands upon her burning forehead, she remained some moments buried in deep thought, but at length she exclaimed:

"Oh, has it at last come to this; and is my once happy home to be rendered desolate for ever through me. Oh, Philip, Philip! how my poor brain racks and throbs—how you will hate and loathe me when you learn all!"

Philip *did* learn all, when a few days afterwards he reached the manor, and found Ellen prostrate on a sick bed, and delirious through an attack of fever. And when at length some reason glimmered through the dark feelings of desolation that had for a time clouded her faculties, the first low voice she heard beside her couch was that which murmured her name:

"Ellen! dear, dear Ellen!"

It was Philip, who strove by every means to assuage the grief that so entirely depressed her spirits; but, though he never once alluded to the painful cause of her illness, she had herself awoke from her delusive and bewildering dream.

To no explanation would he listen; and if the wonted peace and quiet of Rheinsville was singularly disturbed when the dashing guest at the manor was (under the safe conduct of John May,) conveyed, handcuffed, from his snug quarters there to the "Rheinsville Arms," and thence, in his own gig (without his servants) to the county gaol, pending his transmission to the locale of his last offence, it was more than paralleled by the scene which that pleasant hamlet presented not long after Ellen's recovery. Then the church bells rang out merry peals; then the village children strewed the path with flowers, and then Philip O'Malley led his fair cousin—so unex-

pectedly wooed and so providentially lost by another, and now fairly and honourably won by himself—to the altar, and in after years, many were the golden-haired children that joyously gambolled with old Frank O'Malley and their parents, beneath the ancient sycamores that shade the grounds of Rheinsville Manor.

E. M.M.

## MONASTIC HOUSES IN ENGLAND.

**A**S coming from the "Nineteenth Century" this is remarkable: The Reformation, and its child, the Revolution, though they have destroyed many a noble monastic building, have not annihilated the monastic life. The tradition has survived, and still exists. In some countries, notably in the Austrian Empire, many monastic foundations dating back as far as the seventh and sixth centuries still flourish in the full enjoyment of large possessions and all the influence and prestige that attached to similar institutions in our country. Even in England the connection has never been broken. Since the coming of S. Augustine in the sixth century Benedictine monks have never been wanting on English soil, and at the present moment, besides the monastery in which I am now writing, there are, at least, three others within the four seas which claim lineal descent from, and even identity with, that very corporation to which the thirteenth century monasteries belonged. The mediæval monasteries of England, therefore, do not need successors. They still exist. Or if they must have successors, such can surely be found elsewhere than in Pall Mall. During the three centuries which have passed since the spoliation of the English monastic houses numerous religious corporations have sprung into existence, which, without being exactly monastic in their nature, have inherited the principles of monastic life, have taken up much of the work which the monasteries once fulfilled, and, in the altered circumstances of modern life, have taken that hold upon the popular mind which the monasteries once exclusively enjoyed. These may be truly regarded as "the successors of the thirteenth century monasteries." They may not exist in Pall Mall: but in other busy thoroughfares of London and our large towns, as well as in the slums and back streets, will be found the Oratorian and the Passionist, the Redemptorists and the Jesuit, the Father of Charity and the Marist, the Vincentian and Christian Brother, along with a host of congregations of women, who, under the name of Sisters of Charity or of Mercy, the Little Sisters of the Poor, or Sisters of Notre Dame, and fifty others, carry on the work of Christian love by teaching, reclaiming, feeding, clothing, nursing, and caring for the poor and of the little ones of Christ. In almost every town, and in even many a country hamlet, will be found these truly trustworthy successors of the very best days of English monarchism, whose self-sacrifice and devotion to the needs and weakness of others not only emulate the deeds of their predecessors, but cry

shame upon much of the luxury and heartless self-indulgence which is threatening to eat the heart out of our English society. When the Pall Mall club-house is the only representative of the monastic ideal in this land, God help England! But we have not yet fallen so low, nor are we likely to do so. The national character is too thorough, too energetic, too masculine. Even outside the Catholic Church there is a movement of return to the old externals of "the higher life." The vagaries of Llanthony and some other failures have been the result; but a growing appreciation of the dignity and necessity of self-sacrifice and voluntary self-denial has also ensued, and much of the old vulgar contempt and uncultured hatred of the name of monk is dying away.

## THE SONG OF THE BIRDS.

SAY what means this evening carol  
Soft, remote and piercing nigh,  
How can ye of dull apparel  
Thus with music rend the sky?

Cease awhile your animation,  
Tell me what hath you inspired,  
Never to such gratulation  
Hath the song of man aspired!

'Tis a song of deep emotion,  
'Tis a strain that tells of love,  
Breathing all the heart's devotion.  
Praising Him who dwells above!

'Tis to Him this simple measure  
By His creatures is addressed;  
Would it might repay the treasure  
With which we are daily blest!

Said I, "Cease ye merry minstrels,  
Never let your song expire!  
Poets give us earthly music,  
Yours the truly sacred lyre!"

V. P.

## NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

THE Editor desires to call the attention of Contributors to the following rules regarding MSS. :—

1. Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only.

2. Each contribution must bear on the first page the sender's name and address, and the conditions on which it is forwarded.

3. In no case can the Editor undertake the task of passing an opinion upon the merits or defects of poems or stories submitted to him; nor can he specify the reasons which may influence him in rejecting any contribution.

4. As MSS. are sent voluntarily, the Editor will not hold himself responsible for their safe return; but when an addressed wrapper accompanies the contribution, care will be taken to have such contribution duly posted in the event of its rejection.

5. When a stamped, addressed wrapper is not sent, the MSS. will remain for six months at the office, where they will be obtainable upon application, either personally or by letter enclosing addressed wrapper. Beyond six months no application can be entertained.



# "IT SAVED MY LIFE"

"For the Fever had obtained a strong hold on me. In a few days I was quite well."—Extract from letter of O. formerly Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian in Albania, referring to

**LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE**  
WHICH IS EFFERVESCING AND TASTELESS, FORMING A MOST INVIGORATING  
VITALISING, AND REFRESHING DRAUGHT.

*DRs. PROUT, MORGAN, TURLEY, GIBBON, SPARKS, DOWSING, CARR JACKSON, and many other Medical Gentlemen, have given unqualified testimony to the importance of the discovery and the immense value of*

## THIS GREAT REMEDY



as possessing elements most essential for the restoration and maintenance of Health, with perfect Body and Mind.

It gives instant relief in HEADACHE, SEA OR BILIOUS SICKNESS, CONSTIPATION, LASSITUDE, HEARTBURN, and FEVERISH COLDS; prevents and cures the worst forms of TYPHUS, SCARLET, and other FEVERS, SMALLPOX, MEASLES, and SKIN COMPLAINTS, and various other altered conditions of the blood. It is the cure for Cholera.

**CAUTION!**—Beware of Spurious Salines and Effervescing Salts containing elements put forward by unprincipled persons as the same or better.

Our **PYRETIC SALINE** is warranted not to contain Magnesia or any substance likely to produce or calcareous formations.

In Patent Glass-Stoppered Bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 21s. each.

### LAMPLOUGH'S CONCENTRATED LIME JUICE SYRUP

A perfect Luxury. Taken effervescing with Pyretic Saline a most agreeable Summer Drink.  
*Sold by all Chemists in Patent Glass-stoppered Bottles at 2s. and 4s. 6d. each.*

**H. LAMPLOUGH, 113, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON.**

Free by post, One Shilling,

## THE BEST LIKENESS OF THE LATE PIUS IX.,

A BEAUTIFUL WOOD ENGRAVING ON THICK TONED PAPER,  
FIT FOR ANY DRAWING ROOM.

"THE TABLET," the leading Catholic organ, of Feb. 16 says: "We have received from the LAMP Office one of the best likenesses we have seen of the late Pontiff. The price, of course, puts it within the reach of all."

OFFICE OF THE "LAMP," 25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

## Hop Bitters

Are THE PUREST, CHEAPEST, & BEST BITTERS EVER.

They are compounded from HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, PODOPHYLLIN, DANDELION, the oldest, best, and most valuable medicine in the world. Contain the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, being the greatest BLOOD PURIFIER, LIVER REGULATOR, and Life and Health Restoring agent on earth.

## No Disease or Ill Health

Can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their effects.

TRY HOP BITTERS TO-DAY.

May be had of all Chemists throughout the World.





It is the most perfect Emollient Milk for Preserving & Beautifying the Skin ever produced. It soon renders it **SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE**, entirely removes and prevents all Roughness, Redness, Chaps, Irritation, &c., and preserves the Skin from the effects of exposure to the

**FROST, COLD, WIND, OR HARD WATER.**

More effectually than any other known preparation.

**NO LADY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.**

Bottles, 12s., 18s. 6d., and 28s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers.

Any size free for 3d. extra, by the Sole Makers,

**M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.**

# The LOUIS VELVETEEN

*Genoa Face. Fast Woven Pile.*

**EVERY YARD** OF THE GENUINE BEARS THE NAME

"LOUIS," AND THE WEAR OF EVERY YARD GUARANTEED. PATTERNS POST FREE.

**Thos. Wallis & Co., Holborn Viaduct, LONDON.**

## VENABLES' American Organs

ON HIRE SYSTEM, FROM 11s. PER MONTH.

**C. VENABLES & CO., 187 & 189, Essex Rd., ISLINGTON, N.**

## PERRY PEN COMPETITION, 1885.

### 13 GOLD & SILVER WATCHES

TO BE GIVEN AWAY AS PRIZES

FOR THE BEST SPECIMENS OF WRITING AND DRAWING WITH PERRY PENS.

PRIZE "A"—For Boys under 12 years of age.  
A KEYLESS SILVER WATCH .. Value 30s.

PRIZE "B"—For Girls under 12 years of age.  
A KEYLESS SILVER WATCH .. Value 30s.

PRIZE "C"—For Youths aged 12 to 15 inclusive.  
A SILVER WATCH .. Value £5 5s.

PRIZE "D"—  
For Youths at School under 18 years of age.  
FIRST PRIZE — A GOLD WATCH, Value £10 10s.  
SECOND " — A SILVER " " £5 5s.

PRIZE "E"—  
For Ladies at School under 18 years of age.  
FIRST PRIZE — A GOLD WATCH, Value £5.  
SECOND " — A SILVER " " £2 10s.

PRIZE "F"—  
For Ladies 15 years of age and upwards.  
FIRST PRIZE—A GOLD WATCH .. Value £10.  
SECOND " — " " " " £5.

PRIZE "G"—  
For Gentlemen 15 years of age and upwards.  
FIRST PRIZE—A GOLD WATCH .. Value £20.  
SECOND " — " " " " £10.

PRIZE "H"—  
Open to both Ladies and Gentlemen—For the best Specimen of Drawing executed with Perry & Co.'s Crow-quill Pen, No. 600.  
FIRST PRIZE—A GOLD WATCH .. Value £10.  
SECOND " — " " " " £5.

Ask your Stationer for the Rules of this Competition, or send Two Penny Stamps to  
**PERRY & CO., LIMITED, STEEL PEN MAKERS, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.**





# THE LAMP.

*Established Half a Century.*

## CONTENTS:

	PAGE		PAGE
THE MARTINS OF LEVER-		ARCTIC INDIAN MODES OF	
TOM (Illus.) 81, 97, 113, 129		BURIAL.....	106, 117
REPTILES A SMALL AND		THE KUSTIC CROSS: A	
DYING RACE.....	85	PLAY IN ONE ACT.....	108
NEWFOUNDLAND.....	85	POPULAR PORTRAITS.....	111
"TO ROME, THE ETERNAL		CHIEF LITERATURE.....	112
CITY".....	87, 120	TEARS ROBBED OF SENTI-	
A PIONEER OF THE CROSS;		MENT.....	124
OR, A CAPTURE AMONG		A HEAVEN - TAUGHT	
THE MOHAWKS 88, 102,		ARTIST.....	125, 141
120, 136		HUMOUROUS DEFINITIONS	
TOULOUSE GESE.....	91	WHAT THE GRAPES PRO-	
SNEEZING.....	92	DUCE.....	132
MICHAEL'S SYRACUSAN.....	93	THE TEMPLE CHURCH.....	139
OUR EYES IN SCHOOL DAYS		A REQUEST FOR SHAM-	
NEEDLES & NEEDLEWORK	100	ROCKS.....	141
THE SHRINE OF LOVE.....	108	DINNERS AND DINERS.....	144

### OFFICES:

LONDON,—25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, E.C.

DUBLIN,—SMITH & SON, MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.  
M. H. GILL & SON, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

LIVERPOOL,—SMITH & SON, CASTLE STREET.

MANCHESTER.—J. HEYWOOD, DEANSGATE.  
SMITH & SON, 1, NEW BROWN STREET.



# FACTS!

The "Year-Book of Facts" says:—"There are few lines of scientific industry in which a greater advance has been made late years than in the manufacture of artificial teeth. And no one has contributed more to progress in this department than Dr. G. H. JONES, of 57, Great Russell Street, W.C., one of whose most recent improvements is the application of the principle of the common sucker to the artificial palate. The patent suction valve of Dr. G. H. JONES is an ingenious contrivance of great simplicity, by which the upper case of teeth is kept firmly in the mouth, and can only be removed at the will of the wearer. The tongue easily, and by a natural movement, effectually exhausts the air from the valve, and the teeth are retained *in situ*, upon the principle by which a boy raises a stone by means of an ordinary sucker. This plan obviates the old and somewhat clumsy arrangement of fitting the teeth with springs and wires, which frequently require repair, while the perfect contact of the artificial teeth with the roof of the mouth which this improvement secures, prevents crumbs and portions of masticated food from hanging about the mouth always a source of discomfort, and tending to produce a foulness in the breath—not only inconvenient to the patient, but which always a sure indication of the presence of ill-fitting artificial teeth. The improvement thus explained possesses the very important recommendation of rendering the secure fixing of artificial teeth a painless and easy operation. All the inconveniences which patients suffer under other less simple and effective methods are entirely avoided, and the artificial teeth are so firmly held in place that the power of mastication and articulation is not in the slightest degree impaired."

We may here remind our readers that S. G. HUTCHINS, Esq., Surgeon-dentist to Her Majesty the Queen, has said that "The teeth supplied by Dr. G. H. JONES are the best, safest, and most life-like, and his system the perfection of painless dentistry." The high honour awards, including gold medal diplomas, which Dr. G. H. JONES has received at the great International Exhibitions confirm the opinion of this eminent authority, and we should advise our readers to write for an explanatory pamphlet (which is sent free by post) to Dr. G. H. JONES, Surgeon-dentist, 57, Great Russell Street, opposite British Museum.

## OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA (ESTABLISHED SIXTY YEARS.)



THE BEST and ONLY CERTAIN REMEDY ever discovered for preventing, strengthening, beautifying, or restoring the HAIR, WHISKERS, or MOUSTACHES, and preventing them turning grey.

Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s.

**C. & A. OLDRIDGE,**  
22, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON  
AND ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS.

For children it is invaluable, as it forms a basis of a magnificent head of hair, prevents baldness in mature age, and obviates the use of dyes and poisonous restoratives.

## Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE



IS THE  
GREAT SPECIFIC  
FOR CHOLERA,

**C**OUGHES,  
**C**OLDS,  
**A**STHMA,  
**B**RONCHITIS.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—Dr. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED a REMEDY to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE INVENTOR, and, as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by Analysis (organic substances defying elimination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne must be false.

This Caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—Vice Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to. See *The Times*, July 13th, 1864.

**DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY.**  
GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, London. REPORT that it ACTS as a CHARM, one dose generally sufficient. Dr. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states: "2 DOSES COMPLETELY CURED ME OF DIARRHŒA."

From SYMES & Co., Pharmaceutical Chemists, Simla, Jan. 5, 1880.  
To J. T. DAVENPORT, London.

DEAR SIR,—We congratulate you upon the widespread reputation this justly esteemed medicine has earned for itself all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and, judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances ad infinitum of the extraordinary efficacy of DR. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE in Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, the Vomiting of Pregnancy, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhœa, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power.

We have never used any other form of medicine than Collis Browne's, from firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty owe to the profession and the public. We are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescriber and patient alike. We are, Sir, faithfully yours, SYMES & Co., Members of the Pharmac. Society Great Britain, His Excellency Viceroy's Chemists.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** is the TRUE PALLIATIVE in NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** is a liquid medicine which assuages PAIN of EVERY KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and it VIGORATES the nervous system when exhausted.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** rapidly cuts short all attacks of EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC, PALESTRA, HYSTERIA.

**IMPORTANT CAUTION.**—The immense sale of this REMEDY has given rise to many UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS. Be careful to obtain Trade Mark. Of all Chemists. 1s. 2s. 3s. 4s., and 4s. 6d.

SOLE MANUFACTURER, J. T. DAVENPORT, 11, Great Russell Street, W.C.





"WHAT BECAME OF THE TWINS?" ASKED BEN."

## The Martins of Leberton.

BY OLIVER CRANE.

### CHAPTER X.

#### A NEW FRIEND.

**I** WAS just out of the pathway and entering on the open street in company with my new friend, when I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was Ben's hand, and he said:

"Where have you been?"

"To the Catholic church."

"So have I. I go often in the afternoon."

"You do!" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes. I like the sermons; and I feel quite sure that if there be any institution that we may call Heaven-appointed, it is the Catholic Church."

"Why, Ben!"

"Yes," said Ben, looking carelessly round, "if there be any Church at all, it is the Catholic Church. But, then, there are thousands in this country who say that there is no such thing as a Church, and I belong to them, I suppose."

"You belong to them," I repeated. "Why?"

"There is no other choice—it is a kind of that or nothing question. If there is a Church, it is the Catholic Church. If I don't believe that, then I must be free to believe there is no Church at all."

And then Ben began to whistle the tune of one of the hymns. The good old woman in brown never spoke, but trudged on just a step or two in advance, and left us to walk together. I said, rather angrily:

"I do not think it a that or nothing question. I know, of course, that where there are Sacraments there must be a Church."

"Oh, give up them, too," said Ben.

"No," I cried, "I can keep to the belief in a Church, and in Sacraments, and go on being of the Church of England," I spoke spitefully.

"Then, upon my life, I can't," said Ben, interrupting me. "The Church of England, as you call the Protestant Establishment, has no case whatever. It is a deception and a contradiction—they have not even agreed upon what lie they will tell. That a Church—that thing God's gift to man—it's downright blasphemy. I speak plainly. I have got up the case: lawyer like, I have done it. It is all a question of money and impudence. Lots of good people, no doubt—but speaking of the case, as a case, it has not a leg to stand upon."

"Then," said I, in great astonishment, "you are a dissenter."

"No, I am, at present, God help me, of no class. I am using my private judgment—I am seeking. When I have found, I will rest. Wherever I find the true Church—supposing that there is a Church—there will I enter, and give it my obedience. That Church shall have my mind, my will, and my understanding, according to a sermon I heard preached last Sunday; and I will believe whatever She teaches, knowing that Almighty God's own Institution will be by His power the teacher for ever of His truth."

"Why, that is Faith," I said, "and you are looking for the Church that is One, that is Holy, that is Apostolic, and—and—" I could not help stammering, the emotion that these thoughts called up quite shook me, "and so am I."

Ben looked quietly in my face, as if he did not quite understand my feelings.

"No more, now," he said; and I felt a little cast down by his indifference. "Are you going to mother's or to the farm to-night?"

I tried now to speak indifferently, too. I answered that I had told my mother not to wait for me beyond half-past ten o'clock, as I should go to my own house if I were detained beyond that hour.

"Where are you going now?"

I smiled.

"Back with that woman before us to tea."

Ben looked profoundly surprised, and then amused.

"Well," he said in a low voice, "she is a tidy looking old soul—very good shoes, and I admire that shade of brown; but, altogether, I should not have expected to meet you at her house to tea—who is she?"

"I don't know," I answered, "but I want to know more of that murdered man's brother, and this will bring me and the lad acquainted."

Ben gave a prolonged low whistle.

"You think he may help to find Alice out."

I said: "I scarcely know what I think. I am beating about in the dark."

Then we walked silently for a few minutes, and I began to wonder in my mind about Ben and myself; how he was getting to the thought of the true Church through his lawyer-like head and cold arguments: and I, through my human heart, and

warm love. It always choked me to think of Alice, and now, I could hardly see the pavement on which we were walking for my swimming eyes. But I mastered my emotion, and walked steadily on.

Now, as we are walking through the street, allow me to tell you, kind reader, what different characters I and my younger brother possessed; and these different characters, no doubt, had been strengthened in their peculiarities by our different lives. I do not think my mother showed any marked preference for either of us. She was a kind and just mother; but I should say that if I was her pride, Ben was her darling; and that if she came to me to advise with me, she went to Ben for gossip. But we were not jealous of each other on this account, for such a difference as she, perhaps unconsciously, made, suited us exactly.

Ben had been kept by his mother's side till he went to Mr. Norris, the great solicitor of Leverton; I had been with my uncle who had brought me up, and left me the farm. There were some years difference between Ben and me. He was not quite nineteen at this time, and I was nearly twenty-four; then Ben and my mother had had the same home; and he had been an infant in her arms when my father died; and I had never had any other home than the Meadows, where my good Peggy had helped to take care of me since I was nine years old, at which age my uncle had adopted me.

My mother had come to Rose Cottage, where she now lived, when Ben was about six years old, so he was connected with her home; and I had always been connected with my uncle's home. Perhaps, from these circumstances, the fact of Ben being her gossip had arisen, and the other fact also of my taking the grander place of being the one to consult and advise with. Certain it was, any way, that such was the truth. I knew scarcely anything of my father; but Ben had read his letters, and sorted his papers. I could scarcely have told how he gained his living; but Ben could have answered questions as to the amount of his earnings, what he did, and who had paid him.

Ben was very fond of family history, deeds, wills, and old papers. He was of a studious turn of mind; and I had been born of a practical spirit; my world was the land—fields, houses, cattle, crops. Ben's world was with men; their history, their writings, their births, deaths, marriages, wills, works and adventures. Ben could be interested in all people, living or dead; I could be interested only in one or two, dear living, speaking, loving souls, and for such I could turn to mother earth and till the ground, and bring forth blessings. Thus we brothers were very different in our characters, and had been very differently brought up. And so, in the great question of religion, we went to its examination in very different ways.

Having made this explanation, which the reader will soon perceive to be necessary to my story, I must return to our old woman dressed in brown. I always think of her in her brown dress. I have never lost sight of her since that day; and I have never seen her in any other colour, or looking in

any way different. I grew very fond of her in after-years; of which, as I followed her through the streets, I never thought: but still, of those years, their beginning may count from that sight—the sight of Mrs. Grace Whitley and her nice brown dress.

And so we walked in after Mrs. Whitley, up a sanded passage straight through the house to a room, half kitchen, half parlour, that looked out on a square of green turf, walled in with fruit trees and roses, sweet-williams, and high white lilies, all flourishing in healthy perfection.

## CHAPTER XI.

### NEW IDEAS.

THERE was a nice fire in the grate, over which was a kettle of water. Mrs. Whitley poked at the coals, and up sprung a bright flame, and the kettle began to sing instantly.

"If we are too hot, we must go into the garden," she said.

Then she began to lay out the table, and she produced her tea things, and some bread and cake. She was a well-to do old lady in her own little way, that was quite evident. Ben and I helped her; and soon we were all sitting down to a very refreshing meal.

"Ned Jackson lodges with me," she said. "Mr. Bennet, our priest, asked me to take him in. I never had a lodger before. I generally keep a little maid-servant—some child nine or ten years old—then I get her off into a place, and I teach some one else. That is one of my small ways of trying to do a little bit of good in the few years that may be left of my life in this world. But, at present, I have only Ned. We are good friends, and he is a kind boy. But I have to do all my woman's work for myself. I have not much need of a man-servant." And old Mrs. Whitley gave a very musical laugh.

"You have two men-servants to-night, and we have worked to your satisfaction, I hope," said Ben.

"Pretty well. But I think your brother has laid a tea-table oftener than you."

"But I am the one who expects the payment," said Ben.

"Ah, you lawyer folk will never do something for nothing. What may you be wanting? Your brother wanted to make friends with Ned, and I hoped we should have found him at the door; but now I fear Mr. Bennet must have kept him—so your wants may be attended to first, if they are not beyond my management."

"I want to know about the viscountess."

"Why?"

"Pure love of gossip," said Ben. "I saw her carriage, and I saw her at Benediction, and now I see you, who know her—what more natural than that I should want to know about her?"

"Well," said Mrs. Whitley quietly, "she is worth enquiring about."

"Where does she come from?"

"She is staying at Lord Stackhouse's. She came in this morning to the seven o'clock Mass; and yesterday morning she was here, in this very room, and had a cup of tea with me."

I felt amused and interested. I had had the strangest sensations on first seeing this beautiful lady—as if I had seen her, and heard her speak, and watched her smile in some other life, of which the memory had come back suddenly—and now to hear that four and twenty hours before she had been sitting, as we were, having tea with Mrs. Whitley was very amusing in the midst, however, of some astonishment.

"And have you known her long?" asked Ben.

"Ever since she was born, and her mother, and her grandmother, I knew too—and I heard enough of that good grandmother's beautiful mother to feel that I knew her, though she was dead before I was born."

"Why this is delightful," cried Ben, with eager accents and eyes full of fun and intelligence, "here we are in the midst of grandmothers, and great grandmothers; and there is not anything on earth I like so much as a pedigree; my dear Mrs. Whitley, pray tell us a little more."

"Why you have heard too much for most people's heads already," said our friend, with a smiling face, and sipping her tea.

"Not too much for mine," said Ben. "Now you have known the beautiful viscountess, and her mother, that's two—and her grandmother, that's three—and that grandmother's mother, that's four!"

"No, I have only heard of number four, and seen her picture."

"Oh! and she was a beauty?"

"A wonderful beauty, young man. And the viscountess is an instance of how the old faces reappear in the fine old families sometimes; she is so like that picture, that the memory of old times came back to me when she was here last night more vividly than I can describe. I declare it seemed to me that I was again a happy young servant-girl, in the fine old French chateau, with the picture grown into a living woman, and no longer hanging in the panelled parlour, but sitting talking to me, and having tea."

"Dear me! How strange!" cried Ben. "And what was the beauty's name?"

"Before she was married she was the beautiful Miss Betty Barnet, of Great Barnet, in Kent," said Mrs. Whitley.

Then she rose from the table and turned her back to us, going to fill up the tea-pot from the boiling kettle, and Ben grasped me by the arm. I looked up frightened, not knowing what he meant, into his bright young face; it was pale with excitement. He quite gasped; and his clutch on my arm was even painful in its iron strength. I should have uttered some exclamation, I am sure, if his fixed eyes had not scared me into silence. Then Mrs. Whitley turned round, and came back to the table, and Ben, by an evident effort, suddenly recovered himself.

I cannot tell you how that movement surprised me. We were all silent. I could not speak for wonder. Ben seemed to be silent from some sudden shock, and Mrs. Whitley was silent while she carefully covered the front of her brown dress with a napkin, and proceeded to cut some more bread and butter. Having done this she went on with her story without pressing.

"The beautiful Miss Betty Barnet was the old

bachelor, Mr. Barnett's only sister. She had plenty of lovers, but she never lost her heart but once, and that was to a French viscount, who was a widower with a son of fifteen. She met him at Dover. They married, and she had two sons and a daughter. The elder of the sons was called John Barnett after his English uncle; the second boy was called Henri, and the daughter, who was some years younger than the boys, was called Marie. It was when Marie was a baby that I went to the vicountess to help to take care of the child, and talk English to her. I lived in the French chateau, and was very happy there. The old viscount died, and the son (a very fine man), by the first wife, succeeded to the title and to the estates. Then my mistress left the place, for the young viscount got married, and she went to Fontainebleau to live; her eldest son John Barnett was sent for his education to England; you see, he was his uncle's heir; and Henri went into the French army. There was only a year's difference in age between the boys, but there was seven years between my little baby Marie and her brothers. Henri turned out wild, and at last he ran away to England, and he was never heard of more. It just broke his mother's heart. But she had a good friend in her step-son, and a good adviser in her brother, Mr. Barnett. Her eldest son, too, was quite steady, and would come every year to us at Fontainebleau—but news of Henri we never heard. We discovered that, young as he was, he had married a French girl of not more than sixteen, and taken her with him, but more was never heard."

"What kind of talents had he!" asked Ben.

"Ah," said Mrs. Whitley, "that was it. He had genius, and they would not let him follow it. He did not care for fighting, but for making the implements of war he was wonderful. He was all for inventions. He had invented this, that and the other! Pity he was not born a blacksmith. He would have worked himself into something. As it was he got ruined."

"And what became of the daughter?"

"She married Count S. Clair just before her mother died, and I went with her to her new home. She was soon a widow, and I lived on with her. Then I came to England, and stayed at Great Barnett with her. Her brother was very fond of her. They would time after time try to get news of Henri, but never with any success."

"Had she any children?"

"Two girls; twins. One of them is the lady you have seen. She married the grandson of that Viscount S. Martin, who had been the beautiful Miss Betty Barnett's step-son. She comes to see me, for I had her in my care since her birth. And I loved her mother, and her Uncle Barnett too. And here she comes, whenever she visits Lord Stackhouse, and we talk of old times."

Again there was a silence.

I watched Ben. His face was working strangely. He was suffering under some strongly suppressed excitement, and I was so disturbed at the sight that I rose up and proposed that we should go away.

"Nay, nay," said Mrs. Whitley, "don't let my tears drive you from the house; sit down a little longer."

I then, for the first time, observed that she had been weeping silently. I was sorry to have called up sad memories. I glanced at Ben. His eyes were fixed on Mrs. Whitley with anxious eagerness. It was all quite unaccountable to me—I could not think of anything to say, but that which I had already spoken; so I repeated, "Let us go."

"Our new friend has more to tell us," whispered Ben softly.

"Ah, I have only sorrows to tell. But speaking of those times will always bring tears as long as I have tears to shed."

Now, you must know that Ben had always had a great gift of sympathy, and he had a tender way with him, which had never belonged to me. I think that we might have the same feelings, but he could show his in a gentle, comforting sort of way that did people good, and made people trust him; and then his lawyer brain would arrange what they said so clearly that when he spoke, whether hardly or softly, he was sure to say the proper thing, and show the subject in the true light. But I could not do this. I used to be overcome by my feelings; and, though I could judge rightly for myself, I was not clear at judging for other people—I could not tell them what they had better do. I could not, for instance, have spoken as Ben spoke.

"You had better tell me all about it," he said.

"Tears flow easier when shed in kind company. What happened to the twins? and why do you weep?"

He had got up, and taken my chair which was by the dear old woman's side, and he leaned towards her resting on the table, while I stood behind them both.

Then, without any hesitation, in a soft, sad voice, she said:

"We were in Brighton, my mistress met me walking with a girl called Amy, and the twins were with us. At that time they were most lovely children, and so wonderfully alike that few people could have told which was Marie, and which Annette. They were six years old at the time. It was just twelve years ago. The viscountess is only eighteen, and she has been married a year."

"Well, and you met with Madame S. Clair in Brighton, when you and the girl Amy were walking with the twins—and what happened?"

"Madam fondled the children, and turned to walk with me. She told me to come with her to a shop. I was leading the viscountess—Amy had Annette. We went into the shop. Annette played at hide and seek, running from her mother to the girl, who stayed outside. Soon the child tired—we were detained some time—when we got into the street to go home I said to Amy, 'Walk on before with Annette.' She asked 'Where is she?' I thought she was with madam in the shop. Oh, my dear friends, the child was lost. Never seen again from that hour. We used to make the child wear a velvet band on her arm to distinguish her from Marie, so she could have been identified, for I had sewed a name on her arm that very morning."


Then Mrs. Whitley wept once more, sad, silent tears; and can the reader guess what I felt?



I knew as I stood there that Alice was the lost twin; I knew that some strong resemblance of Alice must have made me start when I saw the beautiful viscountess, and I shook as I stood there with rending grief. I grieved for the dearest object of my life, because she was lost again—and my poor heart shivered within me, because I should have to tell what I had heard—because I was not the man to marry the sister of the viscountess who was staying with her friend, Lord Stackhouse—because I had lost Alice twice over: if I could have found her then and there, I could only give her back to her great place in the world, and take myself humbly out of her sight, to old Peggy and her good husband and the quiet farm.


*(To be continued.)*

## REPTILES A SMALL & DYING RACE.

 THE "Popular Science Monthly" says: Reptiles are at present a small and dying race. They have seen their best days. But in the great secondary age, as Tennyson graphically puts it, "a monstrous self was of old the lord and master of the earth." At the beginning of that time the mammals had not been developed at all, and even at its close they were but a feeble folk, represented only by weak creatures like the smaller pouched animals of Australia and Tasmania. Accordingly, during the secondary period, the reptiles had things everywhere pretty much their own way, ruling over the earth as absolutely as man and the mammals do now. Like all dominant types, for the time being, they split up into many and various forms. In the sea they became a huge paddling enaliosaurians; on the dry land they became great erect dinosaurians; in the air they became terrible flying pterodactyls. For a vast epoch they inherited the earth, and then at last they began to fall, in competition with their own more developed descendants, the birds and mammals. One by one they died out before the face of the younger fauna, until at last only a few crocodiles and alligators, a few giant snakes, and a few big turtles remain among the wee skulking lizards and geckos, to remind us of the enormous reptilian types that crowded to the surface of the liassic oceans. Long before the actual arrival of true birds upon the scene, however, sundry branches of the reptilian class had been gradually approximating to and foreshadowing the future flying things. Indeed, one may say that at an early period the central reptilian stock, consisting of the long, lithe, four-legged forms like the lizards, still closely allied in shape to their primitive newt-like and eel-like ancestors, began to divide laterally into sundry important branches. Some of them lost their limbs and became serpents; others acquired bony body coverings and became turtles; but the vast majority went off in one or two directions, either as fish-like sea saurians or as bird-like land saurians. It is with this last division alone that we shall have largely to deal in tracing out the pedigree of our existing birds.

## NEWFOUNDLAND.

[CONTINUED.]

 IN the reign of King William III., by an extraordinary statute, a form of misrule was established tending to discourage the settlement, and create interminable confusion—the three first fishing captains arriving in the island, each summer, took the names of admiral, vice-admiral, and rear-admiral, and, without any qualification, except the priority of arrival, became magistrates, empowered to decide all fishery rights and civil causes. A census taken in 1763, showed the inhabitants to number 4,795 Catholics, and 8,317 Protestants. The total fixed inhabitants, however, were only estimated at 7,500, the rest being summer residents, but returning home every winter. The state of the population was miserable in the extreme: no law, no security, the uncontrolled will of the fishing admirals being the only rule. In 1729, Captain Osborne, the first governor, was nominated. The fishing admirals, however, and the merchants, would not easily yield up the power they possessed and misused; and, though the appointment of a local governor, even for the summer months, was in recognition of the population of the island, still he found himself almost powerless. The only law in the colony, for a long series of years after, was the proclamation of the governors, and without their sanction, until within the recollection of some, now living in S. John's, a house could not be built, or even thoroughly repaired.

Hastening over this dreary period, we come to the comparatively happy epoch of 1784.

On the 24th of October of that year, a proclamation of George III. was published, whereby liberty of conscience was allowed to all persons in Newfoundland. Thus Catholicity was permitted, and the days of open persecution were happily at an end. As to the state of the Church here before that time, Protestantism being the established religion, ministers were stationed in the principal settlements; but the few priests in the island had no fixed abode—they usually came out disguised in the fishing vessels, seldom stayed long, and had no regular missions, as the surveillance of the local government was too strict.

In the same year of toleration, 1784, Dr. O'Donnell, the father and founder of the Church of Newfoundland, landed on the island. Born in 1737, in Tipperary, he spent a large portion of his life in the Irish Franciscan Convent of Prague, in Bohemia, afterwards as superior of the Franciscans in Waterford, and, subsequently, Provincial of that Order in Ireland. He was the first regularly authorised missionary in Newfoundland, after it became a purely British settlement, and no man ever had British interests more at heart; he mainly saved the island to the British Crown when a mutiny broke out among the troops under the command of Colonel Skerrett. By his influence among the Irish population, he prevented the disaffection from spreading, and saved the colony. If such a service had been performed in these days by one of the dominant Church, his



reward would be a peerage and a pension : to Dr. O'Donnell the British government granted not a peerage, but the munificent pension of £75 or £50 (I am not sure which) per annum for his life; however, they acted consistently. Catholic loyalty is an affair of conscience, and, consequently, he only gave to Cæsar what was due to Cæsar. As long, however, as rewards are given by the nation to those who do their duty, especially when that duty becomes, through extraordinary circumstances, a great public benefit, so long will the stinginess of the government of that day to Dr. O'Donnell be condemned. Dr. O'Donnell was at first only Prefect-Apostolic, that is, a priest exercising Episcopal jurisdiction, and generally having, like the Prefect-Apostolic of S. Peter's, the right of giving Confirmation, which, as we see by the practice of the Greek Catholic Church, is not essentially an episcopal Sacrament, if I may so call it.

The importance of the population now required episcopal superintendence. The Sovereign Pontiff, to whom is committed the care of all churches, saw that Newfoundland was destined to become the home of a fixed population : accordingly, in 1796, Pius VI., appointed Dr. O'Donnell, Vicar-Apostolic of Newfoundland and Bishop of Zkyatira *in partibus infidelium*, and he was consecrated in Quebec the same year.

Thus was the foundation of the Catholic Church solidly laid, and we hope for ever. The state of morality is described at that time as very bad, indeed. The population was, I may say, a floating one, with no family ties, and no religious ministrations, previous to Dr. O'Donnell's arrival, unless the casual visit of a priest from home. Money was abundant, and liquor cheap, education there was none, and few even to avail themselves of it, if there had been. Those who made money in the country went to spend it elsewhere, and it is most disgraceful to reflect that though colossal fortunes have been made in the island, not a college, hospital, school or almshouse was ever established by any one of those persons who drained the wealth of the land. Catholic or Protestant, it was all alike; as soon as a fortune was made they went home, where it was frequently soon squandered by their children, and in the third generation no trace of it remained; but in Newfoundland they left nothing after them. It was only slowly, therefore, that the population increased; and were it not for the appointment of Dr. O'Donnell as bishop, and the certainty, therefore, that religion was permanently fixed in the island, the Irish settlers, who formed the bulk of the population of S. John's and the south of the island, would not have remained. We have rather an interesting proof of this in a letter written by Governor Milbank to Dr. O'Donnell before his consecration as bishop, in answer to an application made by him to his excellency for leave to build a chapel in one of the outports. Here is the document, written, mark you, six years after the proclamation of freedom of religious worship :

"The governor acquaints Mr. O'Donnell that, so far from being disposed to allow of an increase of places of worship for the Roman Catholics of

the island, he very seriously intends next year to lay those already established under particular restrictions. Mr. O'Donnell must be aware that it is not the interest of Great Britain to encourage people to winter in Newfoundland, and he cannot be ignorant that many of the lower order who now stay, would, if it were not for the convenience with which they obtain Absolution here, go home for it, at least once in two or three years, and the governor has been misinformed if Mr. O'Donnell, instead of advising their return to Ireland, does not rather encourage them to winter in this country. On board the 'Salisbury,' S. John's, November 2nd, 1790."

Such was the state of things then. Thank God, those times are past, and there is now perfect civil and religious liberty.

Let no one blame Newfoundland, then, the oldest of the British colonies, for not having advanced as rapidly as the others. Never was more energy shown by any people than by the inhabitants of this island. The government that should foster them, considered them intruders, and banished them when it could. They were exposed to all the petty tyranny of ignorant fishing admirals, and of governors who proved their devotion to England by depopulating Newfoundland. They had not the liberty of the birds of the air to build or repair their nests; they had behind them the forest, or the rocky soil, which they were not allowed, without licence, difficultly obtained, to reclaim or till. Their only resource was the stormy ocean; and they saw the wealth they won from the deep spent in other lands, leaving them only a scanty subsistence. Despite all this, they have increased twenty fold in ninety years, the present population (1884) being over 162,000, have built towns and villages, erected magnificent buildings, such as the cathedral at S. John's, introduced telegraphs, steam, postal, and road communications; newspapers — everything, in fact, found in the most civilised countries; and all this on a rugged soil, in a harsh though wholesome climate, and under every species of discouragement.

The administration of justice, like everything else in Newfoundland, was most scandalously conducted by fishing admirals, arbitrary governors, magistrates without education, and surrogates; until, after a great deal of opposition and delay, the Supreme Court was finally organised in 1792, and Mr. Reeves appointed chief justice, another great boon to Newfoundland.

In 1807, the first newspaper was published, and two years afterwards, in 1809, a post office was first established in S. John's.

Thus, by degrees, were improvements slowly introduced, and the English government tacitly recognised the population of Newfoundland as having a right to live in the land they had chosen.

In the meantime, Dr. O'Donnell was labouring in his arduous mission. He had obtained leave from the local government to take a piece of land at a lease of ninety-nine years, and began the old chapel, which was very small at first. He made several visitations to the outports of the island,

encouraging, as far as he could, education. We believe he was guilty of the charge made against him by Governor Milbank of encouraging the Irish to winter in the country; and we feel no doubt that he gave them Absolution when they applied for it, and even more frequently than every second or third year, as accused by the worthy governor.

During his episcopacy, the population was almost Irish, English and Scotch. The Catholic district of S. John's—for it could not be called a parish—comprised the south shore of Conception Bay, and the south shore, as far as La Manche, towards Ferryland: the marriages were on an average, only about seventeen or eighteen a year among the Catholic population. In 1863, the average of the same district was about two hundred and sixty marriages.

Both Protestants and Catholics, at that time, complained of the spread of infidel opinions in the country. Paine's "Age of Reason," denying all revelation, was very extensively read, trade was most flourishing, money abundant, and vice of all kinds prevalent. Protestant ministers in the principal towns—S. John's, Harbour Grace, Trinity, and Ferryland—took charge of their own people. Priests were stationed wherever there was adequate support for them, when the bishop could procure their services. The Protestant clergy combated infidelity, principally, by means of publications of the Tract Society; but the Catholic always trusts more to the living word than to the dead letter.

The mission was a rude and labourious one; and, accordingly, Dr. O'Donnell resigned his charge in the seventieth year of his age, to younger hands, in the person of Dr. Lambert, and he sought repose in his native land, where he died four years afterwards, and was buried in the old parish chapel of Clonmel. He had fought the good fight in days of darkness, danger, and difficulty, and we hope he has received the crown of justice.

The history of the Catholic Church in Newfoundland most strikingly shows what history, as well as faith, teaches us, that man can do nothing of himself—that human power, energy, talents, or wealth, are of no avail if God wills that a thing should come to pass. "Unless the Lord buildeth the house, in vain do they labour," the psalmist says, "Who built it?" Twice under the most favourable auspices was the Catholic Church planted in this island; twice it failed to take root. Sir George Calvert, in Ferryland, intended this country, and particularly the province of Avalon, be a city of refuge to his (Catholic) co-religionists. What the Puritans did in New England, he intended, though with more enlightened and Christian sentiments, to accomplish in Newfoundland. The Catholic glories of ancient Verulam were to be renewed here; and the ancient British faith of Avalon and Glastonbury was to flourish with renewed vigour. All ended in disappointment; and the English branch of the Catholic Church never took root. The most powerful monarch of Europe, Louis XIV., Louis the Grand, established, as he thought, Catholicity in Placentia; founded a convent of Franciscans, the Apostles of the New World, and laid, as he imagined, the

foundations of our faith broad and deep. Again a failure; the lily of France never thrived on the soil, and with the departure of the last French governor the Catholic faith died away. The very churches were transferred to the professors of another creed.

Well, the Irish labourers came out to earn a subsistence by braving the dangers of the ocean; they were not of the class of men who generally succeed in establishing a church. Their faith, bitterly persecuted in their own country, was strictly prohibited in Newfoundland; the house where Mass was said was burnt down by order of the government; they had not wealth nor education, nor any of those human gifts which would give them influence in the land; still the hidden seed germinated; liberty of conscience was granted; they were gradually allowed to raise a humble wooden chapel here and there; the successor of S. Peter looks to the impoverished portion of his flock, and gives them a pastor in the person of Dr. O'Donnell; the weakly plant, trampled on, cut down wherever it showed itself, now begins to throw out vigorous shoots; and we see at present, thank God, that it flourishes "like a tree planted by the running water." This is the work of God alone, and it is wonderful in our eyes. Calvert failed; Louis failed; but the poor persecuted Irish fisherman succeeded; and the proud monument of his children's faith, the Cathedral, crowns the culminating point of the capital of Newfoundland.

*Note.* In case of tumult the successor of Dr. O'Donnell, i.e., the Bishop of Newfoundland, has the traditional right of acting as Lord High Constable until peace is restored.

J. C.

---

### "TO ROME, THE ETERNAL CITY."

---

I CARE not what they say of other sites,  
Let men be worshippers of north or south,  
Rome, thou art all the sum of my delights,  
Thy praises ever leap from heart to mouth.

Strangely pathetic in thy present care,  
Pensively pondering o'er thy wondrous past,  
Lit by the flashes of thy limpid air:  
Grand in the sheen by ages round thee cast.

What though in poisoned dust thy temples rise,  
What though thy breath be treacherously sweet,  
Let me at last but fail beneath thine eyes,  
Let me but sink to nothing at thy feet!

Least let me see thee once again, my Queen,  
Once more be with thee, oh thou glorious Grace,  
Content thenceforth to live with what has been,  
Passing away in silence to my place.

Imperial mistress, none have beauty so,  
In thine entrancements all alone thou art,  
What thy first charm, I know not, this I know,  
Oh Rome, my only love, thou hast my heart.

W. D. C.

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINBECK.

### CHAPTER V.



ON the spot where Albany, the capital of the state of New York now stands, a rich merchant from Amsterdam, named Renselaer, in the year 1615, founded a settlement, which, after him, was called Rensselaerswyk. A low earth-work, with pallisades, and defended by five field pieces, which bore the pretentious name of Fort Orange, and contained a garrison of a company of infantry, covered the little settlements which might at that time number about a hundred colonists. A few years before, the Mohicans, who dwelt on both sides of the Hudson a little lower down, had carried on a bloody feud with the Iroquois. The Hollanders had taken a part in this, and had so severely beaten the Mohawks, who were their nearest neighbours, and of the Iroquois confederacy, that they did not again break the peace which they had made with the pale-faces.

The Dutch settlers were, as we know, the adherents of Calvin, and, consequently, avowed enemies of the Catholic Church. They hated their missionaries, and partly because, as the pioneers of a true civilization, they spread fearlessly through the Indian possessions on the S. Lawrence and the great lakes, and founded numerous settlements, in which the Hollanders justly foresaw the beginning of French colonies. Now, between the Dutch and the French settlements, there lay a wide pathless tract, which was ruled over by the Iroquois, and as long as the confederacy, which included the five great Indian nations, was inimical to the French, it formed a strong bulwark against them for the Hollanders, and made them feel secure that no European rivals who settled on the S. Lawrence would be dangerous to them. They, therefore, made a compact with the wild Mohawks, and their Indian allies, and not only an open treaty, but they privately gave them support, and supplied them with firearms, which gave them a great advantage over the bows and arrows of the Hurons. By these means, they hoped to prevent the extension of the French colony.

The bushranger knew all this, and did not doubt that he should gain great credit in Rensselaerswyk when he carried thither the news of the capture of F. Jaques and his companions, and made known the services he had rendered in the destruction of this missionary expedition. On this account, after the rude dismissal which Eagle had given him from the island in S. Peter's Lake, he at once turned his steps towards Rensselaerswyk, and, as he well knew the shortest way thither, he reached it before the conquering Mohawks had entered their village.

His appearance in the settlement caused no surprise. for he was well known there, and the colonists held him to be a hunter and trapper, since he often offered them furs for sale. He had

come to Rensselaerswyk some years before, at the time of the Iroquois war, and had acted as a spy in the service of the Dutch colonial government. But he was not trusted, and whispers went about as to his little credibility. One of the settlers once said, without any circumlocution, that he was a traitor, and took part with the whites and the Mohicans, and then with the Mohawks, according as most to his advantage. This bold man was soon after found shot dead in the forest, and after that it was some time before the bushranger was seen on the Hudson. The Mohicans looked upon him as their avowed enemy, and had sworn death to him.

On the present occasion, he did not stop to chat with this or that settler whom he might meet, but hastened at once to the fort, and desired to be taken at once to the Commandant Arendt Van Curler, as he had important communications to make. His request was granted, and he was at once conducted to the house.

The commandant was in the only stone building of the settlement, which, surrounded by trenches, was erected outside the fort, and covered the only entrance to it. After having waited for a few minutes at the door, an orderly bid the visitor enter.

Arendt Van Curler, a fine looking soldier, in the prime of life, was seated at a large table, reading a document, which had just been brought to him by a sailor from New Amsterdam—now New York. It had the seal and the signature of the governor, William Kieft, and concerned a grievance of the French government, which earnestly entreated the Dutch authorities to supply no more firearms to the Indians. The governor remarked upon, and the states-general knew, the danger which must before long arise to the American colonies if the trade in firearms was not stopped, and the commandant of Fort Orange was required to take energetic measures, and to forbid any further distribution of powder, shot or weapons, among the Indians, under severe penalties.

These imperative orders were a great difficulty to the commandant. Not a little arose from the hawkers who, from time to time, visited the Indian villages, in order to purchase furs, for which they exchanged firearms and ammunition, and then he also thought of the red-skins who were accustomed to bring their spoils to the fort, and to receive in exchange whatever they might wish for. Van Curler knew the wild lawless character of the Mohawks, and feared, not without reason, that a strict attention to the orders before him might easily lead to quarrels, if not to a war, with the powerful Iroquois, which might place the colony in the greatest danger.

He sat there deep in thought, and hardly remarked the entrance of the bushranger, who seated himself without ceremony on a bench by the door, and waited patiently till the soldier should open the audience. This he soon did by asking, rather shortly, the business of his very unwelcome visitor.

"What brings you to Rensselaerswyk, Jan?" he enquired, without looking up from the paper in his hand.

"Worthy sir," replied the bushranger in a sub-

missive tone, "I bring you an important piece of news which you will be glad to hear."

"Tell it, and be quick."

The bushranger had never before been treated in such a repelling manner by the commandant, and looked at him rather confused.

"Now. Out with your story! I have a great deal to do, and if you have nothing of importance to say, leave it for another time," continued Van Curler.

"It is important enough, but if you——"

"Why all this circumlocution? Speak in the free way which you have always been accustomed to use."

"I will, captain. The Mohawks have captured a French Jesuit and two other white rosary-brothers, with a great number of Hurons at the S. Lawrence."

"Thunder and lightning!"

"Yes, sir, it is so. The Catholic Huron chief, Ahatsistari, whom the Iroquois call Climbing Cat, is among the prisoners. This is a great take, for this red Jesuit skull is worth more than three dozen common warriors. The fellow has a great influence over his tribe, and has already led many of his followers into the Catholic Church."

"Well, well! What is the name of the Jesuit?"

"He calls himself Isaac Jaques. His name must be known to you, for he has for many years played a great part at the French mission at Lake Nipissing. I hold him, if I may speak my mind, for one of the cleverest of those Jesuits, and I think that I deserve a good reward from the gentlemen in Renselaerswyk and New Amsterdam, for having delivered these Jesuits into the hands of the Mohawks. It is a heavy blow to the French."

"So-o-o? Then you betrayed this missionary and his followers to the Mohawks and have been well paid for it?"

As Van Curler said this, he fixed a penetrating look on the bushranger, and the angry vessels on his temples swelled.

"I have not sold them, neither have I betrayed them, for, as you know, I have never been a friend of the French, but have always taken part with the Dutch. It could not, therefore, be called betraying them if I told the Mohawks where and how they might surprise the expedition. The Jesuits have helped the Hurons to make a new treaty with the French, which, of course, is not very desirable for the Dutch. Now the treaty will have to wait for a while, it must be some time before the others at Lake Nipissing get a copy of it; it cannot be before the beginning of next year."

Here the bushranger stopped and tried to read the impression made by his words upon the commandant, who was, for the moment, more moved by this information than he thought fit should be seen.

Van Curler looked before him for some minutes in silence, and then he asked, looking sharply at the spy:

"What has become of the prisoners?"

"The Mohawks are taking them to their village where they will make away with them in the course of two or three days."

"Are the Frenchmen wounded?"

"Your worship knows the red-skins."

"That means that the Frenchmen have already been tortured?"

"No—yes. The wild men have not treated them very severely; they have only driven out some of their teeth and so forth. Your worship knows what short work the Mohawks are accustomed to make with their prisoners, particularly if they are whites."

"How did this all happen? Tell me the whole, Jan."

"Yes, I meant to do so. I will make it short, worthy sir."

"Quite right; but I want to hear more about these rogues; to hear about this surprise; so tell all, Jan."

"Well, this is the story. As I have said, I was on no very pleasant footing with the Frenchmen, and, on this account, never went willingly to their settlement. A short time since, however, I was in the neighbourhood of Three Rivers, and as my powder and shot were almost exhausted, I went into their nest, and got what I wanted in exchange for some deer skins. This gave me an opportunity of hearing of their movements, and I learned, without asking many questions, that this F. Jaques, with Ahatsistari and other Hurons had come from Nipissing and were in Quebec, where they had made a new treaty, which would give the French a large tract of land on Lake Huron. 'Stop,' I thought, 'nothing shall come of that treaty.' I knew that there were Mohawks on the right bank of the S. Lawrence, so I learned as nearly as possible when the Jesuit and his people would set out on their return, and then, as soon as possible set off in search of the Mohawks in order to set them upon the Catholic scoundrels. I had not long to seek them, for I soon met with Eagle and his band, and directed them to the confluence of the Iroquois River, where I would soon bring them further information. I then took my lightest canoe and went up the S. Francis, where, after I had disposed of my canoe, I lay in ambush. I guessed the course Ahatsistari would take, and was not wrong. The expedition stopped at the mouth of the river, and sent out spies. Ahatsistari himself went with them, and discovered my trail, as well as that of some Mohawks, who belonged to Eagle's band, and were in search of beavers. I met with these men shortly before the arrival of the Hurons, and sent them after the chief troop who soon had information that the enemy was in sight. It is wonderful that the Huron fox did not discover me, for I sat in a leafy tree, and he and some of his braves were exactly beneath me. They did not seem to apprehend any danger, and determined to go on southward. As soon as I was certain of this, I went off and soon found some of Eagle's people, who told me that the Mohawks expected me upon a certain island that the Hurons must pass. When I came to Eagle we had hardly time to form our ambush, so quickly did the Hurons pass on. I did not want to mix in the affair, for I did not much like to fire on the white men, although they were Frenchmen, and Jesuits besides. And I knew that the Mohawks would be quite enough for them."

"Had you really so much humane feeling, Jan?"

"Yes, indeed! Call it humane feeling or weakness, General. The black-robcs are a dangerous set, and when I was young they often, in confession, made hell hot for me, so that I have no reason to spare them. But a man has now and then his moments of weakness, and some of them I have had lately. In short I left the Catholics and their red-skin friends to fight it out with the Mohawks, and set myself to prevent any of the party who had left it from returning to Nipissing. I shot down one of them and took his scalp, which I have here as a remembrance, but some others escaped me."

The bush-ranger, as he said this, took the horrible trophy from his bullet-case and held it out to the commandant.

The latter rose, and fixing on the white man a look of the greatest aversion:

"No, Jan, I wronged you. Humanity has no longer any place in your breast. I have had many a scuffle with the Indians, but never would I have suffered that one of my people should take a scalp. Take the horrid thing away!"

"He who lives among wolves learns to howl like them."

"If he desires to do so; not otherwise. Did you see the captives?"

"Yes; I have spoken with them, and the black-robe threatened me with God's anger; that was his duty."

"Did you not say a good word for the Frenchmen to the Mohawks?"

"That would have cost me my scalp. No, your worship, I left that alone; and, besides, Eagle would not have listened to me."

"Ah! So be off at once, and tell the Mohawks that I hold you answerable for the safety of their white prisoners. Now? Why are you staring at me so?"

"They are our enemies, and are, besides, only Frenchmen and Jesuits."

"They are our opponents, but not our enemies. Holland does not make war with unarmed people. Go, man, and offer the Mohawks a good ransom. Take care that the three Frenchmen are no further ill-treated, and I shall know how to thank you."

The bush-ranger twisted his fur cap between his fingers in a state of great embarrassment, and looked furtively at the commandant who to-day had become an enigma to him.

Van Curler had again placed himself at his writing-table and looked sharply at the bush-ranger, who could not at once come to a decision. Then he said half aloud:

"Do I not already deserve some reward for my services on the S. Lawrence?"

"Do what I tell you, and you shall be well rewarded. Bring the three Frenchmen hither, and I will give you a hundred guilders for each of them."

"That is worth hearing! But, your worship, what reason shall I assign to Eagle for my now begging for the freedom of the very same men that I placed in his power?"

"That is your affair. Tell him the truth. Tell him that you acted without my authority, and now wish to make amends for your infa—your unthinking act."

"Well! I will try though it may cost me my scalp. Then am I to go away without any reward, Commandant?"

Not a rap."

"Your worship is hard upon a poor man. Well, I will go to the Mohawks and do my best."

"Can I depend upon you, Jan?"

"As ever, Commandant."

"Very well. But keep your promise exactly, or I shall reckon with you after my own manner. Go!"

The commanding wave of the hand with which the officer accompanied his words obliged the bush-ranger to leave the room. When outside the house he went into a primitive kind of drinking-house hard by, in order that, after a glass of geneva, he might think matters over.

The master of the house received his guest like an old acquaintance, brought him what he desired, and then sat down by him for a chat.

"Now, what is the news, Jan?"

"Much and little, Peter Bluten; the latest is that the Commandant Van Curler has become since last evening a friend of the French."

"Oh, you are joking, Jan!"

"It is quite true, nevertheless, however you and I may wonder at it. You may believe my word, Peter; our commandant, the deuce knows why, has become a close friend of the Frenchmen."

His companion could not believe his ears, he still believed that the bush-ranger was joking.

"Tell that to those who know Van Curler less than I do, Jan," he said. "Drink your geneva, and let me fill your glass once more."

"Do so, Peter; and then come and sit down near me, and I will tell you a wonderful story."

"Be it so. Here is to your health, Jan. Now spin your yarn as long as you please. I am all ear."

And the bushranger began his story. He was silent as to some things, and touched but lightly upon others. He told how he had hastened to Renselaerswyk by ways known to few but himself, in order to bring the news of the capture of the Frenchmen as soon as possible to the commandant, as it was of great importance to the Dutch. He told, too, how differently the commandant had received the information from the way he had expected, and how he had received orders at once to go to the Mohawks and to take every care for the safety of the captive Frenchmen. He was to do all in his power to obtain their freedom by offering a ransom.

"Of course I shall exactly obey the orders of the commandant, and I shall be glad if I can free the three prisoners. It is true they are Frenchmen and Catholics, but they are white men, and if I would not do much for them out of friendship I will do what I can out of compassion."

"Well spoken, Jan! Our commandant has his heart in the right place, and yours, too, is where the heart of an honourable man should be. Men are men whether they are Catholics or not. It is bad enough for the Frenchmen that they are so stupid as to remain papists. Yes, that is bad enough. It is a different case with the Hurons; if they are burned at the stake, and a few Mohawks share the same fate in revenge, I have nothing to say against it. Indeed I should

thank heaven if this happened to them all, for these Indians are, in fact, wild beasts who only resemble men in their outsides."

"You are quite right, Peter Bluten. I see no great difference between a red-skin and a wild beast. And I am, therefore, of your opinion that it is the duty of Christian men to do what they can for poor whites who have fallen into their claws. I can do nothing against the Mohawks by force, but my cunning will soon find a means by which to secure the safety of the white men."

"And heaven will reward you for that, Jan. You are a brave fellow, and may call Peter Bluten your friend. Shake hands man."

The bushranger grinned as he took the proffered hand.

"But now a word about business, Peter," he said. "I have still a few beaver skins left, fine ones, and should be glad to sell them. Will you trade?"

"Certainly. Bring them here. I will give you the highest price for them, and in money, if you do not want goods. Only help the poor white men out of their scrape, and I shall not care for a few guilders more or less."

"Thank you, Peter. You will not regret your bargain. Now I must go; but I should like some shot and a little powder and a new flint. We will reckon when I bring the furs."

"Do you want nothing more, Jan? Shall I not fill your flask for you?"

"Not so bad, Peter, but the reckoning may be too high at the end."

"Do not trouble yourself about that, Jan. Only do your best with the Mohawks. Give me the flask; the geneva will do you good out there. My best wishes go with you."

"Farewell, Peter!"

The bush-ranger glided through the irregular streets of log houses to the bank of the river, where he got a ferry-man to take him to the other side. Then he struck into a wild path in the wood:

"Simpleton that you are! Do you fancy that the wild Jean is such a good-natured, soft-hearted Jan, that he would help that pack of Jesuits out of their difficulty. Oh, Peter Bluten, what a credulous fool you are! Ha, ha! You shall have the beaver skins, and pay me double because of my kind-heartedness. The Catholic bald-pate knows me better. The dead tell no tales, and the sooner the three Frenchmen go to heaven so much the better for them and for me. Eagle will soon dispose of them. Then I shall wash my hands innocently, paint to the easily-booked Curlier the barbarity of the Mohawks in glowing colours, represent my zealous but vain endeavours to liberate the captives, and, what is best, I shall set the Mynheers upon Eagle, who has treated me like a dog. And so I shall gain every way. But how shall I manage with the commandant? He has become so harsh to me. Patience! I shall get it at last."

As he thus muttered his secret thoughts he had reached a clear, cool stream. Here he made a short halt to quench his thirst, and to put some fresh vegetable tinder to his gun; then he continued his journey in a northerly direction.

(To be continued.)

## TOULOUSE GEESE.



THE poultry show held last year at Amsterdam, concurrently with the Agricultural Exhibition, a pen of Toulouse geese sent from England was much admired. One of the female birds weighed 34 lbs.; and the pen had already won upwards of a hundred sovereigns in prizes, and could not have been purchased for double that amount. This breed of geese is indigenous, as the name denotes, to the basin of the Garonne, and is quite distinct from that of the common goose which is to be found in most other parts of France. The geese of the Toulouse breed are, in the first place, very much larger; for, while the average weight of a common goose fattened is 11 lbs., they run from 20 lbs. to 22 lbs. The neck is much longer and more upright; and the skin of the abdomen hangs like a bag close to the ground when they are lean, gradually becoming distended with fat. The normal colour of the feathers is a dark grey; but, strangely enough, when the Toulouse geese are sent out of the district, patches of white make their appearance upon various parts of the body.

The rearing of these birds affords a living to hundreds of peasants in the villages around Toulouse; especially in the canton of Grenade, a small town about fifteen miles from Toulouse itself, which is celebrated for the purity of its geese. They are sent to feed in the fields like sheep. If they were confined to yards the cost of their food would be too great, and there is much more danger of disease when they are kept together in large numbers. Each peasant has, as a rule, a gander (*jars*, as he is called in the dialect of Languedoc) and four geese: some have more, of course, and although hundreds of these "families" may be seen in the river during the breeding season, the children who have charge of them never experience any difficulty in bringing them home in the evening. The peasants nearly all have a sort of large wide pen in which to keep the geese at night; and this is provided with straw, in which the geese lay their eggs. As a rule, a goose lays only every other day during the months of February, March, and April; the average number of eggs being about forty. The geese are not allowed to sit on their eggs, large turkeys being provided for the purpose. Thus four geese will lay 180 eggs in the course of the season; and, allowing for the number addled or that get broken, about 150 goslings see the light. The first of the three broods is hatched about the middle of March; and as soon as they are out of the shell they are placed in baskets before the hearth of the peasants' living-room. These baskets have a sort of roof, over which a woollen blanket is stretched to keep off draughts and to darken the air; as this is believed to be the most effectual means of obtaining the greenish down which adds so much to their selling value. A woman is almost wholly occupied in feeding and tending them for a week or ten days; at the end of which time they are carried in the covered baskets to the nearest market and sold for about two shillings a couple. In some cases their purchasers keep them until they are from two to



three months old, by which time they have reached about half their normal size; when, having been fattened with oats and maize, they are sold at Toulouse and other large towns at prices varying from 6s. 6d. to 13s. a couple, according to the season. The poulterers at Toulouse who have stalls in the market divide them into halves, and even quarters, as is done with hares and turkeys in so many French markets, and thus even the poorest people are able to taste goose occasionally. In other cases the purchasers keep them on for a much longer period, as the Toulouse goose does not attain full size until six months old, at which age the process of fattening begins. The mixture of chopped thistles and bran with which the goslings are fed up to July and August is then stopped, and they are sent out into the cornfields which have been cleared, to feed on whatever grains they can pick up. After the vintage is over they are turned into the vineyards; and it is found that the green food which they get there is of great benefit to them.

The number of geese kept by each peasant depends upon the area of land at his disposal, but in no case, perhaps, does it exceed two dozen in addition to the parent birds; but a great many of them sell off their goslings at a fair, very celebrated in the south, which is held at Grenade on S. Luke's Day (Oct. 18). The custom in this district is to salt down the geese required for family use in the first half of December, and the fattening which precedes this operation takes place in November. The birds are placed in pens which admit very little light and to which no sound penetrates, and they are only taken out once in every two days to have the straw changed. In the district of Toulouse the only food used is white maize, not crushed, which a woman, seated upon a stool and holding the bird between her legs, forces down its throat. When thoroughly fat, the abdominal pouch is so distended that it touches the ground as the bird waddles along; and the liver, which in an ordinary goose would not weigh more than two or three ounces, increases to half a pound or even considerably more. These livers the peasants take to Toulouse, where they are bought up by the restaurant-keepers and others, who sell them at a very large profit. Only a few of the better-to-do farmers keep them for consumption in their own houses. When the geese have been plucked and drawn they are cut up and placed over a quick fire in a large copper pan with a certain proportion of salt. When sufficiently cooked, the pieces are placed in large jars and covered over with fat. This is the *confit*, or *salé*, of goose, which is deemed such a luxury by the peasantry in the south west of France, and which is made to last all through the winter. The fat is regarded as equal to any butter for cooking purposes. The geese five or six years old fatten as readily as the goslings; and though their flesh is of course tougher, their fat is equally good. Their feathers, which are taken from them three times a year, fetch eighteen-pence a pound; a goose yielding more than half a pound of feathers in a year, and three ounces of down, which is worth double the price of the feathers. But what will strike English people as the most remarkable thing

about Toulouse geese is that in the district to which they belong no one ever thinks of roasting them. A goose, like a duck, may have its charms arranged "aux navets," and its liver may be a dish fit for a king; but there are some unregenerate beings who might prefer it with the stuffing of sage and onions and the accompaniment of apple-sauce.

## SNEEZING.



ON the subject of sneezing, regarded as an omen, there is much to be said. Speaking generally, it may be regarded as of favourable augury. "Two or three sneezes be wholesome," says an old author, and "He that hath sneezed thrice turn him out of the hospital," says the proverb. Of sneezing, however, as of other good things, it is possible to have too much. Famianus Strada, the author of a grave historical work, has a learned digression on the subject of sneezing, and mentions one Pistor Suburranus, who died of a fit of it, expiring at the twenty-fourth sneeze. In Aristotle's time, men generally sneezed twice, but since then the art of sneezing, like other arts, appears to have advanced, and a triple sneeze is now, we believe, considered the correct thing. The virtue of sneezing, however, depends much upon circumstances of time and place. Sneezing from noon to midnight is good, according to Aristotle, and from night to noon the reverse, and we learn from another source that, "if any one sneeze for three nights in succession it may be taken as a sign that some one will die in the house," or that some other calamity will occur. According to Lancaster Folk Lore a good deal depends upon the day of the week in the matter of sneezing:

"Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for danger;  
Sneeze on a Tuesday, you kiss a stranger;  
Sneeze on a Wednesday, you sneeze for a letter,  
Sneeze on a Thursday for something better.  
Sneeze on a Friday, you'll sneeze for sorrow,  
Sneeze on a Saturday, your sweetheart to-morrow;  
Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek,  
The Devil will have you the rest of the week!"

Sneezing, as observed by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, is considered by Homer a good sign. In the *Odyssey* Telemachus is represented as sneezing when his mother is denouncing the suitors, and this was taken as a happy confirmation of her words. "Thus she spoke, and Telemachus sneezed loudly and the house resounded, and Penelope laughed [and said]: Do you not see that my son has sneezed at my words? Therefore shall death come upon the suitors," etc. Xenophon tells of a sneeze which may be said to have decided his own fate and that of the whole Greek army. While delivering the address in which he exhorted his companions to firmness and resolution, and while their minds wavered between resistance and surrender to the enemy, a soldier sneezed. The whole army accepted the omen, burned their carriages and tents, and determined to face the dangers of the celebrated return.

## MICHAEL'S STRATAGEM.

AN INCIDENT OF THE PENAL SETTLEMENTS.

**I**N the Autumn of 1815, Michael Mansfield, a prisoner holding a ticket of leave, and residing near the Black Brush in Van Dieman's Land, went forth one afternoon to look for some cattle of his own, and some which he had in charge belonging to others. These were grazing at a distance from his hut, and he proceeded briskly onward, following a cattle-track through a deep forest, which he knew led to where the herd was pasturing. Suddenly his progress was arrested by two savage-looking fellows, who emerged from behind a tree into the path. They were dressed in kangaroo skins, sandals of the same on their feet, and knapsacks on their backs; each carried a musket, and one who had a brace of pistols stuck in his girdle, Mansfield immediately recognised as Lemon, the robber and bushranger. Mike, however, being a true son of Hibernia, and an old man-o'-wars man, was a stranger to fear, and resolved to make the best of a bad bargain. Lemon asked who and what he was; to which Mike answered truly, and in all his native naiveté. The bushrangers then cast off their knapsacks (which seemed well filled) and commanded Mansfield to carry them, warning him, at the same time, that if he attempted to escape they would shoot him on the spot. Poor Mansfield jogged on under his weary load, venturing now and then a few remarks on the treatment poor prisoners met with in this cursed country; and "troth and sure," he was a poor prisoner himself, and never hurt nor meddled with no one, far less a bushranger; and he was after hoping they were not going to ill-use him, or take him away from his poor dumb *bastes*: for sure they'd all be astray, master would have him *catted*, and poor Mike would be a ruined man for ever and a day. On this pathetic appeal, the bushrangers seemed to soften, and, after consulting together, they proposed, on certain conditions, to allow him to depart. They stipulated that he should meet them on an appointed day, at a particular spot, and bring them flour, tea, sugar, tobacco, and spirits, if he could procure any: they would be on the look out, and his signal to them was to be the smoke of a fire which he was to light. Mike promised to comply, and was allowed to go his way without further molestation.

On the day appointed, he selected one of his men, on whom he could depend, and taking his musket and dogs, gave out that he was going to shoot kangaroos. When they had gone a short distance:

"Phelim," he said, "would you like to see ould Ireland?"

"By the piper of Leinster I would, master!" was the reply.

"Then ye may, my boy," said Mike, "if you'll only do a bould deed."

"And, sure, won't I?" said Phelim, "only make me sartin of setting my foot in the ould country again, and I'll stand by ye, master, until every bone in this skin is bate into shivireens."

"Well, I intend to arrest Lemon; and if you stand by me, we'll both of us just get a free pardon, and we'll be in ould Ireland agen as free as a babe just born."

"Then I'm the boy to lend you a hand."

Mansfield then handed Phelim a trooper's pistol, and desired him to conceal it; and setting briskly forward, consulted how they should best accomplish their enterprise. A good deal of rain had fallen, and it was nearly dark when they reached the place of rendezvous. Phelim, with the aid of his tinder-box proceeded to kindle a fire, and Mike, with flour which he had provided for the purpose, daubed his own and his man's clothes, to make it appear that they had been carrying a load. When the fire began to burn, they cast themselves on the ground, pretended to be quite exhausted, anxiously waiting the arrival of the bushrangers. In about half an hour they made their appearance, both well-armed.

Mike spun a long yarn about losing his way, being overcome with fatigue, and obliged to leave the prog about four miles off in the hollow of a burned tree, declaring he was unable to retrace his steps that night, but if the bushrangers would give him food and rest, he would go with them early in the morning and bring them all he had promised; as he concluded, he produced a bottle of spirits, of which they all partook, and agreed to adjourn to the bushranger's hut, about two miles off. The hut was constructed of turf, low and uncomfortable in the extreme, covered with sheets of bark stripped from the large forest trees. The fire-place, also of turf, lined with stone at the bottom, was at one end of the hut, and within it a huge fire soon blazed. Some excellent beef was broiled, which Mike strongly suspected to be part of his own kine. They had neither bread nor potatoes to eat with the meat, but the two bushrangers, long accustomed to such fare, made a hearty meal; the others swallowed a few morsels, and after finishing the bottle of spirits, they all laid down on kangaroo skins spread on the floor: first Lemon, then Mansfield, then the other bushranger, and last Phelim. Mike and Phelim snored away but slept none. In the morning Mansfield began to toss and tumble about to try if Lemon would be easily awake; but finding that both the bushrangers slept soundly, he cautiously withdrew the pistols from Lemon's belt, rose warily, gave one pistol to Phelim, (who was still on the floor), and concealed the other. He then went to a corner where the muskets stood, took all but his own, and put them in a pool of water before the hut; returning to the cabin, he examined the flint and priming of his own piece. Finding all right, he gave the bushranger a push with his foot, calling out at the same time:

"Lemon, you are my prisoner!"

Lemon felt on one side, and then on the other, for the pistols: finding them gone, he started to his feet, and drawing a long knife, was about to make a lunge, when Mansfield pulled the trigger—the ball went through the robber's head, and he fell a lifeless corpse. The report of Mansfield's musket awoke the other outlaw, who, seeing his companion's corpse, dropped on his knees and implored mercy. Mansfield only said:

"Now, my tight fellow, be after taking that there knife; cut your master's head off, put it into that there bag," pointing to it, "throw it over your shoulder, and trudge along with us."

The man shuddered at the command; and it required threats, and promises of intercession with the governor, to prevail on him to do the deed.

"By S. Patrick!" ejaculated Phelim, "it's a clane job, anyhow, barrin' the bloody head. Not a minnit ago it was the sky of a copper whose throats were cut. Be off on yer ten toes, ye thafe o' the world, and bless the saints yer don't carry yer own ugly mug in the bag with yer master's."

They had thirty-six miles to walk, and it was night when they reached Hobart town. Mansfield, however, went directly to Government House, and was most graciously received.

The news that the robber and bushranger had been caught and executed spread quickly, and all considered that Mike and Phelim deserved public rewards. The Governor accordingly gave each a free pardon; and to Phelim a free passage to Ireland. To Mike was given a grant of land on the Derwent, where his grandchildren are now flourishing land and cattle owners.

## OUR EYES IN SCHOOL DAYS.\*

**I**T would be but sheer platitude to indulge in reflections on the importance of the sense of seeing. We all admit, in the abstract at least, that our eyes perform most important work in the economy of life; that seeing is the most valuable of all the senses, and that by its means we acquire most knowledge. Nevertheless it is true that no members of the human body receive less intelligent care than those which are exercised in this important faculty.

The casual observer in the street or at any public or private entertainment cannot but notice the very large number of persons of all ages wearing spectacles or eye-glasses. The greater number thus equipped must undoubtedly need the help, while the few silly ones thus encumbered for style are more than outnumbered by those who, from a variety of causes, need glasses but do not wear them.

Those whose memory extends back twenty years or more will recall how few, relatively speaking, wore glasses then. Those few were as a rule foreigners, or at least considered such. This suggests a question: Why are so many now obliged to wear spectacles or glasses, when formerly the number was so few? Has this great change taken place only in our midst, or has it affected the whole civilized world? I propose to show that we are not so badly off at present as some of the older nations, but that, at our present rate of progress, we shall equal them in the near future.

We have all read how the wealthy class in China treat the feet of their young females.

\* Abbreviated from a paper, read before the Medical Society, Yonkers, N. Y., by F. A. Callan, M.D.

When but mere infants the feet are tightly bandaged, and this compression is kept up for years, until the desired result is obtained—small feet; so small that as a means of locomotion they are to their possessors of little or no service. The theory of education now most favoured is a Chinese shoe. As our bodies grow, so do our eyes, and we must look for any changes that take place in eyesight to causes operating for good or evil on the eyes during their period of development. It is the schools that are chiefly responsible for impaired eyesight.

In later years education has been turned into a species of Moloch, and every year a hecatomb of young victims are sacrificed on its altars. In the eagerness to perfect education tasks are multiplied for the pupils until the last straw is often laid on the load, under which the unformed organization totters. Cast-iron systems are devised in good faith, and all are expected to toe the mark, large and small, the strong and the weak, the precocious and the dullard.

There may be a certain grim comfort in the fact that many nations are worse off in this respect than we are. Germany, for instance, stands forth prominent as an educated nation and at the same time as a spectacled one. In no other country is the percentage of persons wearing glasses so large, and at the same time nowhere else has the subject of impaired sight in schools received so much attention. Schools of all grades, from those in the villages attended by peasant children, to the universities, have been thoroughly examined with regard to the effect of study on the scholars' eyes. The following are the results found: Peasant schools showed 99 per cent. of normal eyes and only 1 per cent. near-sight. This 1 per cent. gradually increases in the higher schools, where labour is proportionally greater, until the universities are reached, where in some classes only 20 per cent. normal eyes were found, and 80 per cent. of all the pupils had near-sight.

The examinations in other countries agree in the main with the statistics given—viz., a steady increase, from the lowest to the highest classes, of near-sight.

In America, examinations have been made in several cities of the school-children's eyes. The highest percentage of nearsight—viz., 50 per cent—was found in some classes of the New York College.

In 1874, I examined the eyes of the scholars attending two negro schools—over 500 pupils. Their ages ranged from five to nineteen years. One of these schools showed 3 2-5 per cent. near-sight, the other only 1 1-5 near-sight. The first school was a superior one as to teachers and requirements, and still only 3 2-5 per cent. of impaired eyes was found; the latter school did not rate so high and was only attended by a local constituency, while the former drew pupils from all over the city. From a report which I published at the time I quote the following:

"The selection of coloured scholars was not made without good reasons. Heretofore, nearly all the examinations have been made in Germany, and, needless to remark, on whites. It is to most of us familiar, that there is a very large percentage of myopia amongst the students in the gym-

nasia and universities of Germany, the percentage being much greater there than in the other countries of Europe. The Germans acquire myopia by long years of study, having perhaps inherited a predisposition to it, or inherited it already developed and increased it in attaining their manhood. Our coloured brethren, as a rule, never did enjoy a thorough system of education. The present generation in New York may be said to enjoy as thorough as the city affords, but their forefathers did not; neither have they been raised to such pursuits as demand a very close application of the eye, such as engraving, etc. *Cæteris paribus*, the negro's eye should approach nearest to a natural eye—i.e., normal eye. The very best material for examinations of this kind could be obtained in the Southern States, where, until of late years, the negro was unjustly debarred the luxury of spoiling his eyes—i.e., a modern education."

There exists a very general idea that the human eye ought to stand any amount of work and not suffer any ill effects. Persons with indifferent health are surprised that their eyes sympathise with their bodily ailments. The gravity of near-sight is unfortunately but little understood and appreciated. A near-sighted eye is a diseased eye. Near-sight is that condition when all distant objects are indistinct, and clear sight confined to a few feet at best, often but a few inches. Such an eyeball is too long. The cerebro-posterior diameter is longer than normal. The affected part of the eyeball is hidden in the orbit, and consists in a thinning of the membranes that make up the posterior walls of the ball. By means of the ophthalmoscope we are able to see these changes. It is during the growing period of life that the eye changes most, when the tissues are soft and pliable. Up to the twenty-fifth year a near-sighted eye gradually becomes more short-sighted, even when used but moderately; that is the natural tendency. On the other hand, when such an eye is severely taxed a dangerously high degree of near-sight is developed, and vision itself may be reduced to mere light-perception. A near-sighted eye remains always so. All human eyes undergo senile changes, and when the majority of persons with normal eyes reach their forty-fifth year they are obliged to resort to glasses in order to enable them to read with ease and comfort. The near-sighted eye has likewise undergone senile changes, and the object is not held quite so close to the eye as formerly; but to say such had improved would be as fallacious as to say that the persons taking to glasses in their forty-fifth year had better sight than when younger. The changes brought about by age on the eye are loss of transparency in the mean and a hardening of the lens; rays of light entering such an eye are not refracted to the same extent as in the youthful eye.

What is the proper age to admit children to school? The legal age for the public schools varies somewhat in different countries. Children are eligible for school, in most of the states, when only four years old. It is safe to say that a child of four years of age should not be admitted to an ordinary school. Five years should be the youngest age for general admittance, and only

then if the child physically represents its years. Six is young enough to begin study. (In this connection we do not include the schools arranged on the Kindergarten system.)

School-teachers are not dry-nurses, and it was never intended that schools should be converted into nurseries. The majority of teachers are in accord that children who have not been sent to school too young, when they do enter are very quickly on a par mentally with those who entered in advance, with the very great advantage of a better physique. School-attendance up to the eighth year should not exceed three hours daily, with a "recess" of five to ten minutes at least every hour—better every half-hour—gradually increasing the hours for school attendance in accordance with the age of the pupils. In some quarters all recesses are done away with, and wonderful results are given as to greater application of scholars on account of this step—no interruption to steady work, etc. No doubt, these enthusiasts would increase the school hours, were they not thus punishing themselves. Thus history repeats itself. We have all read how the silly fellow in *Æsop's* fable attempted to have his horse live without eating, and as he thought his experiment was in a fair way to succeed the horse died. Such will be the experience of those who now advocate the doing away with all recesses during school-hours. In this connection I will quote Dr. L. B. Tuckerman, of Cleveland, Ohio, who was requested to make an examination of all the pupils who withdrew from the Cleveland High-School, leaving their term unfinished. He reported as follows:

"Whole number entered in Central High-School during term beginning September, 1880, and ending June, 1881: boys, 316; girls, 440—total 756; withdrawn during the year: boys, 56; girls, 108. Fifty per cent. of the boys were in poorer health than when they entered; thirty-three per cent. were compelled to leave on account of impaired health; while seventy-five per cent of the girls who withdrew were obliged to do so on account of poor health."

These figures speak for themselves, and comment is unnecessary. Were similar examinations made in other large cities, I doubt very much if any better result would be found.

Much depends on the construction and the appointments of schools. It is the exception to find a school-building constructed according to our present knowledge of sanitary matters. The ventilation, heating, and light are too often made subservient to poor economy. In country places it is an easy matter to secure a location with proper soil, elevation, drainage, and light. In a large city the problem is a much more difficult one. The erection of very large apartment-houses close to schools sadly interferes with both light and ventilation.

Heating and ventilation are problems that are anything but easy of solution. If the climate were mild and equable, not presenting the contrast of an arctic winter and a tropical summer, the task would not be so difficult. School-houses are ventilated by the opening of doors and windows—a crude and unsatisfactory means. The heating is by stoves or portable furnaces, and

occasionally steam. Imagine a school, full to overcrowding, heated by furnace or stoves, and the weather too severe to permit either doors or windows open, the atmosphere filled, perhaps, with coal-gas and the expired air from the children's lungs, and this continually breathed for hours! This is far from being an overdrawn picture of the condition existing in many schools all over the world, at least during the winter season.

Schools should be so constructed that there are no dark rooms for class purposes. The light should come from the left of each pupil when seated at the desk. In this way no shadow is cast by hand or arm in reading or writing. Each pupil should have a separate desk and seat, the seats and desks corresponding to the varying heights of the pupils. Desks should have tops inclined at least twenty degrees. When the angle is too great objects slide off. There should exist no space between a seat and the corresponding desk: a small overlapping of the vertical line is even better. The seats should be constructed that the back of each scholar be sustained in an easy and comfortable manner. With suitable seats and desks the bending forward of the head is avoided. This bending forward congests the head and eyes, and at the same time interferes with the free play of heart and lungs.

The type used in text-books should be of good size and never small. In the books published fifty years ago the print was of good, large size; and at the present day there should be no difficulty in obtaining from publishers the proper type, owing to the competition in school-books.

Artificial light is a source of great danger to the eyes. When possible there should be very little work done outside of the school. Preparing and reciting lessons properly belongs to the school-house. When, however, as under existing circumstances, work must be done at home, the two illuminating agents in general use are gas and petroleum. The former gives the best result when consumed in an Argand burner. A single fish-tail jet is not enough light to read or study by. The light should be at a convenient distance, not to exceed eighteen inches, from table or desk. The lights from a chandelier are too high to be used for any length of time with safety to the eyesight. Petroleum prepared for illuminating purposes and with a flash-test of 115° Fahr. affords an excellent light when burned in a good form of lamp. The light is clear and steady, and not too hot to be unpleasant. A poor quality of oil is explosive, and untrimmed wicks speak for themselves. The greatest objection to the use of petroleum is the trouble in keeping the lamps in proper condition, but as a light to read or study by I consider it much superior to gas.

We must all admit that education is very necessary both for the individual welfare and the continuance of good government. Taking for granted that all must be educated, what should constitute a common-school education? Here we enter upon debatable ground. Is the standard of the common schools too high or too low? Are the proper methods pursued? In other words, are our children physically and mentally prepared in the best

manner to care and provide for themselves in the future and exercise the prerogatives of good citizenship? To this I answer, No. Too much is expected from the scholar. The tasks are more than the immature mind can grasp. The subjects studied are too numerous and varied, so that little is thoroughly mastered and retained. So far as mental and physical training is concerned, the result is not fortunate. Were the youthful body and mind proof against overwork this system might be indefinitely continued.

To my mind the remedy would be not to attempt so much. Teach in our schools that which is most useful for the scholar and which will enable him to gain a livelihood when employed at some useful occupation. The "three R's" thoroughly taught, besides history and geography, especially of our own country, is as much as the state should provide. I would sum up by offering the following suggestions as helps to the preservation of eyesight and general health in schools:

1. No child under six years of age to be admitted to a school.
2. All studies, when possible, to be made in school; the less work at home the better.
3. Frequent recesses.
4. Teach elementary subjects and have pupils thoroughly master them; no cramming or rote-teaching—in other words, teach the pupils how to study; for the most complete system consists in nothing more.
5. Medical inspection of schools should be insisted upon with regard to overcrowding, ventilation, light, heating, plumbing, and school furniture.
6. Instruct parents as to the dangers of near-sight; that such eyes are diseased; that virtually the near-sighted person is heavily handicapped in life's race; that many avocations are cut off from such a person.
7. Remembering that at school the vision is the most exercised of the senses, see that the pupils' eyes are tested at the beginning and end of each term. The testing can easily be done by the teachers when furnished with cards of test-type published for that purpose.
8. Advise parents not to send their children back to school too soon when convalescent from any of the exacerbates or severe types of illness, as the eyes are especially weak at that time.
9. If reforms in school-life can be brought about it will be mainly through the efforts of physicians. School commissioners plead economy and lack of funds, and at the same time insist on a general lifting-up of the school curriculum, spurring up the teachers to do a little more cramming, so that their respective pupils may excel in their competitive examinations.
10. "The aim of a true education is a sound mind in a sound body—*mens sana in corpore sano*." This golden rule should be constantly kept before the eyes of teachers.

---

"PRETTY busy, eh?" said a man to an editor, entering a newspaper office. "Yes, I'm working like a thief." "Oh, yes, I see. Clipping from exchanges without giving credit."





“MY MOTHER PLACED HER HAND AFFECTIONATELY UPON MY SHOULDER.”

## The Martins of Teverton.

By OLIVER CRANE.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### WHAT HAPPENED.

**T**HE next morning at breakfast, Ben said to me :

“Go to the farm, Henry, and I will arrange with Mr. Norris to see you at one o’clock.”

“Thank you,” I said as cheerfully as I could. “Thank you ; that will be the best thing to do ; but can you make sure of Mr. Norris ?”

“Oh, yes. I believe I know his engagements. Be at our office at one o’clock, then.”

“I will ; nothing shall prevent me,” I said.

And then I was glad to make some excuse about the farm and get up and go. I kissed my mother whose maternal instinct made her sympathise with me in my misery, and following me to the door, she placed her hand affectionately on my shoulder, blessed me again and again, bidding me to keep up my heart. I could not utter a word, so left the house as quickly as possible. I got to my farm, and had quite a hearty welcome from Peggy and Walter. They had not seen me all Sunday, and that was an extraordinary event requiring explanation. I made the explanation accordingly. I had never had any secrets from



this friendly couple as to where I had been, and I made no mysteries now. Peggy said:

"Mrs. Slade sent over this parcel to you last night, and a message to ask how you were; so," Peggy went on, "I took the liberty of sending back a cream cheese, fit for a queen to eat, with this answer, 'that you had not been seen here since the night before, but were, no doubt, detained on the right business.' "I thought," said Peggy, looking very wise, "that some of them might step over to thank you for the cheese, and so you might get a gossip here, if you felt too shy to go there for it. But have you made out anything of where she may be—where Miss Alice may be?"

"No," I said, "I have not heard any news of her being traced; there is some one on the track, I fancy; but where is Mrs. Slade's parcel?"

I opened the packet, and it contained two newspapers with advertisements in them for the young person who had left her home, promising forgiveness to any person or persons who had accompanied her, and a hundred pounds reward to anyone who should bring to Mr. Oldbury, or to a police-office in London, any news that should lead to her being recovered by her friends. It was very strange to read these descriptions of my darling, and to look at the thing in the imaginary light of her having gone of her own accord.

"No, no, my dear," said Peggy, "'tis not put so. 'Tis put neither one way nor the other; only those who have got her are more likely to be reached by a bribe than a threat."

And that was true. I felt quite sure that everything that had been done had been so done under proper advice.

"Why here's Ned Jackson!" cried Walter, at this moment walking up to me with the boy by his side, wearing the most sorrowful white face I ever beheld—a face of deep-seated woe and anxiety that made me the boy's friend in a moment, so true is it, that pity is akin to love.

"Well, my lad," I exclaimed, "you are come to make friends with me, I hope."

"I am come. I am sent," said Ned.

"Whom by?" I asked, keeping up my cheerful tone with him.

"Partly my conscience—partly Mrs. Whitley."

"But still with your own good will?" I said.

The boy fixed his great sorrowful eye upon me.

"I would do right," he said.

"Then you are downright good," said Peggy, heartily. "Do right, young man, do right. Never mind if you are the worse or the better for it. He who does right, come what may, is a brave man. I have seen many years in this wicked world, and now, when I think of going out of it, I can tell you no better of my experience than that—to do right, to determine so to do, to make it the object of your life so to do—is to be a brave man."

"Thank you," said Ned, with a smile glittering on his face. "It is my duty as a Christian. And if other people were not concerned, it would be easy to do right. It is not easy to know what, in my case, is right, but I am trying to do it. I want to talk to you, sir."

Then I took Ned into the walled garden where

my tool house was, and where there were seats in the shade of the wall.

"Master," said Ned, "if it were only myself I should not mind. But when my father, who was transported, and died out in that country, married my poor mother, who taught me well, and kept the true faith herself, though to lead a good life was harder work in her case than you can ever think—when he married my mother she had an old aunt who had brought her up, and got her bread when she would have starved, and nursed her when she would have died; and more than once, old sinner as she was, she had kept my mother out of evil and worse than death. My mother was all she loved. We used to call her Granny. She lived in Leverton then. I am obliged to say to you that she was a wicked old woman, though she kept my mother from sin, for which may God have mercy on her when she herself comes to die."

"She was not a Catholic, of course?" I said.

"Yes, she was; or she ought to have been. She never practised her religion; she sinned, and scoffed, and led a daring life. Oh, sir, she was very wicked. Dark-eye is her son."

"Do you mean the man with only one eye, concerned in the Oldbury robbery?"

"Yes, sir, I do. He had been here. He had been tempting my half-brother—"

Then Ned trembled and quaked with trouble and nervousness. He had never recovered the sight of that murdered brother's corpse, nor the agitation of the examination before the coroner. But he tried hard to recover himself, and he did.

"I thought I would tell you this: if you add to it your own knowledge, you may make something out of it."

"Yes," I said, "I can. More even than you know of. I am very thankful; go on, Ned. I will not do any harm with my knowledge. Tell me, do you know—are you sure—that Dark-eye, as you call him, was at the Oldbury robbery?"

"I know he tempted my brother. I had that night to beg and pray that he would not listen to Dark-eye. You know Dark-eye had been transported about twelve years ago, after a robbery in London; and he has not been back long. He was at the Cape first. He worked a passage home in Captain Bartlett's ship."

"Yes, I know that."

Ned looked up surprised.

"But," I said, "you can't remember much of his doings; you are a boy yourself."

"I have had a sickly childhood, and so I look young; but I am nineteen."

"Oh, and have you always lived in Leverton?"

"Always. I was born in Slum Court; and I lived there till good friends took me away."

"And where is your old aunt?"

"Ah, I am coming to that. We call her Granny. All that lot called her so. She helped everybody in their wickedness. But she was good to me. Sir, if I say anything to you about her you must never hurt her."

"Never," I said.

"You must promise more. You must help her every way possible, both as to body and soul."

"I will. I promise," I said.

"Then, she has got Miss Alice," said Ned.

I could have taken the boy in my arms. I felt my blood rush through my veins tumultuously. It seemed a wonder to me in my excitement to see Ned quite still, like a piece of stone, with his eyes fixed on the gravel walk before him. Was he really made of ice that he could not feel for me! I jumped up from my seat. I felt like a giant in strength. I called aloud:

"Ned, Ned!"

He looked up slowly, with a sort of quiet surprise. I could have seized him and shaken him in my agitation—but all in a moment my agitation died away, and I said:

"My good lad, you know I must have more than your word for this."

"You can't," said Ned. "Of course you can go to the police, and have me up before a magistrate, and make me tell; but it is to prevent all that which would bring Granny into danger that I come to you. I was led to believe that you would not ask for proof, or for anything to bring danger on the old woman. I will only tell you that if you can get to Eastholme before this time to-morrow, you will find Miss Alice in the thatched-house and lodging-house on Eastholme Common, where the big elm trees stand, with the sign of the 'Drover,' that swings from the trees. If I can write and promise her fifty pounds, by the post that leaves Leverton at one o'clock to-day, she will get her there. You can walk into the house and fetch her out, if you have the money in your hand."

"Fifty pounds is half the reward."

"Yes."

"And who is to have the other half?"

"Nobody," said Ned. "I can't make it any better. You know I would if I could."

"And if you don't write, and yet, if I go?"

"Why, you won't find her," said Ned.

"I think it would be more right if you gave up your knowledge to the police."

"I don't," said Ned.

Then there was silence. At last Ned said:

"She was good to me, and I shall do my best for her. That which I have done is my best."

"How was she good to you. She set you a bad example. She has disgraced you by her life. How has she done you good?"

"She made me go to Confession the first time I felt I had sinned."

"And are you going to be grateful all your life for that?"

"Yes, and through all eternity."

The boy got up to go away. But I was so profoundly struck with his sad manner, his few strong words, and the value he had for the Sacrament of Penance, that I would not let him go without my promise. I said:

"How far is Eastholme from here?"

"About thirty miles."

"And when must I be there?"

"At ten to-morrow morning."

"And I shall see Alice?"

"Yes, but you must be prepared to bring her away; but you must not try to stop there."

"I do not object to that. I will be there. I shall go in my light dog-cart. I will take up Alice and return immediately towards home."

"And under no temptation will you try to injure Granny."

"I will not injure her; I will do all to help her."

And so offering my hand to the lad, he turned away very gravely, and I watched him as he went at a steady pace through the field to the town.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### AN INTERVIEW.

It was now time for me to go to Leverton to keep the appointment that Ben had made with Mr. Norris.

I told Walter that I should not be back that night. I took the fifty pounds, which I had by me—for I had expected to have had to pay part of it for cattle to Brooks. I wrapped it up carefully and deposited it in an inside pocket. I took sufficient money for my travelling expenses, and I packed into my light dog-cart all that I thought I might require, including an excellent revolver.

Then I harnessed my good little Brown Bess, and I drove off.

"Sit up to-morrow night, Walter; I shall sure to be home some time—" those were my last words as I drove away.

I went to a small inn close by Mr. Norris's office, and there I saw my horse and dog-cart taken care of. I said I should be back within the hour. But before I went to see Mr. Norris I wrote Ned a note, and having directed it to him as living at Mrs. Whitley's, I put it into the post. I said in my note these words:

"I am on my way to Eastholme. If any evil happens to me I shall hold you accountable. If I am not back by to-morrow night, you must tell Mr. Bennett and my brother Ben at Mr. Norris's. If I never return my blood will be on your head. I have been thinking it all over. I can see plainly that your going to the police would be wrong. I see plainly that if you wrote and promised her the money, and told her to get the girl there, and then sent the police to capture her, you would betray your relative—and I honour you for not betraying her. Of course, you could not do so. But now, you will have written, and sent me, whom you can trust, and no harm shall come to the old woman if I can help it. But, as I am aware that there may be danger, I tell you to look out for my return, which ought to be to-morrow evening. I suppose not even for your aged relative would you allow an innocent man to be sacrificed. I go alone, but I go armed. If I have to protect my life, I shall do so without scruple. I understand from you that Mr. Bennett did not know of your plan for me to go. But I tell you now, that if I don't come back he must know all."

I felt more satisfied after having written this letter. I had the strongest wish for Mr. Bennett to know everything. I had some instinctive feeling that things would be more likely to go right if he did. By writing this letter I felt that I had done my best for myself, as it was my duty to do; and I certainly went about the work I had taken

in hand, with a steadier mind and a clearer head after writing and posting this letter to Ned Jackson. I posted it as I walked to Mr. Norris's door, and when I got there I was immediately let in by Ben, who, I think, must have been waiting for me.

There was something strange in Ben's manner. There was an anxiety about his face which I had only seen lately; but I asked no questions. I was going on a sort of secret mission myself, and as I had my own secrets, I could not ask Ben about his: that he had a secret of some sort I had not, however, any doubt.

When I was shown into Mr. Norris's room I saw a middle-aged gentleman sitting in a corner apparently reading a book. I had never seen this gentleman before. I hesitated about speaking before a witness, and Mr. Norris immediately guessed what was passing in my mind.

"Your brother," he said, "as I think very wisely, suggested your coming here to speak to me about the strange thing that you have discovered—you are in your own mind quite satisfied that Miss Combe, who disappeared from Oldbury the night of the robbery, is the missing sister of the Viscountess St. Martin. You have heard Miss Combe's story from her own lips?"

"Yes," I said.

Then I looked towards the stranger. On seeing that I fixed my eyes upon him, he got up, and came forward. He was a very fine looking man, with a truly noble presence. He said:

"I am Lord Stackhouse, sir; there is no one now living who has a better right than I have to enquire into the history of this girl, whom you suppose to be Annette St. Clair. I am by law her protector, made so both by her mother and uncle. Her sister is as dear to me as my own child; and if, indeed, you are the means of assuring us that Annette not only lives, but lives respectably, and as a Catholic, you will be to all of us a greater benefactor than I can tell."

Then I told simply all that my darling had ever said to me of her recollections, and I added all that Mrs. Slade and Mr. Oldbury had repeated to me.

"I am going to leave this place for a day," I said; "but, if Mr. Norris will allow me, I will call here when I come back, and speak a little more upon this matter."

"All that you have to say I entreat you to say now," said Lord Stackhouse; "I must go to Oldbury directly."

"Nay, my lord," I said, "I have now only to say that I love the person we are seeking after with all my heart, and that a few days ago she loved me!"

Then, not stopping for an answer, I turned round, and left the room hastily. At the foot of the stairs I wrung Ben's hand convulsively, then I got to the inn as fast as I could go.

*(To be continued.)*

**THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.**—It is said that at three years of age we love our mothers; at six, our fathers; at ten, holidays; at sixteen, dress; at twenty, our sweethearts; at twenty-five, our wives; at forty, our children; and at sixty, ourselves.

## NEEDLES AND NEEDLEWORK.



**T**HAT tiny and delicate piece of polished steel yclept the needle, the importance of which is every day yielding to the magic influence of the sewing machine, was first manufactured in England in the year 1540, in the reign of Elizabeth. Little attention, however, appears to have been then paid to its introduction, and it was long before it came into general use. The manufacture was revived by a Mr. Greeing, who established himself at Long Hendon, in Buckinghamshire, in which town the factory is carried on by his descendants to this day—although now only one out of hundreds, especially in the neighbourhood of Birmingham and Sheffield. The process of the manufacture of this little implement of feminine industry is as follows: The steel (German and Hungarian is chiefly used as being susceptible of the highest polish) is first put through a coal fire, and under a hammer to convert its square form into a cylindrical one. After being drawn through a large hole of a wire-drawing iron, it is returned to the fire, and again passed through a second hole, smaller than the first, and so on from hole to hole, until it attains the degree of fineness necessary for the kind of needle for which it is intended; each time being greased with lard to render it more pliable. When reduced to this fine wire, it is cut into the lengths required, which lengths are flattened at one end, in order to make heads and eyes. Further softened by fire, they are then pierced at each extreme of the flat part, on an anvil, by force of a puncheon of well-tempered steel, and laid on a block of lead, to bring out with another puncheon the particles of steel remaining in the eye. The corners are then rounded, a little cavity filed on each side of the head, the point formed with a file and the whole smoothed with the same instrument. They are then tempered, by being placed over a charcoal fire, and, when red hot, plunged into cold water, to harden them. This is a very delicate part of the process, since too much or too little heat is equally undesirable. When they are sufficiently tempered, they are laid on an iron shovel, on a fire more or less hot, according to the thickness of the needle, moved from time to time and, when thoroughly hot, straightened, one after another, with a hammer, the coldness of the water having, in many instances, twisted them. The needles are now formed, and the remaining process is the polishing. Twelve or fifteen thousand needles are arranged in little heaps, against each other, on a piece of buckram, sprinkled with emery, which is also thrown over them, and sprinkled with oil of olives. The whole is finally made into a roll well secured at each end. This roll is then laid on the polishing table; over it is placed a thick plank loaded with stones, which is worked backwards and forwards, incessantly for a couple of days, by which means the needles are polished. In Germany this process is performed by water-mills, instead of manual labour. From the effects of this operation the needles are then cleansed with soap and water, and placed with hot brar, a little moistened, in a wooden box,

suspended in the air with a cord, which is kept swinging till both bran and needles are dry. This is repeated with two or three different brans, the needles then examined to separate the perfect from those whose eyes or points have sustained injury; finally polished with an emery stone, turned by a wheel, sorted, and made up into packets. There is great mortality among the workmen employed in needle manufactories, in consequence of the minute particles of steel and dust which they are continually inhaling. These produce constitutional irritation, sure to terminate in pulmonary consumption, inasmuch, that persons engaged in this kind of work scarcely ever attain the age of forty years. Many attempts were made to purify the air, before its entry into the lungs, by gauze or linen guards; but the dust was too fine and penetrating to be obstructed by such coarse expedients, until—about ten years ago, we believe—some ingenious person, struck by the motions and arrangements of a few steel filings on a sheet of paper held over a magnet, introduced masks of magnetised steel, adapted to the faces of the workmen, by means of which the air is not only strained, but each obnoxious atom of steel is arrested in its progress.

So highly was the art of needle-work esteemed among the ancients, that the Greeks ascribed its invention to their favourite goddess, Minerva, patroness of the arts and sciences. The fair physicians of those days, in the absence of operas, concerts, horticultural fêtes, art-exhibitions, and illustrated or unillustrated journals, had little to occupy their time and attention save needlework, and hence we find that Homer constantly represents his heroines as engaged in this manner. Andromache, he tells us, employed the weary hours of Hector's absence in embroidering

A splendid texture, wrought on either side,  
All dazzling bright with flowers of various hues.

The completion of a piece of needlework for the shroud of Ulysses was deemed sufficient cause for a long delay, even by the impatient suitors of Penelope. The story of the deception she practised is too well known to be more than alluded to here. Each night, we are told, she unravelled the labours of the day,

Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;  
The fourth, her maid unfolds the wondrous tale.

It was likewise the custom among the illustrious dames of those classical times to have a rich store of garments, embroidered by their own fair hands, in readiness for any emergency, or for gifts to distinguished visitors. When Telemachus leaves Menelaus, we find that

His beauteous queen revolved with careful eyes  
Her various textures, of unnumber'd dyes,  
And chose the largest,

as a gift to her departing guest. This kind of needlework was, however, also practised among other nations, as we may gather from Holy Writ. It is a matter of uncertainty whether the garments of the priests were woven or embroidered, but we find Hannah, the mother of Samuel, taking him each year a little coat of her own work. Again, the mother of Sisera says to her maidens: "To Sisera, a prey of divers colours of needlework, of divers colours of needlework on both sides, fit for the necks of them that take the

spoil." The Middle Ages were also celebrated for splendid embroidery and tapestry work, for which convents were admirable schools, and which, in those times, was much devoted to the use of the Church. Popes Leo III. and IV., and Pope Paschal, had magnificent garments worked by the needle, for their personal use, and also various beautiful pieces of work, as ornaments for the Vatican, and the churches in Rome. In addition to these ecclesiastical pieces of work, the ladies of those days were much occupied in the embroidery of banners, of green scarfs, and other garments worn by the most illustrious personages. The four daughters of Edward the Elder, though carefully educated in the literature of the age, were accomplished needlewomen; and (whether from that excellence we presume not to say) were eagerly sought in marriage by the most powerful princes of that era. The garments worn by Edward the Confessor, on state occasions, were embroidered by his queen, Elgitha. The renowned "Bayeux Tapestry" was worked by Matilda of Flanders, queen of William the Conqueror, and not, as thought by some, by the Empress Maud, daughter of Henry II. It represents the career of the unfortunate Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, and, apart from being a wonderful achievement in itself, is deeply interesting in a historical point of view. Commencing with that interview with Edward the Confessor, in which he, with some difficulty, obtained permission for his ill-fated visit to Normandy, it next represents him entering a church to implore a blessing on his expedition. Then we find him at a banquet with his *compagnons de voyage*, on the eve of embarking. It proceeds to illustrate his embarkation, capture by Count Guy of Ponthieu; the embassy sent by William to demand his release, and, on that failing, the arrival of the Norman duke at the head of his troops. Then we are taken to Normandy, and see Harold swearing the fatal oath of fealty to William, and betrothment to his daughter—an oath made so much more tremendous by its being taken on a box, covered with a pall, containing (unknown to Harold) the bones of the saints and other holy relics. The scene then changes to England, where Harold finds Edward on his death-bed, and we have depicted his death and funeral, with the offer of the crown to Harold. After that comes the arrival of William in England, with the banquet given him on landing; the headlong mission of a knightly courier to Harold with the news; and, finally, the battle of Hastings, with the death of the last sceptred Saxon, who "foremost fighting fell." All the figures in this *chef-d'œuvres* of embroidery are executed with singular power and strength of expression, though the fair sempstresses show a noble indifference to nature in the colour of their horses, which are, from lack of choice, perhaps, indifferently blue, green, red, or yellow. It was worked on white cloth, and where the flesh is represented, a space was left by the needle; it is now preserved at Caen, in Normandy. Romances, lives of the saints, and various other subjects—some very beautiful, others very absurd—were commonly represented in tapestry during the Elizabethan era. At this time, also, most exquisite embroidery was pro-

fusely bestowed upon coverlets, as, indeed, upon every article of dress, handkerchiefs, bags, etc. Mary Queen of Scots amused her hours of captivity with works of tapestry, some of which are still shown at Hardwicke Hall and Hampton Court. In Queen Anne's time the art appears to have fallen into disuse, if we may judge from some humorous remarks in the "Spectator;" who, after commenting on the idleness of the young damsels of that day, (would that he had lived in the present!) proposes the following rules to amend it:

1st—That no young virgin shall be allowed to receive the addresses of her first lover, but in a suit of her own embroidery.  
2nd—That before every fresh humble servant, she should appear in a fresh stomacher at least.

3rd—It is suggested that no girls should be permitted to marry until they had exercised their needles in preparation for the advent of little strangers.

Much carpet and tapestry work, however, continued to be done by our ancestresses. Berlin patterns, and work properly so called, were not known till 1804, when the first pattern, on checked paper, was published by a printseller in Berlin. In the year 1810, Madam Wittich, wife of a printseller in the same city, and herself a famous needlewoman, urged her husband to engage in that branch of his business with more spirit; and since his time the number of Berlin patterns published, and of people engaged in colouring and preparing them, is somewhat marvellous. They were first introduced into England and Ireland in 1831.

The sewing machine is, as we have already mentioned, rapidly superseding the works of the needle, and the fact must be hailed with unalloyed satisfaction, seeing that by inaugurating a new source of remunerative female industry, it will undoubtedly ultimately tend to ameliorate the moral and social conditions of the many thousands who heroically brave temptation in the naked garrets of our most flourishing cities, and

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,

in unwomanly rags and dreary poverty, ply their needles and thread. In this hope turn we, in conclusion, to a pleasant little picture drawn by William Allingham, an Irish poet, whose only fault was that his graceful pencil was not more frequently employed:

Oh, Maryanne, you pretty girl,  
Intent on silken labour,  
Of sempstresses the pink and pearl,  
Excuse a peeping neighbour!  
Those eyes, for every drooping, give  
The long brown lashes rarely:  
But violets in the shadows live—  
For once unveil them fairly!  
Hast thou not lent that flounce enough  
Of looks so long and earnest?  
Lo, here's more "penetrable stuff,"  
To which thou never turnest!  
Ye graceful fingers, deftly sped!  
How slender and how nimble!  
Oh, might I wind their skeins of thread,  
Or but pick up their thimble!  
How blessed the youth whom love shall bring,  
And happy stars embolden,  
To change the dome into a ring,  
The silver into golden.

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINBECK.

### CHAPTER VI.



MEANWHILE Eagle's band had arrived with their prisoners, whose sufferings had been most severe, with half a day's journey of the Mohav village Gandawaga, where they stopped in order to give the poor creatures, who were exhausted by hunger and thirst, a short rest, which, with the food and drink which they gave them, might prepare them better to endure other tortures which awaited them.

After a week of water transport the conquering savages met a troop of two hundred of their people, who were on the war-path, at Lake Champlain, and who broke out into a wild rejoicing when they heard of the success which had just attended their friends, and saw the number of prisoners. They were particularly joyful over the capture of the Frenchmen, whom it was intended to put to a painful death. The Hurons were not spared, and the faithful Ahatsistari had to endure severe punishment.

A very remarkable circumstance which F. Jaques related in a letter to his Provincial in France occurred at this time. He had been dragged to the place where the Indians were assembled, and hot coals were placed upon his breast in order to make him rise up. He did so, and comparing his sufferings with the bitter pain and death of his divine Redeemer he gained fresh courage. As he stood there, and in fervent prayer, offered himself to God, a brave came up to him, and, with a demoniacal grin, drew his knife. He believed that the savage was about to kill him, when the wild man seized his nose. F. Jaques saw the knife glittering before his eyes, and continuing to pray for strength and courage, he saw his tormentor turn away as if drawn back by an invisible hand. He went away raging, but returned in about a quarter of an hour, and renewed his attempt, but with the same result. Then he gave up his design, and as fast as he could departed from the man whom he believed to be a mighty magician.

The next morning Eagle broke up his camp in all haste, and with his people and their prey paddled across Lake Champlain to Lake George, which F. Jaques afterwards named the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament. Meanwhile the missionary, who had thought little of his own sufferings in seeing those to which his faithful Huron Christians were subjected, could not command his tears which one of his tormentors observing, exclaimed: "Look at the black robe; he has become a squaw."

Upon this Ahatsistari, who had heard this insult, cried out:

"You lie, Red Wolf. Ondesonk has more strength and courage than any Mohawk. But he is our father and sheds tears because he sees his red children suffer."

By this defence the brave chief did no service to the missionary, but, on the contrary, brought renewed anger and blows upon the father.

On the ninth day the victors and their captives left the canoes, and turned to the southwest on foot.

This journeying continued for three days, during which the prisoners had to carry the baggage, and with this heavy burden to follow the light-footed Mohawks through thick woods, over steep hills, and across rushing waters. Only the missionary, who could hardly manage to keep his feet, was, singularly enough, exempted from any load. The sufferings of the poor creatures exceeded description. Their only nourishment on the march consisted of the berries which they could gather as they went along; their wounds were not bound up, and were sadly in want of dressing.

So at noon on the day of the Assumption they reached a place about half a day's march from Gandawaga where Eagle made a halt. Now they gave the prisoners some food, and they gladly partook of meat and maize. Even the two Oblates ate heartily, but F. Jaques took but little food and remembered Ahatsistari's remark that the weaker the body is so much the less does it feel pain, and he would not take much care of a body which was soon to be reduced to ashes.

After a few hours' rest the march was continued, and about sunset they reached the left bank of the Mohawk River, and saw the Gandawaga of that time, as a little height, at about a quarter of a mile from the river. The inhabitants of the village had long since been informed of the return of the conquering troop and streamed out in numbers to receive their friends. They gave expression to some of their joy by sticking the captives and otherwise ill-treating them. Their anger seemed to be especially directed against Father Jaques, whose bald head seemed greatly to excite their wrath. The cannibals, for there is no doubt that they were such, struck him and tore the soft parts of his body in a frightful manner, till he fell exhausted to the ground. But he bore all with wonderful steadfastness; he could even pray for his tormentors, and no cry escaped his lips.

Besides the Mohawks of Gandawaga, others had come who had taken some Hurons prisoners in the battle, and kept them as slaves. From them, their fellow-sufferers learned that preparations were being made in the village for their being burned alive. This was, indeed, fearful news, but it did not shake the courage of the victims. The Frenchmen and the baptized Hurons prepared themselves for death; they prayed, confessed, and received Absolution, while the five prisoners who had not yet been gained to the Church of Christ, looked forward to their fate with stoical indifference.

The Jesuit looked on his red children in Christ with a sorrowful heart. Among them were many who were considered, and rightly, as powerful supports of the Church in the settlement of Nipissing. The priest well knew that their death would be a heavy blow to the holy cause, and he entertained a fear that an obstacle might be placed in the way of missionary work among the red men for some time to come. But he could

not long give way to these sad thoughts, for the raging savages required that the prisoners should at once be given up to them, and so the frightful war feast was opened that very evening.

The victims, almost reduced to skeletons, were placed in canoes and paddled to the other side, where women and children tore from them almost all the clothing they wore. William Couture was placed at the head of the procession. René Goupil and F. Jaques, only in their shirts, were placed, the former in the middle, while F. Jaques brought up the rear.

In the meantime the savages, men women and children, drove the victims with sticks and stones to the place of martyrdom, which had been prepared upon a hill near a village. Just in front of F. Jaques was a young Huron who, shortly before they had left Quebec had received the Sacrament of Baptism. Strongly built, this man had, besides remarkable bodily strength, the quickness of a cat, and the pliancy of an eel. Full of child-like affection, he had long been pondering how he could alleviate the terrible fate of his beloved Ondesonk. Now he thought he had, at last, discovered an answer to this question, and, as soon as an opportunity afforded, he approached the missionary:

"Does Ondesonk see that stake above, in the village?" he whispered. "The Red Wolves have painted it with their war paint, and hung scalps upon it. Whoever first reaches that stake will escape further punishment. Bear's Claw will take a few steps towards that stake, and then turn away while Ondesonk can himself reach it. But Ondesonk must make haste, and not look back to see what has become of Bear's Claw."

"That cannot be; it is impossible. No, you shall never do that. They would only torture you more. Am I, then, worse than any of you that I should not share the same fate?"

"Ondesonk must not speak thus. He is our good white father, and his red children must protect him. What more can the Red Wolf do with Bear's Claw than to burn him or tear him in pieces? They can only kill him, and then his soul will go to the great good Father in heaven, of Whom Ondesonk has told us so many beautiful things. Bear's Claw will soon go to heaven, so he will do what he has told Ondesonk."

The priest could not accept this sacrifice, and was again impressing upon his convert that he must give up the execution of his brave design, when some squaws, who saw the two captives conferring together, with cries and abuse dragged them to their appointed places.

The first of the Hurons, preceded by Ahatsistari, went on in a long row towards the hill suffering from the blows rained down on their unprotected bodies. The two Oblates showed a firmness and courage beyond expectation.

The missionary looked with dry and burning eyes upon this spectacle, for no tears could ameliorate the terrible fate of his beloved friends and brothers in the faith. He thought nothing of his own approaching fate.

Then Bear's Claw, the last of the Hurons, uttering a shrill cry, nodded significantly to the priest, ran forward a few steps and then, such a movement being entirely unexpected by the



Mohawks, suddenly turned aside and reached the open space.

For a moment, the Mohawks looked after him amazed, then they broke their ranks, and with a howl of rage set off in pursuit of the fugitive who, stange to say, fled neither to the sheltering woods nor to the place of security on the hill, but rushed about hither and thither and seemed to turn his foes into derision. Two of the fleetest runners were soon in pursuit of him, another Mohawk came to meet him, and the agonized father saw how they all swung their tomahawks at the bold Huron, when one of them, outrunning his companion, was struck to the ground and all danger from him ended.

None of the Mohawks had thought of taking possession of any of the loaded firearms which they had brought home, and which were left on the bank of the river. Then Bear's Claw turned suddenly in that direction, cleverly escaped the crowd of Mohawks, and to the general surprise, again took the direction of the hill where the painted war stake offered a refuge.

And now the Mohawks uttered a cry of joy, for they had no doubt the Huron expected to escape by gaining the place of freedom. But they were mistaken. They had not observed how, from the moment when he began his wild career, the eyes of the young man had been in search of some object, nor had they been aware of the look of hatred which he had directed towards a troop of Mohawks at the foot of the hill. They did not see the triumphant smile which played around his lips as he discovered in their midst Eagle, the mortal enemy whom he had sought.

The Huron now turned away from the enemies who set upon him. With a mighty blow he shattered the skull of the first, and with a loud war-cry, swung the man's tomahawk over the head of the amazed chief. But before the murderous weapon could descend, a shot was heard from a thicket a few steps distant, and the Huron fell to the ground. A bullet had shattered his skull.

A cry of astonishment broke forth and everyone looked towards the thicket from which the fatal bullet had been sent with so true an aim. Then the bushes were divided and the bushranger stepped forth, moving his fur cap as a salute, and then deliberately reloading his rifle.

While the wild chase was going on, no one had thought of the captives. The missionary stood as if rooted to the spot. It never entered his mind to take any advantage of the general confusion. Now it was too late, for the raging Mohawks fell upon him, and, under a shower of blows, he sank senseless to the ground. The inhuman wretches then dragged him to the place of martyrdom upon the hill, where his fellow sufferers were now assembled.

Meanwhile, the Mohawk warriors, with their women and children, had collected and formed a circle round the captives, in which the chief and his sachems held a council as to their fate. As to the bushranger, no one thought of him, all attention being directed to the captives.

This neglect greatly annoyed the bushranger, but he thought it best to conceal this; and, with his again loaded rifle on his shoulder, he repaired to

the place of punishment, where he saluted the savages as old acquaintances, and observed to their chief:

"This time I have come at the right moment. If my bullet had been a moment later, the soul of the brave Eagle would now have been in the happy hunting grounds. If the squaws had not stood so much in my way, the brave warrior would have been yet alive whom the foolish Huron slew."

"Red Hand is welcome to the Mohawks," replied one of the first in the council of sachems, an aged Indian called Spotted Snake. "Red Hand is the Mohawk's friend. Red Hand is among the chiefs, and shall share in the war feast. The great pale-face is welcome. The braves will take him to their wigwam, and call him brother. The Mohawks do not forget what Red Hand has done for them."

Then Eagle came forward. He pressed the bushranger's hand, and spoke words of thanks. His deliverer answered only by a nod of his head, and then sat down on the grass and examined the captives with a malicious grin.

The council was soon ended, and Eagle, upon whom the terrible office of master of the ceremonies had been conferred, gave the sign to the young men, who had waited in expectation. These men hastened to the village and brought thence burning faggots, which were placed around as a direction to the place of martyrdom.

The Huron captives were put to death after the usual Indian fashion, but for the priest they prepared something new. An old Mohawk brought him an Alganquin squaw, who was a Catholic, and had received in Baptism the name of Johanna and had been for some time their prisoner, and ordered her to cut off one of his fingers. In vain did the eyes of the faithful Christian ask for mercy, she must fulfil the will of her master; and, as she took with a trembling hand the already maimed one of the priest, she begged with tearful eyes that he would forgive her.

The look of the weeping woman, with whom he had secretly exchanged the Sign of the Cross, moved him greatly, and while he held out his left hand to her, he raised his right to heaven, and said with great fervour:

"Almighty Father in Heaven, I thank Thee that Thou thinkest the least of Thy servants worthy to suffer in Thy service, and that Thou showest here how the seed, which Thy servants have at Thy command scattered in the wilderness, produces fruit. Oh, send Thy holy angel to relieve the sufferings of the poor people around me, and to give them strength and courage. But spare not Thy servant but let him feel the whole weight of the cross which Thy goodness has prepared for him from all eternity. Forgive these blind men their sin, and require not at their hands the blood they shed, for they know not what they do. Pity our torturers and kindle in their hearts the light of knowledge, through the fire of the Holy Spirit. This I beg through our divine Saviour and Mediator."

The Alganquin squaw heard him pray, and, though she could not understand the words, she knew their meaning. She still delayed her work which the barbarian behind her urged her with

frequent blows to complete. She moved not till the missionary let his right hand sink down, and with a look which seemed to come from a soul in ecstasy, said in the Huron language, which she understood:

"Fear not, poor squaw, and do what the old man requires. You will not offend the dear Great Spirit Whom you have learned to know. Here is my hand. Do it quickly."

"I know who you are," replied the woman, in a whisper. "though you do not wear a long robe. I know that you are a black-robe, and that the Great Spirit will punish severely those who make you suffer."

Then the old Mohawk seized her by the shoulder, and with one or two sharp blows, he said:

"Will the miserable squaw do what a brave commands her?"

"Do what he desires, or he will take the knife and do it in a much worse manner himself," said the priest.

At last the Indian woman took courage, and with one effort severed the thumb from the hand; then she let the knife and the limb fall, and weeping and lamenting left the spot.

No cry passed the lips of F. Jaques, not a muscle moved. On the contrary, his countenance beamed as if a great piece of good fortune had befallen him. He picked up the limb.

The inspired man would have expressed his joy in hell if Ahatsistari had not called to him that it was to be feared that the Mohawks might compel him to take the severed member into his mouth and compel him to bite it. The missionary followed the advice of his Huron friend, and threw it to a distance, that the savages might not find it and prove Ahatsistari's fears to be well founded.

The good father suffered inexpressibly when he saw the pains and indignities to which his faithful followers were subjected, and which they bore in the most edifying manner. Even Ahatsistari was annoyed at their courage, and could not but express his surprise.

"Look at our good Father Ondesonk, my braves; look at him and at his suffering brothers by his side," he cried in a voice of thunder. "Hardly can the Red Wolves extract a cry of pain from these men of peace. They obtain from the all-powerful Great Spirit more strength than the strongest of the Red Wolves possess. To His red children also does the true God send help through the Holy Spirit who supports their feebleness. Come, ye howling wolves, come and tear us to pieces; come and do what you will with us, for we are warriors, and have sent many a Red Wolf to the place of bad spirits. Come to Ahatsistari and his braves, but lay not a hand on Ondesonk and his two young white brothers. They are men of peace. Ondesonk can bind up wounds, but he cannot strike. Ondesonk remains quiet, but it needs only a word from him and Heno would again send forth His lightning and destroy you."

There was an angry howl as the Huron chief concluded this speech, and the Mohawks would have fallen upon their victim with renewed rage had not a sign from Eagle called them back. He remembered the thunderbolt which had shattered

the oak at the time of the murder of old Onduteraon when the missionary stretched out his hand to heaven. The warriors who had been the witnesses of this wonderful event now began to relate its history with additions which added to its awful nature. Eagle spoke very earnestly with the chiefs of his tribe, and told them that he was not inclined to burn so mighty a magician as the black-robe at the stake.

Spotted Snake had his own opinions, and these were that it would be well to march the white men and the Huron through Gandawaga and the other villages of the tribe, and thus to make them suffer, but not to kill them, rather to keep them as slaves. If Airstai required their blood there would be time enough for that.

There was great difference of opinion among the chiefs and sachems, but most of them advocated the speedy execution of the prisoners, and especially of the white men, for they had a kind of instinctive feeling that by remaining longer among them the priest would gain an influence that might prove dangerous to their own power. They did not believe in the magical power of the missionary. But there were some, and Eagle was of the number, who thought that the captives should be suffered to live and a high price asked for their ransom. The death of the prisoners would not soon be forgotten, and might bring upon the Mohawks and the whole Iriquois alliance a future retribution. Eagle, who had rather changed his views after the bushranger had whispered something in his ear, added to this that he had reason to believe that even the neighbouring Hollanders would revenge the death of these pale-faces, and this would be the more easy as their old Indian allies, the Mohicans, were the sworn foes of the Mohawks.

And thus did thirst for blood, ambition, cruelty, avarice and cold calculation contend about the fate of the martyrs. But they came to no decision, and after a long and sometimes angry war of words, it was agreed that the prisoners should be kept fettered during the night and the council be resumed the next morning. Each chief and sachem was to make use of the opportunity for considering the question very maturely.

This proposal found general approval, so the unhappy captives were secured for the night, but a tribe of boys subjected them to great annoyance, and not until midnight did these young tormentors cease their cruelty.

The bushranger had listened to the council held by the chiefs and sachems from the beginning, but without directly interfering in it. When the Mohawks had placed a watch over the captives they retired to their huts to rest, while the bushranger was taken to Eagle's wigwam. There he soon forgot the cruel scene he had witnessed and slept probably, for like all white men who lose their human feelings, he excelled in cruelty and blood-thirstiness the most savage of the Indians.

(To be continued.)

STATIONMASTER, to suspicious-looking lady (aged), who has just entered a first-class compartment: "Are you first-class, ma'am?" Aged lady: "Yes, thank you; how are you?"

## ARCTIC INDIAN MODES OF BURIAL.



Extract the following from an interesting series of papers published some time back in "Les Missions Catholiques," by the Rev. E. Petitot, O.M.I., in which he clearly shows the Asiatic origin of the Indians of Arctic America, amongst whom he has long been labouring, more especially amongst the Dene and Dindjé tribes, by the Mackenzie river:

Prehistoric archæology has made known to us three modes of burial: (1) The interment of the body doubled up, or with the limbs drawn together, as if in a squatting posture; (2) the placing of the body in its last resting place in a recumbent position (similar to what is done in Christian countries at the present day); and (3) cremation in *dolmens* and incineration in *tumuli* (or mounds). The *first* mode, it is said, characterises the paleolithic period of the age of stone; the *second* is peculiar to the neolithic period, as well as to the age of iron; whilst the *third* belongs to the second neolithic period, the end of the stone age, and also to the age of bronze.

To these three modes of burial I would add a *fourth* method, that of burying the body standing upright, all of which four modes of burial were to be found existing at the same time in America up to a recent period.

One of these modes came to an end something over fifty years ago; the others existed up to about twenty-five years back. Close enquiries into these four various forms of burial have shown that the *first* mode, *i.e.*, burying the corpse doubled up, or with the limbs drawn up, has prevailed in various parts of Europe in the remotest times. In France, especially, examples of it have been found at Var, Vence, and in the Charente, where the locality is generally a funeral chamber covered over with a *tumulus* (or mound). In the Aveyron and Lozère this same system is found in the *dolmens* as well as in *tumuli*. In Africa it was known and practised by the Jouaregs (of Algeria).

In Asia, it is still in use amongst the Mantras (the aborigines of the Malaya peninsula), in conjunction, however, with other modes of burial.

The Brazilian and Guaranian tribes of Indians buried their dead in this posture in jars; the Caribs of the American continent, and of the West Indies, the Hurons and the Iroquois of the *Five Nations* did the same, but in graves or chambers; and, according to Crantz, the Greenlanders, as well as the other tribes of the Arctic regions also used this mode of burying their dead.

Lately, a French traveller, M. Pinart, has found corpses buried in the same manner in caverns in the Aleutian Islands, the bodies being on their sides as if asleep. And, finally, the Dindjies of the Lower Youkon, similarly buried their dead, doubled up, or huddled up in a kind of coffin, suspended on posts, about three feet above the surface of the ground—a form of sepulture I drew

attention to so far back as 1865. Several of the western Esquimaux tribes do exactly the same the Malmonts from the mouths of the Youkon river amongst others.

Curious to relate, our bishop, Monsignor Claret as well as my *confrère* Father Le Corre, have found engraved on the tombs of these Innoits, the figures of elephants and monkeys, quite easily recognisable.

This enumeration, which could be extended much further, shows that the *first* mode of burial which we have described, was practised in the four quarters of the globe, though accompanied with some differences in details in the various countries.

Burial of the body laid out flat on its back, in a tomb formed of stone—in a tumulus—or in a natural cave. This mode was the most universally practised throughout the globe. In Northern America, it has been, and is still in use, conjointly with the *first* mode, amongst adjoining tribes and the same races; and, again, amongst different tribes, belonging to the same nation. This same peculiarity is observable amongst the Aleutian islanders, where we find some corpses huddled up, and others lying flat in a kind of cradle of wood filled with moss, the face of the dead covered with a mask. The same thing applies to other Esquimaux tribes. Their most usual mode of burial is to lay the corpse on the ground in a sort of sepulchre, formed of flat stones, laid edgewise, and covered over with stones placed horizontally. On other occasions, as I myself have seen, the corpse is barely covered over with branches of trees, and then abandoned in the woods.

The Dene-Dindjé, who bury their dead in a kind of coffin or box, suspended to posts, some distance over ground, are imitated in this respect, by the neighbouring Innoit. The arms, utensils, and clothing of the defunct brave are buried with him. But since the conversion of these Indians to Christianity (by the Oblate Fathers), they bury their departed ones after the European manner, and surround the grave with a rude railing, or else place over it a kind of rough shed-like covering. The pagan Algonquins still continue to put their dead in boxes, which they hoist up to the branches of a tree, or place on a kind of scaffolding and there leave them.

I have before remarked on the pious custom in vogue amongst the Dindjé, the Innoit, the Atnans, and the Kenaitzes, of coming to weep over their dead at sunrise and sunset; and their breaking to pieces coloured glass beads, and other fancy glass trinkets over their graves.

These glass fabrics being much prized articles used as ornaments by these savage people, the sacrifice they make of them is looked upon as a pious offering to the *manes* of the defunct, as well as a symbol of mourning. They also break up pearls of amber; and the fragments of these *wampungs* or necklaces are cast into the tombs. But, it is only to men of mark that this kind of honour is rendered—never to women or to children. In this practice, in use amongst tribes of people who are looked upon as greatly similar to pre-historic man, we have, to my mind, a very satisfactory explanation of the heaps of flint,

designedly broken up, which have been found in certain megalithic sepulchres in the Caucasus and Western Europe. They are, in my opinion, votive offerings, and indicate that the remains so found were men of Iberian race.

Antiquarians have observed that the bodies of pre-historic men of the age of stone, have the bones of the legs arched outwards—i.e., bandy-legged. The same thing is to be seen with the Dene and other savages of the North-West of America; whilst the Esquimaux, and Algonquins have their legs perfectly straight. In the former case the mothers place their young infants on a kind of saddle slung to their mother's breasts, the feet joined together below: in the latter the children are seated in a kind of chair, and hung on the backs of their mothers. Hence the Denes are bandy-legged—the Dindjies straight-legged, inclined to bend in, and under them in sailor-fashion.

Another problem in the pre-historic direction is the fact of the sepulchral cavities of the Megaliths containing perfect skeletons found placed on the top of heaps of bones; or the latter found covering the bottoms of tombs containing skeletons in a perfect state. Archæological science has not yet accounted for this fact; but a most probable and natural solution of this matter is afforded by a custom, which I shall explain, that still exists among the Dingjie, the Dene, the Algonquins, the Sioux-Iriquois family, and the Carib-Guaranian family, which latter extends from Florida to the River Plate.

I allude to the Feast of the Dead, or Festival of the Souls, which I have partially described in my first paper on the Dene-Dindje nation. This description related only to the Burial-dance, to the distribution of presents, and the banquet which followed—all of which are practiced, it appears, in New Caledonia also. I omitted the first and last acts of this lugubrious ceremony—viz., (1) the visit to and despoiling of the tombs, and (2) the procession of the corpses and translation of the relics, which our Christians no longer perform.

In the first instance, they assemble in crowds and repair to the cemetery on a day fixed by the chiefs. This usually is in the spring of the year about the supposed time of the return of the *manes* to the burial place of the mortal remains.

Sometimes these *fêtes* occur also in autumn, before the periodical departure of the *manes* in company with the feathered tribes. Having reached the burial grounds, they open the coffins, and uncover the graves, and gaze silently on their frightful contents. The tribute of tears having been paid, the bones of the dead are carefully cleaned, and all the flesh left removed from them; then, enveloped in new skins, they are borne in procession amongst the tents, into which they are finally introduced, where they occupy the place of honour, and daily receive the salutations and offerings of the tribe. Even in our days this ancient custom is religiously observed by the Sioux, the Black Feet, and several tribes of the Algonc race. In 1867, the *Flancs de Chien* and the *Peaux de Livres* Indians assembled at Great Bear Lake, visited the tombs, and held the

funeral repast, whilst I was sojourning amongst them.

But in consequence of the terror with which the Dene we seized at the sight of the corpses, they contented themselves with opening the tombs and gazing afflictedly for hours on what was left of their denizens without further disturbing them. After this religious ceremony, panegyrics of the defunct were pronounced; the silent feast and grave-dance took place, and the distribution of presents was made in the manner I have before described. A custom of this kind was observed amongst the ancient Scotch; we find the funeral repast described in Sir Walter Scott's "Antiquary;" and it appears to have had a place amongst the Jews—witness the Prophet Jeremiah: "*Both the great and the little shall die in this land; they shall not be buried nor lamented. . . . And they shall not break bread among them to him that mourneth, to comfort him for the dead: neither shall they give them to drink of the cup to comfort them for their father and mother* (Chap. xvi. v. 6-7). By this it will be seen that this custom of our savage Arctic people has nothing barbarous in it; but something eminently humane and civilized.

Then comes the third part of the *fête*. The bones, packed into a small bulk, are carried processionally, and all laid in one grave, where they are first covered over with branches and then with earth—the earth, however, not being allowed to touch them.

These honours, it is to be observed, are not accorded to those of the dead buried *under twelve months*, the condition of the bodies, doubtless, being the reason for this restriction.

Such, then, is the ceremonial used at the Festival of the Dead, as observed by various North American tribes. It is easy, then, to understand how it is that entire skeletons have been found in megalithic sepulchres—lying on confused heaps of bones; or, in the front part of funeral chambers, having bones strewed in disorder around their floors.

Hence, we may conjecture that several of the pre-historic nations of Europe must have practised these very same customs of our American Indians.

The annual upsetting of the tombs, a usage amongst the Kirghis throughout Asia, as related by M. Cartailhac, is of a similar nature to that above described, although presenting some different details. In this ancient usage, spread through the three continents, we have evidently a vestige of the worship of their *ancestors*, which forms the basis of the religion of the Chinese, the Japanese, the Tartars and the Polynesians; so that here, America presents nothing different from what is to be found in other countries.

The American custom of lying offerings of food on the tombs of the dead is equally in use in Asia and Oceanica.

It appears, also, to have been known to the Israelites from the period of their captivity, and even before that; for it is written in the "Book of Tobias," iv., 18: "*Lay out thy bread and thy wine upon the burial of a just man; and do not eat and drink thereof with the wicked.*" And in "Ecclesiasticus," we read—vii., 37:

"and restrain not grace from the dead," and again, *Id.* xxx., 18: "Good things that are hid-  
den in a mouth that is shut, are as messes of  
meat set about a grave."

In Europe, for several centuries, the early  
Christians had a similar custom—doubtless,  
meant to be an alms done in the name and in  
memory of the dead. They even laid money and  
jewels on the tombs, in order that they might be  
taken by their poorer brethren, who would thus  
be bound to pray for the departed.

Here, then, again, we may well remnrk with the  
Wise Man, that "There is nothing new under  
the sun."

(To be continued.)

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE.

**I** KNOW a shrine of the Sacred Heart,  
and I love it the best of all;  
And its there I love to kneel and pray,  
when the evening shadows fall.  
It is then, when the toils of the day are done, and  
its duties laid aside  
We best can think of the wondrous love of the  
Heart of the Crucified.

How sweet to come, when life is bright, and all is  
sunny and fair  
To the little throne of Jesu's, love, and carry our  
gladness there;  
And our hearts seem more to abound in joy when  
blessed with Jesus' love,  
And our souls are lifted far away to our beautiful  
home above.

But ah! more sweet when life is dark—with tem-  
pests cold and chill,  
To feel the storm, sink calmly down, at the sound  
of His soft "Be still."  
And a peace the world can never give, comes  
down on the jaded breast,  
And our souls are steeped in a holy calm, and a  
heavenly sense of rest.

I love to think, how weary hearts, with their  
burden of woe and care  
Have sought this self-same Altar-Throne, and  
found their comfort there;  
How many a sinful one has come, with a spirit  
cold and wild  
And gone out thence with a humble soul, and the  
heart of a little child.

Oh wonderful love of the Sacred Heart—shed over  
our lives a light,  
That shall comfort our way-worn, weary hearts,  
when lost in the darkest night;  
And then when the toil of the journey is o'er, and  
we hear Thee bid us come,  
Oh, open to us Thy loving Heart; and welcome  
Thy children home.

ANNIE COILER.

## THE RUSTIC CROSS.

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

BY T. E. H.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: *Capt. Francis Gera  
Fitzgerald; Mrs. Gerald Fitzgerald, wif  
of above; Nellie, their daughter. 1  
Scene, a Garret in London.*

**K**ATE (the wife and mother): How co  
it is! And the wind is howling rou  
the roof like some uneasy spirit! T  
snow is falling heavily around, t  
ground is already covered; the eav  
stand out like gaunt white spirits! God help  
little outcast child this bleak wild night! . . .  
She'll not be able to sell any matches! Fol  
won't stop to buy them in the cold; they'll hur  
home to their warm firesides; and my poor chi  
will return hungry and chilled. Yet I have nothin  
to give her; she had the last food that was in th  
house this morning. But, maybe, some kind sou  
will take pity on my little one, for, thank God  
there are some blessed with the comforts of li  
that can feel for the unfortunate poor—the po  
whose lives are one continued struggle again  
starvation and death. God help the poor! at  
bless those who can pity the bitter cry of outca  
London! . . . I little thought when, eight lor  
years ago, I stood with Frank beneath the beech  
tree in the greenwood, and he said he loved me  
true as stars above—and as steadily; and carv  
a little rustic cross from a twig that lay at o  
feet, and gave it me as a sacred symbol of o  
mutual love and hope—I little thought how t  
light would fade and the bright, bright drea  
would vanish, alas, so quickly, so sadly, and ho  
rude would be the awakening! How noble an  
earnest he looked, as he gazed with honest  
earnest eyes into my face, and said, "When  
wrong you, Kate, when I am cross with you, wh  
I give you cause to fear me, give me back th  
simple little cross, and tell me how my fond vot  
were all vain fictions made to deceive, and th  
my love was but a cruel thorn set in your path  
life." . . . Ah! The summer came and wen  
but after the stern, cold winter, summer smile  
again, nature donned her greenest robe, the bir  
sang, and all was joy, sunshine, and happines  
. . . . He was good to the poor, and just to h  
fellows, and he was popular in the county, th  
scion of an old race, with life and hope befor  
him. But a change came. A curse fell upo  
him! a curse that has ruined many a happ  
home, saddened many a laughing eye, an  
broken many a true, confiding heart, the cur  
of Drink.

It was while stupefied by excessive drinking  
that, stung by an imaginary affront, he struck h  
colonel an awful blow, which his better natu  
regretted, even in the act, but which left a sc  
upon the cheek of an old and faithful friend—  
friend who had stood by him when friends a  
fewest, and false ones fall away—in trouble an  
in need! Cashiered—expelled the army in di

grace he lost his manly self-restraint, and went from bad to worse. The Black Serpent, coiling itself more closely around him, bade him drown out sorrow. His property soon melted; my little dowry was speedily swallowed up, and at last, discarded by friends, shunned and banned, we were driven forth penniless to face the world—the world so stern and merciless to fortune's failures. Ah! I have known since what it is to hunger when no hope of food is nigh; I've known what it is to be truly poor—as only the poor themselves can ever realise! But I'll bear it all for him! Because I know that Frank at heart is manly and true. Ay! I love him as fondly as ever! But hark! I hear footsteps!

*(Nellie enters, peers cautiously, and timidly advances to her mother.)*

KATE: Ah! Nellie, darling! is it you? Don't be afraid, my love! Father isn't in yet. You are cold and wet, child. Shake the snow off your frock, dear, and come over to me, and let me warm your hands. I haven't any fire, Nellie; I had to give every farthing to pay the rent this morning. It is better to stay here than to be turned into the street. You look so pale, you frighten me! Don't tremble so, darling! Look at me, Nellie! Are you ill? Father won't beat you. He won't expect any money to-night!

*(Singing heard from the stairs. Nellie starts.)*

KATE: I think I can hear his voice. Give me the key, and creep into the bed; he won't know you're here, then!

*(Footsteps and singing heard off stage.)*

FRANK *(the husband and father, coarsely singing, and stamping up stairs)*:

'Tis the last rose of last summer—  
Left blooming all alo-o-o-ne!

Who's kicking up a row? What row? Eh? Wh-what row? Are you talking to me, mum?—

Wait till the clouds roll by—

Eh? What's my wife got to do with you?

*(He half enters, with his back to the door, gesticulating excitedly to some one down stairs.)*

Don't be blowed! While I'm in my premises I can stand on my own footing!

*(The door "recedes," and he falls to the ground; he rises, and advances with unsteady gait.)*

Oh, fol dil du rol, fol dil du rol,  
Such a jolly old fellow am I—  
—am I.

*(He endeavours to sit upon the stool, but, mis-laying its position, he falls again. He holds the stool upon rising, as though to prevent it moving away from him.)*

Moved if they aint all doing the "Highland Fling."

KATE: Where have you been, Frank?

FRANK: Where have I been? Wh-where have I been? *(Hesitates.)* I've been—insulted—  
grossly insulted, Kate.

KATE: And who has insulted you, Frank?

FRANK: I went into the "Bull and Bottle;" no not to drink, you know, Kate.

KATE *(in a whisper)*: Good Heavens! The rent I gave him to pay!

FRANK: But—but just to ask a question; and when I asked him to let it stand over for a day or two, he pulled it back!

KATE: What! Pulled the answer back, Frank?

FRANK: No, no, Kate. What I asked him, er—you know—and told me to pay him what I owed him first. "Pay you what I owe you!" I said. "Pay you what I owe you! I ask you, do we owe the publicans anything?" So he said, "Don't come any of the blue ribbon here, you know, cause it won't wash! Go home and work for your family!" He said, "You're not a man; it's your sort that gives the publican a bad name. Go on out now, and take your cr-credit somewhere else, or I'll have you chucked out." Me! Me, Kate!—a gentleman! There was a fat woman *(endeavours to light his pipe)*, with a pimple on her nose, sitting in the corner, and she stood up for me like a br-brick. She said, "Well, landlord, it's very hard lines, it is, for a man that's put many a coat on your back and shoes on your children's feet, to be denied a drop of something warm on a cold day. B-B-But you publicans are all the same; while we've got the m-money you grins like a walrus, but when its gone we can get chucked out. Blessed if I don't join the temperance; it'll do me more good than making your fortune!" "W-W-Well," I said, "Mr. Sponger, while you keep to vulgar abuse I don't mind, b-b-but when you come to chucking out *(endeavours to place himself in a defiant attitude, but, failing, drops back heavily, and rests upon the table)*, you've got to do it." Well, I thought I'd pay him out. I had the rent in my pocket.

KATE: God help us, now! We shall be thrown on the streets.

FRANK: So I says, and I showed him the pieces, "I can go elsewhere, where I can be treated as a gentleman *(stands)*—as a representative of one of the n-noblest f-families in the three kingdoms!" Lord! he did look mad, Kate, when he saw me passing with a bottle of whisky under my arm. I didn't want it myself, Kate *(staggers)*, you know; but it was a useful lesson for him. Anybody would think I was drunk, wouldn't they, Kate, eh? I'm not though! I've got a cold, or something, in my head. I'm not a bad looking sort of chap, am I? The girl round at the "Tom Cribb" said that if my face was all the colour of my nose I'd do for a Red Indian! That's joking, though; eh, Kate? Where's Nellie? I want the money!

KATE: For what, Frank?

FRANK: You wouldn't know if I were to tell you, Kate.

KATE: Is it to pay a silly bet, Frank?

FRANK: Don't talk like that, Kate. I'd sooner die than not have that money in the morning.

KATE: And the rent is gone, Frank?

FRANK: Well, didn't I tell you?

KATE: Whatever shall we do! Supposing she hasn't any money?

FRANK: She must have some money! She's sure to have some money! She must get some!

KATE: I've taken all my money, for charing in



the city, in advance, and the housekeeper 'won't let me have any more.

FRANK (*after a pause*): I-I've g-got a splendid tip for the St. Leger!

KATE: Mrs. Jones won't take the tip for the six weeks' rent. She is poor, and her husband is out of work. (*Pauses.*) Frank, do you know that it was eight years ago to-day that we were married? What a change has come over us since then!

FRANK: Don't talk like that, Kate; y-y-you want to annoy me be-be-because I've been unfortunate. Take a drop of this, Kate (*offers bottle*); it will liven you up. You won't? Well, here's my love to you. (*Excitedly, after a pause.*) He said I was a selfish hound! I ought to have brained him on the spot! Where's Nellie? I want Nellie; where is she? (*Staggers round the room.*)

(*Nellie rises in the bed, afraid, but Kate induces her to lie still.*)

FRANK: I'm always [unlucky! She came in last, of course; and I've to pay. A trifle is a fortune to me now, and I can't get it (*recedes to table*). Where's Nellie, Kate? Where is she? Have a drop of this, Kate; it will do you good.

KATE (*earnestly*): Frank! Frank! Can an enemy—a bitter enemy, do one good (*pointing to bottle*). That is the greatest enemy I have ever had! It has robbed me of health, of wealth, and happiness; it has ruined my happy home, it has blighted many a fond dream, and, Frank, it has robbed me of you!

FRANK (*half soberly*): You think I'm very bad, Kate, don't you? You're sorry you married the gallant young soldier, ar'n't you?

KATE: Don't say that, Frank! In spite of all I love you, my darling husband! You can't blame me, though, Frank, for feeling sad, when I see that curse taking the bloom from your cheek, and the light from your eye—when I see our little home, dearer than ever because of its poverty, going, going away from us. It's hard to be happy when you are away, and I am left alone in the cold room, without fire or food. I can't help feeling sad, Frank, can I?

FRANK: F-Fortune has been against me, and you regret the words which bound you to a miserable outcast.

KATE: When have I given you cause to think so? Have I ever complained, dear?

FRANK: And you want me to join the miserable temperance crowd!

KATE: Who are the more miserable, Frank?

FRANK (*excitedly*): No, Kate. This is a friend that has stood by when others have left me. I saw Lord Reginald in the street the other day, and he passed me by. No, Kate; you are doing this to annoy me. You are like the publican and the landlady (*loudly*); you are all against me, I say. Where's Nellie? Where is she? How hot it is getting! I shall be stifled! (*Staggers to the window, which he pushes open. Snow falls in.*)

(*Kate is kneeling at the foot of the bed, watching his movements.*)

FRANK: My brain is aflame!

KATE: I feel something is going to happen (*falls on her knees and prays*).

FRANK (*staggers about the room with the bottle in his hand*): I! a miserable selfish hound! I'll kill him! (*He drinks from the bottle, and moves irregularly, making excited gestures, uttering incoherent phrases, then turns suddenly to Kate, and shouts, in a thick voice*) Do look at me, with that pale face, Kate! . . . Do that black cat away, Kate! There it goes, round by the bed! (*Shrieks.*) No! keep off, keep off me! (*Retreats and seizes a chair, and aims blow at the floor; the chair smashes, an arm remaining in his hand.*) Aha! That frightened him! That drove him off jolly quick, Kate. I'm not afraid—I'm not afraid, Kate. (*He moves about the room looking nervously behind him several times; he sits down, after a pause, and drinks again. He turns again, excitedly, to Kate, who is terrified.*) Where's Nellie? Where is she? Where's Nellie? I know she is here! (*Approaches the bed. Kate rises, advances, and stands in the way.*)

FRANK (*loudly*): Kate, I shall kill you! I shall kill somebody! Stand off, I say, or I'll kill you! Where's Nellie? Where is she?

(*Nellie screams, rises from the bed, and rushes to her mother.*)

FRANK: Aha! you are here! Where's the money? I want the money! Where is it? None! None! It is a lie! give it me! Come here! (*Kate vainly endeavours to prevent him seizing the child.*) Let me get at her! It is a lie; it is a lie! (*He pushes Kate out of the way, after a struggle, and seizes Nellie by the arm. Nellie kneels, and looks up imploringly at him.*)

FRANK: No, the money! Quick, the money! None! Eh? None! There! (*He raises the chair leg, and strikes her on the head. Nellie falls, and the blood trickles down her face. Frank stands over her with starting eyes, and, while Kate speaks, recedes and advances, keeping his eyes fixed upon the child.*)

KATE (*rushes forward and kneels behind the child*): Great God! My child! my child! my poor little darling! You are not dead, Nellie; you are not dead! My darling, my little pet, speak to me! speak to me! Look at me, Nellie! It is your own poor mother, darling; Nellie, darling (*sobs*). No! She is silent! She is still! My little child is dead!

FRANK (*staggers to a few feet of the child, with his hands clenched, and trembling violently*): Dead? Dead? (*He starts back again, and, during subsequent speech, keeps his eyes fixed upon the child.*)

KATE: At last you have done all! With one fell stroke you have slaughtered your own child, you have torn her mother's heart, and you—you are a murderer! Nay, you can do one act more (*advances towards him*), kill me—kill your wife, and let me follow my little girl to Heaven. I have nothing to live for now! My heart is broken; my life withered! Kill me! for I could not live to hear, branded with horrid shame, that name which in days gone by sounded so sweet to me. I could not live to see you odious to all as a murderer! Infanticide! I could not live and know that the

neck that these fond arms so often caressed, should be broken by the shameful rope of the hangman! That that man once so kindly, so brave, should be executed by the infamous gibbet for the murder of his own weak little child! No, Frank; you can do one kind act in return for all my love and devotion—kill me, now, and let me follow my little girl to Heaven! (*He draws a revolver. During this speech he has listened with eyes intent upon the child, and during a pause mutters "Dead! dead!"*)

KATE (*kneels*): But before I die, take back this little cross you gave me long, long ago, when in the wood you asked me to be your wife, and promised to love me—true as the stars above. Ah, how rainily! how cruelly!

FRANK (*sobered, takes the cross*): The cross! the cross! And have—you—kept—this—all—this long time, Kate? (*He sobs aloud, and turns aside. Mutters.*) Kate, Kate! you—can't—forgive me? (*Entreatingly*) You can't, can you? No! I can't hope for it. I'm—I'm sorry—sorry, Kate. (*With feeling*) I didn't know what I was doing! The Curse of Drink was on me! It blinded me! It maddened me! And I am a cruel murderer (*raises revolver*). But good bye, Kate; good bye. I'll be a man at last! I kept this (*pointing to revolver*); I knew I was a thorn to you, and I intended to do it. You are still young, Kate; you are still beautiful, aye, beautiful as an angel, Kate. I mustn't—kiss—you before I go, Kate? I mustn't kiss you before I go before the judgment seat of the Almighty? There will be no hope for me, Kate, I am too bad, and we shall be parted for ever! One kiss, Kate. (*He kisses her.*) Good bye, Kate. (*Presents revolver at his head.*) Good bye, my darling! Don't think so very badly of me when I'm gone! It wasn't all my work! I did the act, but it was the demon, the curse of drink, that moved me to the act! Good bye, Kate, my girl! (*He fires; but, just in time, Kate rises and seizes his arm, and the charge ascends.*)

KATE: See! She moves! she lives! she is not dead. Nellie, my darling, open your eyes, dear, and look at me, look at your mother. (*Nellie opens her eyes, and seeing Frank, who has approached, starts and clings to her mother, who takes her upon her knee.*)

FRANK (*turns away to audience*): Ah, it's hard! but it is just!

KATE (*kisses the child, and they embrace; Frank picks up the revolver which he had dropped; Kate rushes to him entreatingly*): Nay, Frank; cast it away.

FRANK: I should be a coward, Kate. I deserve a thousand deaths. I am unfit to live!

KATE: It is forgiven. I forgive you; Nellie will forgive you.

FRANK: Kate, I can never be forgiven; I am a sinner beyond repentance! I'm not a man, for this horrid deed were unworthy of a man.

KATE: No, Frank. Put that away. It is all forgiven. Will you disown the monster who has caused the horrors of to-night?

FRANK (*approaching Kate, slowly and with feeling*): I will not make a vow, Kate, I will not grandly swear, because I have already deceived you. But take again this little rustic cross, which,

in happier days, when rich and prosperous, I gave you, as I asked you to be my bride. I took you from a happy home, from a host of good fellows—gentlemen—any one of whom would have treated you better, and loved you more fondly, and never have reduced you to live in a stricken garret, starved and broken-hearted. But in this poor abode I give you again this simple rustic cross, still an emblem of our mutual love; and let it witness my firm resolve to live, henceforth, for you; and my duty, to love you, and work for you, and never again, though fortune may smile again, as indeed it will, ever to have recourse to that thrice accursed drink that has brought so much suffering to you, and suffering and degradation to me. I kneel, and call upon heaven to witness my solemn vow, and may the good God above us vouchsafe to pardon the evil past for the sake of my future life-long atonement.

## POPULAR PORTRAITS.



WE wonder how many people there are in London who have actually seen the National Portrait Gallery! It almost seems a principle of Government to seek publicity as little as possible, even in cases where it caters for the public only. We question, indeed, if one man in five hundred knows where the effigies of England's departed great ones are deposited. For the thousands annually spent in purchasing portraits, and for the generous gifts made by individuals for the public good, the result is that scarcely a hundred persons in the day (except at "Healtheries" or "Fisheries" times) wend their way to the rambling galleries in South Kensington where the collection is deposited; indeed we have often been in the rooms for more than an hour at a time and encountered nobody but the solemn and bored-looking "Bobby" who watches the effigies. We have dwelt upon the generally deserted condition of this gallery for the purpose of contrasting it with the dozens of portrait galleries to be found—in our shop windows. Wherever in the fashionable streets of London or any English city or large town, we see a crowd congregated before a shop window, there, almost certainly, an equal number of notabilities are staring back at the crowd, in the shape of photographs, *cartes de visite*, cabinet, promenade or panel size. Certainly street portrait galleries are a great success: no turnstiles to be passed; no sticks or umbrellas to be given up; no pompous rooms in which pompous attendants preside with a serene air over pompous portraits. Here social equality is, indeed, carried to its utmost limit; her Majesty is to be found cheek by jowl with "the Peckham Poisoner," and the Archbishop of Canterbury is hung as a pendant to Kate Vaughan or Connie Gilchrist. The only principle governing the selection of the portrait being their commercial value, and that depends on the popularity or notability of the person represented.

The commercial value of the human face can

never have been tested to such an extent as it is at the present moment in the universal "photo." If report speaks correctly many a fair lady can say, with a large amount of truth: "My face is my fortune." The wholesale trade in photographs increases with amazing rapidity, and to obtain good sellers and their permission to sell their photographs must in itself be the source of large incomes to many first-class photographers. The Royal Family, the Ministry, and, perhaps, above all, popular actors and actresses are what the trade terms "sure cards," that is, there is a constant demand for them, often, indeed, a much greater one than can readily be supplied. Let us visit one of the largest London photographers' shops. Displayed in albums, frames and stands, or packed in boxes and drawers are representations of hundreds of well-known and unknown personages. What a collection of faces and figures! If a box or two of them were to be sealed up and buried in the ground, to be dug up two or three centuries later, what a prize they would be to the fortunate finder! Hitherto we have only known our ancestors through the pencils of certain great artists, and the sitters themselves have always belonged to the highest class. Hence we are apt to attribute certain leading expressions of countenance to our progenitors, which are rather owing to the mannerism of the painters than to the sitters. Thus all Lawrence's beauties possess a certain look in common; if we believed his brush without reserve, we should (none of us *do*) fancy that the English race of his time were the noblest looking beings that ever trod the earth. The same may be said of Reynolds and Gainsborough, and the result is that our knowledge of the faces of the immediate past even is purely conventional. But it is far different with a photograph. Here we have the very lines of nature, and it can be said that no two are alike. The price, again, enables all to have their portraits.

In comparing French and English photographs, it is important to observe the wide difference between the class of portraits that sell. In France statesmen, members of the legislature, and scientific men, do not sell at all. In England we know how different it is: we want to know public men—great priests, lawyers, painters, literary men and travellers, and so their photographs are produced and sold in thousands. Thus we know their personality long before we see them. "There's the Cardinal," or "I'm sure that is Mr. Gladstone" is the instinctive cogitation, as we recall portraits we have often seen in the windows.

Certainly, when one sees the simpering daubs, in the shape of miniatures, intended to represent our grandmothers and great-aunts, we may be pardoned if we sincerely congratulate ourselves on being able to leave to posterity and the instruction of future ages, *correct* representations of our lofty brows and noble selves generally.

AMBROSE.

A PRUDENT man had his portrait painted recently. His friends complained to him that it was much too old. "That's what I ordered," said he. "It will save the expense of another one ten years from now."

## CHEAP LITERATURE.



ALMOST every day there is an announcement of some new publication, or of a reduction in the price of an old one. A tumultuous scramble is taking place for the coveted prize of public favour. The wildest competition has been raging week after week, for no other purpose, apparently, than to see which proprietor can beggar the other first. The day is probably not far distant when the public will discover that this rivalry is by means designed for *their* advantage, though they may at present reap some slight benefit from a contest which is only intended to crush the weakest, and to build up a monopoly. It is no straightforward trading to sell an article below its cost price; and no one can suppose that a system based on such a principle can be permanent.

An examination of the current numbers of any of the halfpenny or penny weeklies will show that what is called "sensation" writing is the thing chiefly aimed at. We have no desire to under-rate the enterprise and perseverance which have been devoted to some of these journals, but it cannot be denied that they too often lose sight of the fact that their proper calling is to guide and direct opinion. Instead of aiming to afford information, or to lead their readers to *think* for themselves, they habitually indulge in violent, reckless writing. Under such a system how is it possible that the great questions of the day can be considered in a calm, rational spirit of inquiry? One journal bids against another for a vapid and rancorous writer, and forthwith we have followers in the steps of the successful man, filling our journals with crude opinions, founded upon thoughtless prejudice. A statesman is assailed with scurrility because it has been the fashion to attack him, or a government is condemned because the journalist will not take the trouble to make himself acquainted with its policy. His object is simply to write a "slashing leader." He delights in "cutting up" measures and men, in heaping abuse indiscriminately, in retailing and furbishing up old scandals, in mentioning half a dozen famous names in a single paragraph, only to heap contumely upon them, and in giving as much offence and causing as much pain as possible. Nothing can be more easy than for a man of average powers to pen such articles, if he be willing to degrade his gifts for the purpose. There need be no time given to thought—no trouble taken to seek for information. A pitiful *rechauffé* of passages in modern history, a free use of proper names, and some obscure allusions to old events, dressed up in tinsel, and "spiced" with a certain degree of bitterness—and the "leader" is complete. The process may be repeated day after day without exhausting the brain, for the brain is not employed at all. The vocabulary need but to be frequently replenished, and there are books enough to help the lame over this style. The article thus produced has its brief day, and perishes as it deserves. It has taught nothing, for the writer was himself ignorant, and content to remain so. But it has done its work in misleading public opinion, and in corrupting the taste of the million.



"IT IS I; DON'T BE STARTLED."

## The Martins of Leberton.

BY OLIVER CRANE.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### A QUESTIONING SPIRIT.

**WHEN** I look back upon this time in Mrs. Whitley's parlour I wonder how my brain stood the trial that had come to me. I am sure that without the little of the Catholic faith that I had already learnt, I should have lost my senses. As it was I began to pray. I began to give myself up to the will of God. I said again and again:

"Lord, teach me to love Thee! I am poor, wounded, strayed, puzzled, and heart-sore—carry me Home!"

If I could have found Alice and died! That was my wish as far as I dared wish it. Life was nothing to me without Alice. And I felt that to find her as I hoped to do, and then to give her back with my own hands to the sphere to which she belonged would be so great a call on my strength of body and mind, that I could never stand up against it long. I should die, I thought.

"I shall live till I have done it, and then I shall die."

As I stood behind Ben's and Mrs. Whitley's chairs, I knew they were talking on, not heeding me, though my heart had just been broken by the discovery that had been made. They talked; I

on; smoothly, tenderly, with great gentleness, and the most exquisite sympathy, as it seemed to me—she leaning towards Ben; Ben holding her hand, and asking questions quite to the point, and at once clever and kind. They had got back now to the lost Henri, Mr. Barnett's brother. And so I heard that Mr. Barnett was dead, and that he had been dead four years; and that, by his will, if the descendants of Henri could not be found in five years, the whole of his property was to belong to the Viscountess St. Martin.

"And is her sister forgotten?" I asked, in a voice out of which I could not keep the anguish of my heart.

"She is left out of the will," said Mrs. Whitley, "only there is a bequest; if she reappears she is to have an annuity of £75 a year for life. You know she is not likely to have fallen into respectable hands; and nobody knows what she may be herself, if she lives, by this time."

I groaned, and thought, alas, how true!

"And sometimes her sister, who is always longing after her, will plan with me how things shall be if we find her again; and she says I must take charge of her, and that I must go to some of those places in France which I remember, and try to make her fit for her true position in life. When I sit here, neat and clean, sometimes I catch myself listening, as if I expected some good angel to bring the lost wayfarer to the woman whose arms are as ready for her as they have ever been."

"But the good angel may have been keeping her all this time. She may be poor in money, but no less rich in good works and holy dispositions than her more favoured sister."

"Well said, young man," answered our old friend. "Well said. I am glad that you can estimate true riches; I am glad that you can hope in God."

My lips were open to speak of Alice—to tell all that Mrs. Slade had told me. The age agreed—the black velvet round the wrist which the child would beg to have fastened—the talk of "pretty mamma"—and the sort of shock I had suffered on seeing her twin sister, convinced me that the mystery of Alice's parentage was a mystery no longer. My lips were open to say it all to Ben and Mrs. Whitley; for I had never spoken of Alice to my brother, and so I, alone, knew of her identity with the missing Annette St. Clair; but I did not speak; for Ben rose up, and, as it were, stopped me by his strange looks. Again his face wore the—as it seemed to me—frightened, scared look, which had before so surprised me; and again for one moment as he rose, he grasped my arm, and gave an eager glance into my face. The thought—what can be the matter with Ben? so interrupted me, that I did not carry out my impulses, and speak of Alice to them both, as I had opened my mouth to do. And when Ben said: "Let us go now," I said, "Good night" to Mrs. Whitley, and thought I would speak to Ben first, and that it would be best to speak to him when we were alone.

Mrs. Whitley bade me good night quietly enough. Then Ben said to me:

"We shall remember this evening all our lives, I think."

She said:

"I was just thinking of giving you something by which that would be made quite sure."

"What will you give me?" and Ben laughed, and his usual boy's manner had returned to him.

"I heard what you said to your brother as he came here, and now I'll give you something."

She placed her hand in his, and she left something in his palm.

"What is that?" said Mrs. Whitley.

"It looks like a copper coin of this realm, commonly called a penny," said Ben, with an amusing gravity.

"Quite right," said the woman, "but when tomorrow comes, go and buy with it a penny catechism, and you will find that you can have, if you please, the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Thank you," said Ben, heartily, and pocketing his penny. "I will use it as you wish: good night."

"And be sure to call again," she cried after us.

"We will, we will," we answered, and then we were again in the street. But I stopped, and turned round. I remembered suddenly the words used by the servants of the viscountess.

"Mrs. Whitley," I said, "do you know Mr. Barron?"

"Very well; he is a good man, and he is my nephew."

"Ben," I said, "there are many more Catholics in the world than I fancied."

How Ben laughed!

"Ah," he said, "what a thing it is to live among the fields and the oxen. My dear fellow, we are the tares among the corn, we are, depend upon it. The seeds of heresy, in all manner of shapes, sprung up, and very nearly choked the good seed in this country. I read books, and men's minds; and you have a different study. But I, for my part, have found the true faith, always the same, on every side of me. I can't help asking myself, What is faith?"

We were walking together towards my mother's house as Ben said this, and stepping out at a tolerably quick pace, suddenly we came on some one who, from round the corner, appeared very unexpectedly in our way.

"Hallo!" cried Ben; "it is not dark night yet—can't you see where you are going?"

"Beg pardon, gentlemen."

And there stood before us, with a broad smile on his honest face, Captain Bartlett. We had not seen him since he and his sister, Mrs. Craven, had drank tea with us at the Meadows.

"Been to a solemn sight," said Captain Bartlett; "I thought you might have been there?"

"No. Where have you been?"

"Well, sister and I thought we would go; but her heart failed her. Everybody did not know. My brother, Craven is a guardian, you know."

We began to guess what he meant. We all began to walk on briskly, for our roads lay one way.

"It was that poor murdered creature's funeral. His young brother was there—in such awful grief. I wish some good may come to the lad. Craven tells me that a more wretched little tramp than he



was two years ago, eyes never looked upon. Then Father Bennet took him up, and that was the saving of him."

"Yes," we said, "we heard that, and we were quite sure that it was true."

"Craven knows a great deal about these Jacksons. Jemmy Jackson was as great a cheat and as scandalous a character as any in this country. He was transported for life at last, and died out there," said Captain Bartlett significantly. "The eldest son was by a former marriage. His end we have just seen. This younger boy was by a late marriage, with a pretty girl who ought to have known better, and who died of her hard life and ill-usage; that girl was a Catholic, and she did her best with the sons, I hear. I do believe that this young lad who is left may turn out well."

"Turn out!" exclaimed Ben. "Why there is no question of it—will turn out well. Why he has turned out well. He is a decent scholar, very industrious, and one of Father Bennet's altar boys."

"Indeed!" exclaimed our companion.

"He did all in his power to help his brother out of bad company; what more could the lad do? God help him! I hope to see him get on well and be a credit to Leverton. And so the poor creature was buried this evening?"

"Yes. Eight of the paupers carried the poor fellow. Oh, it's a solemn thing!" said Captain Bartlett. "How little we thought of all that the night would bring forth, when we were being so pleasantly entertained at your house in the evening. But still I do want a word or two with that boy Ned."

"Why?" asked Ben.

"There is no harm in telling you," said the captain. "But I fancy I have known something of one of the men concerned in the Oldbury robbery."

I listened now with an attention which almost stopped my breath. I saw Ben look round with a face full of interest.

"I know very well," said the captain, "that there may be more than a common interest mixed up with this robbery—the disappearance of the young woman."

My heart throbbed up to my throat, I could scarcely command myself. But I caught a glance from Ben's clever eyes which seemed to say—

"Listen, and don't speak," so I kept silence and walked on.

"There were three men talking at the entrance of the passage which leads up to the 'Brokers' Arms.'"

"Yes," I replied.

"One was, no doubt, the man who was murdered."

"No doubt," said Ben.

"Another was a tall, very tall man, whom you, Mr. Henry, can identify."

"Yes," I said, "the light fell on his face."

"The other was shorter, stout, very round in the back, one shoulder higher than another."

"How do you know?" asked Ben.

"It is a guess. Such a man was in this town, and stopped me just by the one-mile stone. 'I'm come to the road, captain,' he said, 'give me a trifle.' I gave the man half a crown. He had

sailed with me when I was, through sickness, short of hands. He worked well. He had his collar bone broken in two places, by two separate accidents. He was a very dangerous sort of character, as I could prove. But he served my turn. I think he was the other man. Brooks saw him as he came out, and the man offered to help him on his start with the cattle the next morning. We can prove, therefore, that he was in the neighbourhood. He is, too, a man known to the police; coming occasionally here; always getting Jackson's son into his company—and he is not a man whom any one can mistake. He was transported twelve years ago. He, then, probably, got acquainted with Jackson, the father. When he got home again, he found out Jackson, the son—there can be no mistaking this man," said the captain, positively, "he has but one eye."

You must bear in mind, my reader, that I had never told Alice's story to anyone. I had only heard it myself very lately. I had scarcely had any opportunity of telling it, and then the cruel loss of my beloved girl had filled my heart and brain with too much sorrow and anxiety to allow of any idle talk. To me, therefore, and to me only, had come the conviction that she was the daughter of Madame St. Clair; and now, again, it was only to me that the certainty came that the man with one eye, whose tyranny had bewildered her childhood, and whose memory still troubled her dreams, had once more stolen her from her home at Oldbury. And immediately I knew why. She had known him. As one man had been killed for fear he should tell, so Alice had been secured and taken away for fear she should identify him.

I hardly knew whether Captain Bartlett was still talking or not. I had learnt two things that evening, and my brain was in a whirl. At last Ben stopped.

"Here we part," he said, "that is, if you are going to Mr. Craven's."

"Yes, there I am bound," said the captain. "Good night, young men."

We shook hands with our honest companion, and took the road across the fields that led to Rose Cottage. We were both of us silent as we walked steadily on.

## CHAPTER XV.

### WHAT NEXT.

Two things I had learnt—firstly, where my darling Alice was; and, secondly, that the one-eyed man, who had been the terror of her childhood, had again got hold of her. I walked on, never speaking, and wondering what I should do with my information. The first piece of knowledge was sad enough. Even if I found Alice, it could only be to lose her again; I must give her back to her family; and I could never marry a wife from the great and honourable houses of Barnett and St. Clair. The second piece of knowledge might be of use—I could use it to trace her with, no doubt. I must learn of Ned Jackson everything that he could tell of this evil companion of his murdered brother; and, perhaps, in tracing him through his haunts I might



find out where he was, and what had become of Alice. Find her I must! That seemed to be the only fixed idea of which my mind was capable. Find her I must! That came next in my life. I could do nothing till I had done that.

Still we walked on, never speaking, and now my mother's cottage was in sight. We were taking a short way through the fields. My mind was working busily, though my lips never opened. I can remember very well the moment when, as I looked at the cottage, nearly hid among the trees, I made up my mind never to tell. I will find her and marry her. No one knows anything about her history. It was only told to me because I wished to marry her.

"Well," I thought, "marry her I will, and I will never tell her anything about Mrs. Whitley's story; and, besides," I argued to myself, "though the dates do agree, yet, it need not be true that my Alice is the sister of the viscountess. I need not tell it; I will not!"

I entered my mother's house strong in this determination. My mother had got a dainty supper for us. We could not either of us eat much. We both seemed to have our secret thoughts, and did not afford much entertainment. My mother laughed at us for being so silent. Then Ben told her of our meeting Captain Bartlett, and of where he had been, and she was interested, and took no more notice of me as I was sitting in my arm chair in the corner.

After a time I went up to my room to bed. It was a double-bedded room where Ben and I slept when we happened to meet together for a night in our dear mother's house. I took possession of my usual bed, and tried to sleep. My whole mind was occupied by my two determinations—to find out Alice, and then to marry her without telling her I knew who she was. My mind was so occupied with this determination that, when I thought I would pray, I could not. I got into bed without any prayers, therefore, but I could not sleep. My whole soul seemed to be in a state of argument.

On one side I was saying:

"I won't tell; why should I tell? no man could be expected to tell a thing that would lose him his wife—that would make him lead a weary, lonely life—that must ruin his joy through all existence—that must end in her looking down upon him from her high place in the world; despising, perhaps, the day when she let a young farmer love her. No!" said I, "I will never tell."

Then, on the other side, my poor troubled soul argued strongly—then you will do evil to your neighbour; then you will wrong the girl you love; then you will be sinfully selfish and consider yourself before her; then you will be a bad man, a coward, and mean. And, moreover, said this inward monitor in my soul, you know better; you know you do! You are doing evil wilfully; you are planning now to injure your neighbour in secret. If you are to be a Catholic you must never do that. Already you have lain down without one single prayer. If you give yourself in this way to be a victim to evil intentions you will end in being lost eternally. Repent! said the inward

voice; repent; confess; make holy resolutions, and get grace to leave off evil, and to prefer good. You must do right. Even if you lose Alice; even if she grows proud and despises you; even if her family laugh you to scorn—you must do right. Never mind what it may cost you. You must do right! When the interior contest had reached this point I got up, and I half-dressed myself. I knelt down and said I would do right; that I wished to do so with all my heart; that I would be good because it was pleasing to God, and that for His sake I would cast away all selfish considerations.

I am sure, dear reader, that God Himself strengthened me in that terrible hour, and made me happier, when I had tried courageously, to determine on the right course.

When I rose from my knees I was surprised to hear my mother and Ben still conversing in the room down stairs. I stood still and listened. It was Ben's voice: low and earnest it sounded as it reached my ears, and I wondered what he could be talking about.

Suddenly, I formed a resolution, and with equal quickness I acted upon it. I said:

"I will prevent myself from being again brought to a wrong state of mind. I will make it impossible to behave ill if I can; I will go down, and tell Ben and my mother who my darling is."

So, putting on the rest of my clothes with hurried hands, I went down to the parlour door. I knocked and opened it.

"It is I; don't be startled."

Then my mother rose to meet me, and Ben got up, and seemed to be hiding some packet of letters, I thought. But I did not waste time in thinking.

"Dear mother and brother," I commenced—and then I told all I knew of Alice's story, and I spoke of what we had heard from Mrs. Whitley, and I said, "I must find her, or I shall break my heart. But when I have found her, I must take her to her own friends; I am not fit to match myself among them. I know that I must lose Alice, but, by God's help, I shall do right."

My mother and Ben looked at each other and looked at me.

"If a mother's prayer can prevail, you must marry Alice all the same," she said, the tears coursing down her cheek.

But I shook my head.

"It is a strange thing," said Ben. "Let me tell you, Henry, what you ought to do. You ought, first of all, to speak to a lawyer—to Mr. Norris. Then you will have put your knowledge into competent hands."

"Yes," I said, sighing, "I will do so."

*(To be continued.)*

---

NOBODY was more bitterly witty than Lord Ellenborough. A young lawyer, trembling with fear, rose to make his first speech, and began: "My lord, my unfortunate client—my lord, my unfortunate client—my lord—" "Go on, sir, go on," said Lord Ellenborough; "as far as you have proceeded hitherto, the court is entirely with you."

## ARCTIC INDIAN MODES OF BURIAL.

[CONTINUED.]

## BURIAL OF THE BODY STANDING UP.

**I** HAVE put this mode in the third place, since it comes closer to the two preceding ones than incineration. It belongs, according to M. Hildebrand, to the age of bronze in Scandinavia.

The corpses were buried standing up in the trunks of oak trees, split up and hollowed out for the purpose. It may have been that the worship of this tree, which formed the basis of the *Druidic* religion, led to the adoption of this singular custom. The learned Dane compares this with the belief, held by several of the nations of antiquity, such as the Egyptians and Greeks, of the departure of the soul from the body in a boat; the means of embarkation of the pre-historic races having very probably been common trunks of trees hollowed out, such as the boat found in the bed of the Seine, and now in the S. Germain Museum, seems to prove. And we know that in Australia corpses buried in boats have been discovered.

The Dene of the Mackenzie River, frequently lay on the grave of their dead, the canoe bottom upwards—that belonged to them when living. And it will be remembered that in Africa, in Senegal and Gambia, I believe it is, certain black tribes bury their dead standing, in the hollow trunks of the *baobab* tree. The Mantras (the aborigines of Malacca) also practice this same mode of burial.

Our Dene Dindjie, who have also the Egyptian belief of the departure of souls in a boat, inasmuch that the phrase they make use of to express that a man is in his last agony is, "*be yu dek'i*" (his spirit is going into the canoe), occasionally bury their dead standing in the trunks of the fir or balsamic poplar tree, the trunks being first split and hollowed out, trough-like, and then closed up and replanted. I have known only two tombs of this kind in the vicinity of Fort Good Hope. M. Dall mentions some amongst the Doena of the River Youkon; and the traditions of the Castor or Dane, testify to their existence amongst them, too.

According to my Dene *Peaux de lievre*, the bodies burned in trees became mummified. This mode of burial was but rarely employed by them, and must not be considered as being an universal thing. It was never otherwise than accidental and exceptional, as has been remarked in Scandinavia; it thus forms to me a further point of conformity between the Danes and the Dene or Dane. This mode of burial seems to my mind, to have been used only by the Asiatic emigrants the last to arrive on the American soil; for the Dene people, who form the most eastern inhabitants of this continent know nothing whatever of it.

When, in 1872, the Katchogottine made the discovery of a body buried in this way, they seemed to be quite amazed at it; whereas, on the

contrary, the Dene of the Rocky Mountains, had made me acquainted with this usage in 1866.

We have shown then, that the three modes of burial, *viz.*, of the body doubled, or with the limbs drawn together; laid out flat; or else standing upright, have existed and exist simultaneously in Northern America; in hidden places; in graves; in sarcophagi, formed of rough wood, raised on stakes; in the bowels of the earth; or on the bare ground; and lastly, in the trunks of trees, hollowed and replanted in the soil; and we are now about to show that cremation and incineration took place here too. All these various methods and usages so opposed to each other, we find, are held in honour, by the same very tribes, and amongst the self-same people, as well as amongst their neighbours. We have seen nothing invariable in them—nothing generally followed out—nothing, in short, to justify the creation of the archaeological ages or periods, such as they are laid down by Danish *savants*. All that we can gather from these methods, if they are not precisely the result of caprice or the force of circumstances is, that they were burial customs peculiar to men of different origins, but now mingled up and blended together, so as to form but one single people.

## CREMATION OR INCINERATION.

In his remarkable work on "The Funeral Rites of Pre-historic Times in Scandinavia and the Whole World," Professor Schmidt asserts and proves that the two rites of burial and incineration (or burning) have been constantly and simultaneously in use, not only in all Scandinavia, but even in Germany, Austria, Great Britain, the South of Gaul, Greece, Central and Southern Russia, the region of the Caucasus, and in the North of Africa; and that, not only during the age of bronze, but even since the end of the epoch of the *dolmens*—a fact which seems to me of a nature to open the eyes of the most pronounced partisans of the epoch theory.

And Dr. Primieres points out that the *dolmens* attributed to the age of polished stone and the *tumuli* of the bronze age are closely intermingled in the Department of Lozere (France), and that the brachi-cephalous race which introduced bronze into Gaul, also brought with them the rite of incineration of corpses; and that under their influence "the same population modified its modes of burial."

As Asia has exhibited, so far, no traces of incineration (according to M. Schmidt), save only in India, this *savant* concludes that the originating point of this funeral rite seems to have been Hindostan. On this head we have to remark that the funeral monuments of Asia have not yet been as carefully studied as those of Europe; but besides this, whatever the writer just quoted may say, this proceeding of incinerating the dead, which was accorded to be an honour to deceased kings, was a general custom amongst the Israelites, as Jeremiah's promise made in the name of the Lord to Sedecias of Judah, proves (Chap. xxxiv., v. 4-5): "Thou shalt not die by the sword; but thou shalt die in peace; and, according to the *burning of thy fathers* the former kings that were before thee, so they shall burn

thee, and they shall mourn for thee, saying: 'Woe! the king is no more.'"

This rite having been practised by the Hebrews, it is impossible that it should not have also been by the Chaldeans and Persians—a people who were fire-worshippers, and who, in virtue of their religious dogmas, must have regarded it as a blessed thing to be re-absorbed after their death by the principal produce of light, *viz.*, fire. In any case the Hebrews had not borrowed this rite from ancient Egypt, which, as we know, confided its dead to the tomb after having carefully embalmed them.

Let this be as it might, it may be admitted, as M. Schmidt has it, that from Asia the race appears to have come which introduced incineration; and in like manner, as M. De Mortillet holds, that from the same continent came to us the same race that brought the use of bronze. We shall see immediately that, in America, too, the rite of incineration is also of Asiatic importation, equally with the knowledge of copper.

From an examination of the objects left by the race of bronze in Europe, M. De Mortillet has discovered various articles which, he says, denote their knowledge of the *Buddhist* form of worship.

Well, vestiges of the same belief are to be found in America; as are also traces of Brahminism amongst the Kollouches-Matelpas, the Mandans, and the Black Feet. This is an unquestionable fact.

That the race which introduced incineration was a race of conquerors is proved to us, says M. Schmidt, by the fact that "the system of cremation has triumphed slowly over a large part of Europe. In Italy possibly, but of a certainty in the Alps and in Gaul, it met with a long and considerable resistance. Amongst the Etruscans conquered by the Romans a reaction took place; and finally the Romans returned to burial (in the *second century*."

The learned professor might have added that it was the influence and example of the Christians which brought about this reaction; for the pagan *burned* their dead up to the *fourth century*.

But to come back to America, both cremation and incineration are to be found on this continent.

In the Dene-Dindjie family, which, from north to south, exhibits the strongest preference for earth-burials, certain tribes belonging to it practised up to recent years the incineration of their corpses, such as the Carriers, Atnans, and the Babines, who inhabited the valleys or western slopes of the Rocky Mountains. The Dene-Porteurs (or Carriers) owe their surname of *Talkkroli* to their ancient custom of carrying the ashes of their ancestors suspended to their necks in little bags made of skin—the word *Talkkroli* meaning "one who wears something hanging from his neck."

But I regard it as certain that this custom of the Denes is due to the influence of their nearest *Western* neighbours. The Tchilkat-Kollouches and other bordering Flat-head Indians by the Pacific, who, like the Cachalot Esquimaux, (who also deform their heads), commonly practice cremation. M. Pinart has met with the

same practice in Vancouver's Island. I related in 1863, in what manner the Itsego (or Nation of Women and Fools), and the Kollouch nation from the sources of the Youkon river, practised cremation. Amongst all these the object of the rite is to procure a comforting warmth to the *manes* of the departed who, without it, are supposed to be *freezing* eternally, their heli being a hel of ice.

The Kollouch, or Kagu nation, which I include in the Carribean Esquimaux family, presents three points specially noticeable: they practise incineration; they have preserved the use of copper; and they artificially deform the skulls. Furthermore, they are *later* comers on the American soil than the Dene Dindjie, with whom they have become assimilated to a certain extent their vocabulary furnishing expressions pure *Dene*.

The best proof that the Dene-Dindjie, the Algonquins, and even the great Sioux-Iroquoii family have never practised cremation, or incineration, as a national custom, is shown by the belief common to all these tribes, that those who die by *burning*, have no place in (their) heaven—a belief which is confirmed by their acts—inasmuch as they only burn their prisoners of war and their enemies. We see here, then, a usage and traditions diametrically opposed to the usage and traditions in honour amongst the nation of copper.

Hence, my conclusion, that the remains found on the mounds of Louisiana are those of prisoners offered up as human sacrifices to the moon whose worship is one that is still more widespread in America. We know that similar custom existed in Europe. Did not the Samothracians adore the moon—as well as the Breton Druids, immolate to it strangers, slaves and prisoners? According to M. Morey, they burn the dead in Mexico.

The Kollouch mode of incineration is pure Hindoo. The dead body is consumed on a lofty pile, and its ashes are enclosed in a skin pouch and hung up on a tree. This done by the Kollouches-Naaska, Itsegoe, and Ichilkar; but the Tongwan Kollouches preserve these ashes near their *jourtes*, in boxes that remind one of the funeral *cists* of the Himalayas, and the *cists* in use amongst the ancients.

In the Himalayas, between the plains of Assam and Sylhet (according to Mr. C. B. Clarke), the Khassias, an indigenous and more ancient people than the Tamouls, preserve the ashes of their dead in cists, which they lay near their dwelling after the manner of the Tongwans. But the ashes of the women were kept separate from those of the men, and placed near the doors of their houses, which brings to mind a nearly similar practice of the natives of the Paumotons (in the Pacific) as related by Father Montitor of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart. Perhaps, to an identical usage, now abandoned, may be attributed the song placed by the Denes in the mouth of the *manes*, "We sleep our sleep apart from one another."

The Khassia erect megaliths. These are *menhirs* ranged in a line, or in oval, round, or semi-circular enclosures, similar to the "crom

lechs" of the Scandinavians, the Celts and the Gauls, and of the Malabars and the Berbers. Something nearly similar is to be found in the Cachalot-Esquimaux region.

As the Dene-Dindjie admit having had with the Khagus, or Kollouches, the position of slaves under their conquerors, we have here again a new and modern example to add to the list of ancient nations, who, like the Cimmerians, had been in the habit of burying their dead; but, in consequence of the arrival of a new people amongst them, practising incineration, had adopted other different rites. But from the very restricted number of Denes who adopted this system, we may feel certain that the rites and customs of the dominant race met with strong resistance on the part of the conquered, before their actual adoption. The same thing has happened here as in Europe. Incineration, though existing in America simultaneously with earth-burials, may be regarded as peculiar to a race, which was foreign to those who buried their dead; and it was confined to the western part of North America, in the neighbourhood of the great peninsula of Alaska, and within the limits of the narrow zone comprised between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean.

The conclusion to be drawn from this, then, is, that the mode used in the incineration of corpses, in America, is of Asiatic and Hindoo origin. As to cremation, pure and simple, vestiges of it may be seen in the bones found in the mounds.

A people, now Asiatic, but which has passed over the American shores, and once belonged to this continent, practises it in our day—viz., the Khassias of the Himalayas; and as probably, also, did the Celts of the *Dolmens* in days long gone by.

Cremation, however, is an honour rendered only to superior or distinguished men amongst them. The bodies of the common folk and criminals are abandoned unheeded on the rocks, and become the prey of vultures and other rapacious birds, as is the custom in Thibet.

Turning now to the Cachalot-Esquimaux, or Tchuklukment (the Tuski of Hooper), we gather the following details from the Russian Admiral Von Wrangell, and confirmed by the traveller Dall.

Amongst these Esquimaux, we find a kind of megalith, similar to the Kromlechs of Brittany and the Himalayas. These are oval or circular enclosures, formed of upright stones (*a la Stone-henge*?) Here were exposed the remains of the corpses which had received the honours of cremation. A new stone was put up every time that a fresh corpse was set down here; so that we might compute from the number of human bodies that were placed on the megalith. Women's bodies were buried, and those of criminals exposed on the highways.

The *Chamans*, or sorcerers, when about to begin their incantations, went within these circles of stones, in the middle of which a fire was kindled. The body of a reindeer was next brought hither, and the *chaman* after placing on each commemorative stone an offering of reindeer lard, began a sort of licentious dance, accompanied with wild gestures and strange contortions. This

scene lasted till he fell down exhausted. Then the spectators roasted the reindeer, and partook of it in common, in the midst of the lithoid effigies of their ancestors; after which the ceremony concluded with harangues.

Another rite described by the same traveller helps to explain how it is that, in the middle of the megalithic enclosures of western Europe known as Cromlechs, Karnaks, etc., traces are frequently found of fire and ashes mixed up with the bones of ruminant animals, as well as with calcined or blackened human bones.

Here (in America) we have actual human sacrifices, the victims being old or useless persons. The victim is led to a shallow stone oval filled with lichen. Two huge stones are placed, one at his head the other at his feet, to keep steady two poles laid parallel-wise under them, to which cords are affixed. Then a reindeer is killed and his blood sprinkled on the stones. The victim is now laid on his back, his legs and arms tied over the oval and on to the poles, so that he cannot move. He is then asked if he still wishes to die—for the sacrifice must be a voluntary one. If he answers in the affirmative, his nostrils are filled with a stupefying drug, and then they open the artery of the arm and let him bleed to death. If he be a virtuous man, his friends give him the death-stroke. Then they place tallow, lichen, and small branches of trees on and under the corpse and set fire to it; but owing to the insufficiency of combustible materials, cremation only and not incineration takes place—hence the bones found. In case the old man's reply is in the negative he is set free, and in his stead, after the example of Abraham, they burn the flesh of a reindeer by way of atonement.

These details show the close resemblance between the Esquimaux custom and that of the ancient Celts, who likewise immolate old men to their terrible god *Dis*, the father of the night, on the table or flat stones of the *dolmens*. They also agree in many points with the particulars furnished by Mr. Clarke, respecting the funeral piles of the Khassia of the Himalayas. This learned traveller relates that formerly these piles were oval and rudely formed of rough stones, as they were to serve for one occasion only. After this they crumbled away, and formed artificial heaps of stones on the summits of the hills. Now, M. Dall tells us exactly the same thing of the oval piles of the Tuski or Cachalot Esquimaux.

With these Indians, then, as well as with the Khagu, or Kollouches, and the Dene, this rite exhibits peculiarly Asiatic characteristics; and the same may be said of the cremation practised by the ancient Scandinavians and Celts of Old Europe.

J. C.

---

LAMB and Coleridge were talking together on the incidents of Coleridge's early life, when he was beginning his ecclesiastical career, and Coleridge was describing some of the facts in his usual tone, when he paused, and said: "Pray, Mr. Lamb, did you ever hear me preach?" "I never heard you do anything else," said Lamb.

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINBECK.

### CHAPTER VII.

**A**S soon as the sun began to gild the tops of the trees on the morning of the feast of the Assumption, the inhabitants of Gandawaga were aroused by the sound of the alarm drum, which was formed by a piece of leather stretched over an empty vessel, and in the course of the next hour they were all assembled at the place of execution, where the captives, who had been unbound, were being supplied with a little food. The priest had bound up his own wounds, and was attending to his fellow sufferers.

The chief and sachems now renewed their debate, and to-day the bushranger took part in it. He endeavoured to inflame the anger of the savages; he represented the three white men, and the priest in particular, as being bad spirits appearing in human shape, and told them that Ahatsistari and his baptized warriors were possessed, and if suffered to live would bring great shame and endless evils upon the Mohawks. But he said the Hollanders were quite ready to ransom the white men, and the French also would offer a reasonable price for their safety; but the desire of gain must not blind the Mohawks and lead them to a decision of which they might afterwards bitterly repent.

This explanation of the wild white man was entirely opposed to the words which he had whispered to Eagle the day before, and the cunning chief mistrusted the bushranger more than he had done before.

"Why does Red Hand say that the Hollanders at Cahotatea will give good things to the Mohawks if they will spare the three Frenchmen and do them no harm?" he asked grimly. "Red Hand is very clever and Eagle is very stupid. Eagle cannot understand why the Mohawks should not take presents for the black-robe and his two white friends, and remain the friends of the pale-faces at Cahotatea. Red Hand first said that it would be wise and good, and now he says it would be bad and stupid. Eagle has become very stupid, for he can no longer understand Red Hand."

The bushranger remarked how mistrust of him had again been aroused, and was under some embarrassment as to how he should justify his sudden change of mind. But he had soon found a means of escape, and replied with a cunning smile:

"Eagle is very clever, and sees very far, but he cannot see and hear everything. Red Hand spoke as he did at first, because he must continue to be the friend of the pale-faces at Cahotatea if he desires to do good to his powerful friends the Mohawks. He told Eagle what the chief of the pale-faces has said to him, but he did not say whether the Mohawks were to do it or to let it alone. The great chief and the sachems had not

spoken, therefore, could not Red Hand open his mouth in council. But now he can speak, and he says to the brave Mohawks that the pale-face must die."

This submissive language of the false white man flattered the assembly, and the bushranger remarked with pleasure that his words were received with approbation.

Only Eagle and Spotted Snake continued to oppose the execution, and it seemed as if their opinion would be overborne, when Kortsacta began to speak, and described with vivid eloquence the honour which the Mohawks would acquire by leading the captive Frenchmen, not only through their own village, but through all those which belonged to the Iroquois alliance. Almost all the chiefs of his tribe agreed with him, and so it was decided that the captives should be tortured but not put to death till Airestai required them as victims.

The bushranger frowned with anger when he saw his design upon the lives of the Frenchmen frustrated, but he calmed himself, and before the council broke up he had concocted another plan for the destruction of the white men.

While this deliberation was going on as to the fate of the captives, not a hand was laid upon them, but they were mocked and insulted. A deathlike stillness followed the proclamation that the chief and sachems had pronounced the sentence.

Then Spotted Snake came forward, and commanded the hands of the captives to be bound, and that they should be fastened to stakes about a foot from the ground. This caused severe suffering, but not a cry escaped their lips. This only increased the rage of their persecutors, for they believed that their god of war had a peculiar pleasure in the cries and groans of their captive enemies.

The two Oblates suffered severely from the bands with which they were fastened to their stakes, and William was so much exhausted that he could hardly move. The missionary raised his eyes to heaven, and prayed for himself and his poor companions, that they might have strength in this terrible hour, for he believed that this new suffering was the prelude to their execution.

Ahatsistari was of the same opinion. He lifted his soul to heaven in silent prayer, and then raised his head and prepared to die like a brave warrior, for his young faith had not been able entirely to change his Indian nature. He sang his death song aloud, and in it he extolled his own people, and mocked at his enemies.

Then Eagle went up to him, reproached him, and threatened him with more punishment.

"Ahatsistari will cry out when the squaws burn him."

The priest shuddered as he heard his words.

"We are not worthy of the grace of giving our lives as martyrs for our holy faith," he murmured.

Couture had also heard Eagle's words, for he turned to the missionary and said in French:

"Will they not kill us, also, father? My strength is almost gone, and I long for death."

With a look full of love and gentleness, the Jesuit turned to the exhausted sufferer:

"Be strong, my poor son," he said; "think upon the words of the Divine Redeemer, and build upon His promise that to him who is true to the end He will give the crown of eternal life. The trial is short, the reward eternal. Pray, my dear William, pray."

Influenced by the words of the chief, Ahatsistari had continued his song, for he believed that the captives were about to be put to death; but now Eagle made a sign to two of his braves, and spoke to them. Then the two men seized their knives, and, approaching Ahatsistari, took hold of his unresisting hand.

"Climbing Cat, has sharp claws," said one of the young men, turning to the chief and sachems.

"Climbing Cat has too many claws. My young men must clip them," replied Spotted Snake, and they began to remove one of his thumbs.

The missionary looked at him shuddering, when Ahatsistari, turning to him with a bright smile:

"See, Ondesonk, how the good God protects his red children," he said; "Ahatsistari feels no pain."

"Oh, most enviable! what a great mercy you have received. Thank the great Father in heaven that He thinks you worthy to receive the like wounds to those of His Divine Son. Keep up your courage, Eustachius, and an unspeakable reward awaits you in heaven. René, William, look on this young martyr, and strengthen yourselves by his example."

The two Frenchmen were filled with admiration, and prayed for equal strength. They spoke in their own language, which Ahatsistari understood. Then he said:

"Ahatsistari is a man, but he is also much more—Ahatsistari is a warrior and a brave chief. And yet more, Ahatsistari is a Christian."

Spotted Snake had listened, and then asked:

"What are the pale-faces saying, and what is Climbing Cat muttering? Why do they not talk in the language of the Mohawks or the Hurons?"

"What we were saying need not remain a secret, chief. I will repeat it in your own language, but it will be of no advantage to you till the true God gives you the gift of seeing and hearing," replied the Jesuit, sighing.

"Why do you talk thus to the great wise sachem, who does great honour to you, black snake, when he speaks to you," broke in Eagle. "The chiefs and sachems of the Mohawks heard and saw only what was good till that pale-face came among them like a hungry dog. They see and hear too much, for they see how the pale-face deceives, and they hear the lies of his crooked tongue. Speak, black-robe, the Mohawks will listen."

The bushranger now stepped up to the angry chief, and said in a flattering manner:

"Eagle is clever and wise. Red Hand bows to the great chief."

The priest cast a look full of compassion on the unhappy man. Then he looked full at Eagle and Spotted Snake and went on:

"Know, then, that we were speaking of God, the Almighty, good, and all knowing Father in heaven, Who protects and strengthens His faith-

ful children when in the midst of foes who are thirsting for their blood. We speak of His Son, Who became Man for our sakes, and for our salvation, and died upon the Cross that He might do good even to the Mohawks. Now you know what we were speaking about. My young white brothers only understand the speech of their father and mother, and this is the reason why we spoke in words you do not understand, sachem."

The chief looked first at the missionary, and then at the bushranger, who then stepped boldly into the midst of the circle, and, pointing to F. Jaques, cried with a hoarse voice:

"The black-robe deceives you, chief. Do not believe his words."

"Then let Red Hand tell us what the Frenchmen and Climbing Cat were saying. Red Hand understands the speech of the pale-faces, which is to us like the croak of a frog," returned Spotted Snake.

Then the eyes of the bushranger flamed with revengeful fire, and, turning to the savages, he said:

"Sachems, chief, and warriors of the brave Mohawks, these pale-faces are wicked magicians, but the black-robe is the mightiest and the worst of them. This black-robe will bring great evils upon you if you do not sacrifice him to the great Airestai. They do not know the great spirit who is the father of the red men. Red Hand knows this, and has often told you so. Even the white men at Cohatatea told you, when you went to them, that the Frenchmen were brought across the great water into the land of the red men by the bad spirit, in order to destroy them. The pale-faces at Cohatatea give the Mohawks fire-arms and other good things. They are the friends of the red-man and tell no lies. Believe them and believe what Red Hand tells you. Bad spirits dwell in the black-robe and in his two young men, believe me, Mohawks. Stop their mouths that they may not murmur their incantations, and blind their eyes that they may not hurt you by their evil looks. Red Hand understands their speech and knows what they say. They are thinking of your destruction and call upon the bad spirit. Do what Red Hand advises. Red Hand has spoken."

"Yes, you have spoken, and told lies. You have blasphemed the all-wise God," cried the priest, as the bushranger ceased to speak. "White man, I know not whom you are, but I know that you bring upon yourself knowingly a heavy sin. I know that you cannot have forgotten all that you learned when you were a boy, and before your heart was hardened. You may strive to stifle your conscience, but you will not silence it for ever; it will again remind you of your black deeds, and will one day call out to you to remember the last things. Think of the judgment which awaits you when the reckoning time comes. What harm have we done you? Why do you blaspheme God, and why do you slander His faithful children and servants?"

The missionary, in his excitement, had spoken in French, and the bushranger availed himself of this oversight:

"Hear ye, wise sachems, and you, clever chief,



what the white man says," he cried, triumphantly. "The black-robe tries to close the mouth of Red Hand with promises; he would persuade the white friend of the Mohawks to be silent. But Red Hand listens not to the black snake; Red Hand is the friend and brother of the Mohawks."

"Jean Bouffett, you murderer! Your end will be a fearful one, even though the hangman at Quebec did not execute your sentence," exclaimed René Goupil, whose weakness had disappeared.

"Stop your folly, boy!" cried the bushranger, scornfully. "Wild Jean fears neither hell nor devil, and he laughs at the idiots in Quebec."

"Jean Bouffett, think of me," continued the Oblate, prophetically. "You will die a miserable death, and eternity awaits you in hell. Repent, Jean Bouffett, before it is too late."

The wretched God-forgetting man laughed hideously. The sound seemed even to frighten the Indians.

"Do you mean that for a curse, milksop?" he said. "Spare your curses, they frighten me not. But I tell you that you and the bald-head there, and the other white hypocrites, and all your tribe of Hurons shall, one after the other, mount to your heaven upon horses of fire, whence the devil may take you and all your priests."

"Why does Red Hand speak the language of the pale-faces, which his friends do not understand?" asked Spotted Snake, mistrustfully.

"Because two of the pale-faces cannot speak like the Mohawks;" and going close to the sachem, he continued in a low tone: "The black-robe is a great magician. I again warn you against him."

"Then let him free himself from the stake," replied the Mohawk in an incredulous tone.

"Red Hand speaks the truth," said a brave who stood by. "The black-robe held out his hand towards the clouds when one of his Huron friends was about to be killed by Lame Foot, and a thunderbolt fell from Hena's hand and shattered a tree. Lame Foot saw this with his own eyes. Then the black-robe let his hand sink, and the rain began to fall; there was no more thunder."

A deep silence followed the words of the warrior, who modestly returned to the circle of his companions. Spotted Snake looked down thoughtfully, and then suddenly called the chiefs aside, to consider again what should be done with the priest and his companions. All the people, meanwhile, left the hill to go and refresh themselves. The prisoners were again bound to the stakes, and the bushranger remained to watch them.

As soon as there were no longer any Mohawks near, he approached Goupil and whispered:

"If you like I will free you. Only speak a good word for me, so that I may go back to Quebec, and I will cut these bonds and place you in safety. My canoe is among the bushes on the bank down there. I will take you to the Dutch at Rensselaerswyk, and then you can tell how I saved you. But you must forget crossing yourself and other Catholic follies, for the Mynheers are no friends to all that. If you will lay aside all that nonsense, they will do everything for you. If you will swear that you will do what I require

I will free you. Decide at once. Wild Jean now in a good humour, and this is not often the case."

The young Frenchman looked at the tempter with surprise and contempt, and replied aloud:

"You deceive yourself, Jean Bouffett. I not know what induces you to make this singular proposal, for I have no fellowship with bandits. If you have sold us to the Mohawks, may God forgive you for it. Our life is in the hands of the Almighty. If He will take it, may His holy will be done. I will willingly suffer and die for my faith. Go, Jean Bouffett! I will not listen to you."

He then went to the priest.

"What do you say to my proposal, bald-pate? you are not so young and fiery as these lads, so may expect a more sensible answer. If you will I can place you in safety before dark."

"Spare your words. We will live and die in our faith. Leave us in peace and begone!"

He then went to Ahatsistari, but the chief vouchsafed no answer, and looked thoughtfully into the distance.

The council of the chief and sachems being ended, the tam-tam sounded as a sign that the decision would be announced to the people. This was to the effect that, as the white men were not warriors, so the squaws might exercise their vengeance upon them after they had been led through the Mohawk villages. But Climbing Cat, as a warrior, should be sacrificed in honour of Airstai. Before the great light had gone down, the captives were to be taken to Candagaro.

This announcement was received with cries of joy; all followed the procession through the villages, only a few old men and women, and some warriors disabled by wounds, remained in Gandawaga.

The bushranger was full of discontent at the failure of all his plans. Of course, he had no serious intention of freeing the captive Frenchmen.

The news of the capture of the French expedition spread throughout Rensselaerswyk like wild-fire, and was received in various ways. The three Frenchmen were sincerely pitied by all the colonists, and they at once began to consider what could be done for their liberation. This took place in the evening over a pipe and a glass, for the Hollanders had their customary business to look after in the daytime. But, in spite of long deliberation, they came to no conclusion, but were always building castles in the air, and making plans which the next morning had fallen to pieces.

The Commandant Arendt Van Curler waited in vain for three weeks for the return of the bushranger, and day after day desired the watch to bring the spy, Jan, to him immediately on his arrival be it by day or night. But Jan appeared not, and the commandant puzzled his head as to where he could be and what could delay his making the report which was his duty; but it never entered his mind to take any further steps for the liberation of the three white men, although he sincerely pitied them, and foresaw that their fate would be a fearful one. Jan must, at length,

bring him the desired information, and then the necessary measures should be taken. The exact fulfilment of his duty was part of his character, and under no circumstances could he be untrue, and so he sent a report to the colonial government at New Amsterdam, and asked for fresh instructions.

This request of the commandant reached the ears of Governor Kieft about the middle of September who, on his part, wrote to the general government requesting to know what was to be done. He also sent a report to the French colonial government in Quebec, and proposed to unite with them in obtaining the liberation of the captives as soon as he should have had the necessary powers from the Hague.

The inhabitants of the Mission House at Three Rivers waited, in anxious expectation, for a letter from F. Jaques, who wrote in Latin, and would have concealed his letters in the hollow of an oak-tree, at the mouth of the Ottawa, which often served as a post office. An Algonquin spy in the service of the French went there about a week after the departure of the travellers, but he found no letter, and failed to discover any trace of the party. After having spent some days in exploring the country he returned to the settlement without intelligence. His report raised great alarm among the Catholics at Three Rivers, and the superior of that mission sent at once to the government to ask for a detachment of the infantry stationed near. The Huguenots were already in force in Quebec, and the reply to the request of the Father Rector was to the effect that the matter required time; certainly the disappearance of the priest and his companions was greatly to be lamented, but in spite of that it would be impossible to search for them without a larger supply of troops.

This decision had been brought to Three Rivers, and had thrown the anxious superior into the greatest sorrow, when the bushranger knocked at the gate of the cloister, and desired to speak to the rector on urgent business; he brought news from F. Jaques, he said, and was at once admitted into the parlour.

"Ah, father!" began the cunning hypocrite, after he had returned the Catholic greeting of the superior as he hastily entered the room, "oh, father! I have very bad news to bring you. The good missionary who was returning from hence to Huron country with two lay brothers and a body of red warriors has fallen into the hands of the Mohawks."

"Then our worst fears have come true," sighed the rector.

He looked down for a moment in silence.

"Do you know anything further? Is F. Jaques still living? What do you know about the Hurons and of the two brave Oblates who accompanied the father?"

"I can tell you all the circumstances, father. But first you must know that neither of the three white men have been murdered," replied the bushranger.

And then he related what seemed good to him. Of course he said nothing about his own treachery, but only that he had come by chance upon the scene of the combat, and had immediately

proceeded from thence to Renselaerswyk in order to give the Hollanders, who lived not far from the Mohawks information of what had happened, and to ask their help for the captives. He represented his interview with Van Curler as if he had earnestly entreated the commandant to offer the Mohawks a ransom for the father and his white companions. He had gladly undertaken to make this bargain, but the Mohawks were not satisfied with the offer, and as a bold attempt at flight had been rendered vain by the watchfulness of the savages, he had hastened to bring the sad news to the worthy fathers at Three Rivers. Then he told of the fearful sufferings which the three Frenchmen had endured, and concluded his recital with the assurance that he persuaded the Mohawks to defer their execution till they had given information of their capture to the Frenchmen. If these would offer a good price the captives would be yet at liberty, if not they would be tortured and burned at the stake.

The bushranger played his part very cleverly, and his description of the suffering which the missionary and his companions had already experienced, and the terrible fate that awaited them, cut the good rector to the heart.

"Then the Hollanders take an interest in the fate of our brave father and his companions? I am surprised at that, for they never seemed to have much friendly feeling towards us. God reward them for what they have done."

And as the bushranger, not knowing how far it would be wise to go, only answered with a nod; the rector continued, with a sigh:

"It is difficult to know how we can help our dear brothers. It is impossible for us to offer a high ransom. There is little to be expected from the Government at Quebec, and before we can get help from France these heroes of the Faith will no longer require the help of man."

"Not such very expensive presents would be required, father," returned the bushranger; "for a hundred guilders plenty of things might be bought which would delight the Mohawk, and we might get another hundred from the Renselaerswyckers. At the worst, that is if the Mohawks refuse a ransom, an attack might be made upon them. I have calculated that half a dozen brave lads might be brought together, who would fall upon them for a handsome price. But this would be a venturesome and costly undertaking which I would only attempt in case of necessity."

"F. Jaques would not hear of this. But tell me what is your name, that I may know what to call you."

"My name is Henry—Henry Simons," stammered the bushranger; and to hide his embarrassment stooped to pick up a dry leaf which had blown in at the window.

(To be continued.)

A MAN was taking aim at a cat that was perched on a tree near his chicken-coop, when his little girl exclaimed: "Don't take aim, pa! Let it go off by accident." "Why so?" asked the father. "'Cause every gun that goes off by accident always hits something."

## TEARS ROBBED OF SENTIMENT.

**P**EOPLE, who invariably couple tears with the highest flights of imagination, and employ them to depict the strongest of human emotions, would doubtless consider it a desecration to find them submitted to chemical analysis. Sentiment apart, however, there is no reason whatever why investigation should be held from nature's excellent eye-water, or why its functions should not be described. Besides, the analysis will be found to bear out in some instances the correctness of several poetical tropes.

The investigations of the celebrated French chemists, Fourcroy and Vanquelin, proved that the basis of tears is water, which holds in solution of animal matter called mucus. The water is also said to contain minute proportions of sea-salt, soda, phosphate of soda, and phosphate of lime. Thus the Grecian bards, who frequently gave to tears the epithet "salt," were truthfully poetical; as are their modern copyists. "Bitter" tears, so often used in poetry of the present day—particularly that of the French—is a piece of pure imagination. The term "scalding" tears comes nearer to the fact, for after much weeping, the organs take an inflammatory action, which may possibly increase the temperature of the fluid. But the most happy poetical epithet is "crystal tears;" for on leaving a tear to dry, the water evaporates, and the salts which remain behind are found—when inspected through a microscope—to arrange themselves in serrated lines of pure crystal. The expression "pearly" tears is therefore utterly fallacious, unless upon the extravagant supposition that oysters are susceptible of tender emotions. "Diamonds" present a much better simile, but unfortunately that sparkling comparison is generally exhausted upon the eyes themselves.

Tears are of the greatest use both morally and physically. In the former point of view their effects are constantly experienced, especially by those who enjoy the blessings of the marriage state. They appeal with conclusive force to the feelings of the husband when judiciously shed. Is there a slight misunderstanding? A few tears starting to the eyes of the beloved wife, and it is instantly made up. Is there a new dress coveted? Tears procure the one and get consent for the other. But the use of tears is not confined to weeping—physically they are necessary to the efficiency of the organ of sight. To be able fully to understand their functions, it must be known whence they arise. They are secreted in what is called the lachrymal gland; which is a white flattened lobe, about the size of a large bean, lodged in a depression under the upper eyelid, and just above the ball. The fluid thus secreted finds its way to the exterior of the eye through seven fine canals, which—arranged in a half circle—descend from the secretive gland, and issue at the thick part of the eyelid, a little above the cartilage which sustains the lashes. The lachrymose fluid falls—not only on extraordinary occasions of sorrow, but continually—into the eye through these little tubes; the constant winking

of the lid spreading over the surface of cornea. In fact, tears may be considered form a small running stream, its even flow interrupted by periodical winks, which clean the of the dust that constantly falls upon the cornea. The fluid makes its exit out of the corners of eyes, passing through the "lachrymose duct" into the nose. The physical utility of tears, to animals who live in air at all times laden with dust, is sufficiently obvious; for the eye would remain dirty were it not constantly supplied with a limpid lavement. This supply of tears is stopped when the organ ceases to be exposed to the action of external objects, as during sleep—a state more necessary to the regeneration and well-being of the eye than to any of the delicate parts of the human machine. For the ordinary requirements of the waking state a very small quantity of the fluid would be necessary; but during sleep a large reserve is secreted; so that in case of the eye meeting any time with injury, tears may make their appearance abundantly to protect the organ. Thus when an insect, or a particle of something hard, gets into the eye, the cornea is instantly suffused with tears to lessen the contact, and sometimes to expel the foreign substance altogether. If the eye be irritated by impalpable objects, such as smoke, or some vapour more or less acrid, the evil effects are ward off by the instant presence of tears. Tears also decrease the action of cold, and diminish the intensity of too much light.

But how is it that the sorrowful excitement the moral feelings produces the physical effect? How is it that in moments of mental suffering we are constrained to weep? This remains comparatively a secret. Some trace the cause to undue excitement of the nervous system which grief produces; others to the flow of blood to the head which takes place on such occasions. Excessive joy sometimes calls for tears, but not nearly so often as excess of grief: hence it has been inferred, though not very logically, that mankind is more sensible to pain than pleasure.

Tears, then, when stripped of the sentiment with which poets have surrounded them, are nothing more than soft and salt water, intended by nature for the wise purpose of washing the visual organ, and keeping it bright, the better to adapt it to the function it so beautifully performs. Their abundant discharge is likewise designed to relieve the poignancy of grief by, in some measure, counteracting the physical effects which that passion produces on the system.

---

**WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.**—Many are interested in marriage anniversaries, and so we give their designations: First anniversary—Iron; fifth anniversary—Wooden; tenth anniversary—Tin; fifteenth anniversary—Crystal; twentieth anniversary—China; twenty-fifth anniversary—Silver; thirtieth anniversary—Cotton; thirty-fifth anniversary—Linen; fortieth anniversary—Woolen; forty-fifth anniversary—Silk; fiftieth anniversary—Golden; Seventy-fifth anniversary—Diamond.

## A HEAVEN-TAUGHT ARTIST.

## CHAPTER I.

**I**T was a bright September morning of the year 1830. The *Angelus* bell of the church had reminded the inhabitants of the chief town of the province to raise up their hearts to the Queen of Heaven and her Divine Son. The stroke of the bell had sounded, and the streets were again full of active life, and here and there hands busily employed in work.

At this moment you had entered a small white house with green window shutters in Giles Street, you would have found two men in the workshop on the left hand side. The elder, a stout man about fifty years old who, with his sleeves turned up, is standing at a carpenter's table. His brow is wrinkled and his eyes fixed upon an old piece of carving which lies shattered before him. Trouble and anxiety have taken possession of him. The other man, from the cast of whose young features it is easy to guess him to be the son of the elder man, looks calm and cheerful. With the first rays of the morning sun shining upon him he stands there with folded arms, a tall, powerful figure. His broad shoulders and hardened hands prove that he belongs to the labouring class. His marked features, his fresh colour, with his blue eyes and fair hair, show his pure German descent. Although he hardly numbers thirty years, there is such an appearance of high moral earnestness in his whole bearing as cannot but command respect. Gentleness, innocence, honesty, speak from his eyes together with the greatest firmness of character.

And now the elder Achtermann—this was the family name of both—broke the dreary silence with the words which he uttered with difficulty:

"William, what can I do? Look! Yesterday evening, as I was returning home in the dark, I struck this beautiful angel's head by accident. The worm had already been busy with it. Look here—nothing but dust and mould within."

He took up the remains, which it was difficult to recognize, and which were only slightly held together by the oil colouring, and looked at them with sorrow.

"What will the president say, who entrusted me with this artistic work that I might prepare it for a place on a console. Who in the whole country can replace this angel's head?"

"If you like I will make the attempt," replied William. "With God's help, an earnest endeavour, and some degree of capacity something may be done."

"You—can you produce such a masterpiece?" said his father, while he looked over his shoulder at his son. "You are not even a pupil in the art. Where can you have learned anything of it? Perhaps from your uncle, the farmer at G—, while you were tending his sheep and his pigs, or, perhaps, while you followed the plough. Do not joke with me, William; I have little inclination for that to-day."

"Dear father, I respect you too much to

joke with you; besides I have a little experience of art, for you know I have made several attempts which have not been thought ill of. When I was keeping the sheep I did not suffer my hands to rest listlessly upon my staff as is the custom with shepherds. While the animals were quietly feeding I used to carve with my sharp pocket-knife sometimes a Christ on the Cross and the place around strewn with skulls and bones, sometimes Our Blessed Lady, or a holy image. The images in our parish church served me as models, or those in the great church at Münster, or sometimes a living man."

"Well, my son, you have certainly made a meritorious beginning. Our good priest, to whom you sent a crucifix on his birthday, thought you might have some success if your natural taste could be cultivated."

"I have carved a Guardian Angel, too, and have placed it in a grotto by the spring where I and my flock have had so many refreshing draughts. But you know the image, and have been pleased with it."

"Yes, yes," murmured the old man decidedly.

"And were you not pleasantly surprised when you discovered the carving with which I had secretly ornamented the organ case of our village church which was sent to you to be repaired?"

"I cannot blame you for your honest endeavours; but, my son, if you really succeeded in carving an angel's head would it be like that which I have destroyed? The practised eye of the president would at once see the difference. And what then? How should I bear his anger? How should I—"

"Father!" interrupted William, "Will you grant me a great favour?"

"What is it?"

"Make a pilgrimage this day to the miraculous image of Our Blessed Lady at Telgte. Many a troubled soul has found strength there, many an unadvised one holy counsel, many a hard pressed unexpected help. Lay your petition before the merciful Mother. Pray from the bottom of your heart with loving confidence. The great Queen can give good counsel. Meanwhile I will remain at home and work. You can be here again towards evening. A mile each way will not tire you too much. You will not regret it."

"I will go, my son. If I do not find the desired help, at least my heart will feel lighter. I will not stay any longer within these walls."

And the old carpenter put on his long brown, Sunday coat, placed his felt hat upon his head, took up his knotted walking-stick, and dropped into his pocket his rosary with large wooden beads. As he opened the door he turned again to his son:

"Good bye; I shall return home in the evening."

"Commend me to the merciful mother, and beg of her to look favourably on my request," cried William after him.

The master left the house in haste. His head was bowed, and his cap drawn down upon his forehead that no one might see the tears which he could not repress. He turned to the left, to

the long avenue of linden trees, from which he emerged upon the high road which led eastward to Telgte. He breathed more freely than he had done during the last night which he had spent in sorrow and anxiety.

"Ah," he said to himself, "that boy is so good, so pious, and, besides, so clever! He has an extraordinary wish to devote his life to art, and religious art. But where can a poor simpleton like me find means for his education? He must either return into the country as a farmer's man, or, if he like it better, remain where he has been for the last three years in his father's workshop handling the plane and the saw. Wilt thou help us, great Queen of Heaven?" As he said this he turned his eyes to the cloudless sky: "I believe that thou canst; gratify, then, the longing desires of my son. To thee I commend my William."

The pilgrim, in his devotion, had uncovered his head, and the soft breeze played in his grey hair. In silent prayer he continued his pilgrimage.

As soon as the father had left the house his son looked for a moment at the broken remains. Then he passed his hand over his forehead, kept his eyes closed for a while, and appeared to be buried in thought. Presently his hand sank, he raised his head and, a fire shone in his eyes.

"Yes, so it was, and so it must be. Now I have seized the expression of the form which last night hovered in my imagination. Oh, it was a beautiful face, a holy, a heavenly form. A garment of dazzling whiteness shrouded the slight frame from the shoulders to the feet, a golden girdle encircled the waist; the hair parted in the middle fell in thick locks upon the shoulders and the back. And what a sweet and noble expression in the gentle smile. The attractions of love and dignity were never so united as in this pure being. It was no illusion; it must have been an angel or the Blessed Virgin herself. Oh, if it were only permitted me to make a copy of this! But of what use is this empty feeling without action? To work! A thing begun is half done."

William now chose a block of wood from the pieces which lay in one corner of the workshop, sawed off the useless parts, and then, with a measure and knife, reduced it to the size of the broken angel's head. Then the young man sat down on a rush chair, and, placing the piece of wood against his breast, began to cut and model with his pocket-knife without the aid of any other tools. Gradually a human face began to appear from the rough wood, and more and more industriously did he use his knife. The work must be completed by evening, and the sun was already hastening to his setting; but with every cutting which William gave to the figure, his face became more expressive of pleasure.

He had just completed the angel's head, polished it with grass, and placed it by the broken pieces, when the door opened and his father entered the room. The old man's eyes at once fell upon the piece of carving placed opposite to him. He stood still in surprise, his mouth half opened, his eyes seemed to grow larger, and were fixed upon the image.

"Is it a success?" asked William, interrupt-

ing his father's long silence, who still stood looking at the work.

Instead of answering the old man hastened his son, and, enclosing him in his arms, shed tears of emotion and joy.

There was a knock at the door, and a little man entered. He wore a short blue cloak and leather gaiters which reached half way up his legs, and gave him the appearance of a traveller. Judge by his dress, he would have been pronounced to be a man from the lower class of people, but his high forehead and his deep set intelligent eyes showed him to be a man of intellect.

"Good morning, master," said the president for it was he, "have you completed my commission? How well will this wood-carving of the middle ages look when it has a worthy place in my house. Have you repaired the broken finger?"

The president came nearer in order better to examine the work in the approaching twilight. He stopped. First he looked sharply at the figure of the angel, then at the master. Neither of the three men spoke a word, but both father and son sought with anxiety to read what was passing in the mind of the great man from Westphalia. They expected an outbreak of anger, for the visitor examined the angel's head on every side with the air of a connoisseur, touched it with his fingers, and no doubt observed the substitution of another head.

After a few minutes of painful silence, the great man turned to the trembling master with the question:

"Where is the angel's head which I let you bring hither?"

"Oh, your excellency, pardon! Worthy sir, I accidentally struck it, and the brittle thing broke to pieces."

"How did you come by this figure?" continued his little excellency pointing to the angel.

"My boy there, William, has been trying to repair the mischief. I do not suppose your excellency likes it."

The president, who was esteemed in the whole province as a man of the people, stepped up to William, who had timidly hidden himself behind his father, and seized his hand, shook it in the friendly Westphalian manner, patted him on the shoulder, and looked at him with a penetrating look.

"You have done your business well," he said, "and I am quite content with it. But where have you learned this art, and who has been your master? Tell me the kind of life you have been leading till now."

The young man looked down, and a slight colour tinged his cheek, for it was difficult for him to speak high German, and to answer in the low dialect, he thought would be unbecoming.

"Great sir," he began, after a short pause, "I was born on the 15th August, 1799, in a village near Münster, and was baptised by the name of William Theodore. My father possessed a small house there, but he removed to this house in Münster that he might earn his living as a carpenter. My mother died early, and my father sent me, when I became a lad, to a brother of my

deceased mother, who lived at D—, and had no children. I had no more education than that given in the village school. I kept my uncle's sheep, and then found ample time for indulging my great love for wood carving. My uncle disliked this employment, and to root out my inclination for it, he made me keep his herd of pigs. This is an unquiet business, and requires the attention of the keeper. I had not, in fact, a moment for my carving, till I discovered that pigs are very social and sympathizing animals, and that, if one of them made a cry it was enough to gather the whole herd around him. I made use of this characteristic for my own ends. In the morning, I fastened one of the smallest of the animals to a tree, and left the rest to take care of themselves, and then I was able to go on carving to my heart's content. In the evening, I gave the pig I had tied up a sharp blow on his back, so that he should make a loud cry of pain. Then the whole herd hastened to him, grunting vigorously, and I was able to return home, to my uncle's great content, with the whole of my herd."

The president laughed aloud.

"Capital!" he said. "Who would have thought of such a thing. But go on with your story."

William sighed.

"But my good fortune had a sad and sudden interruption. One evening, my little pig uttered his cry of pain without effect; no comrade came to his help, and I was obliged to return to my uncle's farm with this little animal only. My uncle, who already knew that the whole herd had been imprisoned in the stable-yard of a neighbour, in whose wheatfield they had been carousing, gave me a heavy blow, and, as he suspected that my wood-cutting had been the cause of the disaster, he swore that it was impossible to make me give up this 'vice,' and that I must, therefore, be a plough boy, when I should have no time for the indulgence of my passion."

"Silly fellow," muttered the president, shaking his head.

William calmly continued:

"My uncle had promised me that, as a reward for my services, he would send me to the high school; but in this I was disappointed, for before I had reached my seventeenth year, he died without leaving a will. A near relative put in his claim, and the whole property was adjudged to him. The long lawsuit not only exhausted my savings but left me a burden of debt. For eleven years I worked like a slave as a farm servant, at the low wages of fifteen pounds a year and a pair of shoes, and have eaten bitter bread without being able to gratify my love for art. I should have despaired had not religion consoled me. At last I formed a firm determination no longer to live this miserable life but rather to gain my living by wood carving; but this did not answer, for I got very little money for my work; truly they were far from perfection. I was eight and twenty when I gave up the plough and came here to help my father; and, here in his workshop, I find occasional opportunities for indulging my unconquerable passion for artistic work."

"But," asked the president, "who taught you

how to use the tools which are required and are indeed indispensable for this kind of work?"

"I have had no teacher," replied William. Look, kind sir, this pocket knife is my only tool in my carving; but the saw and the hatchet must first have made preparation for its use. In my dreams I often see the most wonderful pictures which I wish to reproduce in wood or in stone, only my wings are clipped; my father does not possess the means for procuring instruction for me; on the contrary, he requires my help."

"Which he gives me to his best," added the father, as with his shirt sleeves he wiped a tear of gratitude from his eyes.

"And so I give up for ever my favourite pursuit," concluded William with a sigh.

"That you shall not do," broke in the president. "I will take care of you. Bring the image to the castle to-morrow. Then I will give you further directions."

The benevolent president pressed the hands of the astonished pair, and left the house of the poor carpenter with a happy smile.

Several weeks had passed since the important visit to the workshop of the Achtermanns. At the president's desire, William had carved a Crucifix, a Cupid riding on a lion and a group of flowers. These specimens of his skill were sent to Berlin that they might attract the attention of the authorities in these matters, and perhaps obtain for the clever young man some help from the state for his further instruction. They were highly approved, and the same post which brought this good news brought also the intelligence that the relative with whom the lawsuit had been carried on, had become so peaceable as to pay all William's debts, and had, besides, sent him money for travelling. Who so happy as William? Full of joy, he took his journey to the capital in October, 1830. With firm steps, the intending pupil, now thirty-one years old, left behind him the grey walls of Münster. He had his small provision of clothing strapped into a bundle on his back, and he swung a thick oaken staff, with a carved head in his hand. His father accompanied him in silence.

"Do not be so sad, dear father," began William; "however far I may be from you my heart will always be yours."

"Oh, my dear son, to part with you is very, very hard."

"But why so hard?"

"Because you are going out into the world where men are not so good as they are in the country villages and among the respectable citizens of our towns. Many an innocent lad has left his father's house, and has returned a good for nothing fellow, only to give annoyance to his aged parents, and to hasten their passage to the grave."

"Father," said William, solemnly, standing still; "do you fear my indecision? Here is my hand, and I swear to you by the Holy Sacrament which I have this day received, that, with the help of God, I will live according to my holy faith, and return home pure and innocent. God's angel will protect me."

"So you will remain good as you have ever



been, my son. Apply yourself to your calling, and fulfil the expectations which your benefactor entertains of you. Above all things, keep heaven before your eyes as your highest aim."

"I have only one request to make you, good father," said William, as he bent his knee. "Let me not go among strangers without your blessing."

The old man placed his hands upon his son's uncovered head, and raised his eyes to heaven.

"May Almighty God," he said, "lead you in all your ways as he led the young Tobias by his angel, and brought him home unhurt to his father's house. May He protect you from danger and misfortune, give you strength courage and perseverance and bless your labours. May God be with you now and to the end of your life."

Again a hearty embrace and a fervent pressure of the hand and then they separated. The father often stopped and looked back, and the young man waved his cap in the air till they had disappeared from each other's eyes.

"My good father," said William as he continued his journey alone, "how gladly I would stay and conduce to his comfort. May God keep him in health and comfort. How pleasantly he will be surprised when he returns home and finds the money in his shop which the generosity of the president has sent him for my journey. I do not want it for my knapsack is supplied with sufficient bread and meat for several days. I am sure to find a cool spring wherewith to quench my thirst and if I should be obliged to spend the night in the open air what harm could that do to a young countryman? But in great Berlin I am sure to find some little place of shelter."

The thousand plans formed by the young artist shortened the journey to the so-called metropolis of art and knowledge in Prussia. He was now two day's journey from the capital but the walking for so long a time had made him very foot-sore. He gathered leaves of dock and put them into his shoes to allay the burning heat of his blisters, which they did, though only for a short time. Then William removed both shoes and stockings, and walked upon the soft turf which bordered the road, but here he now and then stepped upon a pointed stone which caused blood to flow. In spite of all his endeavours he could not go a step further. Quite exhausted, he sat down upon a stone.

"Oh, if some vehicle would only come this way!" thought the tired wanderer.

Presently a horse approached at a furious gallop, dragging a light carriage.

"Stop him, stop him!" cried a gentleman in the carriage in a voice of terror.

William collected all his strength, and with a sudden spring he seized the bridle and bit of the frightened horse, at the very moment when the carriage was on the very edge of a precipice. The gentleman offered a well filled purse to his preserver, but William decidedly refused it declaring that he had only done his duty, but he joyfully accepted the invitation of the gentleman to share his carriage for the rest of the journey.

William Achtermann hired a small room in the

upper part of a house in a remote quarter of Berlin. An oaken table, a rush-bottomed chair, a bedstead with a flock mattress, and a woollen quilt were the whole riches of this apartment, yet to the simple son of the low country this appeared luxury compared with the nightly lodgings he had hitherto enjoyed in a stable.

The next morning William Achtermann took his letters of recommendation to the director of the Academy Ranch. The director looked with surprise on the peasant who spoke only low Dutch, and seemed to be about thirty years old. He had expected that the president would have sent him a really young man of good appearance, and now found himself terribly deceived. He shook his head and involuntarily knitted his brows. He did not know what to say, and, at last, requested his visitor to come again the next morning.

*(To be continued.)*

## HUMOROUS DEFINITIONS.



SMART, pithy, or humorous definition often furnishes a happy illustration of the proverbial brevity which is the soul of wit. A boy once said that "dust is mud with the juice squeezed out." A fan, we learn from another juvenile source, is "a thing to brush warm off with," and a monkey "a small boy with a tail;" salt, "what makes your potatoe taste bad when you don't put any on;" wakefulness, "eyes all the time coming unbuttoned;" and ice, "water, that stayed out too late in the cold and went to sleep." A school boy asked to define the word sob, whimpered out "It means when a feller don't mean to cry, and it bursts out itself." A youngster was asked to give his idea of the meaning of "responsibility," so he said: "Well, supposing I had only two buttons on my trousers, one came off, all the responsibility would rest on the other button." To hit off a jury, a "body of men organized to find out which side has the smartest lawyer," is to satirize many of our "intelligent fellow-countrymen." A good definition for the words "Pharisee" is "a tradesman with long prayers and short weights;" of a humbug, "on who agrees with everybody;" and of a tyrant "the other version of somebody's hero." A lady's idea of a ballet-girl was "an open umbrella with two pink handles;" and a Parisian's of chess, "humane substitute for hard labour." Thin soup according to an Irish mendicant, is "a quart of water boiled down to a pint, to make it strong." Of definitions of a bachelor, "an un-alterable man," "a singular being," and "a target for miss," are apt enough. A walking-stick may be described as "the old man's strength and the young man's weakness;" and an umbrella as "a fair and foul weather friend," who has had "man ups and downs in the world." A watch may be hit off as "a second-hand affair;" and spectacles as "second-sight," or "friendly glasses." "Fashion" has been cleverly hit off as "an arbitrary disease, which leads all geese to follow in single file the one goose that sets the style."



THE PACK HORSE INN.

## The Martins of Leberton.

BY OLIVER CRANE.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### ALONE.

THE loneliness I felt as I left Mr. Norris's house and walked down the street to the place where my horse and dog-cart waited for me I cannot describe. I had not looked at Lord Stackhouse as I uttered the words that contained my despair and my secret; I had not given any parting glance at the kind and friendly Mr. Norris. I had told out my love honestly, and I had spoken without boasting of

Alice's; and they must have felt for me as men feel for each other—as we feel for one who speaks of his life's best hopes, and then lays them down because honour demands the sacrifice, and goes forth to his future in a desperate loneliness. I walked through the streets with my eyes never raised from the stones on which I trod. I got to the inn, and as the clock struck six I was getting into my conveyance. The good little mare was very lively, and quite fit for her thirty-mile drive. But I had to take her carefully, for she was to come back the next day. I gave a look at the

various things I had got with me for this night-drive, just to make sure that everything was safe, and then I drove away. It was a comfort for me to feel, as I got into the unfrequented lane that was my nearest way to the great London-road, which lay about four miles off, that I had nothing to regret in my own conduct in the last few eventful days. I was very glad especially that I had spoken openly of my love for Alice, and hers for me, before Mr. Norris and Lord Stackhouse. I had done it without premeditation, but I felt happily certain that it was the right thing to do because it was the honest thing. I did not think that this confession could help me in any way. I certainly felt that it might even shock and puzzle Lord Stackhouse, but then I had left Mr. Norris with him, who could say that I was an honourable man; and by thus speaking openly and courageously, I knew I should avoid Lord Stackhouse being annoyed by gossip, or being made angry by reports about Alice, if, indeed, she were proved to be the real Annette St. Clair.

"All that there is to know I have told him," I said, as I drove quietly on. "He can never now be taken by surprise. He knows me for an honest man."

And there was comfort and strength in being sure that I had cast out all deceit from my heart, and that I was nerving myself to give Alice back to her right place in the world, and leave her to forget me, because it was right. I said the words, "because it was right," many times. Then something rose like a whisper in my heart, saying:

"Who makes right, what do you mean by right?"

And, somehow, it seemed as I drove along in the lanes, under the dark shadows of straight towering elm-trees—I have often been there since, and had those heart-whispers brought back to my mind—it seemed that my heart had made answer to itself, the will of God makes right; that which is according to His adorable will is right—that which is contrary to His will is wrong. And then suddenly came a strong prayer to my lips:

"Lord, I desire to know Thy will, and to do it. Lord, in this present case, and under all circumstances, I desire to do as Thou wilt. My life, and all that is in it, I surrender to Thy will. Lord, teach me to love Thee. I will love the adorable will of God."

On I went through the long lanes, sometimes in deep shadow, sometimes crossing the bright, broad streams of moonlight that spread across the road, but, though my thoughts wandered into the future, and ran back into the past, I never really let go the consolation and great strength that had come to me with that thought that the best thing on earth was to do the will of God.

I can say, with great thankfulness, that this truth has never left its firm place in my heart. You know, dear readers, that I was not a Catholic when the thought came to me. Many were praying for me, and I was not, I believe, stifling any good thoughts or rejecting grace; but I always look back on that silent drive in those lonely ways with the feeling that a great truth was made known to me, and I pray every day of my life that I may never cease to acknowledge it, and that I may practise it with all my might.

On I drove. Good Brown Bess was in good heart. I drove with care and thoughtfulness; was not going to exhaust her energies. I intended to drive fifteen miles to a roadside inn, called the Pack-horse. There I intended to put my horse and myself to bed; and I intended to get up at four o'clock, and drive ten miles to the town of Eastholme. There I should breakfast, and ride my horse once more. I should then only be five miles from the place on Eastholme common where I was to find Alice; and I hoped to get a gig and fetch her in it back to where my own horse would be resting, and by that time, ready to start again without any delay. So, as my next day's work was to be a hard one, I drove quietly now.

It was a calm still night. Bess seemed to have as willing a heart to the journey as I had myself. I got to the great road, and we went on merrily. Then, just as the clock struck nine, I pulled up at the Pack-horse.

The master of the inn was enjoying a pipe with a couple of friends in the open air. There was a bench under a great clipped hawthorn tree, and this summer's night, there was a table placed before it, and on the table lay a newspaper. I observed this as I stopped my horse, and the good man came forward.

"Good evening, sir. Going any farther to-night?"

"No farther," I said, "if you can take us in."

"We can accommodate you, sir. A very pretty little mare. Have you come far? I know many people round here, but I do not know you."

"I come from near Leverton," I said, "and am going on early. I have an appointment at some distance; but I hope to be back again to-morrow. I have my business to attend to, and can't afford to be long from home."

The ostler had come out, and I had been helping him to take Bess out of the shafts, for the carriage house was close at our side, and the stable was a little way off at the back of the house. When the two men under the hawthorn tree saw what was being done, they came forward and spoke to me, and admired my mare.

Then I was asked what refreshment I would take.

"One of these is a stranger like yourself," said the inn-keeper, pointing to a quiet, intelligent-looking man, "and the other is my brother-in-law."

This stranger had just ordered out his supper under a tree, and a bottle of wine with it, and was proposed that I should join in the repast. I consented immediately; and just as we spoke a girl appeared, bearing a very inviting-looking piece of cold beef, with steaming hot potatoes, bottle and glasses, with some biscuits, and a cold apple pie. I was hungry, and I liked the look of the company very well, so I sat down without hesitation, as we seemed to have become friends immediately.

Just as the first glass of wine was taken, and had commenced on a slice of the beef, which found extremely good, the landlord said:

"This gentleman," pointing to the stranger "was just speaking to us of a very important robbery, which you must have read of in the paper two days ago."

I said: "I have not looked in the papers the last two days."

This was received with an exclamation of surprise, both from the landlord and his brother-in-law.

"Bless me," one of them said, "why the whole country has been ringing with the robbery at Oldbury, and the carrying off of the young woman; and this new London robbery has been most likely done by one of the same party."

"What makes you say that?" I asked.

I could not hide either my surprise or my interest. The stranger's quiet grey eye was upon me.

"Do you know anything of Oldbury?"

"I have known Oldbury and its inhabitants, past and present. I have known Oldbury all my life."

"Did you know anything of the man Jackson, who was murdered?" said the stranger.

"I never saw him till I found him under my wood-rick, on that very night, dead," I answered.

"Then you are Mr. Henry Martin."

"I am," I said.

The quiet stranger smiled.

"You are down from London on this business?" I said.

"Yes, I am. The reward offered is high; but I did not think much of it, though others of my profession did, till this other robbery. Then a man, known as Dark Eye, well known to the police," he said, "was recognized, and as he can't be found in his London haunts, we think he may be off to some of his resorts in the country. Do you think he is likely to be at Leverton, Mr. Henry Martin?"

"Certainly not," said I.

"Why do you speak so surely?"

"Because he has been recognized there already."

"Has he? When?"

"He was recognized by Brooks, a drover, and by Captain Bartlett, with whom he once sailed, and who, compassionating him, gave him five shillings."

"Indeed! Then if he be really out of London he will not be there."

Then this man, who was a detective, said no more on this subject, and we went on with our supper, after finishing which I went to see my man, which looked all right, and then, as I was coming back to the house, I again came upon the stranger.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### GETTING ON.

"Let me have a word with you," he said, "it is not very late."

"I have to be off by cock-crow," I said, but purposely did not avoid him.

"If you have lived near Oldbury, you must naturally be interested in the discovery of the girl who has been lost,—taken, no doubt, by those who broke into the house."

"I am as deeply interested as you can possibly imagine. I have received great kindness from the family. I honour no man more than I honour Mr. Oldbury."

"Then you can answer me one question perhaps. What interest has Lord Stackhouse in this matter?"

"Lord Stackhouse!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. A minute before you came, I had a telegram from our office in London. Hark!" he said, it was the sound of a railway, and the whistle at a station most unexpectedly near, that the man drew my attention to. "You see we are close to the wires," he went on, with a smile, "and a few hours ago Lord Stackhouse telegraphed to us in London to double the reward offered by Mr. Oldbury, on his own account, for the recovery of Alice Combe. I got this news, but it would help me to form correct conclusions, if you could tell me what interest he has in the discovery."

"Well," I said, musingly, "he is lord-lieutenant for the county, you know. He is always first in all great matters."

My new friend shook his head.

"Are you going to stay now?" I asked.

"Yes, I shall stay here till I get another telegram."

"Do you know," I said, "that I can't believe that Dark-eye had anything to do with this new robbery in London."

"He was not first hand, but he was in it," said the man, quietly knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"I don't believe it."

"Why not?"

"He could not have had time."

"Plenty."

"No!"

He laughed.

"Between the time of his taking the life of that poor creature at your wood-rick, and the robbery of the shop in London, there was time to get to London, and many hours to spare before the robbery. The robbery in London was done quietly on the Sunday morning, and not discovered till Monday."

"Monday!" I exclaimed; "why, that is to-day."

"To-day—this morning," he said. "I got here, this being a good point of observation, a couple of hours ago. Dark Eye went off to London as he left your place; he went to his friends for hiding. He found them on the point of a new crime. They made their own terms with him, and he, I suspect, did the most dangerous part. It was a robbery of a daring deep-laid sort. He could not refuse the work handed over to him. He was in their power. But as soon as he had served their turn, they got him off into the country, or they will get him off, there is that sort of faithfulness among those breakers of all laws, both human and divine, that they help each other in their own way. La! what a crowd of details Dark Eye could tell, if he could be made to speak the truth. He has been doing evil from his birth. However, my work is not to moralise, though not to do so now and then is impossible. Round here at times Dark Eye comes—he has been seen. We do not know what brings him here. He is a marked man. But he has done nothing to bring him into danger since his return to England, till the Oldbury business. But now,

sooner or later, we shall get him again. 'Tis astonishing that they can't keep themselves out of mischief, is it not?"

"I must say," I said, "that I think more of Alice Combe than of jewels and plate. What could he have done with her?"

"He?"

"Yes—Dark Eye."

"Oh, he would not encumber himself with a woman."

"But we really found her neckerchief thrown over the foot-bridge—the foot-bridge in the Old-bury ground. Do you know the place?"

"I never was there. Mr. Oldbury sent up a plan of the ground."

"Indeed."

"But she never went over the foot-bridge."

"She must," I said.

"No, no. Neither she nor the plate. You would not drag an unwilling girl over that bridge without a row, and a struggle. This is the way we read it. Dark Eye and Jackson, who must then have been able to walk, went the short way to get into the turnpike road. Some sort of accomplice must have been near with a conveyance. To that person, about whom we are quite in the dark, the girl and the plate must have been given. The hard rain washed out all wheel tracks—but there must have been wheels. No doubt, Jackson was to go back to Leverton. But when they got to your mother's cottage, as marked in the plan, he must have been unable to move without help. Then Dark Eye got him across the fields, and killed him to save himself—for Jackson would have told everything; and he could not have trusted him—that's how we read it."

"But the neckerchief——" I said.

"Oh, you have all thought a deal too much about that neckerchief; she might have lost it the day before. Take my word for it, she never crossed the bridge."

"Well," I said, "I am going on my own business. But if I learn anything that may possibly do you service, I should like to write—shall I?"

I do not know why I said this. I believe that I had a general feeling that I would lose no means of strengthening my chance of success in the discovery of Alice.

"Do, pray do," he said. "Write to James Knight, here, at the 'Pack Horse.' Good night."

So I went to bed full of thought. I felt sure that Granny had been the one to take both Alice and the stolen goods. The men had got off as they best could, and she had helped them with their spoils. Suddenly a memory came back to me, like a picture.

*(To be continued.)*

IN one of the leading clubs, two prominent members were discussing the peccadilloes of another member. Said one: "That fellow deserves to be expelled. He has broken every rule of the club, save one." "Which rule is that?" asked the other. "That which forbids feeding the servants," was the answer.

## WHAT THE GRAPE PRODUCES

**T**HE variety of beverages is really astonishing that have from time to time been invented by mankind either as a means of allaying thirst or of stimulating the brain.

All over the globe there has been placed some means of satisfying what seems to be a universal necessity, and where one source of a stimulating beverage is denied, another fills its place, which is, doubtless, best suited to the particular climate or to the habits of the people. We turn up our noses at the culinary delicacies of some lands less favoured than our own; are disgusted beyond measure at the taste of the African bushmen, who delight in caterpillars; or that of the Siamese who prefer a curry of ants' eggs to one of chicken or rabbit; but a physiologist will tell you that by these disagreeable dainties life is maintained, and muscular strength kept up equally well as by the to us, more palatable beef or mutton of Europe and a chemist, his disgust once overcome, would probably sit down to either one or other of them with the comforting knowledge that, after all, they contained quite as much carbon and nitrogen as more familiar food.

So is it with the liquors we ferment. The Switzer, who prepares from the bitter gentian a spirit which affords him solace and warmth on his frozen mountain tops; the Mexican, who brews a liquor with an odour resembling that of tainted meat; and the Tartar, whose constant beverage is fermented mare's milk, all do so from the same motive, and in each case the same result is attained as in the preparation of our wines and malt liquors. All artificial beverages may be considered as the results of a feeble attempt to supply the place of that other which, combining in itself all their good qualities, and possessing none of their faults, has ever been esteemed the type of liquid perfection; has ever, from the earliest ages to the present time, been an object diligently laboured for and universally enjoyed—Wine, the unapproachable, inimitable!

The very mention of wine brings visions of sunny hill sides, teeming with golden grapes; of panniered mules, threading along the edge of precipice, and toiling beneath the weight of their luscious burden; of the heaped fruit, ready for the wine-press; of long files of wagons, laden with turgid skins.

You are taken back to the earliest days of Pagan nations, and see poured from the golden vase the libation which preludes the feast. You think of the wines of Chios and Lesbos; of the Surrentine wine, which was the favourite of Caligula; and of the Pucine, to which the empress, Julia Augusta, said she was indebted for length of days. Then of poor Clarence, and his butt of Malmsey, and pondering upon his strange affection, you remember that of the Rhinelander, as evidenced in the familiar expression: "Lend me your walking-stick to support my vine; the vine will support you when the stick cannot; Lend me your umbrella to prop my vine it will in turn shelter you far better than the frail silk." And once in Germany you breathe the

atmosphere redolent of wine : you are in the land of Markobrunner and Johannisberg, the home of Hock and Liebfraumlilch, the country of Gargantuan wine cellars, of the great tun of Heidelberg, of that Bremen cellar, where, for more than two centuries, have reposed five hogshheads of Rhenish, a glass of which is veritable *aurum potabile*; for supposing the wine to have increased in value in the same ratio as would the sum which it originally cost, if put out to compound interest, it would be worth £113,402, and the price of a single bottle would purchase a German principality!

The knowledge and use of wine dates from a very early stage in the history of man, but we are left in ignorance of the precise period. Noah, we are told, planted a vineyard and drank of the wine, and of the intoxicating nature of the beverage we are not left in the slightest doubt. Indeed, in a warm climate the very fact of the juice of grapes being allowed to remain even for a short time would determine its change into wine. The Jewish Rabbins believed that the fruit—

—Whose mortal taste

Brought death into the world, and all our woe,

was no other than the grape, and to this day the natives of the island of Madagascar have a tradition that the four rivers of Paradise flowed in streams of milk, honey, oil, and wine, and that the punishment which entailed on our first parents was in consequence of their having partaken of the last of these.

Many oriental nations preserve some memory of the discovery of this universal beverage, and among the ancient Greeks Bacchus and Noah seem to have been considered as one and the same person.

I know, too, where the Genii bid

The jewell'd cup of their King Jamshid,

sings the Peri, in Moore's "Lalla Rookh." About this monarch the Persians retain a legend, stating that to him is due the introduction of wine into that country. Jemsheed—the story goes—was so very fond of grapes that, desirous of always having them, he had a large quantity stored in a cellar. When he next visited them he found that the grapes had burst, and that the juice had lost its sweetness; and instead of having it thrown away, which would seem to have been the most natural proceeding, he had it carefully stored in jars, and labelled "Poison." Now, one of the ladies of Jemsheed's household, happened to be desirous of putting an end to herself, and taking advantage of the proximity of what she considered a deadly poison, swallowed a considerable draught. Much to her surprise, however, she awoke some hours afterwards without even a headache, mightily refreshed, and not at all in a hurry to attempt suicide again. Many, however, were the visits she paid to the poison jar, and the wine soon becoming exhausted, Jemsheed inquired how it had vanished; and, on being told, lost no time in repeating an experiment which had been productive of such salutary effects. More grapes were gathered, and soon fermented, and the court of Jemsheed resounded with the praises of *Zeher-e-koosh*, or the delightful poison.

Here is the etymology of the word wine: from the Hebrew verb *ine*, to press, come the Greek *oinos*, the Latin *vinum*, the French *vin*, the Spanish *vino*, the Welsh *gwin*, the Irish *fiun*, and the English *wine*.

It will give some idea of the changes and modifications which climate, soil, and cultivation can affect upon the grape to state that no less than two thousand varieties are cultivated in the garden of Luxembourg. This will also help the reader to understand how it is that one fruit can produce wines of such varied flavour, strength, and richness.

Besides the differences in wines, which are the result of variety in the grapes from which they are made, there are other peculiarities due to the method of cultivation pursued. An example of this exists in the case of the wines of the Cape of Good Hope, the peculiar earthy flavour and want of richness of which are the only particulars in which they are inferior to those of Spain and Portugal. The reason of this is obvious; in the first place, the grapes grow very close to the ground, and become covered with particles of earth, and when they are gathered no care is taken to separate the clean from the dirty branches; both, together with unripe and withered fruit, being employed indiscriminately.

The proportion of alcohol in different wines varies quite as much as do their more sensible properties, being on the whole greatest in sherry, which contains a per centage of proof spirit ranging between 30 and 37. In port wine the same, or very nearly the same, alcoholic contents have been estimated; and this also may be said of the wines of Madeira and the Canary Islands—Teneriffe; but in French wines, the highest per centage ever reached is 16 or 18, and the ordinary wines of the country rarely hold anything like this.

We will now proceed to inquire what are the other constituents of wine, which so modify its alcoholic portion as even in some cases to engender a doubt of its identity with the spirit obtained from it by distillation, *i.e.*, brandy.

The first of these is sugar. This substance serves to modify the flavour of wine very much, by masking the taste of the acids which it contains, and frequently, were this sense alone depended upon, giving a false idea of their strength. As a general rule, it may be said that when the quantity of sugar in a wine, which, like port or sherry, usually contains a moderately large quantity of alcohol, is great, the wine is proportionately weak, and *vice versa*. In sherry the largest quantity of sugar found is not greater than 18 grains per ounce, while a wine called Paxearete contains as much as 94 grains. Claret and Burgundy are totally devoid of sweetness, as are also many of the German wines. The quantity of sugar in port wine varies between 16 and 28 grains per ounce, and is about, on an average, the same as that in champagne.

The acids contained in wine which deserve notice are tartaric and acetic, the greater portion of the former being present in the form of cream of tartar.

The substance to which wine owes its astringency or roughness, is *tannic acid*, one of the



constituents of oak bark and nut galls. In the wines of Madeira, Teneriffe, and in most of the Rhine wines, its quantity is so very minute as to be insignificant; but in port and claret it is, on the contrary, large, and this fact is often taken advantage of in cases of medical practice, where an astringent is indicated, is, indeed, the great reason why port wine is prescribed more frequently than any other for invalids. The tannin in wine also serves a very important end as regards their preservation, for it unites with other substances liable to decomposition, and prevents them from exerting any injurious effect.

Wine owes its peculiar odour and taste to the presence of small quantities of volatile matter, which are held in solution in the alcohol. The principal of these is *acetic ether*, which seems to be generated from the alcohol during the fermentation. The experiments of Liebig and Pelouse have shown that from more than one thousand gallons of wine scarcely a pound of ether can be obtained, and from this fact it may be gathered that in its pure state the ether must be extremely powerful.

The wine used in England is the produce of the vineyards of Spain, Portugal, France, Germany, and Madeira. The Canary Islands also furnish excellent wine, and of late years that of Southern Africa has come more into use than formerly. Taking them in this order those of Spain first demand attention.

Spain is, in very truth, a country of wine; it contains no less than seven thousand vineyards, and the juice of its grapes flows from more than fourteen thousand wine presses.

The variety which chiefly finds its way to England is that near Xeres—pronounced Cheres—a town not far from Seville. The difference in the quality of Xeres wine, known more familiarly as sherry, are partly natural, and partly artificial. Among the former of these the most important is the fact that two gatherings of grapes are made; one early, when the fruit is not quite ripe, and the other when it has attained to maturity. Now, as only ripe grapes yield the best wine, that of the earliest vintage is very inferior, and is much mixed with that of a better quality. Among the matter may be classed the mixing of different vintages, and the adulteration with boiled wine and brandy, both of which are practised in order to meet the demand for strong, full-bodied wines, in the English market. A Spaniard would reject wine which we esteem as perfection in this country, holding that sweet wines are only fit to be used as liqueurs. Among the most famous wines of Xeres is the Amontillado, or Montillado, which is not the production of any particular vineyard, but is stated to be purely accidental; a sort of wine phenomenon. It is pale in colour, almost devoid of sweetness, and has a full, rich, nutty flavour, which is much prized in this country for imparting these qualities to wines in which they are deficient. Thus we learn that no wine is perhaps less natural than sherry, which is notoriously a mixture of the products of many vintages, and is, moreover, "improved" to suit the tastes of various drinkers.

Sherry is one of the wines which was formerly called "sack." What the etymology of this word

is is very uncertain, some authorities contend that it owes its origin to a town in Morocco called Xequé; others that it is from *sec*—dry, a view which seems to gain some strength from the fact that lime was sometimes added, with the object doubtless, of increasing its pungency. On the other hand it may be advanced that so far from sack being necessarily a dry wine, a variety which was very sweet, Malmsey also received this appellation.

Portugal gives us only one wine of any importance. This is that of Oporto, or, as we call it, port. The importations of this wine form more than three-fourths of the total quantity of red wine consumed in England. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, five hundred pipes of this wine were a superabundant annual supply, while in 1876, no less than twenty-four thousand pipes were shipped to this country; a curious example of the mutability of the tastes and habits of a nation.

It has been often said, "that there is more port wine drunk in England than ever comes into the country," a statement not without some foundation, for its deep colour and predominating flavour serve to mask sophistications which cannot so readily be practised upon the more delicate white wines. Even in Portugal itself it is not excepted. The Wine Company of Oporto, some years since, in the endeavour to carry on an honest trade, had all the elderberry bushes exterminated, as the juice of this fruit was largely used to communicate adventitious colour. Even now the juice of a species of *phytolacca*—an adulteration even worse than that by elderberries—is employed.

Port wine, like sherry, receives additions of brandy. This is carried even to a greater extent than with the wines of Spain; it is, in fact, invariably practised, no wine ever escaping with less than five per cent. of the spirit; while some of a poorer class, said technically to be "sick," are dosed in much greater proportion.

In pleasing contrast to the brandied heavy wines of Spain and Portugal come those of France, which are for the most part genuine and unadulterated. Indeed the extreme delicacy of flavour and bouquet, upon which most of the reputation of French wines is founded, would be totally injured by even a very small admixture of distilled spirit.

Burgundy, which is one of the most famous, owes the favour in which it is held to the patronage of the dukes of that name, who were known as "*Princes des bons vins*."

The provinces of Languedoc, Roussillon, and Provence produce excellent wines, some varieties of which, being sweet and strong, are profitably distilled, or serve to mix with those of a poorer quality. Besides these, the wines of Gascony and Guienne are in much esteem, those with which we are most familiar being the produce of the vineyards of Lafitte, Graves, Sauterne, Barsac, Chateau Margaux, Haut Brion, and a few others less notable. The wine which we know in England by the generic name of claret, is a mixture of wines of uncertain names, united in such proportion as to produce a beverage which is known by experience to please.

Champagne, which has not inaptly been said to

the same relation to wine proper as con-  
 does to more solid food, is produced,  
 in the department of the Marne, and from  
 that it requires a mode of preparation  
 to itself, a brief sketch of its manufacture  
 not be unacceptable to the reader.

As soon as the juice of the grapes (from which  
 skins are rigorously excluded) is expressed, it  
 is put into casks which are kept perfectly full,  
 so that the air should tinge the wine yellow, and allow  
 it to ferment. In the first month of the following  
 year, the newly-made wine is drawn off the lees  
 and clarified by means of isinglass, a process  
 which it is sometimes necessary to repeat several  
 times. In May it is bottled, and at this time,  
 about three per cent. of a syrup, made with the  
 purest sugar, is added. If the champagne  
 intended to be pink, the syrup is made with red  
 wine. The bottles being secured by wiring down  
 the corks, they are placed in a horizontal position,  
 and thus remain until September. All this time  
 slow fermentation is going on; alcohol is being  
 formed, and carbonic acid being dissolved in the  
 wine. The latter exerts such considerable pres-  
 sure upon the fragile glass, that the bursting of  
 the bottles is rather a regular occurrence than an  
 accident; sometimes amounting to as much as  
 fifteen per cent. It is this loss, and the great  
 care and dexterity required in the succeeding pro-  
 cess, that accounts for the high price of genuine  
 champagne.

In September, then, the bottles are placed in  
 an upright position, with their necks downwards,  
 so that the deposit which has been formed in them  
 during their fermentation may fall towards the  
 bottom. The wire fastening is now removed, and,  
 by a series of rapid evolutions, only to be acquired  
 by extended practice, the cork is withdrawn, the  
 neck tilted out, the cork again returned to its  
 place, and the bottle again placed neck down-  
 wards. This jugglery has to be repeated until no  
 more deposit is formed, and the wine remains  
 clear and brilliant.

Chemically speaking, the characteristics of  
 German wines are acidity, and small alcoholic  
 contents.

The island of Madeira, which boasts the best  
 sugar and wheat, and the most salubrious climate  
 in the world, produces also excellent wines. Be-  
 sides a *Finta*, or red wine, which does not ap-  
 pear to be exported, there are wines made from  
 the Malmsey and Sercial grapes, that from the  
 former being sweet, and the latter a "dry" wine.  
 The wine, however, which is known in England  
 as Madeira, is made from all the grapes of the  
 island indiscriminately, with the exception of the  
 just-mentioned varieties. As in its pure state it  
 will not bear the sea-voyage, it is brandied before  
 shipment, or sometimes the brandy is added when  
 it arrives in England. In the latter case it is distin-  
 guished in the trade as "London Particular."  
 When strengthened by the addition of spirit,  
 Madeira, however, vastly improves by transmission  
 to a warm climate, and when so treated, is in much  
 demand. "I have had," writes Mulder in his  
 "Chemistry of Wines," "Madeira which had  
 been seven times (in cask) to the East Indies and  
 back, and truly such nectar was unknown to the  
 gods of the ancients."

Madeira is from its stimulating properties much  
 prescribed by physicians for debilitated patients,  
 in cases where its slight acidity is not objection-  
 able.

Statistics are always rather dry reading, and  
 while we do not think that our readers would care  
 for any lengthened details of wine imports and  
 consumption, we cannot conclude without some  
 reference to these particulars. When we go back  
 and look up the private accounts of some of the  
 royal and noble households of England, we find  
 evidences of the extent to which the drinking of  
 wine was carried, which are scarcely credible  
 when viewed in the light of our modern notions of  
 temperance and moderation.

At the enthronement of the Archbishop of  
 York, in the sixth year of Edward IV., one  
 hundred tuns of wine were drunk. His predeces-  
 sor is said to have used eighty tuns of claret  
 yearly in his house; and the consumption of wine  
 in the establishment of the Earl of Shrewsbury  
 exceeded two tuns in the month. In the Earl of  
 Northumberland's household, however, which  
 was regulated with the utmost economy, the yearly  
 allowance of wine did not exceed forty-two hogs-  
 heads.

Such, in its origin, in its chemical history, and  
 in some of its varied phases, is wine. Some of us,  
 to whose lot falls not to partake of it with our daily  
 bread, should not lament; in this respect its  
 want is well supplied, and it serves with us a no  
 less useful end. To enliven the feast, to cheer  
 in despondency, to strengthen in sickness, is its  
 mission; let us, therefore, prize it for its excel-  
 lence, and drink it with thankfulness.

D.

### S. COLUMBKILLE'S LAMENT.

ALAS! my heart is saddened and my soul is dark  
 to-day,  
 For I'm bade by holy Molaise sail from Erin far  
 away;  
 From the land where I have laboured—from the  
 Island of the Blest  
 To seek a bitter exile c'er the billowy ocean's  
 breast.

Ah! sea, thy heaving waters and thy coldly beat-  
 ing foam  
 Throb less wildly than my heart at the thought of  
 leaving home,  
 From its glens and shades and valleys, and its  
 swiftly flowing rills,  
 And the spots whence I looked seawards from the  
 purple Antrim hills.

A sad farewell I bid thee, ere I seek another  
 land,  
 For I may never look again on thy sea-beaten  
 strand;  
 E'en the homewards flying sea-gull on thy verdant  
 hills may rest,  
 But ne'er again I'll look upon thee—Island of the  
 Blest.

MARY E. FELL.

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINBECK.

### CHAPTER VIII.

**T**HE priest was far too much occupied by his thoughts about the sufferers among the savages, to observe what alarm his unexpected request for his name had awakened in the bushranger. He thought for a moment, then he asked:

"How much ready money would you require for this business, my good Henry Simon? I could command a small sum at once, and the rest presently. It would be made easier if you could gain over some influential man among the Mohawks, and through him could obtain that the poor captives should be more mercifully treated."

"Well, for a beginning, the offer—I reckon according to our money—well, it might, I reckon, be two hundred guilders. That would not liberate them, but with it we might begin operations."

"But would not the Mohawks come to Three Rivers for the ransom, or rather, for the arms and goods which they require?"

"No, father; they would never do that; they mistrust the French too much."

"But would they not come to some place on the S. Lawrence where we might meet the sachems?"

"That is very doubtful, father. They often go to Renselaerswyk, for they are upon good terms with the Hollanders. On the S. Lawrence they would fear an ambush. The delivering up of the captives would best take place at Renselaerswyk."

"This must be considered, my good friend; but how can I send you any intelligence?"

"There is the difficulty, father. You cannot send a messenger to me, for he would hardly find me in the Mohawk country, but I shall be here again soon. I will come willingly, father. Oh! if I could only soften the sufferings of these unfortunate people! You cannot imagine what they have to endure."

"When do you think you will return?"

"As soon as possible, father. The poor sufferers have now been languishing in captivity for a month. I will come back as soon as you have come to a decision."

"Wait till to-morrow, good Henry; by that time I may have the money required. Take what we can now offer you. God will reward your good deed. Wait a little while and I will have a room prepared for you."

"Thank you, father. I am as tired as a dog and shall hardly be able to use my legs before to-morrow; but I must be away at break of day."

"Meanwhile, I will try to find the money. I will see you again at noon. Now I will go and provide for your comfort as far as I can."

When the rector had left the room, the bushranger rubbed his hands, well pleased.

"I have never got any money so easily as this two hundred guilders," he muttered; "and the Mynheers will have to contribute their share. I shall make my eight hundred guilders out of it,

and the old Jesuit will still be burned. Then shall have nothing to do but to join the English in Virginia, or to take up with the Mohawks, and become a chief. I have always had that object in view. The bald-pate and his two young assistants and Ahatsistari know very well that they cannot much longer remain alive. When the three are out of the way I am safe, and can lie to the Frenchmen and the Dutch in turn. But till tomorrow I have to play the pious. It is odious enough, but it will not last long. Ha, ha, Red-hand among the Jesuits! If Eagle and Spotted-Snake only saw it! And if the Mynheers got scent of it! But that is not likely."

A slight noise interrupted his soliloquy; he sat down and looked vacantly at a crucifix. A lay brother appeared, who desired the miserable man to follow him to the part of the building where a sleeping place was prepared for him. There he could deposit his knapsack, and then take some refreshment before he slept.

The guest did not require to be invited twice, for he was both tired and hungry, but he found no refreshing rest. The peace of the house was not his. His conscience troubled him, slightly, it is true, but without ceasing, and he turned again and again upon his bed as if he had been lying upon hot coals. He longed earnestly for the time for his departure, and would not have remained a moment longer in that quiet house had it not been absolutely necessary, and as soon as he had got possession of the money he would leave the cloister, turn his back upon the settlement and seek the forest, where the sight of the monastic habit would no longer remind him of his shameful acts.

"If I am not off as soon as possible, these Jesuits will make me a Catholic again, and this is not my intention," he muttered, when the rector sent for him at noon. And this was no empty speech; the wild fellow while here began to feel and to fear the influence of the religious life.

When he left the cell of the Jesuit an hour later his eyes brightened. He met the good father's remark that he required a longer rest by pointing out the dangerous situation of the captives, who required help as speedily as possible; and then there was no end to the praises of his Christian heroism, and the wily bushranger left the missionary station at Three Rivers amid the blessings of its inmates.

He went along the right bank of the S. Lawrence towards the woods, carrying a round sum of money in his leathern girdle which he had procured for the aid of the captives, and a considerable sum would be ready for him at Three Rivers in some weeks. His journey to the French settlement had indeed answered!

On the following day the rector of the convent at Three Rivers sent a detailed account of what had happened to his Provincial in France, and also to the Jesuits in Quebec, with an entreaty that they would do all they could to induce the government to take steps for the release of their dear brethren. But this pressing request had no effect till a letter from Governor Kieft was received, and even then the gentlemen at Quebec did nothing more than to write to Paris, with an account of what had occurred, and to thank the Dutch colonial government at New Amsterdam

for their communication, and assure them that they would take prompt and energetic measures.

The terrible news which had been brought to the Hurons by an escaped Mohawk, excited the greatest commotion. Ahatsistari, Annaotaha, Onanhoraton, and others who had gone to Quebec with them, reckoned among the most distinguished of their people, and their treacherous capture influenced the revengeful spirit of the Hurons. F. Jacques was equally beloved and respected by his red children, and his loss was most painfully felt at Lake Nipissing. The missionaries there considered him and his companions as already dead, and prayed daily for their souls. The Huron chiefs would at once have prepared for battle, and attacked the Mohawks in their own territory, but the priests of the mission could not agree to this, for they knew that a war with the Mohawks would bring the other four nations of the Iroquois alliance into the field against their old enemies, and against this coalition the Hurons had no power to contend, unless they could depend with certainty upon powerful support from the French which was very doubtful. Add to this that the Huguenots had the upper-hand in the settlements on the S. Lawrence, and did what mischief they could to the Catholics. This was the state of things, and F. Lallement, the superior of the mission in the Huron country, endeavoured, by all the means in his power, to assuage the wrath of the savage-breathing Indians. But he did not entirely succeed; the defeat must be revenged, and the lost honour must be won back in a war of compensation.

"The Atigneuangot gladly do what the black-robe tells them," replied the chiefs to the representations of the missionary; "but the black-robe is no warrior, and, therefore, he cannot say what the Atigneuangot should do or not do when Red Wolf takes up the tomahawk. The black-robe can pray to the Great Spirit that He will help his red brothers to destroy the fierce Wolf. The tomahawk no longer remains buried in the villages of the Atigneuangot, and the quivers of the warriors are filled with arrows; they must go on the war-path." It was decided to strike a heavy blow; but some time must first pass, as the different tribes lived at some distance from each other.

We must now returned to the Mohawks, who were loading their captives from village to village to the great increase of their sufferings. They passed the first night of their journey in a bark boat at Candagaro, their bonds fastened down with pegs; and they rose from the cold ground to endure fresh torture the next day. Here they remained for three days, and then went on to a another village called Teonantogen, the largest and most populous place in the Mohawk territory. Captive white men had never been seen here, and the missionary and the two Oblates in the triumphal procession of the conquerers caused the greatest surprise and no less joy.

At Teonantogen they met another band who had just returned from a warlike excursion; they brought four captive Hurons with them, two of whom F. Jacques at once baptized. These new arrivals had much to suffer from the savages as they were still strong and unwounded.

Towards evening they began again to punish the three white men, and commanded them to sing as was customary. Then they began to intone the 90th Psalm and the triumphant song of unshaken trust in God, sounded loud in honour of the Most High. The savages listened with surprise, though they understood not a word, and when the singers were silent they signified their approval, for no captive had ever sung his death-song—and such the Mohawks believed this song to be—with more energy and courage than these men.

The next process was to bind the missionary to a stake without suffering his feet to touch the ground, and, therefore, necessarily so tight that the cords sank into his flesh, and as he was convinced that his executioner was about to give him to the flames, he begged him—and that was the first request he ever made for himself—that he would unbind him or slacken the cords.

A scornful laugh was the only reply. The weight of the whole person rested upon the arms, and the pain became more and more intolerable. He prayed fervently for strength and courage, and commended his soul to God. Then a young Seneca Indian, who had arrived at Teonantogen by chance, passed through the circle of barbarians who surrounded the stake, drew his knife and cut the ropes across, and let the liberated man, who was unable to stand, down to the ground. Then he returned, as silently as he had come, to the crowd of spectators, who only gave expression to the bold deed by a half-aloud "Aah!"

On the following morning they were taken back to Candagaro, where the Mohawks of Gandawaga, who were not aware of the sentence, had called an assembly of chiefs and sachems to deliberate upon the further fate of the captives.

They had not concealed from the Frenchmen that they would most likely be burned as a sacrifice to their god, Airestoi; but the intelligence caused no alarm, for after the torture they had already undergone, death by fire seemed only a welcome release.

The council was long, and the decision at last arrived at, was that the Frenchmen were to be suffered to live, and that of the Hurons who were taken with them, only three would be sacrificed, namely, Eustachius Ahatsistari, Paul Onanhoraton and Stephen Annaotaha.

It was a fearful sentence, and willingly would the missionary have given his own life for these truest and bravest of Huron Christians. But he knew his words would be vain, and was silent.

Annaotaha, who had gained a much dreaded name in his wars with the Iroquois, was the first to suffer. He was bound to a stake, as the missionary had been the evening before, and, after some torturing, was burned, the other captives being placed near him to look on. He suffered long, and then his soul fled to its eternal home to receive the reward of his endurance.

After this a chief from Teonantogen signified to Ahatsistari, the principal of the Huron captives, that he and his braves were to be brought back to the village. Onanhoraton was given up to the inhabitants of a village called Ossernenon, which lay between Gandawaga and Renselaerswyk. The two brave men could only take leave of their friends by signs. Ahatsistari pointed to

heaven, and gave the missionary so joyful a look that he forgot his prudence, and cried out with enthusiasm :

"Yes, my faithful Eustachius, you are both on the path that leads to the heavenly Paradise. Go in God's name."

Some rough treatment on the part of the squaws silenced the missionary, and these bravest of brave men followed their executioners to the distant village. There they were subjected to fearful tortures, and then killed one with the tomahawk, the other beheaded. Both died as heroes; not a complaint, not a groan escaped them. Ahatsistari prayed for his murderers, who returned for it scorn and ridicule.

The Frenchmen and Hurons, who had been sentenced to slavery, remained till evening at Candagaro, and were then separated for ever. William Couture was consigned to a Mohawk family at Teonantogen. F. Jaques and Renè Goupil had to follow their masters to Gandawaga. The few remaining Hurons fell to the warriors who had taken them prisoners as their servants. The separation was heart-rending.

And now the miseries of the march to the home of their masters were to be endured, but after that the slaves were allowed a time of rest that their wounds might be healed, and that they might become strong enough to work; for the braves amongst all Indian people consider field and household work a disgrace. They make war and follow the chase; they repair their weapons and make new ones; but whatever else has to be done must be done by the women and slaves. These cultivate the maize, keep the wigwam in order, bring home wild animals which have been killed, dress their skins and make cloaks and mocassins of them, provide fire-wood, and always have their hands full.

The missionary and Renè were not at first placed as members of any family; but till then they were considered common property, and had no protection against ill-treatment. William Couture, on the contrary, became a member of a family in Teonantogen, and was thus safe. Goupil's eyes had suffered greatly, and the father feared that his faithful Renè would become blind; but Renè, who had studied medicine, felt sure that rest and improved health would restore them. And he was right; his wounds, too, and those of the priest, were healed in the course of a few weeks. As long as their wounds remained unhealed no work was required of them; they were free to wander about the village, and to accompany the lads to the river when they went to fish. They had plenty of leisure to inspect the place and to acquire a little knowledge of the manner of life of the Mohawks, and of this opportunity they took every advantage.

Like all Mohawk villages, Gandawaga formed a long quadrangle, intersected by several irregular streets. In an open place in the middle stood the council-hut only distinguished from the other wigwams by its greater size. The village was protected by palisades and a ditch about a foot deep, and had entrances at the east and the west.

The huts were made of bark and logs with a

vaulted roof with a square opening which served for the escape of the smoke, and in rough weather was covered with hides. These dwellings differed in length according to the number of the inhabitants, and were about ten feet high inside. On the side next the street was an opening about five feet high, and hung with a worked curtain of bass; but the door was often a low entrance at the back, which was also closed by a mat, and served as a window. The floor was the bare earth with here and there mats and skins. Each hut consisted of one room in which, however, the greatest order prevailed. The low sleeping places were about a knee's height against the wall, wooden benches covered with dry grass leaves and skins, and also served as seats. These sleeping places were, according to old custom, only made use of by one and the same person, and even the master of the house never occupied the sleeping place of another member of the family. His sleeping place was behind, and over it hung his weapons, his hunting apparatus, and his war ornaments. Alongside of this slept the squaw and the children and the slaves or adopted captives. If the Indian had a guest, he was either taken to another house, or a particular couch was prepared for him under the same roof. The fire and cooking place was in the middle of the hut on the bare ground. It was the same in every hut whether that of an ordinary warrior or of a great chief.

A carefully kept street led to the council hut, near to which lived the peace-chief—the sagamore—and the warrior chiefs. The latter had supreme authority in the field, and in the council they took the first place by the council fire after the sagamore and the wisest and most experienced men who had been selected from the counsellors; but in private matters, and in things which concerned the tribe and the nation, the warrior chief was subject to the sagamore, and must abide by his decision. In the council which had been held each warrior of full age had given advice, though not a decided opinion, as to the sentence of the captives. All remaining questions were to be decided by the sagamore of the place.

Besides the sachems and chiefs who, by their deeds, had attained a certain rank, and wore one or more eagles' feathers in their ornamented scalp locks, there were the Makon-men, (those generally called by the whites medicine men, conjurors, astrologers—a kind of priest) distinguished by other signs. The makon men had great influence, and were much thought of as long as the superstitious people could be deceived by them. But if their prognostications did not come true, if their patient died, or if their conjurations failed, they often found it hard to exculpate themselves, and must bear the whole blame; and if once they fell into discredit with the people they were almost looked upon as enemies by them.

This study of the life of the people, and the heathenish cultus of the Mohawks, was of the highest interest to the missionary; already he began to suppose that it might be his vocation to preach the Cross to these savages.

During this time of rest things were going on which exercised the greatest influence upon the future fate of our sufferers. The band of

Mohawks which Eagle's troop met upon Lake Champlain, consisting of two hundred men, had been seen by the reconnoitring party which was from time to time sent out from the French settlement, and had also met with a French detachment whose commandant knew that the confluence of the Richelieu or Soré River must be protected by a fort. Complications, which it is difficult to follow, ensued as to keeping open the navigation of the rivers, but the upshot of the whole is that the provident officer sent an Indian messenger with a detailed account to Quebec, who in a short time reached in his bark canoe the place of his destination. The Governor-General, the Chevalier de Montmigny, read the report with the greatest attention, and acted upon the information of his officer. He at once had a brigantine fitted out with the necessary tools for entrenchments; ammunition, provisions, tents, and other necessities for an encampment, that he might himself sail to the spot, to examine the ground, and to have the building of the fort begun under his inspection. This plan was kept a great secret, for it was at this time that the first petition of the fathers at Three Rivers, which had pressed earnestly for the security of their union with the mission to the Hurons, had been decidedly refused. The Colonial Government would show no favour to the Catholics, and still less would they grant any of the requests till they had received clear instructions from the mother country; but yet they could not entirely lose sight of their own advantages which would have gained in a high degree by this security to the passage of the St. Lawrence.

When the brigantine arrived at the confluence of the Richelieu, the corps stationed there had already entrenched itself, for its spies had given notice of the approach of the Mohawks. The guns which had been brought by the Governor-General were at once landed and planted behind a hastily erected breastwork, but the vessel, armed with a cannon, drew back, and anchored in the middle of the stream, from which it could command the bank, and support the troops in case of attack.

These measures of precaution were not an hour too early, for, in the twilight of the next morning, the savages were down upon them, unsuspecting of the guns of the white men. But the outposts were upon their guard; an officer named du Rocher was aware of them in time, gave orders to fire, and then threw himself and his people into the entrenched camp, whose possessors, alarmed by the firing, prepared a hot reception for the yelling Red-skins, and quickly drove them back. The thunder of the guns, the whistling of the heavy bullets, and the sharp clatter of the smaller arms made a powerful impression on the Mohawks, and when, on a second attempt, they reached the spot between the brigantine and the camp, they had to sustain a terrible cross fire, and sought safety in rapid flight, leaving their dead and severely wounded behind them, a thing which the Indians never do except under the greatest necessity.

The French proceeded with the erection of Fort Richelieu, which afterwards became a place of importance.

(To be continued.)

## THE TEMPLE CHURCH.



IN this age of centenaries, as Catholics we cannot pass over, without some remembrances of the good old Catholic times in England, the seventh hundredth anniversary of the Temple Church. The occasion was suitably commemorated by the powers that be, by a choral service and a recital by Dr. Hopkins on the famous historic organ. The occurrence possesses a peculiar interest, for there are few buildings that can point to such a history as this famous Gothic Round Church which, perhaps, attracts more genuine interest among the multitude of sight-seers and country cousins than any other of the "lions" of London. In its position and associations the edifice is unique, although there are three other round churches in the kingdom which are associated with the Knights Templars, and date back to as early, if not an earlier, period. S. Sepulchre's at Cambridge, S. Sepulchre's at Northampton, and the church at Little Malmshead, in Essex, are all perfect examples of this class of edifice; and these are probably survivors of many others built before the pointed arch wholly superseded the semicircular. Although the time of the erection of the Temple Church is in dispute, that the 10th of February, 1185, was the date of its consecration is placed beyond dispute by an inscription over the little door next to the cloisters, which was broken up by workmen about 1695. It was in Latin, but in old Saxon capitals, engraved within a half circle, and ran: "On the 10th of Februry, in the year of the Incarnation of Our Lord, 1185, this Church was consecrated in honour of the Blessed Mary by the Lord Heraclius, by the grace of God Patriarch of the Church of the Resurrection, who to those yearly visiting it hath indulged sixty days of penance enjoined them." Its erection could not have been very long prior to this event, for we know that the Knights Templars first established themselves in England in the Old Temple, which occupied the site of the present Southampton-buildings, and it was certainly not long before 1185 that they moved into the convent, built on a site extending from the White Friars westward to Essex House without Temple Bar. This was called the New Temple, to distinguish it from their original residence. Very clear evidence of the antiquity of the structure was found at the time of the restoration, when at the east end of the circular church broad and substantial foundations of rubble were discovered. These still remain beneath the present pavement. It was conjectured from the want of correspondence between these and the chancel that they indicate the existence of an earlier one. Foundations were, moreover, at the same time traced for a distance of fifty feet eastward of the chancel arch, a fact which is of singular interest, since it points to the possibility that a building still more ancient than the Round Church once stood here. But of this nothing is known.

The early history of the Temple Church forms a part of that of the remarkable "Order of Knights Templars," or, as they styled themselves, the



"Order of the Poor Fellow Soldiers of Jesus Christ and of the Temple of Solomon." This, together with that of the rival Order of Knights Hospitallers, who had established themselves at the Priory of Clerkenwell, is too well known to need recapitulation. It may, however, be mentioned that Heraclius, who had come over to England to solicit Henry II. to undertake a new Crusade, about the same time consecrated the Church of the Hospitallers. It was at Clerkenwell, too, that the Parliament met to consider the proposals of the patriarch. The refusal of Henry II. to leave his kingdom, and his consequent denunciation by Heraclius, is one of the most familiar episodes in English history. But the date of his visit is chiefly memorable as marking an epoch in the establishment of these famous Orders in this country. Besides their church, with its circular sweeping colonnade and tessellated pavement, noble Gothic arches, fine lancet windows, and groined ceiling, the Templars had built residences for the Master, Knights, chaplains and serving brethren. They had a Refectory and a Chapter House, and gardens on the banks of the river. And here they lived in accordance with the quaint rules drawn up for their guidance by S. Bernard, the first Abbot of Clairvaux. These, it will be remembered, enjoined most severe and constant devotion and austerity. The Brethren dined together in the Refectory, while two in general lived together, the better to secure the observance of the regulations. There were rules against scurrility and jests, and after any foolish saying the Lord's Prayer was to be repeated. The Knights were required to wear white, and esquires black garments, and neither were allowed to make any display, or to accept gifts, or join in any sports without the leave of the Master. and although there might be married Brothers, they were under certain disabilities, and Templars were warned to shun "feminine kisses, whether from widow, virgin, mother, sister, aunt or any other woman." But we cannot follow here the history of the Order and their achievements. They are written in the chronicle of the Crusades. Their connection with the Temple Church is, however, very forcibly preserved in the tombs which so greatly excite the curiosity of visitors, and about which so little is known.

The mail-clad effigies on the pavement in the Circular Church are not those of Knights Templars, but of "Associates of the Temple," who were only partially admitted to the privileges of the Order. Among the images of armed knights in the Round Walk, one represents Geoffrey de Magnaville, who was created Earl of Essex in 1148.\* He fought against King Stephen, sacked

\* Mr. W. Winters, of Waltham Abbey, writing to a contemporary, presumes this person to be Geoffrey de Mandeville as known to most historians, and who, in the turbulent days of Stephen, not only plundered Cambridge and Ramsey Abbey, but from a most deadly feud against William de Albani, Earl of Arundel, headed a body of Flemish auxiliaries and set fire to the town and monastery of Waltham Holy Cross.

The outlawed baron and the Flemings pulled the "sancta crucis" from its place above the high altar which was supposed to spread its protection over the town and its inhabitants, and threw it upon the floor; and it was handed down as a tradition of the place, that immediately afterwards Geoffrey de Mandeville received his death wound at the siege of Burwell, and that

Cambridge, and plundered Ramsey Abbey; and it is recorded, in explanation of his interment but upon what authority it is not stated, that the Templars, not daring to bury him, soldere him up in lead, and hung the body in the orchard until it was absolved, when they buried it. But most of the effigies, whether straight or cross-legged, are anonymous. A lid of a sarcophagus which is to be seen between two figures on the north-east of the "Round," is believed to be that of a Master of the Templars, since the head of the cross which embellishes it is decorated with a lion's head, and the foot rests on the head of a lamb, and these are the joint emblems of the Order. William Marshall, the Protector of England during the minority of King Henry III. is identified in a figure remarkable for handsome features and chain mail. An effigy of one who was a Crusader with Richard Cœur de Lion, and afterwards a viceregent of the kingdom, who was equally famous as a warrior and a statesman, who urged King John to sign Magna Charta, and defeated the French on land and sea, and whose Shakespeare has immortalised as the intercede for Prince Arthur, does not call for comment. Then among the conjectural identifications are William, Earl of Pembroke, and his sons William and Gilbert, also Earls of Pembroke, and Robert Earl de Ros, a praying effigy, who was clearly not a Templar, since he has no beard, and wears flowing hair, contrary to the rules of the Order. The church abounds with stone coffins, some of which were unearthed during its restoration, and reinterred. Among other notables known to have been buried there was William Plantagenet, fifth son of Henry III. That king, and his Queen Eleanor, both chose this as their place of sepulture; but if so, their wishes were not carried out. Coming down to later times, there are monuments innumerable, many of which have been treated with scanty ceremony. Very interesting, too, are the stained windows, many of which are very ancient. But we have said enough to show some of the association of the edifice which to Catholics must be highly interesting.

Some confusion has resulted from a record made by Matthew Paris, a contemporary chronicler, to the effect that the church was again consecrated in 1240; but it is now generally believed that this must refer to the consecration of the square of the chancel part of the church. We have already pointed out that this is probably the successor of a much earlier structure. From an architectural point of view the church is of singular value, affording examples of semi-circular intersecting and pointed arches, which were undoubtedly all constructed at one time. The hazardous experiment of placing such a weight of roof and vault upon pillars so slender has been abundantly justified by the fact that it has stood for seven hundred years. None of the pillars, it is true, are quite straight, so that they have to some extent yielded to the load imposed upon them, while prior to the

the Flemish plunderers were thrown into a state of mental confusion in the Abbey Church, and, consequently, taken prisoner by the men of Waltham, who, however, were prevented by the canons from administering to them any serious bodily harm. They were, however, severely flogged according to monastic discipline.

restoration of 1845 the exterior walls were inclined many inches outwards; but this is not to be wondered at. When the plaster was removed from the pillars they were found to be of Purbeck marble, and originally polished; but this had long since worn off, the marble having become corroded for nearly an inch in depth. These pillars were varnished at the restoration, when the whole building was renovated, and, as far as possible, restored to its original. The "harmonic battle" of the Temple organs is too well known to need more than mention here. It is within common knowledge that the instrument dates from the time of Charles II., and that Judge Jefferies of infamous memory, save as a musician, decided in favour of Father Smith, and against Renatus Hæmic. Both competitors were, moreover, "but just not ruined." But Father Smith's reputation was established, and he afterwards built the organs for S. Paul's and Durham Cathedrals. Neither of them, however, can compare in tone with that of the Temple Church.

## A REQUEST FOR SHAMROCKS.

**E**AR Michael, soon will be the day,  
Of all days in the year  
By every Irish heart that's true  
Revered and held most dear:

The festival of him who made  
Your land what it has been,  
Now, and ever will—the land  
Most Catholic e'er seen.

Upon that day—I need not say—  
You need not to be told;  
We see the Shamrock worn by all  
Your people, young and old:  
No matter whether rich or poor  
Their owners chance to be,  
On Irish coats, in Irish hats,  
The Shamrock do we see.

The Soggarth wears the little plant;  
The soldier on his breast  
Has pinned it; and, see yonder girl,  
With it her hair has dress'd:  
There's no mistake in it, e'en here,  
From Ireland far away,  
Your people always let us know  
When 'tis Saint Patrick's day.

Last year, dear Michael, me you sent  
Of shamrocks green galore;  
And thankful was I for your gift,  
But now I want still more;  
For many of your country-men  
About here now have none,  
So send some o'er the sea to them,  
As in the days now gone.

Send "lashins" of them, and you'll be  
The hero of the day,  
With all your people here: bout  
To whom I give a spray:  
M thinks I hear them say: "God bless  
The darling boy at home,  
That thinks of his poor countryman  
Downed far from it to ram."

J. WILSON

## A HEAVEN-TAUGHT ARTIST.

### CHAPTER II.

**A**T the appointed hour on the following morning, Achtermann entered the director's study and found there Professor Reitschil. Turning to him, Ranch observed in an excited manner: "Look here! this man is sent to us as a pupil. How sadly behindhand they must be out there in Westphalia, that even the president should venture to send us a man who has had no instruction, as if we could make an artist of him. I will send him to a wood carver that he may learn enough to deserve our help."

Reitschil took William's part and said:

"If any one can carve such things as he has sent us without any instruction, he must have great genius and can perhaps spring over difficulties."

"The man is too old and too stiff," continued the director, "for anything to be made of him. I am afraid he will be unsuccessful, and having entered upon a high career will never attain his object."

"Let us try him," persisted Reitschil. "Who knows but that he may be able to do something?"

Ranch shook his head incredulously.

"We can but see what he can do, but you will soon agree with me. Schadow can try him."

Schadow asked William what master he had had, and in what academy he had studied.

William only answered as he shook his head:

"I do not know."

As much surprised as before, Ranch stared at Schadow and breaking into a loud laugh, cried out:

"Have you courage for it, my man? The best thing you can do is to return home as quickly as possible, without thinking more of treading the paths of art."

A deep blush of shame suffused William's face. He felt crushed by the icy words of the man to whose benevolent care he had been consigned. But the Westphalian nature is a stubborn one, and when hardly tried, unites with its humility a firm trust in God.

Schadow perhaps read in the dark blue eyes of the honest Westphalian his firm faith in his own calling, and with a kind smile, he sent him to Professor Wickmann to learn drawing and modelling.

Among the young pupils Achtermann felt like an owl among small birds. They called him Goliath and played all kinds of tricks with the inexperienced peasant. He could do little in modelling, for his hands were so hardened by the plough, that when he thought he had passed his fingers lightly over the clay he had pressed it flat. He was in despair till the good thought occurred to him to let the clay or gypsum become hard, then he worked with hammer and chisel and all went right.

While Achtermann was learning the first elements of art, his benefactor, the old President of Vincke, came to Berlin, having secured to him the sum of a hundred and fifty dollars a year, for

his support, for two years, from the funds of the town. His native town would not be behindhand, and secured him the same sum. The president was able, through the interest which he possessed, to obtain for his protégé, the inestimable privilege of working in the studios of the celebrated statuary, Ranch and Irick. Added to this his countryman, Counsellor Schincedding himself instructed the young man in the elementary processes. With the most assiduous application he soon learned to read and write. But although he had passed half the night in studying, sketching, and modelling, by the light of a dull oil lamp, he never failed to hasten to the church of S. Hedwiga, about half an hour's distance in order to renew his energy by assisting at the Holy Sacrifice. "With God's blessing everything can be done." He often repeated these words, and they seemed to avail him.

The men who are called by divine Providence to high positions must be formed in the school of suffering and trial. Achtermann was to be no exception to this rule. An influential person once placed before him the thought that if he would renounce his "superstition" and his Catholicity and acknowledge the "true Gospel," he might, by this step, secure for himself a brilliant future. William replied with a calm decision that he would rather give up his dearest aspirations and again return to serve as a farm-servant than renounce his father's faith and his baptismal vows, and so be false to his inward convictions.

For this open acknowledgement of his faith Achtermann had many bitter pills to swallow, and much that was disagreeable to suffer. This made no difference; he continued his studies with increasing diligence. At the end of the first six months the industrious young artist completed a work which gained him great honour. It was the figure of an angel carved in wood, for which the church at Reinickdurf gave him one hundred dollars.

The two years during which he was to receive his stipend passed quickly away. A further grant was not to be thought of. Also the Academy now withdrew the permission formerly granted to him of attending the lectures. The whole of his money was consumed by his rent and daily support, and his landlord now warned him that if he did not pay all he owed within three days his table would no longer be supplied. Hunger pressed him, but he could not appease it. He carefully searched his pockets, and, to his great joy, found a few pence. With this treasure he bought a loaf which he divided into portions that it might last as long as possible, and drank a draught of cold water. But this small supply was soon exhausted, and there seemed no prospect of any improvement in his painful situation. Who in the whole town troubled himself about the starving man in his attic up there? And even if a pitying heart has beaten, who knew of the needs of the poor artist?

The third day had broken since William had last tasted food. Severe headache seemed to obscure his brain. He was returning from the church, in which he had been entreating the help of the Almighty Father of men in his great necessity. Calmness and resignation had returned

to his heart but he could not quite master his nens. He looked down from the window of the little room upon the wide sea of houses in splendid capital where so many wealthy people revel in luxury and forget the bitter sufferings of the deep misery pervading the huts and hovels near to them. He thought of his father's hard and of the quiet time of his youth when he laboured in the farmer's fields, or worked in his father's shop.

"Ah, if my dear father knew," he said to himself, "what bitter want his William suffers, would not keep the money which I left with him, he would share his last crumb of bread with me. But he shall not know and will never suspect. Shall I apply to my old comrades of the guild which I belonged in Münster? They offered me a present of money when I carved a Crucifix for them, but, of course, I refused to accept it. I have no image was a small thank-offering for the benediction which I received as a member of the brotherhood. No, my colleagues shall never know how much I am in the shoe pinches. Is there, then, no one in this wide world who can help me?"

At this moment, a chaffinch perched upon the roof of the house, and began to sing and seemed to say:

Child, child do not be sad any longer;  
Are not the gifts of the bounteous Creator all thine?

"Yes, yes, dear little bird; you are innocent and trustful, and you had been taught by your Creator, and He every day supplies you with your food. Of all His creatures can the Almighty be forgotten only me? I, too, praise Him as much as my small power permits. I have dedicated my life and my strength to Him. Dare I despair? No, oh, my God! Thou canst be true to me. Behold my distress. Thou knowest that I have not spent a single penny without necessity. What am I to do? I have nothing left but the Crucifix which I have just finished, and would sell it for any trifle. But in this town, where few people believe in Christ, who will pay me for it. How can I proceed? Oh, heavenly Father, advise and help Thy perishing child!"

He leaned his burning head upon his hand but was presently aroused from his reveries by the sound of voices in the passage leading to his room.

"The door is in the corner to the left," said a voice, which William recognized as that of his landlord.

"This is really a Jacob's ladder," said another voice. "I am thankful that I have not to ascend such a breakneck staircase every day."

William opened the door of his room to save the stranger from stumbling in the dark. A servant in livery bowed to him, and requested that he would enter the carriage which was waiting for him, as his master, Count von Schleppenback, wished to speak to him on business of importance.

William followed him at once.

The count, a considerable landed proprietor, and a good landlord, gave Achtermann a cordial welcome, and proposed to him to make a plough which should gain the prize from those at present in use. Under the eyes and hands of the former farm-servant, who must have long experience as

to the cultivation of the fields he would be sure of the first prize in the approaching agricultural exhibition.

The artist looked upon the count's invitation to his table as a real message from heaven. A large company was assembled. William partook plentifully of the welcome refreshment. In his simplicity, he devoured a dish of plovers' eggs, which was intended for the whole company, and made other mistakes, which drew the eyes of the company upon him, so that they could hardly contain their laughter.

"Do you not feel oppressed from eating so many eggs?" asked one of the company.

"Not in the least!" was the astonished reply.

"My Westphalian interior has some resemblance to that of the ostrich; besides which, I have been fasting for three days."

"How?" they all cried out with one voice. "You have been fasting for three days? What do you mean?"

William related in a few simple words his former experience, and his present position. No eye remained dry. He concluded with a joyful smile:

"I know that there is a God above, Who does not forget His faithful servants. He has repaid me for my involuntary fast by a royal meal, and for this I return hearty thanks to the good God, and to you, sir."

The fate of the young Westphalian artist excited the sympathy of the distinguished circle, and he had many invitations to dinner for the following day, after which he might, perhaps, find as much difficulty as before in providing for his support.

In consequence of his services in the improvement of agriculture, by means of his plough which gained the prize, Achtermann was received as a member of the Trades Institute, with a pension of three hundred dollars for one year. The fortunate man made the utmost use of this favour, and sent a bishop's chair to the cathedral at Münster, which attracted the observation of the king and Prince Charles.

The year during which he was to remain a member of the Trades Institute was drawing to a close, and Achtermann remained without hope of anything further, but he went on working patiently and trusting to the divine help, which had so often come to his rescue. His favourite proverb was "The hand to the work, the heart to God." And so the early morning and the late evening always found him at work. He was striving to attain the highest place in religious art. As an acknowledgement of the improvement he had been the means of procuring in learning, the minister von Schnekmann gave him a reward of two hundred dollars. No pen can describe his joy; he was silent with emotion, but a tear of thankfulness glittered in his upraised eye. He had once more learned from his own experience that God never forsakes his faithful servants.

With renewed courage and confirmed faith in future support from above, he now hired a room in a small house, which he made into a studio, and in this he continued his busy work. As he had hitherto only employed himself in wood carving, he now ventured to try his hand upon stone.

"'You must do something great,'" was my father's command. "Now, young man, you must obey him." Thus did he often speak to himself: "The most noble and beautiful ideas float before my imagination; I will try and embody them in wood and stone. My guardian angel will guide and strengthen my hands."

Achtermann had completed a life sized Crucifix in sandstone. It was placed in the entrance of the Catholic church at Berlin, and attracted general attention. The Duke of Arenberg purchased it for three hundred dollars.

Achtermann's fame now spread through the capital, and then from the Parisian provinces to the other countries of Europe. Friends of art such as Schadow, the Principal of the Academy, Prince Radowsky and others, surprised at his genius, often visited his studio, and gave him honourable commissions. Professor von Bethmann-Holberg gave him orders for a marble Crucifix. Happy as William Achtermann now was, he always acknowledged in all this success the finger of divine Providence.

He had for a long time had a secret longing to visit Italy the seat of art, and now the fulfilment of this desire seemed to dawn upon him. In August, 1838, he journeyed to the South, to the land where art and science fostered by religion from the earliest Christian times, call into existence those creations of inspired souls which enchant and elevate those who gaze upon them.

Spring, with its green and its wealth of flowers, shone upon the plains of Italy. William Achtermann had completed the Crucifix ordered by Bethmann-Holberg, in Carrara marble, and now, nothing standing in the way of his journey to the country for which he longed, he hastened to Rome, the old standing place of art and learning. In the month of June he beheld the seven-hilled city, and entered it as he had once done the city of Berlin, a stranger with very limited means.

As he wished to set to work without any delay, an old priest from Namur lent him, at different times, the sum of 1500 francs without interest, and he soon completed another marble Crucifix similar to the former one, and for this the Roman Prince Aldobrandini gave him about £200. His next works were a S. George, a Christ carrying the Cross, and a *Pietà*.

The last was completed, and he heartily wished it might find a purchaser, for in spite of his frugality and his secluded life, he still suffered from a grievous want of money. The cost of the material, its transport, the tediousness of the work of a sculptor, lodgings and food in a foreign and much frequented city, required a well filled purse. And then he supported his old father, and helped all who applied to him.

(To be continued.)

KNOWLEDGE is power in the same sense that wood is fuel. There is no more power in knowledge than there is in the stones or stars, unless there be a spirit and life in the knowledge which gives it its energy. In proportion as men have this spiritual power do they become strong in the world.

## DINNERS AND DINERS.



WHICH is best? A good appetite and a bad dinner; or a bad appetite and a good dinner?

Don't answer without thinking. There are good sauces besides hunger. A bad dinner is not only unpleasant, but unwholesome. Fancy, great, appetites and bad dinners universal! Australian natives can, I have heard, eat eight or ten pounds of strong kangaroo at one go. There is certainly much to be said in favour of less hunger and better food; there must be a medium in the matter. For my own part I shamelessly confess that I believe that the palate is the truest regulator of our diet. What we like best agrees with us best—in *moderation*—there is the rub! Dainty dishes are sometimes abused, because they tempt us too much. Their daintiness is not their defect. The same bulk of nasty food would disagree with us much more than the same bulk of nice food. Some people, indeed, profess that they don't care what they eat. Do they mean it? Would they munch with uniform indifference a pineapple or a carrot? I think not. Indeed when put to the proof, it would often be found they mean that they don't care for what *other people* esteem delicacies, having themselves a particular appetite and enjoyment in, tasting some vulgar dish—such as tripe and onions or sheep's head. In fact, their boast often ends in establishing the coarseness of their own tastes. Man has been defined (by Sidney Smith or Lord Beaconsfield or—somebody) as a cooking animal. Delicate eating accompanies other refinements. But how far is cookery the measure of a nation's worth? I must leave my readers to pursue these deep and solemn thoughts, noticing myself one apparent good result from dainty and expensive food. Every fruit and vegetable sold at a large price is the reward of skilful market gardening. If no one really cared for very early peas or—what not? few would be grown. Horticulture, as a science, would want its strongest support. Think how much stimulus is given to gardening as well as to cookery by an elaborate and expensive meal. A dinner at so many guineas a head represents genuine talent and work in several professions—though, unfortunately, it may imply some sensuality in the guests—thus, in forming a fair judgment on the matter, we must consider those who produce as well as those who consume.

Critics in eating have remarked, disparagingly, on the sameness of English dinners, as compared, for instance, with French. Their strictures, however, apply only to the feeding of certain classes. Beyond the stereotyped conventional "dinner" the soups, fish, flesh, fowl, etc., there is, perhaps, a greater variety of meals consumed under that title in England than in France. There the poor man's meal is made to resemble the rich man's in some degree by a change if not a variety of dishes, say by a little meagre soup. They are also relieved through the accompanying "wine." There is a common ideal to them both.

Here in England, if, instead of examinations in physical geography and the elements of Euclid

at the Board Schools, there were examined (say) boiling potatoes or making paste, it would be a step in the right direction. I would the girls bring up their exercises in clean bowls. The children should be allowed of cooking means as they have at home, and "higher grades" there might be prizes for dings, cheap though not nasty. Books on cooking are almost useless, cheap though they are, without some practical knowledge of the art, as the juiciest description of a dinner is of no use away on those unnatural people who don't know what they eat!

But I must say no more, or our excellent readers will feel bound to draw the line somewhere. I may draw it (a very thick and black line) over this paper. Perhaps I have also been a little too bold to write on a subject on which I am not a more or less competent critic. I am, I trust, a courteous reader, in conclusion, may I suggest that you sit down to a dinner without an appetite, and may you never hunger without being able to dine.

THE VIRTUE OF RAIN-WATER. — We have the following from "Notes and Queries": "A belief that rain-water, caught on Holy Thursday and put into a bottle and corked, will keep good for any length of time is not confined to Surrey, but is also prevalent in parts of Worcestershire—e.g., in the parish of Martley and Hindlip, especially among old women. The daughter of one of our servants was troubled with sore eyes while she was living at Harrow, some years ago, but the application of some rain-water, which had been caught on Holy Thursday and carefully preserved in a bottle by an old friend in Birmingham, the sore eyes were cured. The water was quite fresh and as clear as crystal although many years had elapsed since it was first caught."

## NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

THE Editor desires to call the attention of Contributors to the following rules regarding MSS. :—

1. Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each contribution must bear on the first page the contributor's name and address, and the conditions on which it is forwarded.
3. In no case can the Editor undertake the task of passing an opinion upon the merits or defects of poems or stories submitted to him; nor can he specify the reasons which may influence him in rejecting any contribution.
4. As MSS. are sent voluntarily, the Editor will not hold himself responsible for their safe return; but when an addressed wrapper accompanies the contribution, care will be taken to have such contribution duly posted in the event of its rejection.
5. When a stamped, addressed wrapper is not sent, the MSS. will remain for six months at the office, where they will be obtainable upon application, either personally or by letter enclosing addressed wrapper. Beyond six months no application can be entertained.



# "IT SAVED MY LIFE"

"For the Fever had obtained a strong hold on me. In a few days I was quite well."—*Extract from letter of C. Fitzgibbon, formerly Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian in Albania, referring to*

**LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE**  
WHICH IS EFFERVESCENT AND TASTELESS, FORMING A MOST INVIGORATING, VITALISING, AND REFRESHING DRAUGHT.

*Drs. PROUT, MORGAN, TURLEY, GIBBON, SPARKS, DOWSING, STEPHENSON, CARR JACKSON, and many other Medical Gentlemen, have given unqualified testimony to the importance of the discovery and the immense value of*

## THIS GREAT REMEDY



as possessing elements most essential for the restoration and maintenance of Health, with perfect Body and Mind.

It gives instant relief in HEADACHE, SEA or BILIOUS SICKNESS, CONSTIPATION, GASTRITIS, LASSITUDE, HEARTBURN, and FEVERISH COLDS; prevents and quickly cures the worst form of TYPHUS, SCARLET, and other FEVERS, SMALLPOX, MEASLES, and ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN COMPLAINTS, and various other altered conditions of the blood. It is the cure for CHOLERA.

**CAUTION!**—Beware of Spurious Salines and Effervescing Salts containing the same elements put forward by unprincipled persons as the same or better than the original.

**PYRETIC SALINE** is warranted not to contain Magnesia or any substance likely to produce gastric or calcareous formations.

In Patent Glass-Stoppered Bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 21s. each.

### LAMPLOUGH'S CONCENTRATED LIME JUICE SYRUP

A perfect **Luxury**. Taken effervescing with Pyretic Saline a most agreeable Summer Drink.  
*Sold by all Chemists in Patent Glass-stoppered Bottles at 2s. and 4s. 6d. each.*

**H. LAMPLOUGH, 113, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON, E.C.**

## PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS

TO MR. PAGE D. WOODCOCK, LINCOLN.

SIR,—I have found your Pills an excellent preparation for the Constipation and Flatulence common in both sexes. They possess great advantages over other Pills. Their uniformity in strength, smallness of the dose, and the certainty of their action, commend them to those who require a tonic and aperient. They relieve Wind in the Stomach, exert a special influence on the Liver, and also the peristalsis of the Bowels, resulting from Chronic Indigestion and lack of Assimilation. The more my confidence in their varied applicability extends, the more their beneficial effects appear, and many households have found them a great friend in your preparation for the promotion of a healthy digestion. Their favourable action is what could be wished for.

I am, faithfully yours,

Manchester, June 13th 1877.

THOS. FOSTER KER, Surgeon.

Of all Medicine Vendors at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.

## Hop Bitters

Are **THE PUREST, CHEAPEST, & BEST BITTERS EVER MADE**

They are compounded from HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, PODOPHYLLIN, DANDELION, the oldest, best, and most valuable medicine in the world. Contains the most potent and most curative properties of all other Bitters, being the greatest **BLOOD PURIFIER** and **LIVER REGULATOR**, and Life and Health Restoring agent on earth.

### No Disease or Ill Health

Can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.  
**TRY HOP BITTERS TO-DAY.**

May be had of all Chemists throughout the World.





**A DELICIOUS MEDICINE.**

May be eaten like a sweetmeat. Renowned for their efficacy in Constipation, Bile, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Hemorrhoids, Flatulency, and all ailments of the Stomach. Eagerly taken by children and the delicate. Highly recommended by the Faculty.

Of all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 22s. per box; or post free of the Consignees, 61, Mansell St., London, E.C.

“**THE LOUIS VELVETEEN**”

**GENOA FACE, FAST WOVEN FILL.**

Every Yard of the Genuine bears the Name “Louis,” and the Wear of EVERY YARD GUARANTEED.

**Patterns Post Free.**

**THOS. WALLIS & CO., HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.**

**LARGEST WORKS**  
IN **LONDON**  
FOR DYEING AND CLEANING IN EVERY BRANCH.

**DAINTREE AND CO.,** 365, SOUTHWARK PARK ROAD.  
20, THORNTON STREET, S.E.; 98, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.;  
44, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.

**JOSEPH KIRKMAN & SON,**  
INVENTORS AND PATENTEES OF THE  
**New Over-Strung Steel-Framed Pianos,**  
3 & 9, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

MANUFACTORY: **Bradmore Works, Hammersmith.**



**Cuticura**

A  
POSITIVE CURE  
for every form of  
**SKIN AND BLOOD  
DISEASE**  
FROM  
PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

**ECZEMA**, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure. This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure ECZEMA, TETTER, RINGWORM, PSORIASIS, LICHEN, PRURITUS, SCALD HEAD, DANDRUFF, and every species of Itching, Scaly, and Pimply Humors of

the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best Physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold by all Chemists, or post free of **FRANCIS NEWBURY & SONS, 1, KING EDWARD STREET, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.** Price: CUTICURA, 2s. 3d.; RESOLVENT, 4s. 6d.; SOAP, 1s. 1½d.

Prepared by the **POTIER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A.**

Write P. Newbery & Sons for “How to Cure Skin Diseases.”

Digitized by Google



DIVINE SCIENCE

HUMAN SCIENCE



# THE LAMP.

*Established Half a Century.*

## CONTENTS:

PAGE	PAGE
NORA LISMORE'S IDYL (Iliad).....145, 164, 177, 193	A HEAVEN-TAUGHT ARTIST.....158
A SUMPTUOUS CHAPLAIN.....148	A SHRINE OF ANCIENT CHRISTIAN ART.....164, 180
COSTUMES OF THE ANCIENT IRISH.....149	ROWING UP THE NILE.....170
THE MARTINS OF LEVER- TON.....157, 167, 183, 206	EVE'S TOMB.....171
MATERNAL AFFECTION.....153	THE IRISH SURGEON AND THE IRON DUKE.....175
NEEDING.....154	INFLUENCE OF THE WEATHER UPON THE MENTAL FACULTIES.....187
SHORTNESS OF LIFE.....154	THE PEDLAR'S SONG.....189
A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTIVE AMONG THE MOHAWKS 154, 173, 189, 199.	NOTABLE CATS.....194
EDUCATION OF WOMEN.....164	A GERMAN VILLAGE.....197
	APRIL.....208

### OFFICES:

LONDON,—25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, E.C.

DUBLIN,—SMITH & SON, MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.  
M. H. GILL & SON, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE  
STREET.

LIVERPOOL,—SMITH & SON, CASTLE STREET.

MANCHESTER,—J. HEYWOOD, DEANSGATE.  
SMITH & SON, 1, NEW BROWN STREET.



HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1884, HIGHEST AWARD, TWO GOLD MEDALS.

# BRADFORD'S "VOWEL" WASHING MACHINES



BRADFORD'S HAND LAUNDRY.

Have for many years proved their superiority over all others made.  
Price from £2 15s. See Catalogue. Special Discount for Cash.  
**Laundry Machinery. Dairy Machinery.**  
**DOMESTIC MACHINERY.**

**HORTICULTURAL MACHINERY** of every description.  
*Plans and Estimates of Hand or Steam Power Laundries free application. Illustrated Catalogue free by post.*

**THOS. BRADFORD & CO., LAUNDRY ENGINEERS**  
140, 141, 142, 143, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON,  
And at MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL.

## OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA (ESTABLISHED SIXTY YEARS.)



**THE BEST and ONLY CERTAIN REMEDY** ever discovered for promoting, strengthening, beautifying, or restoring the HAIR, WHISKERS, or MOUSTACHES, and preventing them turning grey.

Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s.

**C. & A. OLDRIDGE,**  
22, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON  
AND ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS.

For children it is invaluable, as it forms a basis of a magnificent head of hair, prevents baldness in mature age, and obviates the use of dyes and poisonous restoratives.

## Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S



ONLY GENUINE.

ORIGINAL AND

## CHLORODYNE

IS THE  
GREAT SPECIFIC  
FOR CHOLERA,

**COUGHS,  
COLDS,  
ASTHMA,  
BRONCHITIS.**

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—Dr. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED a REMEDY to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE INVENTOR, and, as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by Analysis (organic substances defying elimination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne must be false.

This Caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—Vice Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See *The Times*, July 13th, 1864.

**DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY.**  
GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, London, REPORT that it ACTS as a CHARM, one dose generally sufficient. Dr. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states: "a DOSE COMPLETELY CURED ME of DIARRHŒA." From SYMES & Co., Pharmaceutical Chemists, Simla, Jan. 5, 1880.

To J. T. DAVENPORT, London.  
DEAR SIR,—We congratulate you upon the widespread reputation this justly esteemed medicine has earned for itself all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported, and we shall be glad to bear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and, judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances ad infinitum of the extraordinary efficacy of DR. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE in Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, the Vomiting of Pregnancy, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhœa, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power.

We have never used any other form of medicine than Collis Browne's, from firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty owe to the profession and the public. We are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescribe and patient alike. We are, Sir, faithfully yours, SYMES & Co., Members of the Pharm. Society, Great Britain, His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** is the TRUE PALLIATIVE in NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** is a liquid medicine which assuages PAIN of EVERY KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and INVIGORATES the nervous system when exhausted.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** rapidly cures all attacks of EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC, FALPITATION, HYSTERIA.

**IMPORTANT CAUTION.**—The IMMENSE SALE of this REMEDY has given rise to many UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS. Be careful to show Trade Mark. Of all Chemists. 1s. 1/6, 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

SOLE MANUFACTURER,  
J. T. DAVENPORT, 11, Great Russell Street, W.C.





ON THE DECK OF THE "BENIN."

## Hora Lismore's Ideal.

BY ALICE HORLOR,

*Author of "Saved by a Woman's Love," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER I.

It is the morning after the ball. I write it in large letters, for is not the County Ball the one event of the year in our sleepy little town?

Drere! verily the place is well named, no more appropriate cognomen could well be found—it is so ultra respectable, so exceedingly genteel—with all its inhabitants so fettered by the chains of etiquette that they scarcely dare an original remark because of what everybody else may think.

But, last night, we had our annual festivity, where those who were young had for a few hours their fill of enjoyment, and those who were old looked on at the flitting of light feet, while their thoughts flew back to that bygone time when they danced with the best. After the unwonted gaiety in which I had also been figuring, this day seems to be duller than ever. Stifling a yawn, I look across at my companions. Aunt Jane is virtuously intent on some useful needlework; my dearest friend, Nora Lismore, is lazily turning over the pages of a novel. I gaze admiringly at her oval face, so purely fair, at her bright hair twisted like a crown at the top of her head, where it contrasts favourably with the crimson covered chair, at the clear blue of her eyes, shadowed by sweeping lashes—one moment shining like stars of heaven, the next soft and pathetically sweet. To only the children of Erin belong such orbs as these, and Nora has Irish blood in her veins.

In an idly dreaming way, I begin to speculate on what manner of man will win that beautiful girl. I break the silence:

"Nora," I say, "how do you like Alan's friend?"

"Mr. Conyers? Oh, very well," she returns, indifferently; "he is much like other men."

"Well, he evidently admired you very much."

"Did he?"

Her careless answer vexes me. I say hastily:

"After all, though you do not care about the fact, it is rather a feather in your cap, as people say, to have attracted such a man. There was not one in the room to be compared with him."

"No! Why? He is not handsome,"

"I do not say he is; but his face is so brave and strong, with such a sweet smile. And he is thoroughly in earnest in everything he undertakes, nothing of that 'used up' air with Gerald Conyers."

"Helen!" ejaculates my aunt from her corner, "do not talk slang, it is so unladylike."

"Everybody uses slang now-a-days, aunt," is my retort.

"I can quite grant his earnestness," laughs Nora, "I am sure in the last gallop I had with him, he danced at such a rate that I was nearly out of breath."

"Well, that was better than one languid young man whom I overheard to say that, 'really, ah, the heat was overpowering, almost too much for civilized human beings to move in at all.'"

Nora laughs again.

"But, then, you know he was æsthetic. As to Mr. Conyers, he did not strike me as being very different to my other partners."

"Did he pay you a single compliment?" I enquire.

"Not one," with surprise; "I never noticed that until now. He never even alluded to my 'starry eyes' or 'golden tresses.'"

In her own circle, Nora suffers the usual penalty of an acknowledged beauty by having these hackneyed phrases dinned into her ears.

"I was sure of it, before I asked you," I cry, triumphantly; "he is not a man to mouth fine speeches."

"But does the absence of compliments denote

admiration?" she questions, a little smile lurking at the corner of her lips.

"Yes; for though he said nothing, his eye followed you intently all the evening; silent admiration expresses more than all the outspoken flatteries under the sun."

"Perhaps it matters very little. There, Helen, don't be vexed, the man may be a wonder, but—"

"He is not John Halifax," I cry.

She laughs merrily.

"Well, you are right. When I find any man like that character, I will believe there is one worth loving in the world."

"But you would not like John Halifax a bit in real life; after all, nice as he seems in a book, it would be dreadfully fatiguing to live with such a perfect character."

"Oh!" exclaims Nora.

"I am aware that that is talking treason to your eyes; but with John Halifax for a lover, you would feel as though perpetually kept on tip-toe. Confess that your hero was a little priggish with his extra goodness."

"Shocking!" says my aunt. "Wherever you learnt such words, Helen, I cannot imagine, and when my dear brother paid so dearly for your education."

"Well, auntie," I cry, laughingly, "one of the accomplishments taught at Minerva House was slang. I proved an apt pupil."

This remark sends Aunt Jane out of the room in a fit of virtuous indignation.

Nora laughs at her exit. When the door is safely closed behind her:

"How you do tease her, Nell," she says.

"Poor Aunt Jane!" I ejaculate. "Well, I suppose I do, but she is aggravating with her exceedingly proper ideas."

Aunt Jane has lived with us ever since my mother's death, which happened in my childhood. I think she has done her best for my father and his orphan children, but sometimes her rigid ideas on the proper behaviour of young girls grow so extreme that my volatile nature frets against the curb she fain would maintain. She is a tall, erect woman, with an inflexible back, which never descends to the weakness of stooping. One strong attachment she has had through life—it is to her "dear brother" (as she always terms him), my father is the embodiment of perfection in her eyes. He is an excellent man, but I suppose, like others, has his foibles.

My father is the only doctor in Drere, and has always desired my brother Alan to succeed him in this; but the lad found no interest in medical studies—a life on the waves being his ambition. After a year's struggle, our father yielded his consent, and Alan went to sea.

He is just returned from a voyage to Africa, in the ship "Benin." Gerald Conyers is first mate of the same vessel. He has shown great kindness to Alan on board, and, in gratitude, has been invited by my father to pay us a visit at Drere. His arrival came when Nora was also there, and it was not long before her beauty won the impressionable sailor's heart. I see this, and am very sorry for him, as I fear he will but meet the fate which other admirers of hers have done before him.

Nora, when at school with me, had read and been enchanted with Miss Muloch's novel—"John Halifax." She had fallen in love with the hero, and declared she would never marry unless she could meet with as perfect a character.

The resolution remains, and no one has reached the required standard of excellence, nor is it likely that Gerald will attain to it.

## CHAPTER II.

A WEEK later and we are quite alone, for all our visitors have departed. Mr. Conyers and Alan to join their ship, Nora to her home in Clifton.

I am feeling very dull, when joy! there comes a letter from Mrs. Lismore, inviting me to pay them a visit, so that I may see a little more of Alan before the "Benin" sails.

My face lights up with rapture, for life in Drere is a dull affair for a young girl, and any escape from its monotony is a welcome release. But I glance hesitatingly at papa, wondering how he will take it. At last I summon courage to pass him the letter, waiting with what patience I may, as he discusses the subject with Aunt Jane, for her spinster fingers will poke into all household pies. She gravely shakes her head, and opines that "home is the best place for young girls," at which I chafe inwardly. But the question is decided at last; I am to go, yes, in spite of all my aunt's objections, my imploring eyes moved the paternal heart and gain the day.

I wonder if a lighter step than mine ever entered the train, which whirls me onward from sleepy old Drere.

It seems to me that the sun never shone so brightly as it does this morning as I watch it falling on rocky cutting or turf-covered banks. I laugh to see the calves kick up their heels wildly in the air, and leap madly away as the train glides past them with a rush. So many times a day they behold what must be to them a diabolical invention thunder by, yet never become accustomed to the noise.

Onward, we go onward, past quiet pools overshadowed by trees, and hedges with May-blossom, until Temple Mead Station looms in view. Then a drive through the hum and dust of Bristol streets, which soon give place to the purer air of Clifton, and I am set down at the door of the Lismores' villa which faces the Down.

Mrs. Lismore is a widow. She has a good income, and lives in style. Nora is an only child, and her mother's idol, but she is not spoilt. Though not unconscious of her great beauty, she wears it as God's gift, without a shade of vanity, just as a bird bears its rich plumage, or a flower its bright petals.

A happy week is flown—a week in which much pleasure has fallen to my share, for I have been often out with Nora; while Alan has made us several visits, for he has always a standing invitation from Mrs. Lismore.

As he sails to-morrow for Africa, he comes up to-night to bid me good-bye. With him comes also Mr. Conyers. It is a special request of Alan's that I will not think of seeing him off in the morning, as (to use his own expressive words)

I should be sure to "*pipe my eye*," and "*make a fellow follow suit*." I agree to his desire, and this is to our final farewell.

It is a beautiful evening, so Mr. Conyers proposes a walk to the Lea Wall.

Nora and I agree; presently she and Gerald set out, followed by Harry and me.

I, designedly, when we reach the Down, let that couple get far in advance. It is his last night in Bristol; he shall have a fair chance, at least, to speak his love.

I hear afterwards that Gerald was not slow to take that opportunity. No sooner had they passed out of our hearing than he went straight to the point in this fashion:

"I am going away to-morrow on a long voyage. Miss Lismore, will you give me a little hope to cheer me on the way?"

Nora tried to avoid the coming proposal. She replied:

"I trust the voyage will be a prosperous one, followed by a safe return."

The sailor looked down upon her face with an ardent gaze.

"Nora, you cannot turn my words aside. I must speak. Only a few weeks have I known you, but my whole heart is yours. Can you love me!"

She was silent, knowing the pain her reply would give.

"I see," he said, his lips trembling, "you cannot care for me?"

"No. Oh, Mr. Conyers, that word must sound to you so cold, so hard, but it is the truth."

"And you do well in saying it," he answered.

"By not misleading me with false encouragement, you are like the true-hearted, sincere girl I deemed you to be. Yet, Nora—though you may think me bold in saying this—in spite of your refusal, I do not relinquish the hope of winning you in the end. *I shall try again*."

"It would be useless," murmured Nora.

His soft hazel eyes turned tenderly upon her, as he said:

"Darling—don't start, Nora—it is the one name I always call you in my heart, and I say it in all reverence. I never loved a woman before I met you. I never shall love another now; so for the realization of my one hope in life, I will bide my time."

"But is it wise to thus live within a dream?" she asked.

"Nora, I was never very wise; but I love you, and so you alone can occupy my thoughts. I know upon how slight a chance of success I stake my hopes, for you do not love me, and I leave you here to be wooed by others. Many miles of sea will divide us. Your beauty will surely bring you many suitors, and during my enforced absence, some more fortunate fellow may win the prize I covet—well. I risk all that. When I return to England I shall ask you again for an answer."

She heard the quiver in his voice.

Impulsively stretching out her hand, she said:

"Ah! do not grieve over me and this rejection. You will find a nicer girl soon who will give you love for love."

"I shall not seek her," came his firm reply. "Only death can destroy your image within my heart. Whether valued or not, that heart is yours



—faithfully yours until the end. . . . Now, dear, farewell. I will take you back to the others, for I am off."

I guess what has happened, when Gerald and Nora rejoin us. Sympathetically, I look up into the strong, brave face, which is trying so hard to hide its pain.

He says a few grave words to us—a quick hand-clasp—"Good-bye," and the sailor's tall figure passes from our sight.

"Shall we ever see him again?" I question, musingly, and Nora, to my utter surprise, bursts into a violent flood of tears, saying no word, good, bad, or indifferent, till we reach home, when she flies up to her room, to come down no more that night.

### CHAPTER III.

TIME passes on. My delightful visit comes to an end, and I return to the dull routine of life in Drere. Nora's letters come at intervals. Gradually, I perceive that Gerald Conyer's name is often within them. She is beginning now to understand the noble character of her lover. Charitable deeds, unostentatiously performed, wondrous acts of unselfishness in his past life, come to her knowledge. She tells me of these, gleaned from the lips of poor people whom his generosity has relieved, and I feel that at last her heart is impressed. Is he after all to be the hero of her own life? the hero who will displace from his pedestal, the ideal of her girlish dreams?

Mrs. Lismore and Nora are gone on a visit to a married cousin of theirs, when the news comes to us that the "Benin" is on her way home.

Aunt Jane and myself go in a few weeks to Bristol, in order to meet Alan. It is on a fine, bright morning that the "warner," as he is called, comes to tell us that the expected ship is in Kingroad. So, with beating hearts, we go down to Cumberland Basin at the next tide time. The vessel comes in sight. We watch it gliding up the river; hope and fear struggling within our breasts until we can distinguish the loved form which we seek. For, from that burning land of Africa, where fever ever lies in wait to seize upon a victim, no news can reach a sailor's friends from the time the ship sets sail until it comes into port; therefore, though with glad hearts we go forth, still lurks within them the dread possibility that the one we hope to welcome, may even then be buried beneath the cold, relentless sea, and never be given to our loving arms till death reunites us. But, thank God, after a short time of anxiety, I see Alan, and know that he is restored to us once more.

It is not long before I am pacing the deck on the arm of my darling brother; unconscious of all about us we are busily happy in exchanging notes of all that has happened since he left us. However pleasurable this may be to us, others must be remembered, for poor Aunt Jane is on the pier, and has been straining her eyes in the endeavour to distinguish her nephew among the passengers and sailors on board.

Gerald Conyers, is, of course, on board, looking more sunburnt, but brave and kindly-faced as ever. "Out of the full heart, the mouth speaketh," so Gerald's tongue at once asks for Nora.

"If she is well? and in Bristol?"

"No," I reply; "at Exmouth."

"At Exmouth? that is my home," he quickly rejoins. "I am going there next week."

"Are you indeed!" I ejaculate, mentally, "then there is not much doubt upon what errand you go. Oh, brave young wooer!"

And I fall to wondering how Nora will receive him. Then there is the usual bustle consequent on the arrival of an African ship. Poor Jack, who earns his wages so hardly at sea, coming on shore, spends them in the most lavish and reckless fashion, and as I watch him departing in that cab, with those specimens of womankind who seem to think that abundance of finery can make up for deficiency of morals, I sigh to think how quickly, like snow before the sun, will vanish those hardly earned shillings from that foolish, warm-hearted, prodigal tar.

I turn to Gerald and say:

"You are the mate, cannot you rescue that poor fellow from the hands of those horrid women?"

Gerald smiles at my simplicity.

"He is under no control but his own on shore, and good advice would be thrown away upon him, for he would not listen to me. The man is an excellent sailor, but on land is simply a victim to be fleeced. Not a shilling of his wages but will find its way into those harpies' fingers."

"What a great pity it is!"

"Ah, truly so; but Jack must gang his ain gait."

(To be continued.)

A SUMPTUOUS CHAPEL.—There is in Lisbon an institution known as the Misericordia, whose object is to alleviate all kinds of distress. One peculiar duty which the directors undertake is the care of criminals. From the time that the death penalty is decreed the criminal is allowed three days to prepare for death. During this time he is in charge of the Misericordia. When the hour comes he is clothed by the brothers in white, a cord is put round his neck and a crucifix in his hand, and accompanied by a priest on either side, he proceeds to the place of execution. Connected with this establishment is the Church of S. Roch, which contains probably the most sumptuous chapel in Christendom. The story goes that Don John V., struck with its bareness and the fact of its dedication to the saint of his name, resolved to make it a marvel of splendour. It was erected in Rome regardless of cost, and, when completed, put up in S. Peter's where the Pope first officiated on its altar. It was then shipped in pieces to Lisbon. The wall on the outside of the principal arch is coral, the arch of alabaster. The pavement is rich mosaic, inlaid with porphyry. The altar steps are of porphyry and bronze, the rails of verd antique. There are eight columns of lapis lazuli, their bases being alabaster studded with amethysts, their capitals bronze. The altar is of lapis lazuli, jasper, and amethysts. The lamps are of exquisitely wrought silver. The chapel is further enriched by entablatures of high art in silver, and magnificent pictures. Napoleon contemplated the removal of the whole to France but before it could be arranged his star waned.

## COSTUMES OF THE ANCIENT IRISH.

**B**EGINNING with the accounts which are contemporaneous with the Norman invasion, we find that the Irish people were different in their manner of dress from any other nation in Europe. The Romans had left much of their mode of costume mingled with the manner of dress adopted by every other nation; but in Ireland the Romans had never exercised any influence, as, never having conquered it, or attempted even to do so. Geraldus Cambrensis has given, in his most unfriendly tone, a description of the Irish dress in his time.

From his account we gather that they wore woollen clothes, mostly black, because the sheep of the country were principally of that colour. They wore a large mantle, in some instances called a *canabhas*, or *filleadh*. More generally used were mantles of moderate size, closely hooded, which spread over the shoulders and reached below the elbow. Those garments were composed of small pieces of parti-coloured cloth, varied and regulated according to the rank of the wearer. Beneath the mantle the rest of the body was enveloped in "woollen fallins," or phalanges, instead of a cloak; or else breeches or stockings were worn, generally of a piece and usually dyed of some dark colour.

The great majority of the people wore no covering upon their heads, but permitted the hair to grow in such a manner that it became matted and was capable of resisting a powerful blow, according to the testimony of the English analysts, but in this point of neglect of using a head-dress we think that their veracity is not to be trusted, for the fact that the *canabhas* had a hood formed upon it, is evidence enough that it was used as a covering for the head; and historical records inform us that for a long period after the Norman invasion of Ireland, the hood of a cloak was the head-dress usually adopted in the most civilized nation of the times. Such was the custom of the ancient Irish, termed a barbarous manner of dress by Gerald the Cambrian.

There is another evidence to show that the Irish people were not only not barbarous in their fashion of costume, but even tasteful in it to a degree. Linen, which was a rarity in most countries at the time, was more generally worn than in any other nation in Europe. Trinkets and jewelry, of exquisite finish, were in use amongst the higher classes. In the ninth century there are records to show that the native princes wore pearls behind their ears. King Brian, on being created Ard Righ, offered a collar of gold upon the altar many a year before Malachy won that celebrated in song—which he tore from the pirate Viking. Modern fashion has gone back through the intervening centuries, to take as the model of an ornament of dress the design of some Celtic workman in this Irish land. British royalty has estimated the Tara brooch as an exquisite production of art, worthy to grace the first personage in the wealthiest court in the world. Yet centuries before the Norman raid, clasps gathered the folds of the tunic and *canabhas* around the

form of an Irish man and maiden. Righ and Tanis wore them before yet Patrick stood at Tara to quench the light of idolatrous worship forever in the land. It is only reasonable to believe that a people, among whom such tasteful and costly ornaments were by no means rare, would not have been at the cost of manufacturing and modelling an appendage to a costume, which was itself barbarous and ungraceful. Upon this point the prejudices of Gerald Barry led him into a description which hardly bears the test of trial by collateral facts.

## ENGLISH TRIBUTE TO IRISH MANUFACTURES.

The Irish excelled in the manufacture of woollens, and the productions of their looms was so highly prized in England that an act was passed in the twenty-eighth year of Edward III. exempting it from duty. Anent Irish frieze—Stanhurst, many a year subsequent to this, in testimony of its valuable qualities gives witness of the high estimation in which he held it, and tells in his quaint old manner, an anecdote which we reproduce:

"As they distil," he says, "the best *aqua vite* in Waterford, so they spin the choicest rug in Ireland. A friend of mine, being of late dwelling in London, and the weather, by reason of a hard hoar frost, being somewhat nipping, repaired to Paris clad in one of those Waterford rugs. The mastiffs had no sooner espied him but, deeming he had been a bear, would fain have baited him, and were it not that the dogs were partly muzzled and partly chained, he doubted not that he should have been well tugged in his Irish rug; whereupon he solemnly vowed never to see bear-baitings in any such need."

## THE INVADERS ADOPT IRISH COSTUMES.

But one of the most curious facts ever recorded is that in relation to Irish costume. The English settlers had no sooner become domiciled among the people than they adopted the Irish dress, which we take as an invincible argument in favour of its propriety, gracefulness and tasteful arrangement. When we consider that those imitators of Irish fashions were men whose conduct toward the natives upon every possible occasion, was a testimony of unrelenting animosity, we must come to the conclusion that it was out of no love for Irish costumes, and no desire to temporise with their neighbours, that they resolved to take such a step. Thus, then, there remains the only conclusion, they found the Irish manner of dress the most pleasing and the most convenient. Nothing would seem to have been able to induce them to adopt any other. From this arose legislation on the subject, which was rigidly enforced on all occasions where its provisions could be carried out with success; and, notwithstanding this, during three hundred years that legislation could effect but little, the people still clung to the customs of their forefathers, and even the strangers that sojourned among them adopted those old Celtic modes of clothing.

## LEGISLATION AGAINST THIS HABIT.

In the reign of Edward IV. an act was passed ordaining that Irishmen living in the counties "Dublin, Myeth, Wrial and Kildare," shall go

apparelled like Englishmen, and wear beards after the English fashion, swear allegiance, and take English surnames. In the time of Edward VII. Sir Edward Poynings tried his hand at the fashions, by causing a statute to be passed entitled, "A Statute for the Lords of Parliament to wear roses." Passing from this reign we find this kind of fashionable legislation extending into the days of the eighth Henry, who issued an order for the better government of the town of Galway, dated April 28th, 1143, by which his majesty's lieges were ordered not to suffer the "hair of their heads to grow until it covered their ears, and every one of them do wear English caps. That no man, no man child, do wear no mantles in the streets, but cloaks or gowns, coats, doublets and hose, shaped after the English fashion, but made of the country cloth, or any other cloth it may suit them to buy."

#### THE SEVERITY OF SPENSER AND DERRICK.

It would be tedious to pass over the various restrictions upon the dress of the Irish people; and so we will proceed from the attempts consequent upon this kind of legislation to stifle the inherent attachment of the Irish for their native costume. In the reign of Elizabeth, Spenser, writing from Klicoleman, urges the abolition of the ancient dress. The mantle he terms "a fit house for an outlaw, a mete bed for a rebel, and an apt cloak for a thief." Spenser might be a good poet, but if we judge from this paragraph of his penned opinions, he was not a charitable man. For the wearer he speaks of the hood "as a house in all weathers," and remarks that, while the mantle enables him to go privily armed, being close-hooded over the head, conceals his person from the knowledge of any to whom he is endangered. We shall not pursue the tirades and philippics of Spenser against the fashion of Irish dress; but shall observe that even he bears witness, in spite of his enmity, to its usefulness. From him we shall turn to another malcontent poet, who enrolled his detestation of Irish in the following lines. Derrick treats us to a satire on the subject:

With skulls upon their powles,  
Instead of civil cappes,  
With spear in hand and sword by side  
To bear offe afterclappes—  
With jackettes long and large—  
Which shroud simplicitie,  
The spiteful darts which they do beare  
Implic iniquitie.

Their skirts be very strange,  
Not reaching paste the knee,  
With pleates on pleates they pleated are  
As thick as pleates may be.  
Whose sleeves hang trailing downe,  
Almost under the shoe;  
And with a mantle commonlie,  
The Irish kerne do goe.

And some among the reste  
Do use another weede,  
A coate, I weene, of strange device,  
Which fansie first did breede;  
His skirts be very shorte.  
With pleates set thick about;  
And trouses, more to put  
Their strange protractours out.

#### DRESS SINCE THE TIME OF ELIZABETH.

From Derrick's verses we go to detail further facts in this strange, eventful history. The court of Elizabeth once wondered at the costume of the "wild Irish." Hugh O'Neill, prince of Tirowen, appeared before her majesty, surrounded by his gallowglasses, armed with that legacy of the wars of their fathers with the fierce Vikings, their ponderous battle-axes, nor hood nor helmet upon their heads, with long hair upon their shoulders. The annalists tells us that they were attired in shirts dyed with saffron, their sleeves large, their tunics short and their cloaks shagged. How the courtly gallants and good citizens of London must have marvelled at the strangely-dressed followers of the Irish chieftain! The story of Irish costume is not long to relate from this date. The wars of the O'Neill were over, and O'Neill himself was an exile, before we come to any more legislation for dress in Ireland. Then in the reign of James I., we have Lord Deputy Chichester reforming our tailors' bills. He issued instructions to the Lord President and Council of Munster to punish all who should appear before him in native garb; and also "to expel and cut off all glibbes." It would seem that this concluded any legislation against Irish costume, for which there no more existed a necessity. In the reign of Charles I., Sir Henry Piers avers that the Irish costume was not to be seen anywhere in Ireland; and in the reign, and under these circumstances, an Act was passed repealing all former enactments against Irish dress. This stretch of generosity was not followed by the revival of the national costumes, and from that hour to the present the ancient dress of Ireland has never been worn by chief or kern—noble or serf. With what love the people clung to it, with what perseverance they preserved it, is indicated by the duration of the struggle against foreign fashions. The progress of manners, or the caprice of luxury, influenced the mode of dress in every other land and every other nation. The forms of Egypt had been transmitted by Grecian wanderers to their own land, and influenced the manner of costume. The refined Greek may have contributed to the Roman robes. The Roman may have imparted the gracefulness and beauty of the older civilization to the modifications of dress in modern Europe; but the Irish nation has not accepted its costume from any other land, of its own admiration, or its own appreciation of its correctness.

THE MIND.—Nothing so adds to the treasure of the mind and increases its power as its own thinking. Learn to think for yourself. It is all very well to hear and to read the wisdom of others; but one should not let this take the place of one's own thoughts. Many persons are like a cistern; they are good to hold the thoughts of others; but when the time comes that they are forced to rely on themselves, they have no power to do so. The outside supply is cut off, and the cistern runs dry. But, if one, like a river, is constantly fed by one's own springs, then, as the learning of others comes to him, it unites with his own waters, and the stream widens and deepens.

## THE MARTINS OF LEVERTON.

BY OLIVER CRANE.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

**A**FTER leaving the stranger, I went to bed, but so full of thought, that I could not sleep. Memory would still bring before my mind's eye all I saw as I walked from Oldbury on the day before the murder came vividly before me—just as I entered my mother's door—I saw a light cart (covered) drawn by a clever dun horse that attracted my attention, pass down the road. Just on the door-step I had turned, seen the cart, observed the horse, and all seemed as real as if it had all come back in a vision. I again saw the hands that held the veins-aged hands with the great blue veins, like knotted cords. The cart was so covered that I did not see the face or head of the person driving; but the black cloak hanging about the woman's hands. I saw them, and memory brought them back to me, and I was sure that I had seen Granny driving on her evil mission into Leverton that night, to be ready for the next night's work.

These thoughts would not let me sleep. It seemed to me quite a relief when the half-past three chimes broke forth from the kitchen clock. I rose up and dressed. I went down stairs and found the ostler faithful to his promise. There was a bowl of warm milk and a loaf of bread; the beef of the night before stood on a table, spread with a clean white cloth, and while I ate and drank, my dog-cart was drawn out, and Bess harnessed for her work.

It was a sweet morning, with those cool breezes playing about which are such a blessed refreshment after toil of any sort. I said my morning prayers as I drove along. There appeared to be something holy about these early hours. I hardly felt the time pass as I drove pleasantly on, taking two hours for the ten miles, and getting into the town of Eastholme for an early breakfast of hot coffee and dry toast. I had never been at Eastholme before. I entered the town by a wide entrance, with trees here and there like a great village street—for the houses were poor people's dwellings, low, and of red brick. It struck me that I should be wise not to go to the great inn of the place, but to keep out at this end if I could. So I drove at a slow place, looking about me till I saw a clean-looking place with yard and stables standing in plenty of space, and bearing the sign of "The Mason's Arms." I drew up at the door. I said:

"I want to put up for a few hours—good stabling?"

"Very good, sir."

"But I want to hire a gig, or light carriage of some sort, and a thorough good safe horse. I should wish to rest my own while I go out to Eastholme Common. When I come back, I should take to my own conveyance and get back to the 'Packhorse,' where I slept last night."

"We can accommodate you, sir. A capital little four-wheel we can hire for you, and we

can put a horse into it nearly as good as your own."

This little compliment to my little mare made friends of us, and I continued the conversation.

"How far is it to the Eastholme Common?"

"That depends on what part you are going to."

"I am going by the road past some elm trees, with a sign swinging on them, and a thatched house on the opposite side; I shall meet a friend somewhere there, I expect. I shall bring a person back with me."

"Oh, you are a stranger?"

"Yes."

"Then, if you have to wait don't put up at that sign."

"Oh, I shall certainly put up. I shall, very likely, want an hour's conversation with one of my friends before coming back with the other. Where shall I go?"

"Does your friend know the common, 'tis a wildish sort of country," said the ostler, looking knowingly at me.

"I suppose so," I said, "most likely."

"Then he will not have much to do at the sign on the elm trees; and besides I am thinking of our little horse."

"Where can I put up, then?" I asked.

"If you must wait, you had better leave horse and carriage at 'Phillips' Half-way House'—just one mile this side of the elm trees. He is a very respectable man."

It was eight o'clock, and I was just mounting the hired carriage.

"Who lives in the thatched house?" I asked, busying myself with my wrappings.

"Queer old woman," said the ostler; "keeps a higler's cart," he cried after me.

"All right," I called back; and so I drove away.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE THATCHED HOUSE.

AWAY I drove in my hired conveyance towards Phillips's "Half-way House," and the place of my destination—Granny's thatched house—the lonely lodging house on Eastholme Common. It was fourteen hours since I had left Leverton. I had perfect confidence in Ned Jackson's promise, and in the certainty that his letter to Granny would result in her having got Alice there ready for me. Ned had left me at my farm in time to post his letter, so that Granny should get it the same afternoon. He was evidently acting under her instructions, and I had felt quite sure from the first that the reward of a hundred pounds, offered by Mr. Oldbury, had tempted the old woman to betray her trust. She was false to somebody for the sake of the money: if to stop on such an evil course, and to give back the stolen girl, for any motive, could be so described. Perhaps she had offered to share the reward with Ned. Perhaps for that reason he had named fifty pounds as the sum I was to take with me. I turned over all these things in my mind, and they occupied my thoughts till I got to the sign of the "Half-way House." But I was surprised, before reaching this house, to find myself entering a

considerable village of scattered houses, with a wide village green and scattered oak trees—then a stream of shallow water, and then a picturesque old church, very small, but with still a solemn sort of air about it, shadowed by two huge yew trees, with benches round their stems, and the turf all beaten away as if the children played there, or the old people sat under them and talked among the tombs on the summer evenings. I stopped my horse, who was increasing his pace like an animal who knew his way, and asked some men what this place was called. "Little East," said some one; and this I learnt afterwards was their way of saying Little Eastholme, short.

"How far to Phillips's 'Half-way House'?"

"Straight on. The horse knows, if you don't," said a rough-voiced man, with a laugh.

I thought they were not a very mannerly lot, so I asked no more questions, but trusted to the horse, who went on eagerly, and soon I saw the place that I was looking for, and at the door the horse stopped of its own accord. I jumped from my driving seat, and an ostler appeared.

"How long, sir?"

"A couple of hours, or little less. How far is it to the common?"

"What part?"

"There, where the elm trees stand, before the old woman's thatched house."

The man looked at me with a smile. He touched his hat.

"You are not the first who has asked that question this morning, sir."

"Oh," I said.

I was myself rather puzzled by this answer.

"Queer place, sir, as you probably know."

"I never was there," I said, gravely.

"Never mind, sir, no offence."

"But you have not told me how far it is?"

"Oh, nothing to a gentleman like you. Walk out straight through this hamlet. There are more houses as you go on than you have passed through; there's a wide stream a hundred yards a-head; cross it by the foot-bridge. You see we have cloth and paper factories about here, just built here and there up and down the valleys, just where the water is got most freely. There is a deal of water power used here; you'd be surprised, in these days of steam power, to see how we still turn our streams to account. But water is very plentiful here, and the people are scattered up and down. You would never guess what a population we have. This is the biggest of our hamlets, for this, sir, is an old place; but there are such hole-and-corner little clusters of stone cots. When I first came here I was surprised to find such an old, wild, populous place as this, all among the valleys, up and down for miles. Would you please to have anything, sir?"

"Not till I come back," I said.

And then I looked at my watch, and thought that if I walked on I should probably get to the old woman's just at the appointed time; and so, with a parting word to my talkative friend, I sauntered away in the direction he had pointed out to me.

I crossed the stream, and I wandered on, finding, as he had said, that the scattered hamlet stretched over a considerable way. When I got

just to the last house I saw a steepish ascent to wild land, which I rightly judged to be the commencement of the great Eastholme common.

I felt oddly lonely; a single stranger, quite different in my outward aspect to the people who inhabited the small stone houses, and who, at this end of the village, were a good deal more lively, I thought, than the inhabitants of the houses at lower end.

I found myself, as I walked along, an object of observation. Then, I thought that so many people came out of their houses, so many groups of gossipers were formed, so many calls were made on Dicks, Toms, and Harrys, to come and hear, or see—something—that I suspected the existence of some still greater object of excitement than my solitary self.

That I was pointed at and spoken of I knew, but every moment I was surer than ever that another source of excitement existed, and I could not help wondering what it was. But my vague wonderings increased into positive astonishment when I reached the top of the ascent, and could look around me on the common. Men and boys had passed me, hurrying, chattering, exciting each other, and occasionally calling to some other boys a long way off. But now that I could command a larger view, and could even see in the distance, on the plain before me, the elm trees that marked the position of Granny's house, where I hoped that Alice waited for me; I knew in a moment that some awful thing was happening. I saw before me, on the plain, streams of people, as if coming from all quarters, and all tending towards one spot—not now far off from me—one spot, the thatched house and the towering elms, that stood up dark in their summer foliage against the sky, and marked the place to which I was going by rising above the heads of the people as the giant land-marks of the spot where I was to find Alice.

I saw the people streaming up the side hills, crossing from the plain, but all going up towards one place. I looked back for one moment, attracted by the rushing sound of many feet behind me, and I saw that the way I had just come was crowded, as if the whole hamlet, all of a sudden, just as I had turned my back on it, had turned out of their homes to give me chase. But now I knew that though I might receive some attention as a solitary wanderer through the village street, I was not really the object of interest. Some great news had spread—some great fact connected with the place before me had got abroad, and was attracting old and young—men, women, and children to the spot. My heart beat, my pulse seemed to labour—for I heard one word mingle with the sound of hastening feet—one word, one terrible word! I rushed forward, faster than the fleetest there; I ran—it was but a little distance now, and I pressed forward, pushing people away, keeping those who would impede my progress off with no tender hands, answering no rude words, uttering no sound, but hearing that word—Fire! fire! fire! repeated, again and again, till it goaded me on and I felt flying through the space till I got on the outskirts of the crowd that had gathered round the house. But on the outskirts I could not stay. I don't know how I got



through the closely packed mass of human beings, but I did, and I was among those nearest to the thatched house, which was in flames at the back, though the front part was untouched. The moment I got in sight of the house—the instant I felt myself standing in the heated atmosphere that surrounded it, all my self-possession returned to me. I never felt quieter or steadier in my life.

Inside those walls I believed Alice to be. It had been arranged that she should be there. I took out my watch.

I remember perfectly at this day how I felt when I did it. I almost feel, as I recall the time, how the heat in the air could, as it were, be almost stifling amidst the smoke, which, however, was by no means dense, and how it smothered my face as I advanced into it. It was just a few minutes before ten. Then Alice would be there. Everything was still on the side of the house at which we looked. It was a long, low building, with very few windows, and those were small.

I observed—for every little thing seemed to make itself known to me like a revelation—that the window shutters were closed with shutters, but the heat had broken the glass. The fire was behind; there was no getting round there. The window shutters were closed, and no sound was heard of voices from inside—no sight of any person being visible.

"Is the house empty?" I looked round and saw a rough visaged man, whose shoulder was against mine.

"Empty?" he repeated the words with a look of contemptuous surprise, and then went on: "no; the police have been down upon Dark Lane. Empty? No! They are only game."

"How did the fire happen?"

"Fire-arms we guess. Fire-arms—into the back of the low gable behind. There's three of the police, and half a dozen others now behind."

I turned my head away from this man, who stood on my right, and took a look on the other side. Let the reader imagine my astonishment—there stood, close by me almost, Mr. Bennett, the priest of Leverton, Ned Jackson, and my brother Ben.

(To be continued.)

SYDNEY SMITH, speaking of manners as part of education: "Yes, manners are often too much neglected; they are most important to men, no less than to women. I believe the English are the most disagreeable people under the sun; not so much because Mr. John Bull disdains to talk, as that the respected individual has nothing to say, and because he totally neglects manners. Look at a French carter; he takes off his hat to his neighbour carter, and inquires after the health of *Madame*, with a bow that would not have disgraced Sir Charles Grandison; and I have often seen a French soubrette with a far better manner than an English duchess. Life is too short to get over a bad manner; besides, manners are the shadows of virtue."

## MATERNAL AFFECTION.



Do not look upon the bear as a very interesting animal; his name is generally associated with the thought of hugs of a very unpleasant nature, and an exterior entirely devoid of grace. Yet if the experiment were tried he would probably be found to possess the same capability of warm attachment to a master, as has been developed in the noble lion, and less noble wolf. That there is no want of the maternal instinct the following anecdote is a proof:

There was a certain Count Panin, who was a great sportsman, and possessed a large property, about sixty miles from his château, in the north of Russia, where he was accustomed to go to shoot. In the month of September, a few years ago, his friend, M. de Rebeaupierre, proposed paying Count Panin a visit at his château, to celebrate his *fiête* day. On arriving, he found that Count Panin was bear shooting, and that for six successive days he had been following the tracks of two bears and their cubs, without having had an opportunity of getting near them. Count Panin received M. de Rebeaupierre's letter, announcing his intention, late in the afternoon, and being unwilling to return home without firing a shot, he still followed his game. At last, he heard a rustling in some bushes, and, fancying it was a bear, he fired; but, as it was dark, he would not venture into the thicket that evening, though he thought he heard moans. The next morning, he returned to the spot, and there, in fact, he found one of the cubs, which had been mortally wounded but had dragged itself to a hollow tree and there expired.

Count Panin put the cub on a telega or open cart, and returned home full speed, just in time to welcome Count Rebeaupierre. The latter had retired to his own room, and was dressing for dinner, when Count Panin rushed in, and said that his gamekeeper had just informed him that a large bear had been seen in the park, and, as this animal was unknown in that part of the country, Count Panin proposed that, immediately after dinner, they should sally forth and shoot him. Accordingly they drove to the spot indicated by the keeper, and Count Panin shot a large she-bear.

This poor animal proved to be the mother of the cub which Count Panin had killed. She had followed the track of the cart which had carried her young one across sixty miles of open country at the same speed as the post horses. Count Panin erected a monument to record this instance of maternal love.

Sir Henry Liddel once sent a hound by sea from Newcastle to London soon after she had had puppies. Immediately on her arrival the dog disappeared and could not be found, but at the end of an incredibly short time she arrived at the kennel from which she had been taken, a perfect skeleton, having run back 280 miles. She got home, fell down and died.

## SPRING.



VOICE more gay than mine should sing  
Thy welcome Spring,  
In tones that from a joyful heart  
Unbidden start

I cannot make my heart rejoice,  
Or force false blitheness in my voice;  
I cannot fling off care and be  
In harmony with thee.

Like one who through a sleepless night  
Has longed for light,  
Yet, when he sees the first faint ray  
That tells of day,  
And thinks his daily load of care  
Is heavier than he can bear,  
Wearily turns upon his bed,  
And wishes he were dead.

I see in sky, and flower, and tree,  
Fair signs of thee,  
Yet fell the while within my breast,  
A strange unrest,  
Thou art, bright season, but one more  
Added to seasons gone before—  
How many others must go by  
Before I have to die?

Hast thou, fair Spring, some potent charm,  
Mankind to calm?  
Is it the gleam of thy blue skies  
Like angel eyes  
That can our hearts from care release,  
And in care's stead impart such peace?  
Or read we in that space above  
A history of love?

It is ungrateful to complain  
And think of pain,  
With beauty round me everywhere  
How can I dare.  
To murmur at each little ill,  
And, with perverse, unloving will,  
Forget that One All-wise can see  
What lot is good for me.

It is enough for me to feel  
Thy beauty steal  
Into my heart and sweep aside  
Its secret pride;  
It is enough for me to see  
Signs of my Maker's hand in thee,  
And whatsoever thou may'st bring  
I welcome thee, Fair Spring.

E. M. J.

**SHORTNESS OF LIFE.**—The weakness and folly of childhood, the vanity and vices of youth, the bustle and care of middle life, and the infirmities of old age (if we live to be old), what do they leave us? A short life, indeed! Yes, man has a soul of vast desires. He is capable of much, and aims at more. Many things he cannot attain, and many are not worth the pains. Oh, it is a pity that he should not know how to choose the good and refuse the evil! How to make the most and best of so short a life.

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINBECK.

## CHAPTER IX.



HE conflict of which we have given an account took place at the time when the bushranger appeared at Three Rivers, and, as he hardly remained there for a day, the news of it did not reach him, nor did the Catholics who lived there at all suspect what had taken place at the confluence of the Richlieu, and how soon their most ardent wishes were to be gratified, in spite of the opposition of their powerful enemies.

The defeated Mohawks hastened back to their villages, and when the first fugitives arrived breathless in Gandawaga, and told, with much exaggeration, what had befallen them, the proud warriors, accustomed to success, gave way to uncontrolled rage, and cried loudly for the blood of the Frenchmen who dwelt among them. These men were, therefore, by the advice of the peaceful, and thoughtful sagamore, Spotted Snake, kept in bonds for their own safety, and brought into the council-room, where were some old warriors who might be depended upon.

"You must be burned. Airstoi is angry with the Mohawks because they did not sacrifice those pale-faces to him who were in their hands," they cried out to the white men, who contemplated their fate with great composure.

The people from all the neighbouring villages came in crowds to Gandawaga, and increased the general excitement. A pedler of Lorraine descent had also arrived on the previous evening, named Thomas Renard, who, shocked at the suffering appearance of F. Jaques and his companions, at once set out for Renselaerswyk, and there told of the great peril to which the two captives were exposed in consequence of the unexpected defeat of the band of Mohawks. Van Curler had been withheld from energetic action, not only by his own limited powers, but had been from day to day expecting the return of the bushranger, whose absence he considered a sign of his success. He believed that the bushranger had entered into negotiations with the Mohawks which took up much time. While he now learned from Renard that three of the Hurons had already been put to death, and that the other captives had been subjected to the most cruel sufferings, there came to him a delegation of the settlers in Renselaerswyk, with the noble preacher Dominicus Megapolensis at their head, who declared themselves ready to go at once to the Mohawks, and see whether they could not purchase the liberty of the Frenchmen with the sum they had hastily collected, of about six hundred guilders.

The hawker hurried things on, and already, on the day after his arrival, the brave commandant, accompanied by a distinguished merchant named Jacob Janson, an interpreter named Labadie, and a small military escort, set out for the Mohawk village in two boats. To his great re-

gret, the hawk could not accompany them, but he quickly disposed of his wares, and followed overland in a few days.

Meanwhile, the danger of the white men increased from hour to hour, and the Hollanders would not have found them alive if another person had not arrived in Gandawaga, and taken mighty steps to defer the execution of the sentence. This help in time of need was no other than—the bushranger.

On the third day after the return of the discomfited Mohawks, the two captives were brought under a strong escort to an empty hut, and the council hut, in which they had hitherto been watched, was carefully purified. The fire which continually glisters in the centre of this Indian council-room was supplied with wood, and mats and skins were placed upon the floor, for Spotted Snake had called together a great council of the Mohawk tribes, that they might deliberate and decide upon the means for repairing the injury they had suffered, and for appeasing the anger of Aïrestoi, so that the red men might again be victorious over their enemies.

The nation men sat in four tent-like wigwams covered with skins, and painted with strange figures and devices, and there carried on the ceremonies through which they sought to appease the demon Aïrestoi, and learn his will. These wigwams were about a mile from Gandawaga, in the deepest part of the forest, and were carefully avoided by the Indians. On this occasion they listened to their incantations very actively, and soon came to the desired result, for the sachems had desired to hear it as soon as possible. Presently, the bushranger glided through the bushes and cast a glance at the nearest wigwam, and laughed at himself as he said :

"I will help you, you wizards! My coin has been purchased your magic, and it is strange if it does not turn the scale to-day."

And, noiselessly lifting the skin curtain of the wigwam, he entered the dreaded place of enchantment.

The warriors stood in crowds in the streets of the village, anxious for the result of the council; and when the members of it, with some brave men, a tam-tam went forth to the place of decoration, every vacant space was filled with curious faces.

The sachems and warriors took their places in the council hut in silence. Spotted Snake took the calumet which was offered him, and blew upwards three puffs of tobacco smoke, in order that the spirit dwelling in it might carry heavenwards the words of the red men; then he gave the pipe to the sachem on his right, who smoked it in the same manner, and then gave it back. After the calumet had made the whole round, the conference began, and Spotted Snake arose, in order, in a short speech, to place before them the object of the meeting.

"Sachems and chiefs of the great Mohawk people," he began, "the pale-faces who live on the great river have shed the blood of our brave brothers. Aïrestoi has turned away from his red children. He is angry with them, and they know not why. Our wise men are speaking to him in

their wigwams, and they will say what the Mohawks must do to appease him. Listen to the words of the braves who will now speak to you. They fought like bold warriors, but bad spirits helped the pale-faces, and our young men must give way. Rise, Hawk's Claw, and tell our brothers what misfortune has befallen our brave warriors at the Great Stream."

The person called upon, a distinguished chief, who had been the leader of the expedition, then rose, and drew an exact picture of the unsuccessful war attack. The chief cause of its failure was, he said, their having underrated the numbers of the enemy, and being ignorant of the great thunder machines which had driven them back. The great canoe with white wings, as he called the brigantine, he considered a vessel in which the god of war of the French had come to their aid.

"Several of my young men saw him in the great canoe," he said. "Flash after flash came forth from it, the thunder roared, the trees around us were broken, and the blood of our Mohawk warriors stained the ground. Sachem, and braves, the Mohawks have always been the terror of their enemies! We must appease Aïrestoi, and revenge the death of his braves. Five of my young men will no more return to our villages; they have departed to the eternal hunting-grounds. Shame and contempt rests upon the Mohawks till they have avenged their dead. Hawk's Claw has spoken."

The chief's speech made the eyes of the younger counsellors flash, the elder ones frowned, but no one broke the silence.

Spotted Snake again rose, and called upon Short Hatchet as the next to speak. He confined himself to a description of the impression produced upon himself by the sight of the place of battle, and sought also to inflame the thirst for revenge of the assembly.

"Three of our braves were put to death by the pale-faces, cunningly, and not in open battle; and three pale-faces, brothers of these murderers, are still living in the villages of the Mohawks. How can we appease Aïrestoi if we do not give him what belongs to him? The captive pale-faces must be burned at the stake, and then only will Aïrestoi give his strong arm to support the Mohawks. Give Aïrestoi what he requires. Appear him by the death of the Frenchmen."

Thus he closed his speech, which made a deep impression.

Two other chiefs who had been in the fight at Richlieu then spoke, and then Assendase, one of the sagamore's advisers, who had from the first been firm about the execution of the white men took up the word.

"The chiefs have spoken wisely," began the old savage, whose wrinkled face and sharp cut eagle's nose gave him the look of a bird of prey. "The great Aïrestoi requires the death of the pale-faces, for they are not only ours but his foes. The black-robe is a magician, he is the servant of a bad spirit who contends against Aïrestoi. How can the Mohawks think that Aïrestoi will destroy their enemies while they keep his in their wigwams. The Mohawks must help Aïrestoi, and he will help them."

The logic of the old man threatened to be as momentous for the captives as the exciting speeches of the chiefs. Then the mighty Koetsaeton rose, and as he had done before undertook the part of intercessor. The captives were not warriors, and if others had fought against the Mohawks they were not answerable for it. If the black-robe was a mighty magician he would long since have made use of his art, and not have endured all his late sufferings, but would have freed himself and punished his tormentors. The execution of the captive pale-faces would be of no use to the Mohawks, but would, on the contrary, only make the white men who dwelt to the north and the south of the Mohawk land their more bitter enemies. Airestoi is not angry with the Mohawks, for in two fights with the Hurons which had taken place he had given them the victory. Airestoi does not, therefore, require to be appeased. But if it is necessary to offer him a worthy sacrifice it must not be that of the black-robe and his two young friends. Never are squaws sacrificed to Airestoi, for he despises all who do not go to battle. The black-robe and his white companions are as little worthy of dying in honour of Airestoi as squaws. Airestoi would despise the sacrifice of these men of peace, and would be offended by it."

The old man who had just now so eloquently advocated the death of the priest looked gloomily at the chief in whose heart the feeling of humanity had gained such a conquest over his native savageness. When Koetsaeton ceased to speak he again stepped forward.

"My brave brother of the tribe of the Schildkrates mistakes," he said, "if he thinks the black-robe felt any pain when at the stake. He made no cry but continued to speak to the bad spirit whom he serves, and this bad spirit, who hates Airestoi, gave him strength and prevented his feeling pain. Koetsaeton says truly that the black-robe is not a warrior, but did you ever see a warrior who endured torture with more calmness and more courage than this black-robe. He is a magician or he would not have suffered in silence. The black-robe must die for he is the enemy of the Mohawks and of Airestoi. Will the brave and wise Koetsaeton tell his brothers whether the Mohawks were ever conquered when Airestoi was with them?"

When Assendase again retired, all eyes were directed to Koetsaeton, who rose, and replied with dignity:

"Hawk's Claw told the chiefs and sachems that the Mohawks were defeated because their spies had not done what they ought. That happened at the Great Stream. The thunder weapons of the French struck down our braves, and not the wrath of Airestoi. Hawk's Claw is a great chief; he knows what his eyes see and his tongue speaks. If the Mohawks will judge the guilty they must take the negligent spies, and not the three pale-faces who dwelt in our villages, and knew not that their brothers at the Great Stream fought with the Mohawks. Koetsaeton begs the mighty Airestoi that he will lead the Mohawks to victory, and he knows that Airestoi is not angry with the Mohawks."

Again Assendase took up the word, but now he

directed his poisoned arrow against the bold chief of the Schildkrate family.

"Cannot the mighty Airestoi blind the eyes of his red children when he is angry? Can Koetsaeton tell the chiefs and sachems whether Airestoi could not blind the eyes of the Mohawk spies so that the great thunder weapons of the pale-faces should remain hidden?" he asked maliciously.

The person addressed seemed to have expected this, for he had not sat down as was the custom of the speaker at a Pow-wow as soon as he had concluded. He drew himself up, and raising his right hand to heaven, he replied:

"The Great Spirit has given his red children eyes that they may see, and ears that they may hear. He created the red men, and He created Airestoi, and, therefore, Airestoi cannot destroy what the Great Spirit has made. He is given to the Mohawks to protect, not to destroy, and he would be an enemy of the Great Spirit if he were to make the red men deaf and blind, for the Great Spirit gave them eyes to see and ears to hear."

The debate seemed about to take a turn, for the old man tried to throw contempt upon his opponent as if he doubted the belief of his fathers. Spotted Snake, who saw the sparks of discord enkindling now interfered.

"Is the great Pow-wow of the Mohawks held only to divide them? Airestoi will not destroy the Mohawks, but he can punish them if the Great Spirit wills. The sachems will send messengers to the wise men, and when they come to the Pow-wow the Mohawks will then learn from their own mouth what they are to know. The brave chief who has lately returned from the war path, can, meanwhile, tell the great council what he has done."

The interference of the sagamore was most welcome for they all knew the necessity for unanimity. On this account, Eagle was the most ready to tell of his exploits, and the brave deeds of his warriors in the late fight with the Hurons. Assendase alone was still full of gall, but he kept it well down.

After a while the messenger returned from the makon men, and announced their speedy appearance at the Pow-wow. Almost at the same moment arrived a spy, covered with dust, who had been sent with some others to watch the Dutch settlers on the Hudson. He appeared breathless at the entrance of the council room and beckoned Spotted Snake to him. The intelligence which he whispered to the sachem appeared to be quite unexpected, and, at a sign from him the spy cowered down by the wall of the hut.

The sagamore now turned to the assembly, and told them that a little band of pale-faces were approaching the village in two great canoes. The canoes carried green boughs, as a sign of their peaceful intentions. In one of the canoes was the great white chief.

"The pale-faces at Cohotatea have learned that the black-robe and his two young friends have been taken prisoner by the Mohawks. They will therefore, speak good words to the Mohawks, and offer them presents that they may make the

men free," added Spotted Snake, after his intelligence.

After this, a messenger announced the presence of the makon men, and there was silence in the assembly. The crowd of curious people drew timidly back as the magicians in all splendour of their ornaments approached. When they had reached the entrance of the lodge they stopped, and waited till the sagamore met them, and saluting them with great respect, had bid them enter. Costly furs provided for use were then spread before the fire, and they sat down, staring for a long time in amazement at its bright glow.

Their appearance was sufficiently grotesque. They wore a band of leather, about an inch wide, to which were attached eagles' feathers closely fastened to each other, hung from the forehead, over the ears, and down the back, almost to the heels. Coloured shirts of European manufacture, which were sold by the pedlars, hung loosely over the red and green striped stuff, by which their legs were covered to the knees, and their feet were enveloped in mocassins, which were decorated with feathers, shells, and glass beads, while their faces were hidden behind the mask of some animal, which hung before them. The mask, but through the empty space once made by the eyeballs they could cast a look at the assembly. One of the conjurors wore a mask as a mask, another a tiger-cat's, the third the head of a bear, and the fourth that of a hawk. Each carried in his right hand a staff about four feet high, ornamented with leathern fringe, and at the top was attached a roughly stuffed snake's head.

At the second time the calumet made the air tremble; then the eldest of the makon men struck his staff on the ground and began his oration: "High above the clouds dwells the Great Spirit; his wigwam is above the clouds and the earth of heaven. The Ongwehonwe call Him the Great Spirit of heaven, and the Lord of life, and He knows what they need. His eye looks down upon you when it is day, and He speaks to you by the mouth of the makon men. Thus He speaks to his children: 'Red men of the race of the Mohawks, and of the great people of the Ongwehonwe, the Lord of heaven and of life is angry with you, but he warns you about the Frenchmen and their friends. They do not speak the truth. They say that a mightier spirit than the Great Spirit of heaven, than Atahokan, has sent them. The black-robe lies, and the Great Spirit whom you do not know gives them into the hands of the Frenchmen. The Mohawks may keep the black-robe and his two young men as their servants if Airestoi, who leads the Mohawks on the war-path, does not require them as victims. They may keep the three pale-faces, and give no heed to their words if they speak about another lord of heaven and of life, for they have false tongues and Atahokan knows them not. So speaks the Great Spirit to the brave Mohawks, to his red children.'"

A second conjuror came forward and began:

"Airestoi speaks to the Mohawks. When he raises his voice is like thunder, and he crushes the heads of those who offend him. Airestoi is not angry for

he opens their ears that they may understand him by the voice of their friends. The black-robe is like a black snake whom a boy can destroy with a blow. Airestoi has given him to the Mohawks that they may laugh at him. He works with the squaws. The chiefs of the Hurons were men, and it gladdened Airestoi to see them at the stake. The black-robe is not a man, he shall not die at the stake. His tongue is crooked, and his heart is false. The Mohawks may do with him as they please, but Airestoi does not want him as a victim. If you want his life you can kill him like a dog. He must not die like a warrior. Airestoi will give you the victory. Your enemies will flee as soon as they hear the war-cry."

The two other makon men then spoke, and the upshot of the whole was that the missionary and the two Oblates should be strictly watched, and at once put to death if they shewed any signs of employing magic.

Again there was a profound silence in the assembly. For half an hour, not a word was spoken, in order to give everyone an opportunity for thinking over what he had heard. After this space of time had elapsed, Spotted Snake began to speak, and signified that the Hollanders who were approaching must be received as friends. He, therefore, thought it wise that the Pow-wow should not be broken up till they had been received. Nothing was yet known as to what they would bring the Mohawks, and it would, therefore, be wise not to decide upon the fate of the captives immediately.

Eagle and several other chiefs supported the proposal of the sagamore, which was without further debate unanimously agreed to. This decision was made known to the people around, by a messenger, and they were also told of the approach of the Dutch deputation.

This intelligence caused great excitement among the inhabitants of Gandawaga and the people from the neighbouring villages. Since the treaty of peace had been concluded with the Dutch, no ambassador from them had entered the Mohawk territory, and it clearly followed as a consequence to the savages that their white neighbours on the Hudson came to request the liberation of the captive pale-faces. There were many opponents to this who seemed unwilling to give up their booty. Some were of opinion that it would be better to send the Frenchmen at once into the interior, and in case the Mynheers should press for their liberation, roundly to refuse the request. There were other opinions, but Eagle cut them all short by declaring that he would never give his consent to the liberation of the pale-faces.

The bushranger was at hand to strengthen Eagle in this decision, and to give his opinion that the captives should be concealed from the Dutch.

"Eagle will soon learn all that Red Hand heard when he was a spy at the Great Stream, about what they would do, but the wise chief must not tell the pale-faces that Red Hand is here. He may tell him that his white brother has said that they would give presents for the black-robe and his friends; but he will do wisely if he says nothing more about Red Hand. Eagle shall hear



some news if he does what Red Hand advises," continued the cunning bushranger, to whom the unexpected arrival of the Hollanders gave all the more uneasiness, as the commandant came with them; for, in case he should meet him in Gandawaga, master as he was of the art of lying, he would find it hard to justify himself, and he knew he could depend upon the chief's silence, as he could otherwise turn the tables against him.

Meanwhile, preparations were made for receiving the Dutch deputation, and when their boats were about a mile distant, the sagamore, in company with several chiefs, went to meet them. Their great canoes took the vessel in tow, and brought it to the landing place at Gandawaga, where a crowd of a thousand heads met the deputation with looks of curiosity, without any one as yet vouchsafing them a salutation.

Here Van Curler left one of his people as guard over the boats; and, then, with his companions and servants carrying the presents, took his way to the foot of the hill upon which Gandawaga was built. Here the official reception took place, the whole great council of the Mohawks being assembled, ready to lead the white men into the council hut, which had been hastily ornamented with green boughs. But they stopped before it. Spotted Snake made a short speech to the white men, rich in phrases, expressing his value for their friendship, thanked them for the honour done to them by this visit, and offered them the smoking calumet as a sign of hospitality. The commandant made a suitable reply by the help of interpreters, and, then, with his small cortège, he was led into the hut.

(To be continued.)

## A HEAVEN-TAUGHT ARTIST.

### CHAPTER III.



ACHTERMANN sat with folded arms before the image of the sorrowing mother with the body of her crucified Son resting on her knees. In Italy this group is generally called a *Pietà*. Whoever looked at the artist might almost have thought that the same sorrow filled his heart as was felt by Mary standing under the Cross. Sunk in deep thought, he did not observe that two young men in the garb of artizans had entered the room. They spoke to him in German, and enquired the cause of his sadness, so plainly expressed in his face. Achtermann was evidently cheered by being able to speak to these men in his own language, told them his story, and the cause of his present depression.

"Here are a hundred florins for you," said one of the young men.

"And here are a hundred and eighty," said the other. "Take them, and repay us when your treasury is better filled."

Achtermann hesitated to accept the proffered sum, and replied:

"You do not know me, and I cannot pledge myself ever to be able to repay the loan."

"Your honest face and your German o heartedness are a sufficient security, and if can never repay us you need not have one hair the more. We have quite money enough take us home, and then we need no more. Well German brother."

Before the astonished man could return a word of thanks, the two brave fellows had disappeared.

For the present, Achtermann was safe, and he joyfully undertook new work. As the oak preserves its soundness and bears through the storm, so had the eternal Wisdom decreed that our hero should attain the highest step in his profession, by means of a great struggle and unconquerable perseverance. The flowers were devoted to the supply of the necessities of life, and hunger then, again knocked at the door of the much tried artist. A pitiless creditor assailed him, and assured him that if he did not discharge his debt the next day, he should be taken to prison. The debt was not a large one, but how could a man, whose days were passed in a work place like a cloister find the money in so short a time? He knew that the avaricious creditor would allow of no delay.

Completely cast down, Achtermann passed along the streets till he came to a large building and raised his eyes. It was a church. He entered it, and kneeled devoutly in the chapel of our Blessed Lady. Here he must have remained praying long and fervently, for he rose, as from a dream, when the sacristan touched his shoulder and reminded him that night was approaching.

On the following day, a distinguished-looking man reined up his horse before Achtermann's studio, gave it to a servant and entered, and looking at the *Pietà* with evident pleasure, stowed some words of praise upon it and enquired the price. He thought the price moderate, he went away without speaking of a purchase, and with him disappeared the hopes of the artist to escape the debtors' prison by his means. Trembled with terror every time he heard a knock at the door, expecting the entrance of the bailiff.

While Achtermann sat racked with anguish, the carriage rolled up, and the same gentleman alighted from it who had already visited him, and was now accompanied by another gentleman and some elegantly dressed ladies. They were struck with admiration of this masterpiece, and their exclamations of praise were often repeated.

"Oh, Lord Granville," said one of them, "do not lose this priceless treasure; it will be a noble ornament to our house. England will be grateful to you for it."

Lord Granville had already taken out his pocket-book, and paid the happy artist the desired thousand crowns in bank-notes.

Before the *Pietà* was taken to England, Achtermann made a large model of it. One of his countrymen, Dr. Krabbe came to Rome, and having seen it, drew the attention of Germany to its merit. The Bishop of Münster, a zealous patron of Christian art, who was beginning a collection of art, secured the *Pietà*, now just taken in hand for his cathedral. The artist applied himself with joy to the work for which he was to receive seven thousand dollars.

When he received the news that his work was

be purchased for the cathedral at Münster, he wrote in reply :

"A wave of joy and emotion rolled down my cheeks when I read from your letter what interest the people of Münster in a work undertaken by one of their countrymen with the object of honouring our holy religion. Thanking God, I on my knees, and begged for blessings upon all my benefactors, who are now preparing for me the happiest day of my life for the day in which the group of the Pietà, which I have finished, through God's mercy and help, will be placed in the cathedral of my native town, will be the dearest of my present possession. And this, not because through this honour the pre-eminence in which I have lived will be improved, but my pride arises from the consciousness that this work is the most important which I have yet made, and will, perhaps, remain treasured by my native country.

For four years Achtermann worked with perfect love at the Carrara marble. The work was completed. From far and near the friends hastened to Achtermann's studio. The distinguished sculptors and painters admired the finished art, and the religious expression of this masterpiece, Tenerani, after Thorwaldsen, the first master in sculpture, Overbach, an angel among painters, whose name, like that of Bartolomeo, is known throughout Europe, and many other, that equally pious and talented artist, and the most renowned men contended with each other in praise of the Pietà, and were never tired of contemplating it. To whatever faith or position the beholder might belong, all were enraptured with the nobleness of the form, the beauty and harmony of the lines, the life-like expression rendered the group so attractive, and all were in the opinion that Achtermann was called in Providence to restore the Christian art, which had sunk so low, to its former bloom, and through it to give warmth to religious life.

The transport of the Pietà was delayed for a while, but King Frederic William IV. of Prussia decided to have a cast of it for the Berlin Museum. At midsummer, in the year 1850, the long delayed group arrived safely at Münster, and was placed on an altar in the choir of the cathedral. What a wonderful picture! How plainly does the cold marble speak! Sunk upon her left knee in sorrowing Mary holds upon the other the body of her divine Son, just taken down from the cross, supporting His head with one arm upon her growing heart. And yet, in all sorrow, what resignation there is of resignation to the will of the Almighty. The Redeemer sleeps the sleep of death in her lap, and yet there is a ray of the life of the dead. Truly only religion could produce such work!

William Achtermann returned to his dear native town, which he had not seen for twenty years. His heart swelled as he saw the towers of the city of his youth, after which he had so long yearned when in the midst of the splendours of Rome. And his father! Yes, he was still living and they held each other in a fast embrace. Both had grown gray; one from the lapse of years; the other from the cares, privations and troubles of his artistic life. But at this moment, in the pleasure of their meeting was felt by both father or son. The whole town took part in their joy; they congratulated the old man for having given such a star to his native town, and

the younger one, because, regardless of his wonderful talent and universal renown, he preserved his early love for his birthplace.

On the 22nd of August, the Bishop of Münster called together the choir of the cathedral for the great ceremony of the consecration of the new altar erected for the Pietà. After the Consecration the bishop blessed the Pietà, placed the relics, and then, for the first time offered the Holy Sacrifice. Achtermann knelt on the steps of the altar, in the very same place where he had so often fervently prayed before the old image of the sorrowful mother. The spot was dear to him, and often had he wished, when far away from his home, that he could replace the broken down image by one more worthy. And now a wonderfully beautiful Mater Dolorosa stood before William Achtermann as he prayed—the work of his own hand.

The bishop gave Achtermann Holy Communion. It was an affecting moment; the whole assembly sank on their knees, and looked with emotion on the pious artist. No eye remained dry. The bishop afterwards made a moving address which he concluded with a prayer that the Almighty would take the inspired artist under His special protection, and keep him in the holy way which alone leads to perfection.

After a long abode in his dear home with his father, Achtermann again turned to the south. On being asked by the writer of these lines whether he would not be content to set up his working place in his native town, he replied that there he would be continually disturbed, while, "in Rome, the capital city of art, which contains within its walls such inexhaustible treasures, both new and old, and where so many masters in painting and sculpture were assembled, the spirit takes a higher flight. The Italian sky, which shines upon such noble works, gives the soul lighter wings than does the chilly north."

Achtermann now undertook so great a work that hardly any other artist would have ventured upon it. For seven years he worked at an immense block of marble, and chiseled out of it the famous group of the "Descent from the Cross," which was intended for the Münster Cathedral, and to stand by the grave of the archbishop of Cologne. For this gigantic work he was promised eighteen thousand dollars by the superintending committee. The Empress of Russia offered him twice this sum, but he was too honourable to accept it, and thus break his word. He would not even undertake to execute the work a second time, because he was not sure of being able to obtain a second block of marble of the same size and purity, nor could he feel sure that his health and strength would hold out for another six or eight years of such hard work.

There was yet a higher honour for the artist and his work. The Holy Father, Pius IX, expressed a wish that he could see the celebrated work. Achtermann could hardly expect that the Holy Father would gratify this wish, for of the great number of high artistic works which were annually completed in Rome, a Papal visit was made to but a few, and it would be the first time that such a favour had been conferred on a foreign artist. Poor Achtermann was in a state of great embarrassment. He wandered around

his studio which was bare of all ornament, and at last hired a splendid chair which he placed before the picture for the Holy Father to rest upon.

The Pope really came, and with a band of followers. But the chair was a superfluity. Although the Holy Father remained standing before the wonderful group of figures in earnest contemplation for more than half an hour he would not sit down.

"No," he said; "you can see the work better, and can examine it on all sides if you stand."

High praise was bestowed upon the group by the Vicar of Christ, and to show his great admiration he blessed the work intended for the Münster Cathedral. After he had looked at several other works of Achtermann's, the famous Pieta, the Crucifix, etc., he left the fortunate artist with the assurance that his expectations had been greatly exceeded.

A marble tablet over the entrance of Achtermann's studio records this visit of the Pope for the inspection of his works on the 23rd of March, 1858.

The Holy Father caused a copy to be made of the "Descent from the Cross," to be placed in the chapel of Santa Trinità dei Monti in Rome before which so many of the faithful were to kneel; unfortunately the original has not yet been placed in the cathedral at Münster.

Achtermann continued to produce a succession of masterpieces. His last work was an "*Ecce Homo*" of surpassing excellence and beauty. It was, in fact, the cause of the conversion of several Protestants to the Faith, and of sinners from the error of their ways.

One day a distinguished Englishman came to his studio, and asked, in broken German, if he was Herr Achtermann. The artist, who was modelling in clay, and whose appearance was not very elegant, shyly announced himself. Then the Englishman seized his unwashed hands, pressed them warmly, and said, with hardly repressed tears:

"I saw your Pieta at Münster, and promised the Holy Mother that I would become a Catholic. I am now, in fact, a Catholic, but I am about to receive Holy Confirmation, and I beg you to be my godfather on this occasion. You will do me this favour, will you not?"

Achtermann was unable to speak from emotion; he nodded assent, and wept.

Achtermann spent his earnings in the relief of the poor and suffering and the beautifying of the house of God.

This pious son of the plough was never so much annoyed as when he saw art employed in the service of sin. One of his pupils, a talented young Swiss, had just completed a Venus. An Englishman was ready to give eight thousand crowns for it provided Achtermann would touch it up or suffer the work to pass for his own. The young man came to his master, and offered him two thousand crowns for his help.

"And are you not ashamed to make me an offer which would cast a blot on my name?" cried Achtermann angrily.

"I only ask," urged the other, "that you will give my work the sanction of your name."

"Such a loan to what is sinful could never entice me however much I might want money."

"Take six thousand crowns, and grant me my request," entreated the young artist.

Achtermann's brow was contracted into a frown, and in a fit of wrath such as he had never seen his gentle master overcome by, he stepped up to the young artist as he exclaimed, in a threatening manner:

"And if you were to offer me the whole world I would not take upon myself the sin and shame of lending my name to an image which is only to be looked upon with contempt. Listen, my good friend," he continued in a milder tone, "I will give you some good advice. Take your hammer and break this shameful statue into a thousand pieces, that you may not be a cause of stumbling to your neighbour and may so save your own soul."

His eyes glowed, and his voice trembled. Whether it was that the young artist desired to fulfil the wish of his dear master, or whether because he found that his hopes were vain, he seized a hammer, and at once smashed to pieces the statue of the goddess of love.

Achtermann never desecrated his chisel by profane art; he always strove after the highest ideals. Shortly before his death Pope Pius IX. was lamenting, in a conversation with Cardinal Schwarzenburg, the decay of art and its anti-Christian tendency, suddenly remembering those works of Achtermann which he had seen, exclaimed with a joyful countenance:

"But Achtermann has never desecrated his chisel which he employs so faithfully for the honour of God."

And on the following morning the Holy Father sent him the Order of S. Gregory by the cardinal's hand.

Achtermann also received high marks of distinction from other sides. When the Emperor of Austria had seen the Gothic altar at Prague, he created the artist a Knight of the "Iron Crown" in March, 1881, and raised him to the rank of noble. But all their distinctions were outweighed in his mind by the thought that Pope Pius IX. had, in his last days, thought of old Achtermann and acknowledged his merit in so striking manner.

Till the last day of a life of eighty-five years the old man continued his work. He had never married because he wished to devote his life exclusively to art, with which he feared family care might interfere; but he was honoured and loved by all who had the happiness to know him personally. His hair was white, and his tall figure bent, but his eyes preserved their old fire, and his broad hand wielded hammer and chisel with the old power. He was a daily attendant at Mass, and by his simple prayers he drew down to himself the heavenly ideas and noble forms which he knew how to embody in the beautiful white Carrara marble on which he worked.

On the 26th of May, 1884, he ended his life as a Christian death. The lovers and friends of a laid laurel crowns upon the grave of the departed. The poor, whose kind father and benefactor he had been, gave him tears and gratitude. But his prayers will be continually offered before the altars of the modest and pious master, Theodor William Achtermann.



"HAVE YOU THE HEART TO AGAIN REFUSE ME?"

## Nora Lismore's Ideal.

BY ALICE HORLOR.

### CHAPTER IV.

NOTE for you," says Edith Rainsford, Nora's cousin, tossing a letter to her, over the breakfast table. "An invitation, is it not, to a ball at Marley Lodge?"

"Yes," replies Nora. "But have I seen these people? I do not remember their name."

"Colonel Strathern and his wife were introduced to you at the Lesters'—don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes; now I do. He was a tall, fine-look-

ing man, a little like some one I know—Mr. Conyers—I thought him.”

“Is it Gerald Conyers you mean? Because, if so, he is the colonel’s nephew. Where did you meet him, Nora?”

“At the Broughtons’, when I was with them last year. Mr. Conyers is in the same ship as Helen Broughton’s brother, and he came down with him to visit them.”

“Oh, Gerald is a strange young fellow,” remarks Mrs. Rainsford.

“In what way?” hastily enquires Nora, a flush coming to her cheek.

“Well, though he is the next heir to Marley (for his uncle married late in life and has no children) he has determined to go to sea—such a rough life for a gentleman.”

“But there was nothing very peculiar in that, Edith; many gentlemen’s sons choose to be sailors,” says Nora.

“Yes, but they go in the Navy, while Gerald would enter the merchant service.”

“I conclude he thought there was more active work in the latter!”

“Why should he want hard work when he knew in time a fine estate would be his?”

“Don’t you know it is ‘ill-waiting for dead men’s shoon.’ It is far better to earn one’s own bread than seek it from others.”

Edith Rainsford shrugs her shoulders. She does not see things in the earnest light in which Nora regards them.

When the night of the ball at Marley Lodge arrives, Nora would not like to admit how many thoughts of hers have flown to Gerald Conyers, nor how anxiously she waits to see whether he will be there or not; but the long drive through the Devonshire lanes is over, the ball-room is entered, and the tall figure she looks for is not there. Her heart sinks like lead. Perhaps he has forgotten her. Well, did she not tell him to do this when last they met? A partner comes to claim her hand. She dances mechanically, her thoughts straying far away from the gay scene in which she moves, and the airy trifles of small talk which he says to her, fall on unheeding ears. Oh, how blank and dull it all seems! And she knows now by that sinking of the heart at his absence, what Gerald has become to her. She pleads fatigue to avoid dancing, for as usual her beauty attracts plenty of would-be partners. Why do not these men turn their attention to the poor “wall-flowers,” whose eager desire to gyrate, shines in their downcast faces, and leave her in peace?

Gradually she withdraws into a secluded corner. Leaning back as if to rest, the while inhaling the sweet perfume of a bouquet of flowers, her thoughts busy, while the dreamy music of one of Gungl’s waltzes floats in the warm, perfumed air; then suddenly, her doubts, her haunting fears pass like a dream, for a stalwart manly figure stands before her, and a voice she remembers only too well, says:

“Have you no welcome for me then, Miss Lismore?”

Her hand is in his. Her glance startled, shy, goes straight to his face, and he learns there that he has not returned in vain. Gerald makes no pretence of dancing; he leads her out of

the hot, bright ball-room, into a smaller apartment, deliciously cool with waving ferns and falling fountains. Here he knows they will not be disturbed.

He presses the small hand resting so confidently upon his arm, and Nora draws it not away.

“Do you remember the last words I said to you eighteen months ago?” he says.

“Yes.”

“Nora, I love you still. Have you the heart to again refuse me?”

She lifts her sweet, Irish eyes, and he reads his answer; no word is needed, but as he holds her hand in his, he whispers:

“Tell me that my happiness is real. You do love me, Nora?”

A tremulous “yes” reaches his delighted ears, and he is satisfied.

A blissful half-hour goes by, then Nora wakes to subliminary things, and says:

“I must go back to the other room. They will miss me.”

“Let them,” laconically replies her lover, “for I must have you a little while to myself! Oh, my darling, to think that I am to have you all my life to myself! I can scarcely realize that you have promised to be my wife. Tell me how it happens that some one has not carried off your heart before my return, for you know it was not mine when I left?”

“Because I learnt to love you,” she says.

“And—I almost fancy that you had a larger share of my heart even at that time you mention, than I was then aware of; but I think ‘John Halifax’ stood in the way.”

“John Halifax!” echoes Gerald, while a very human cloud spreads over his brow.

Nora laughs outright—a sweet, clear peal which does not sound in the least like “a chime of silver bells,” but is yet very pleasant to hear.

“Don’t be jealous!” she cries, and tells him the story of her infatuation for Miss Muloch’s hero.

“I am afraid, then, that you will never be satisfied with myself; there is not a bit of a hero about me,” remarks Gerald, disconsolately.

“Are you so sure of that? I could tell of some good deeds of yours, sir, if I chose, but I will not puff you up by recounting them.”

“And shall I content you? Remember, my dear, that I am only a plain, rough sailor—true as steel to you—though not half worthy of your love—”

“Oh, hush!” she cries, and her hand stops his speech half way. “You are more than worthy of all the love I can give you. Gerald, if you are my hero, is not that enough?”

“Deeds before words,” says the proverb, and Gerald’s answer must have belonged to the former category since it necessitates this remark from Nora:

“You are crushing my dress terribly. Oh, what a fright I must be!”

It may be so, but as he holds her from him for a moment, and looks down into the fair, flushed face with its tender eyes and wavy hair wreathed with holly berries, he thinks, he never beheld before so lovely a creature. Her dress is of cream coloured satin and white filmy lace which



notly falls away from the dimpled shoulders and rounded arms, and is brightened here and there with touches of crimson berries and glossy leaves.

"My little love, how beautiful you are!" he murmurs reverently. "How have I ever deserved to win you?"

Nora smiles, but there is a glimmer as of tears about her lashes.

Gerald kisses them away with the words:

"This time last year I dared not hope for this."

A certain grave sweetness steals over her face as she makes answer:

"No other man has ever kissed me."

"Nor ever shall now?" he cries. "Nora, darling, vow that to me."

"I promise—no other man shall ever kiss me while I live!" she says. "My own love, God bless you!"

## CHAPTER V

A GLOWING letter from Nora tells me of the happy change which has come into her life. In every line I can see deep affection for her future husband. In Nora's past there has been no trifling, no playing at love as when a girl lightly forms an engagement, and as lightly breaks it from caprice—love of change—or the very inconsistency of her own heart; but to my friend Love comes with all the fresh glow of youth unfaded, beginning with him that rapture which is alone his gift, and she is happy with all a heart's intensity.

The Lismores have returned to Clifton, when the letter reaches me, and Gerald is going to try to pass his examination for captain. Nora begs me to come and stay a few days with her. I am only too glad to go. So a week hence finds me again in their pleasant home. Gerald Conyers and Nora are to me the prettiest sight; he is so devoted to her, she so shyly tender, yet reserved to him. They are very fond of each other, yet I do not feel uncomfortable in their society. Some people seem born to play the part of gooseberry. This rôle seems mine, and I flatter myself I do it admirably. The heaven of true love—unlike the proverbial saying—seems unclouded. All is bright and fair as the sky above us, when we set out one fine afternoon for a long walk to Leigh Woods. Never have I seen Nora so joyously happy as she is to-day; witty remarks come ever from her lips; her laugh rings out gleefully, while Gerald and myself, catching the infection of her good spirits, begin to say clever things, until we are like three merry children enjoying a holiday. But all that's bright must fade. The brightest still is the fleetest. And this is no exception to the rule, for as surely as the placid blue vault above becomes overcast, so a great black cloud this day obscures the lovers' happiness, and casts an aiding shadow upon their future path.

We reach the glorious old woods of Leigh, and ascend the winding path called Nightingale Valley. The green mantle of spring is on all around, and every tree in its varied fashion shows the touch of her fingers, while the bright sunlight peeps through their clustering leaves to check the path with changing gleams alternating with broad shadows.

At the top of the walk we come upon a gipsy encampment. The dingy brown tent, the black-eyed swarthy men and women in their brilliantly-coloured costumes make a picturesque scene enough against the background of leafy green which spreads behind them. As we pass, a handsome gipsy girl starts forward, and Nora, loosening her hand from Gerald's arm, says laughingly that she will have her fortune told.

The gipsy shoots a glance so malevolent out of her dark eyes at Gerald that it makes me shudder.

"Nora," I say in a whisper, "don't listen to her, but come on quickly."

But Nora, with a half-merry, half-defiant glance at my sober looks, speaks to the girl. They draw aside from the path, so that we cannot catch what passes between them.

Five minutes—ten minutes go by, then Nora comes rapidly towards us. The look of her face frightens me; it is ashen white, the lips quivering, the eyes dark and stern.

"Nora," I cry, "what has happened to you?"

But she does not heed me: wildly she hurries onward, passing Gerald, as though not known to her.

"Nora, you let that woman frighten you with some nonsense or other. What has she said?"

She makes no answer, but some unevenness in the ground causes her to stumble. Gerald saves her from falling, but she shrinks back from his outstretched arm, with a shudder as of disgust.

"Take me home," she says. "I cannot talk."

Her manner is so cold to him, that I do not wonder that Gerald appears offended. She draws her hand through my arm, and we go back in silence, but I see she is trembling from head to foot.

When we arrive at her home, and the door is opened, she speaks to her lover for the first time.

"Come with me. I have that to ask you which must be said at once."

Her voice is strained—hoarse—as though an agony is upon her soul, too great for words.

Gerald bows assent. He follows her into the room she enters. The door closes behind them, and in dread of I know not what, I creep up to my room, and listen for Nora's coming.

And this is the substance of what passes between them as it is told me by Nora.

No sooner were they alone than Gerald saying: "Why, you are quivering from head to foot. Tell me, dear, what has happened;" would have drawn her into his arms, but she shrank back indignantly.

"How dare you touch me?" she cried.

"Dare?" repeated Gerald. "Nora, what do you mean? Are you not my promised wife?"

"I was—but now you must know all is over between us."

"Why?" he asked, simply.

"Is not such base conduct as yours enough to make any woman despise you?"

"Nora, in what way is my conduct base? God knows how faithful I have been to you in every thought."

"Faithful! can you use the word when, Gerald Conyers, you are already a married man?"

"It is false—I swear it!" came his indignant reply.

Her heart trembled at the sight of his face—it looked moulded in stone—so rigidly stern were brow and lips, but she held out a letter to him which she had taken from her dress. That discoloured, crumpled letter had been given into her possession by the hand of the gipsy girl, whom we had met in Leigh Woods.

"Read it. Is that your writing?"

Gerald took it in silence. The light was failing, so he turned to the window.

The lines were in a clear, bold handwriting, every turn of the pen, showing some peculiarity of Gerald's own.

The letter ran thus :

MY PRETTY WILD BIRD,—Will you meet me to-night at the old place? I shall be there at nine, but take care, my darling, that Eldred does not see you leave the camp. Don't disappoint me, for I wish to arrange the way for our marriage. I long to have you all my own.

Ever, dearest, your lover,

G. CONVERS.

He finished reading. A groan came from his white lips, and sinking down into a chair, he hid his face in his hands.

"I am answered," said Nora.

She drew his ring from her finger, placed it before him, and walked steadily to the door.

She had hoped against hope that he would exculpate himself from this dreadful accusation, and now it seemed to her, her heart must surely break; only let her get out of his sight, the man who had so cruelly won her love, when he was himself not free to gain any woman.

Gerald raised his head, then, to cry sadly :

"Nora, Nora! after all that has been between us, can you not trust me for a little while?"

"Never again. May God forgive you the wrong you would have done me."

"I would never have wronged you," he cried, wildly; but she had fled from him. He was alone . . . . .

*(To be continued.)*

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—Nature has set a difference, and a great one, between man and woman; but education has set one still greater. It is not the Greek and Latin of boys that gives them a future advantage over their more ignorant sisters. It is that they are trained to act a part in life, and a part worth acting; whilst girls are either taught to look on life, or, worse still, told how to practise its light and unworthy arts. The great superiority which French women have always possessed over the women of other nations lies in this, and no more: they are, and have always been, workers. More than any other women, they have shared in the labours, and helped men to bear the burdens, of life. Other women have been as intellectual and better educated, as far as knowledge goes. The superiority is not that of virtue, public or domestic—they have been as remarkable for their errors as for their eminence—but they have ever been equal to action, good or bad. Spirit, courage, decision, have never failed them in the most critical emergencies.

## A SHRINE OF ANCIENT CHRISTIAN ART.

[ITS ELEVENTH CENTENARY.]



TO mix with the Italian people, more especially in the country districts, and to observe the hold which religion has on every part of their daily life, and how their feelings and faith alike cling to its observances, one would say that devotion to Catholicity was their most marked national characteristic, and few things are more remarkable in the Italy of the present day than the difference between the government and the mass of the people in their attitude, towards religion. In Italy, as in some other countries, the politicians are one thing, and the people another. How this happens in Italy, as in other lands, we do not propose to discuss here. At the present day, as in former times, it is round the Church that the popular national life of Italy really centres. Her shrines are still the chief centres of art; her festivals are celebrated with an enthusiastic devotion in striking contrast with the popular indifference towards the official public displays, or the noisy demonstrations of political partisans, and her influence is willingly recognized in all the events of popular daily life. Thus it may often happen that a deputy is denouncing the Church as the national enemy in the Assembly at Monte Citorio, while the district he is supposed to represent is solemnizing a Church festival with the most enthusiastic devotion. Such demonstrations are a prominent feature of Italian life at the present day as in the past. A striking instance was the centenary of the Holy Face celebrated in the September of 1882 in the ancient city of Lucca.

Among the many shrines of devotion in Italy few, except Loreto itself, are more honoured than that which is known as of the Holy Face (Santo Volto) of Lucca. The crucifix which bears that name is a work of the earliest times of Christian art. In its present abode its history goes back almost to the beginning of the Middle Ages, before most of the modern nations of Europe had come into existence, or Charlemagne had been crowned Emperor of the West. From Palestine, where it had been made, it was transported to Italy in 782, and thus, in September, 1882, it was the eleventh centenary of its instalment that was celebrated in Lucca. From every part of Italy, as well as from the country beyond the Alps, pilgrims flocked thither in thousands, and its fame was spread throughout Christendom. Popes and emperors came to pay their devotions before it. Its name was honoured by chapels and altars in the most distant countries, France, Spain, Germany, Bohemia, Flanders; and even the distant regions of Northern Europe, Poland, and Lithuania, thus testified their veneration through a long series of ages. The Abbey of S. Denis, the first of the great Gothic buildings of France, contained an altar dedicated to the Holy Face of Lucca in the early Middle Ages, and similar shrines yet exist in Vienna, Madrid, Bruges, and many other cities of Catholic Europe. Students of English history may recall that it

was "by the Holy Face of Lucca" that the half infidel king, William Rufus, gave the most solemn attestation of his often-doubted pledges, during his bitter quarrel with S. Anselm. In Italy, its own seat, the veneration for the miraculous crucifix was unbounded. Its name was a household word in daily devotion, and Lucca and its crucifix were inseparably united in the public mind. Dante in his great poem speaks of it as familiarly as he does of the baptistery of his native Florence; and S. Catherine of Sienna records her deep devotion to it in the most heartfelt terms. The Republic of Lucca, from the eleventh century, stamped its representations on its coinage, which continued to bear it long after the independence of the city had passed away, and it was only removed by the late government of Tuscany the year before its own downfall.

At the present day, though the "Holy Face" has been removed from the ensigns of government, it has lost nothing of the veneration with which it has ever been regarded by the people. Twice in the year, in May and September, it is exposed to the public gaze, and each time it receives fresh demonstrations of the popular devotion. During the rest of the year it is closely veiled, and even its chapel is locked and carefully guarded; but the occasions of its opening are the most cherished festivals of the whole population of the province as well as of the city. In the approach of danger, or the pressure of misfortune, it is the centre to which individuals and the public alike come to seek divine protection. A massive gold lamp, hanging before the door of its shrine, testifies to the faith of the city which, in our own times, offered it as a public expiation to avert the visitation of cholera with which Lucca was threatened. But a proof more striking by far than any material offerings, however rich, of the veneration in which the sacred crucifix is held by all classes of the population, even after the changes of more than a thousand years, was given by the wide enthusiasm and intense devotion displayed at the festival of September, 1882.

The fourteenth of September, the day known in the Calendar as the Exaltation of the Cross, is the great festival of the year in the sanctuary at Lucca. On the late occasion, however, a single day was wholly too little for the popular celebration, which extended over five days, from the Sunday preceding the anniversary. To a stranger, the scene all through was most remarkable. On the Saturday evening the preparations began through the province. Every village and hill-top around the ancient city was brilliantly illuminated as far as could be seen from the city walls, which now serve the peaceful purpose of a popular promenade. The varied effects produced by the fires, which, in some places, wound up the sides of the hills like glittering serpents, in others blazed up in masses of such dimensions as to suggest a great conflagration; while each village was marked by peculiar arrangements of its own illuminations, and the colours of its lights were wonderful. The church bells were vigorously sounded everywhere, and were mingled with the discharge of muskets and small cannon and the constant display of rockets and other fireworks breaking the silence

of the night. Everyone seemed awake and on foot, both in city and country, and no imagination could describe the enthusiasm everywhere displayed. At an early hour of the following morning, bands of pilgrims from the country round began to pour into the city on their way to the cathedral, where the sacred image was exposed to the public veneration. Confraternities of both men and women, representatives of various trades and factories, and parochial and village deputations, each numbering from fifty or sixty up to three or four hundred, continued to arrive in succession, all walking in regular order, and chanting hymns or reciting the Rosary aloud. The cathedral, in spite of its size, was soon densely filled, and all the other churches of the city were called into requisition to contain the numerous worshippers. The High Mass at the cathedral, which was celebrated by the Archbishop, commenced at seven o'clock, and was followed by a general Communion. So great was the number approaching the rails that the Archbishop and two assistants were engaged in administering the Holy Sacrament for fully an hour and a half, though many had already received without waiting for the conclusion of the Mass. The crowds in the various parochial churches were, in proportion, scarcely less dense than in the cathedral, and in all the spirit of devotion on the part of the congregation was equally well marked. After the close of the Communion the sacred image was unveiled to the popular view; and from that time till late in the afternoon, its chapel was constantly filled by bands of pilgrims succeeding one another in orderly rotation, and all displaying the strongest marks of devotion. Each deputation made an offering at the shrine, which usually took the form of a quantity of wax candles for use in the ceremonial, though offerings in money were made by some parishes. Chalices, medals, and other votive gifts in gold or silver, to be used or suspended in the sanctuary, were also presented by some of the pilgrims. Amongst others, the operatives of a woollen factory in the city presented a frame containing a golden crucifix and two medals; the employees of the tobacco manufactory a frame containing the letters Alpha and Omega in gold relief, and a village deputation offered two silver lamps. Shortly after five in the afternoon, the Coadjutor Bishop of San Miniato, near Florence, mounted the pulpit, and preached at length on the subject of the Holy Face and its relation to Christian art, to history, and to religion. The ordinary prayers of the Triduo were recited at half-past six, after which the crucifix was covered, and the religious ceremonies closed for the night. The whole proceedings were marked by the utmost order and solemnity, and it was impossible not to recognize the thoroughly religious spirit which pervaded the crowds engaged in them all through the day. Clergy and laity, city and country alike, seemed wholly engrossed in the religious exercises.

On Monday, instead of lessening, the throng of pilgrims seemed to increase. Their bands were arriving incessantly, with chanting of hymns and recitation of prayers, and taking their way to the cathedral. Nor was the pilgrimage for many of these village by any means a mere pleasure pro-

menade. Some deputations were travelling the whole night on foot, and that, too, while the rain came down in torrents. But wet or dry, tired or fresh, the new-comers bent their way towards the cathedral, and there, sometimes had to wait long for the time of their admission to the oratory of the sacred crucifix. There was no uncertainty about the earnestness of devotion of the Luccese countrymen and women. They came to perform a solemn religious act, not as a matter of recreation however innocent, and they cheerfully faced the trouble that awaited them. The confessionals were thronged in all the churches of the city. The crowds coming in from the country to the festival filled all the hotels and private lodgings, and many were unable to obtain beds at any price. Still, the following day showed no falling off in the number of visitors, which was greatest on the final day of the celebration.

The order observed on the three days between the opening Sunday and the concluding day of the festival, was much the same throughout. The image was uncovered at an early hour of the morning, and each succeeding half hour was set apart during the day for particular villages or parishes. However, the numbers of the pilgrim bands were too large to be thus provided for; so, occasionally, two deputations entered the chapel together. The number of delegations that arrived was little short of forty a day, often numbering three or four hundred persons each. All brought offerings, most commonly wax lights and flowers, with occasional votive gifts of gold or silver, and also money at times, though rarely. On each day a Pontifical High Mass was sung at half-past ten by one of the neighbouring bishops, and Vespers were chanted in the afternoon, after which followed a sermon and subsequently the prayers of the Triduo, after which the crucifix was covered for the night.

The villages around had been the most prominent actors in the outdoor rejoicings on the first day; but on the eve of the great day the citizens of Lucca itself began their display. Public illuminations of the walls and streets were ordered by the municipality, and many of the private citizens prepared to take part in the work by decorations of an elaborate character. Transparencies of the sacred image were to be seen everywhere, and devices of various kinds in gas, coloured lanterns, and electric lights were brought into requisition to do honour to the occasion. Unfortunately the weather was very bad. Incessant rains and high winds, though they did not prevent the influx of the country visitors, compelled a postponement of the municipal illuminations, and also diminished considerably the private displays. After Vespers on Wednesday a public procession was organized in the Church of San Frediano, which proceeded to the cathedral to offer the homage of the city to the Almighty at the sacred shrine. Cardinal Martinelli, three archbishops, and five bishops, with the canons of the cathedral and the members of the other collegiate chapters of the city, took part in the procession. The decorations of the cathedral itself were of the most elaborate kind. In Italian fashion the walls and the fronts of galleries were covered with hangings of rich materials, and the

ordinary lights were increased by numerous chandeliers and lamps. The chapel in which the crucifix hung was a perfect sea of light, as the procession approached it through the densely packed congregation. The sacred music all through the festival, though somewhat florid to our taste, was of a high order of excellence, as might, indeed, be expected in Italy.

The chapel in which the sacred crucifix is preserved is erected in the cathedral in the northern aisle. Its form is octagonal, with columns of the composite order wrought out of the purest white marble at each angle. The columns stand on a plinth of the same material, inlaid with a band of red porphyry. Three doorways, filled with iron gates of an elaborate pattern, and two windows occupy five of the eight sides. Two of the remainder are filled with slabs of red marble covered with inscriptions, but on the exterior of the side behind the crucifix is a marble statue of the martyr S. Sebastian attached to the trunk of a tree. Above the columns runs a cornice of classical outline, having its friezes richly decorated with festoons and masks of marble. The parapets above the cornice are in the form of semicircular shells, behind and above which the roof rises in a dome surmounted by a tall lantern of octagonal shape. The sides of the lantern are occupied by long windows, and the top is crowned by a ball and cross. Though rich and varied there is nothing of the rococo style of ornament to mar the beauty of this graceful edifice. The latter part of the fifteenth century, in which it was built, was perhaps the best period of modern Italian architecture, alike removed from the slavish adherence to purely classical forms of Renaissance art, and from the extravagance that marked the work of its successors. The richness of the materials used throughout is peculiarly Italian, and gives the whole the appearance of a giant reliquary. The dome is covered with plates of majolica of various colour and designs. The shell-shaped lunettes above the cornice, and the moulded ribs of the dome are richly gilt, as well as the volutes in the composite capitals of the columns and the mouldings of the cornice, their metallic lustre contrasting with the pure white and deep red of the marble below. The interior of the chapel is even richer than the outside, especially in the variety of its marble lining. The sense of beauty in colour and the skill to apply it harmoniously to building has always been common in Italy to a much greater extent than in the other countries of Europe. It finds abundant play in this shrine. The pavement is tessellated with marbles whose names are scarcely known to northern builders, as the green marble of Genoa, the yellow of Surina, and red porphyry. Gold is abundantly used in the walls, yet not so as to hide the beauty of the marble panellings. The altar is a table of Sicilian jasper, upheld at the sides by kneeling angels in gilt bronze. The steps above the altar table are of the purest oriental alabaster.

*(To be continued.)*

"SHALL I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle as the dance was about to begin. "With all my heart!" was the soft response.

## THE MARTINS OF LEVERTON.

BY OLIVER CRANE.

## CHAPTER XX.

## NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.

**I**F anyone could have told me twelve hours before that I should look at a burning house to which I had come to meet Alice, without any emotion but that of a calm fixed unwavering horror, I should not have believed him. But here I stood, one among a crowd of spectators, seeing the smoke bursting over the roof of the house at intervals, feeling the almost scorching atmosphere, hearing from time to time the sounds that indicated that something was doing out of our sight, and standing still. It is true that there was nothing for me to do; it is certain that all that there was to do was being done by other people; it is true that I was mystified by the sight of the closed and barricaded windows, and it is also true that the sight of those, whom a few hours back I had left at Leverton, completely puzzled me. But now, when I think of it, I wonder that I could keep, even for those few first moments, still and passive. I was only a spectator. There was a history before me, of which I knew nothing; a mystery to which I had no key. The sight of Father Bennett, Ben, and Ned Jackson seemed to paralyze me, and I believe I should have done something, and made myself in some way conspicuous, if the sight of their faces had not kept me quiet. They looked the very pictures of profound interest. They watched and waited, and seemed to have forgotten everything but that one thing, whatever it was, which they expected to happen. Their eyes were fixed on that house front, where the closed windows showed their broken glass, and the timbers that had been placed from within against the lower ones showed that there had been preparations for a determined defence. So great an effect had their stillness on me, that I, too, watched and waited as they did, though I knew not why. I could not help joining my thoughts and intentions to theirs, for I knew that we were all in one interest, and could desire but one thing.

Suddenly there was a noise. The upper window-shutters were forced open, and a man appeared. The people gave one welcoming shout. He burst open the framework, shook the glass from his coat, pushed his body through the open space, and cried "a ladder, a ladder!" Then not waiting for what he asked for, he laid hold of the window-sill, got his whole body through and dropped the whole height down upon the ground. It was cleverly done, and the man knew how to do it. But it was not done without danger; and the sympathising voice of the multitude showed they knew him. Some of those who were nearest jumped forward and quickly dragged the man in among the spectators, and he was raised up; and I saw him shaking himself, and feeling his sore bones, and I heard him say, "I am all right."

Then came a great movement in the crowd, and men appeared bearing a ladder. Just as they were placing it against the wall there appeared at the upper window an aged figure, with long grey hair floating about her bare throat—such a spectacle of woe and terror. I think he would have been more a brute than a man who had not shuddered at the sight.

Instantly up rose the clear voice of Ned Jackson. It was so clear, so sad, such a wail of entreaty—every head was turned towards him, every heart, I am sure, must have been touched:

"Granny," cried the boy—"I wrote. Is she there?"

Oh, how my heart beat against my side. It was as if my life depended on her answer—all tranquillity was gone. I could have pulled those walls down with my own poor hands.—I would willingly have given my life to save her.

"Bring me the ladder," cried the old woman.

Her poor palsied accents, her face of ghastly terror, struck us with awe.

"I did all you said. Is she there?"

Once more the boy appealed to her—once more she cried, with an angry energy:

"The ladder!"

They were getting the ladder to the house front.

"One word—yes, or no?" screamed Ned in an agony.

"No," cried the woman.

And now the same man who had forced himself through the window was seen half way up the ladder to help the wretched old woman out. It was not a moment too soon—we felt that. The smoke was breaking out, and hiding the miserable figure from our eyes, and then dying down; we were able to see her still at the aperture, and now trying to get through. She had firm hold of the window case; she was not touching the ladder, when, all in a moment, the man on the ladder disappeared, and the crowd gave one simultaneous shout of anguish and pain. The ladder had broken, the man had dropped with it, and the dying down of another column of smoke showed us the old trembling woman clasping the wall, and reaching forth all of her body that she could get through the window.

"Help, men, help!" she cried in agony.

Then she drew herself back again, and stood up.

"Get your feet out first—sit on the window sill—hold steadily with your hands—drop yourself gently."

These words came clear on the air. I never knew who said them. But it was quite certain that she could not, or would not. It was clear, too, that that was her only chance.

"Where is she?" cried Ned. "Granny, Granny—it may be your last good deed."

Ned threw out his arms, and pushed forward towards the open space, but some people held him back. The boy's face was so transformed by emotion that, as the light rested on it, it was scarcely human. Then there rose a cry, and the high red flame burst through the roof. The dry thatch cracked and blazed; the horror of the moment was unutterable. But Granny's eyes seemed fixed on Ned's face. She was tying up something which she had taken from the pocket of her dress, and she flung it at him. Then she



looked back, and she saw the flames bursting up behind her, and the smoke issuing from the window again hid her from our sight.

But when it cleared away once more, she stretched forth her arms and called on God for mercy. We told her to fling herself out: we bade her pull her outer garments off if they encumbered her; but there was little time for either acts or words. Still it was evident that she would not, or could not, throw herself through the aperture.

But now in front of all stood Father Bennett; above all the hum of the many voiced multitude, above the crushing of the timbers, and the rushing of the devouring flames, rose the priest's voice.

He bade her repent. Oh, how she cried aloud with fear and misery.

He said the words of an act of penitence. How she cast forth her arms to him imploringly.

Everyone of us felt that she repented.

But how can I tell you what I felt, when I saw Father Bennett, still nearer to the blazing, holding up a Crucifix to the wretched being still clinging to the stone-work.

"Now make an act of sorrow for all your sins."

She bowed her head on her breast, and once more stretched forth her aged arms. It was all we saw; the flames leapt up and seemed to seize her, and the roof fell in with an awful crash, and a great smothering darkness which made us all press back; but I knew that, in the midst of the roar of the fire, and the sounds of anguish from all round, the words of the priest's Absolution had gone up to heaven. "Whose sins you remit they are remitted." I had often read the words in the Bible that lay on my shelf at home, but now I had learnt their meaning.

His voice was strong and clear, his words rapid, but evidently in some once well-known form, for she beat her hand upon her breast and answered him with signs as he told her so. Once the flames had flushed out even by her side. I had shut my eyes in dread of what might come; but when they went back she was there still—still crying to God, and to His priest.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### EXPLANATION.

A TERRIBLE stillness fell upon us. The groan being once over that had seemed to unite every voice into a single sound, there was a moment of still horror. The sound-like hissing of the half-smothered flames on which the thatched roof had fallen in, went on louder and louder, then changing into crackling notes and momentary bursts almost like explosions. The crowd separated, got further and further from the burning mass—and after another half-hour I found myself one of a group close to the elm trees, and sheltering behind their giant stems from the blazing glare and the painfully scorching atmosphere.

I was close to Ben, Mr. Bennet, and Ned. I had kept as close as I could to them on purpose, but they had not seen me. But now I put my hand on my brother's arm, and spoke his name. He started.

"Henry!" he cried, "I have looked for you wondered about you. How did I miss seeing you?"

"You looked too far off perhaps," I said, "and the sight we have seen was enough to kill at."

"Yes; but how was it we did not overtake you? We tried to do so."

"Why did you come?" I asked.

"That we must speak of by-and-by. On your business of course."

Ben's very grave face struck me in that awful moment where, certainly, I expected no mercy, and made me fear.

"Is all well at home?" I asked, tremblingly.

"Oh, yes; quite well. There is nothing to fear, Henry. We came to keep things straight here with you, and little thought we should come in for that;" and Ben waved his hand toward the burning ruins, and yet kept his head turned away, like one who could not bear to look at again.

"What an awful sight!" I said.

"What an hour of mercy," said Ben, and he wiped his eyes openly, and I loved him all the better for it. Then we looked round, and saw sitting under a tree that stood a little apart from the group, our poor friend Ned. We walked up to him.

"Fetch Mr. Bennet," he said, never looking up.

So we went again among the people, and Ben spoke to the good priest, and he came back with us to Ned.

"You know," said Ned, in a sad, hesitating voice, "this was thrown at me in answer to my inquiries about Miss Alice Coombe."

Then, to my infinite astonishment, I saw that the wretched old woman had put a letter directed to herself into a shoe, tied it tight, and thrown it at Ned. The shoe was the one that made a pack with that which had been found the night of the robbery by the butler's door. It was a pretty little brown worsted-work shoe, with a little ornament of blue beads sewn upon the front. It was Alice's shoe—her own, her own! I held out my hand, and they gave it to me. Poor little creature! So she had been carried off with that one shoe only; and the old woman had kept it, and she had thrown it out of the window when it appealed to us as to whether or not Alice was there. Alice—alas! where was she?

"This was in it," said Ned.

Then Mr. Bennet took the envelope from Ned's hand, and examined the contents. While he was reading I watched him, but my attention was interrupted by the hurried arrival among us of a man whom I had seen coming straight to the elm-trees from across the common.

As he got near I saw he was a postman. He had his leathern bag across his shoulders, and a packet of papers and letters in his hand, bound round with a strap.

"Dear me—dear me," he began, as he came near, "what a sight is this. I heard a rumour of it. And here is a letter which should have reached her last evening, but by a mistake—a mistake that, I should think, never happened before—it was mislaid to Farnberry. Poor thing—"

poor thing; I can't help wishing she had had the letter before she died."

This letter, of which he spoke, was the uppermost one in the packet that was bound up so well. It was there, with the direction plainly in view, as he held the bundle towards us to prove the truth of his words. It was Ned's letter to the old woman, which she had never received. It was the letter which was to have brought Alice to the house, of which no more now remained than a burning wreck. The boy looked at it, cast himself on the ground in violent emotion, and cried: "Thank God!"

On walked the postman, going faster than usual to make up for the moments he had spent with us, and we watched him away and out of sight as he descended the step into the hamlet of Little Eastholme.

Now, as we gazed around, we saw the people dispersing on every side. A body of police, some country people of the more independent classes, and a few of the respectable persons from Eastholme were almost all that were left. People were saying good-bye, and observing that they had work to do at home, and promising to return towards evening. So we stood and watched. Not one of those who looked on knew how great an interest we had there; though several persons had kept a grave eye on Mr. Bennet, after the striking scene, in the sight of so many of the crowd, that had shown him as preparing Granny for death; and they had recognized him in that sad moment as the priest of God.

One of the policemen had spoken to Mr. Bennett. He had said:

"Did you know the old woman, sir? Had you any business with her?"

"I knew she was a Catholic," Mr. Bennet had replied, "for I am interested in a good youth, one of my congregation, who was a relative of hers. And as to my business with her," he said with a gentle smile, "she was at the point of death, and I am a Catholic priest."

The man smiled pleasantly, I thought. He touched his hat, and went away.

But now that the postman was gone, and we were alone again, Ned rose from the ground, and said:

"Read the note Granny threw out, if you please, sir."

Mr. Bennet then, having looked at me and Ned, as if to command our attention, said:

"It is a note from a nun, who helps to attend the sick in the pauper hospital at Farnberry."

"Farnberry," said Ned, "is three miles from here, across the common that way"—and he pointed in the direction just opposite to Eastholme—the direction from which the postman had come. Then Mr. Bennet went on speaking:

"Your poor old relative had written evidently to the hospital, to say she should come for Alice, and this is the reply to that letter. It tells us where Alice is, and in what state she is. It is also evident that Alice was admitted to the hospital as her grandchild."

Then he read as follows:

"Mrs. Gilling.—Your letter to say that you will come to the hospital for your grandchild to take her away, or to make some arrangements about her being visited by her friends, reached here

safely, and has been shown to the physician. I am desirous to tell you that Alice is not fit to leave the hospital; she is not yet fit to go to her home. She has been treated in every way as well as could be managed. She has had a room to herself, with a woman to sleep in it to take care of her. The attack of brain fever was short, but yet severe, and though the worst is passed, she is not always conscious. The physician would like to see you, so come as you propose. He is quite sure that she has had some terrible shock, and also that she has something on her mind. If this irritating cause can be removed, she may recover soon, and recover perfectly. But if she has anything more to suffer, she may be ill for life. She cries after a Mrs. Slade, and speaks of some one called Henry. The physician wishes to ask if those persons can visit her. If so, make any arrangements for the purpose that you can. I shall be at the hospital to receive you at the hour you name."

"Well," said Mr. Bennet, "after reading this letter—and let us remember that placing it in our hands was the best action that the repentant soul could do to her neighbour—after reading it, I think that there is only one thing to do—to go to the hospital immediately."

I felt a flush of joy rush up to my face. I should once more be under the same roof with my darling. Alice was safe, and I might hear her voice, if I did not see her. I could have embraced Ben on the spot for answering as readily as he did:

"Go, yes; of course, we must go. Don't let us wait another moment."

"Oh, yes, go!" cried Ned. "But I can't, sir. I can't go out of sight of that."

He pointed to the burning ruins, and turned his head away.

"Very well," said Mr. Bennet. "Stay here. We shall walk there easily, and when we come back this way, you will be here."

"I shall be here," said the boy.

So Mr. Bennet, my brother and I, began our walk without another word, across the great spreading heath-covered waste, in the direction of Farnberry.

A week back how little could I have guessed that my brother and I should be walking thus, in a country quite unfamiliar, talking of solemn things.

As we went Ben spoke freely, and Mr. Bennett told out to us the whole Catholic faith.

It was listening to the good news of salvation. It was looking back through Christian history, and uniting the apostolic days with our own days, and seeing how the true church, built on the rock, lived for us. How the Pope was the successor of S. Peter; how the benefits of the Blood shed on Calvary were applied to our souls by the sacraments; how the bread and wine at Mass were changed into the Body and Blood of Christ when the priest pronounced the words of Consecration—the words ordained by Jesus Christ himself. Thus, we were taught, Jesus Christ had given himself to us in this sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, to feed and nourish our souls, that we might live by Him. Then, again, the priest went on to tell us that the Blessed Eucharist was more than a sacrament—that it was also a sacrifice—the unbloody sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ.

It was like Heaven opening to us.

(To be continued.)

## ROWING UP THE NILE.

BY A PRIEST.



HE Rev. E. Morgan, Catholic chaplain, writes to the "Tablet," in simple yet graphic words, of the terrible toil of the rowing under the tropical sun, which yet only resulted in progress at something less than a mile an hour. We append the letter in full:

Abou Fatmeh, January 25th, 1885.

I arrived here last Wednesday and sent you a post card to let you know that I had reached my destination safely. For the last three days I have been enjoying a rest, the first I have had for a month. I have been enjoying, too, the bread and fresh meat which we get here for our rations. The bread especially is a positive luxury after so long a time on flinty biscuits.

Well, the journey is finished, and I am more than thankful for it. I doubt whether you could find a more laborious or dangerous one. Now that I look back it seems nothing short of a miracle that so many of us have arrived in safety. We have taken, thirty-one days to come from Wadi Halfa here, about 200 miles, an average of seven or eight miles a day. We were hard at work from sunrise to sunset, twelve hours doing those eight miles, so you see our travelling was a good deal under a mile an hour. Some days I never had an oar out of my hand. Others we were hauling our boat with a rope over rapids, having to scramble like goats over rocks. I had a new pair of soldier's boots at starting, and when I arrived here the soles had parted company with the uppers. Luckily the quartermaster-sergeant had a spare pair, which he gave me, otherwise I should have been barefooted. Our wretched boats were constantly sticking on rocks and sand banks, and generally the only way to get off was by getting into the water and lifting the boat off. My suit of grey is a sight for a washerwoman, I can assure you, caked all over with mud. It is no exaggeration to say that all our lives have been in danger dozens of times. This last cataract is an awful one, four miles long. It took us three hours to pull through it, and that night my joints ached to such an extent that I couldn't get to sleep for a long time. We took a Canadian on board at the other end to steer us through. "You'll have to pull hard to-day, boys," said he, "if ever you pulled hard in your lives. There's a lot of rapids you must row through. No ropes can be used, and if you don't get through them the torrent will sweep you down on to the rocks, and it will be all up with you." So we shifted some of the boxes of provisions with which our boats are loaded down to the water's edge, and with difficulty made room for eight oars. Then we started, luckily with a good wind. Never shall I forget that awful pull! It was nearly twelve o'clock, and the sun scorched our backs. We had been rowing hard all the morning, and I had eaten nothing since six except a handful of biscuit with my coffee. The men were a bit better off, as they could always put away a lump of preserved beef for their breakfast,

but I had turned against it. Rapid after rapid was got through, until at last we reached the worst one of all, about a quarter of a mile long. Here the main stream of the river forced its way between two large masses of black rock, about a hundred feet apart, from which point the water shot down with tremendous speed. This rapid was full of rocks, some just above the water, some just below, the latter easily discovered the furious way the stream boiled over them. Then there were ugly whirlpools, about which nothing was quite certain, that if once you sucked into one you would never get out again. Well, up this place we pulled, inch by inch, the Canadian (Tim Maloney by name) dodging the rocks with wonderful skill. At last we got to the top of the rapid, where the stream was narrow but strongest, just between the two rocks. Here the water was jammed up and all the strength of the river brought to a focus. Here the water flowed like glass. Once we passed this point it would be well. "Now lads," I called out, "a good pull, and we shall be over," and the eight oars went into the water with an extra jerk. It was no easy matter, by the way, in these torments. The stream is so swift and powerful that unless you are as quick as lightning with your oar it will be twisted out of your hands. Well, we pulled until every sinew seemed ready to crack, but we got no nearer to the black ugly rock which I could see on my left. The Canadian, I could see, was getting anxious. He was grinding his teeth, and muttering anything but prayers. He kept shifting his rudder to try and find a weaker place in the current. "Pull," he shouted, through his clenched teeth, "pull for your lives. You'll be down this rapid." I quickened the stroke, and called on them for God's sake to pull harder. I took one glance over my shoulder. Every man had thrown off his helmet, and was bareheaded under the blazing sun. They were streaming with perspiration, their teeth set hard, and panting with the tremendous exertion. There was no mistaking it every man was doing his best for dear life. Still we made no progress. We might as well have been pulling against the solid rock as against that barrier of water. I never asked for God's help more fervently in my life, and never was my prayer answered more swiftly. Just when the men had exhausted their strength and we were beginning to go back again, our sails, which up to now had been filled by a fair wind suddenly gave a violent flap and a gust of wind caught us, which made the boat heel over on her side. "Now boys," I shouted, "a dozen good pulls." Slowly we mounted up, inch by inch, helped by the strong wind. Soon the bow of our boat was in a line with the two rocks. Six more strokes, into which we threw all the strength we had left in us, and we were past the barrier. Then, quick as lightning, by a sharp turn of the rudder, our Canadian shot us into the left behind the black rock where there was slack water. Here we had a rest, not before it was needed. I scarcely had strength to lift my oar out of the water. As we were mopping ourselves, I noticed that our Canadian friend's face and chest were streaming with perspiration. "You look pretty warm," I said, "you might have been pulling through the rapids." "Do you know,

Father," he answered, "what made me sweat? Why, it was anxiety. I knew that if you missed that point the darned old boat would have been caught broadside by the current, and rolled over and over on the rocks and smashed to match-wood. Every one of you most like would have been drowned. It was thinking of that made me sweat."

That afternoon we reached Abu Fatmeh, the head of the rapid. The next day Father Brindle came in with H company of the 18th. He had a rest here and a square meal, which he greatly needed. He has taken his turn with the men at the oar, and put his shoulder to the rope with the best, in occupation hardly in keeping with his white hair and grey beard. If ever there was a man with a true soldier's spirit it is Father Brindle.

We have had a great many hair-breadth escapes, I can assure you, by boat if not by field. One day we were in a very nasty part of the river. The stream was nearly a mile broad, but a perfect labyrinth of rocks, sand-banks, and swift currents. We had just got through and were in good water again, when we suddenly heard loud cries, and on looking back saw a boat of the Gordon Highlanders, which had been caught by the current and swept down on a hidden rock. They were evidently hit hard, for they were throwing the water out with buckets. It was no easy matter to get their assistance, as in order to reach them we must go down the same current which was the cause of their disaster. However, it had to be done, as their boat might slip off the rock at any moment, and go down like a stone. So still pulling hard against the current, we allowed our boat to drift gradually down the stream towards them. We were about two lengths off, when suddenly we heard the unpleasant grinding sound along our keel, which announced that we, too, were on a rock. The situation was a trifle puzzling. We were sitting comfortably on a rock, and no amount of shoving could help us, as there was deep water all round. Fortunately our boat was not damaged. First of all I had a rope thrown out to the Gordons, and told them to make it fast to their boat. It soon became evident what must be done. We should never be able to get our boat off unless she were lightened, nor would it have been safe to re-embark the ten Highlanders into our already heavily laden whaler. So I gave the order "Overboard with the boxes, boys," and in five minutes a hundred days' rations were floating merrily down the Nile. As soon as this was done we had no difficulty in getting off, and, pulling alongside the other boat, we took the crew on board with their kit, bags, and rifles, and then made for the shore, which we reached with some trouble. When we got up with the company that evening, one of our men was hailed by a friend with the question, "And what kept you behind to-day, Larry?" "Shure we've been to the relase of Gordon," was the reply. It would take a volume to describe the dangers and difficulties of this Nile expedition.

It has been very hard on the men, since their soldiers' training has been of no use to them in the work they have had to do. I suppose very few of them ever had an oar in their hands before.

Each company had about ten boats. Of these, perhaps three would be in charge of officers; the other seven were in the hands of non-commissioned officers and men, who generally knew as much of the management of a boat as they did about astronomy. Then imagine these boats scattered about the river miles apart. Sometimes these boats would be parted from the company for days. Generally the delay was caused by their running on rocks, so that they had to be unloaded and repaired. No doubt people at home imagine that every boat is in charge of an experienced Canadian. Most companies of the 18th regiment had two Canadians; our company had three. Again, I say it is nothing short of a miracle that so many of us have reached here in safety. The conduct of the officers, I must say, has been splendid. Always the first to shoulder the rope or take a double turn at the oar; now up to their knees in mud, and now up to their chins in water. Most of them arrived here in such rags and tatters, with their festered hands swathed up in dirty linen, that no right-minded policeman would hesitate to turn them off well-conducted premises. They have suffered a good deal, too, in small matters.

## EVE'S TOMB.



THE Arab's claim that Eve's tomb is at Jiddah, the seaport of Mecca. The temple with a palm growing out of its centre is supposed to mark the place where Eve's body rests, and a domed mosque is believed to be exactly over the spot. According to the Arabs, the lady measured about 200 feet in height, but, judging by the dimensions of her tomb, it would be seen that the Ismaelites much underrated her real length. Arabs, however, are very bad judges of distance, and nearly always have a horror of telling the truth. The sacred ground, which is pretty thickly studded with tombstones of departed Sheikhs and other worthies, is inclosed by a high white wall; a few small shrubs and aloe plants struggle for existence among the gravestones, and close to the domed mosque is a tree growing over some great man's grave, which is surrounded by railings. There are many legends and superstitions concerning the celebrated place, but I had not time to collect any that would be worth relating. It is visited by numerous pilgrims. "Bachsheesh," of course, is in great request by the well-dressed Arabs as well as the ragged. Jiddah is a clean, fine-looking town—at a distance; but on a nearer approach the illusion will be dispelled, and many aromas (not of ambergris or burned sandal wood), powerful as a soap factory, assail the nose. This gets worse as one lands, but there is no time to waste thinking of such a trifle, for a sharp watch has to be kept on the mangy, ophthalmic dogs, who amuse themselves by barking and snapping at the legs of any one who makes use of soap and water. At night it is necessary for Europeans to carry a light and a good stick, a well-planted blow from the latter doing wonders in warning off the dogs.

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINBECK.

### CHAPTER X.

**A**FTER the completion of the usual ceremonies, Spotted Snake rose and opened the conference.

"The great and wise chief of the pale-faces may speak," he began, turning to Van Curler, "the red men will listen to his words. The pale-faces are among friends. They can say why they come to the Mohawk village."

When the sagamore had resumed his seat, the commandant, who had often had intercourse with the Indians, rose, and said:

"Sagamore, we will say what we think; we will say what we wish. The Mohawk people have lifted the tomahawk against the Frenchmen at the Great Stream, and their young men have returned home conquerors. We do not say to the Mohawks bury the tomahawk and make peace with the Frenchmen; neither do we say, lift it up and destroy the Frenchmen. The Mohawks have many wise men and they can best give them advice. Our red friends have brought three Frenchmen to their village who are not warriors, and we are come to ask them: 'Will the Mohawks let us take away these men of peace with us.' We shall then send them back to their country, and say to the Frenchmen: 'The Mohawks are a brave people; they fight only with warriors.'"

Labadic interpreted this speech word for word, and then translated the reply of the sagamore into Dutch. It was to this effect:

"The pale-faces from Cohotatea are the friends of the Mohawks, and what their great chief says rejoices our chiefs and sachems. The great people of the Ongwehonwe have not buried the tomahawk. The pale-faces on the Great Stream have intruded into the land of the Mohawks with the tomahawk in their hand. The great chief speaks rightly; the Mohawks fight only with warriors. It is true that a black-robe and two Frenchmen, who had no arms, were taken prisoners by the braves of my brother Eagle; but they came into our country with Hurons, and the Hurons are the foes of the Ongwehonwe. The pale-faces of Cohotatea know that."

When Spotted Snake sat down, he gave Eagle a secret sign, which he well understood. Then he rose, and, with an eloquent tongue, spoke of the evil deeds of the Frenchmen against the Mohawks. He said that the imprisonment of the missionary and the two Oblates had not been planned by him, and that he only took them with him to the villages for the sake of his own safety, for he had reason to fear that they might bring down upon him a troop of French, or a band of Hurons. He had never thought of treating these white men as prisoners of war, but, on the contrary, would have liberated them at the proper time.

Van Curler knew his red-skins too well to place much faith in them. He did not think much of their love for truth.

The Mohawks, in their intercourse with whites, had learned in some degree the value of money, but they were not avaricious. They were pleased with the bright colours and the brilliancy of the trifles they got from the white men, and they valued the goods themselves with caring much for the white and yellow "wampum" as they called the gold and silver coins. Wherefore, Mynheer Jacob Jansen opened great packets, and shook out their gold and silver contents upon a skin, none of the Indians present showed any great desire for this treasure.

"We offer this as a ransom for the three Frenchmen," said the merchant. "If you prefer to have instead, arms, blankets, or other goods, it is all the same to us."

The sagamore, after exchanging a glance with Eagle, shook his head with a smile, and said:

"The black-robe and young men are not of Gandawaga; they are far from home, so far that they cannot hear the voice that calls them. Spotted Snake cannot tell what will happen to them. He must again talk about it with the chiefs and sachems before he gives an answer."

"Very good, sagamore. We are content. Take counsel together, and then tell us short and conclusively yes or no; this money will not be offered you again," said Van Curler decidedly, and then asked where he should await their answer.

"A wigwam is prepared for the great chief and his friends," replied Eagle. "The pale-faces from Cohotatea may refresh themselves with food and rest, for the great light will soon sink, and then they may enter the council hut of the Mohawks."

Thus ended the first conference, and night was already approaching when a message from the sagamore announced that the Pow-wow would again be opened the next morning.

The Dutch party, convinced that the matter would be prolonged, enjoyed a good night's rest. The savages, on the contrary, continued in the council hut till long after midnight.

The bushranger again appeared there, after he had ascertained that there was no danger of meeting the commandant and his escort during the night. He was cunningly weaving the thread he held in his hand into a net from which the captives, as far as human foresight extended, could not possibly escape. He was one of the last to enter the council-hut, and yet, before the sun rose, he had shouldered his gun, and was on his way to Renselaerswyk. If Eagle kept his word, the wretched man would have attained his object, and would have no longer to fear that his shameful treason would ever come to light, and did the chief break his word, Jan had already forged a plan of revenge, the carrying out of which would bring destruction to the Mohawks.

When the Pow-wow was again opened the next morning, Van Curler was at once told that the Indians would give up the captives at once to the French at Three Rivers, and all the endeavours of the Dutch to obtain their liberty failed. The negotiation lasted for two days, and



then they returned to Renselaerswyk. They did not believe in the sincerity of the savages, but yet hoped that the lives of the white men would be spared.

Van Curler could with difficulty restrain his anger, and had almost decided to bring the affair before the States General, in case the savages should break their word, and not deliver up the prisoners at Three Rivers. How far he dared go in such a case, and whether his government would give him a sufficient troop to exercise an exemplary chastisement on the savages was very doubtful, for a war with the Mohawks would benefit the French, the great rival of Holland in America. Meanwhile, the captivity of the missionaries might lead to a compact between France and the States General, and to settlements of the boundaries on each side, and then the red-skins would soon be brought to reason. Such were the calculations of the commandant and Mynheer Jacob Jansen. But it fell out quite otherwise.

After the conclusion of the Pow-wow, the Mohawks who had been waiting outside returned to their village, and as the hawker had returned to Renselaerswyk to Gandawaga the excitement abated, and everything pursued its accustomed course. The brave man learned from the captive Frenchmen that they were to be sent to their people on the S. Lawrence as soon as the rains had ceased, and the ground had become in some degree dry. He did not succeed in seeing the captives.

As soon as his business in the village was ended, he was making his way to the other villages, and Jacques and Renè were brought to their quarters for the time being and told that they would be liberated in a short time, and taken back to the S. Lawrence, if they would, till that time, make no more magical signs, nor murmurings of enchantment. They should speak no more to the bad spirit whom they served, or a blow from the tomahawk should render them incapable of doing more harm. Neither of the two made any reply to this warning, and in a few days in the fervour of their faith they had forgotten it.

Jacques did what he could to give his Indian sufferers the help of religion; to instruct and strengthen the Hurons who still remained in the faith; to comfort them and to pray with them.

Renè Goupil lived in a Mohawk family, where there was a little maiden who liked the kind white man, while he was also pleased with her. In continual intercourse with the savages, he soon learned enough of their language to be able to tell himself understood, and then he told his favourite much from the Holy Scriptures, of the good God, of the glory of heaven, of the good angel and of the number of happy souls which rejoice for all eternity before the throne of the Eternal. The child was a very attentive listener, and as often as she found the white alone she wanted further instruction. She had imposed the strictest silence upon her regard to their conversations, and threatened to tell her nothing more if she spoke of them to any one else. The little one kept her secret, and

no one suspected that the Oblate was trying to gain this young soul to the faith.

Teacher and pupil were one morning, as they thought, alone in the hut, and Renè was teaching the child to make the sign of the Cross, and to say the *Pater Noster*, when he was suddenly terrified by a hoarse laugh just behind him.

He turned, and Assendase stood before him, looking with wild and flashing eyes first at him and then at the child still kneeling on the ground.

"The false pale-face is poisoning the child of the Mohawks. He is taking her to his bad spirit that he may destroy her!" cried the old man, foaming with rage.

"Not to any bad spirit but to God, the loving Father of all men whether white or red am I leading this child," replied Renè with a bright look.

"Pale-face, you have done what you will repent of when it is too late!" threatened the old man as he left the hut.

"Come with me, white man, that the braves may not kill you," begged the child, as she hurried into the street.

The young man involuntarily followed the thoughtful child for a short distance; then it occurred to him to seek F. Jaques, and he turned back.

The child believed that her white friend was following her, and did not turn to look till, in all haste, she had reached a place of concealment of which she knew.

As Renè approached the hut where the missionary lived with a lunatic Indian, he heard cries and abuse. At his entrance, the savage was raging like one possessed, because the priest would not give up to him the only piece of stuff which served him as a garment. On the entrance of a second pale-face the unhappy man fled from the hut with loud cries.

"What has happened to you, my good Renè?" asked the missionary, "you are so pale and look so distressed."

"Thanks to my thoughtlessness I believe they will make an end of me, and of you also," replied the Oblate. "I do not wish to escape, but I should be glad to go outside the village with you when I will tell you all that has happened as well as make my Confession and pray with you."

"Certainly, Renè," replied the father.

So they came to the pallsades by a bushy path, and climbing them as they had so often done, they reached the open country unobserved. They soon reached the covert of the forest, and after a quarter of an hour came to a little height from which they could look down upon the village. Then they stopped, lay down under a mighty palm tree and told of their latest experiences.

F. Jaques was far from blaming the Oblate; he did not even call him thoughtless.

"Whatever we do in God's name is well done," he said. "Be at peace, my dear Renè. Death will not find us unprepared."

"It will not find me as fully prepared as I could wish," replied Renè with a sigh.

"Then, come to Confession, my son."

"I desire this, but I have one other wish. May I speak it?"

"Speak, my good Renè."

"Be it so. Then you will grant the secret and most ardent wish of my heart, father; but I fear a denial."

"Not if it is in my power to grant it."

"It is in your power. Listen to me. A presentiment of my death, which I have had for some days, makes me earnestly desire to die as one of the least members of the Society of Jesus. Oh, my father, give me the vows! I beg for this on my knees. Do not deny me. You are silent. You smile. Can I hope it? Can I receive the vows from you? Time presses; the Mohawks are in a state of excitement. Look down the village below. They will soon come in search of me, and I shall not attempt concealment. Grant my request, and I will pray for you fervently."

The missionary looked at the faithful partner of his sufferings; then, in a voice full of emotion, he replied:

"How can I refuse such a request, René? It was only your delicate health which prevented your being received into the Company formerly. If you are ready to take the vows I am to give them."

This was, indeed, the most joyful day in the life of the young man, for he now saw the highest of his wishes gratified. The Jesuit held his new brother locked in his embrace, and both returned fervent thanks to God.

Below, in the village, reigned the wildest confusion. The savages had found the huts occupied by the white men forsaken, and were searching every corner to find some trace of the fugitives. In vain did Eagle and Spotted Snake endeavour to calm the excited people; the braves became more wild, the women more furious for death. Eagle sprang on to a log of wood before the council-hut, and, with a stentorian voice, cried out:

"Will the Mohawk braves shut their ears to the voice of their chief? Has a bad spirit perverted them, and will they no longer listen to Eagle's voice? The pale-faces have not fled away. They are only terrified by the anger of our braves. They have only hidden themselves till the Mohawks become calmer. Whither could they fly? My brave young men overtake the wild deer on the prairie. Can a black-robe escape them who has never made use of his feet? The young pale-face is almost blind; how could he escape. Assemble around your chief, Mohawks, and he will seek the pale-faces with you, and we will find them."

Eagle had chosen the right means in appealing to the obedience of his warriors and it succeeded. The commotion was controlled, and at his first words silence was restored to the place where the whole population of Gandawaga was assembled.

"Eagle has spoken wisely. But the young pale-face must die; he has wished to sacrifice this child to the bad spirit," exclaimed Assendase's croaking voice.

The old man had found René's little pupil in her hiding place, and setting the terrified child upon his shoulder exposed her to the general view.

"This child can herself show you what the false pale-face has taught her;" and, turning to her, asked: "What were you to do, and what were

you to say when you were alone with the pale-face in the hut?"

The little maiden made the Sign of the Cross and stammered a petition of the Our Father which she remembered, after which the old man placed her on the ground.

A howl of wrath filled the air, which was heard even on the hill where the two white men were praying.

"Do you hear how the savages are raging at father?" asked René.

"Yes, I hear them," replied the priest with great serenity.

"Will you not leave me here alone, des father?"

The missionary looked at the young man with a smile of surprise.

"We will die together, my good René, come what may."

The cracking of breaking twigs was heard in the thicket which surrounded the hill. A Mohawk appeared, saw the white men, and hastened to them. René rose, and folded his hands in prayer.

The supposed murderer came on breathless, but he neither grasped his tomahawk nor pointed his gun. It was Kortsæton.

"The Mohawks are in search of the pale-faces; they will kill them. Kortsæton does not believe that the black-robe is a wicked conjuror. The pale-faces must hide themselves. Kortsæton will take them to a place where they will be safe till the braves no longer seek their lives," he cried in haste.

"We will not fly, good Kortsæton," they replied with one word.

The chief stared at them in amaze.

"The pale-faces must follow Kortsæton. He will protect them," he continued after a short pause.

The priest shook his head.

"No, chief, we will remain where we are," replied René.

"The braves may take our lives. We have done them no harm; we will wait for them here," added Jaques.

"Then Kortsæton must go; the pale-faces think he has a double tongue," muttered the rejected deliverer and he again placed the rifle upon his shoulder, which he had laid on the ground.

"You mistake, chief. We believe and trust you, but we cannot follow you," said the missionary distinctly.

"Aah! Can the black-robe die twice?" muttered the Mohawk, and he disappeared in the bushes on the other side of the hill.

"What noble heartedness!" cried René.

"God will reward him," said the priest.

Very soon after this a wild-looking brave, tomahawk in hand, appeared, and rushed joyfully upon the white men he discovered.

"Black Snake, Airestoi requires you!" he cried, and rushed upon the priest who awaited him calmly.

"Ondesonk will not fly," said the father.

"The Mohawks may kill him."

"You want me," said René, as he held out his hands to be bound.

This coolness seemed to impress the savages.

They did not ill-treat the white men, but only drove them back to their village with cries and reproaches. The Frenchmen prayed aloud.

The pale-faces cry in vain to their bad spirit, Aïstoi has conquered him, and he hears not," said a sneaking voice, and he struck a blow which felled him to the ground, he heard another heavy blow, and René cry "My Jesus!" He turned in terror; at his side René, his skull shattered, and near him a murderer with his blood-stained tomahawk in hand.

Jacques bared his head, and commended his soul to heaven, but the murderous axe did not fall. Time, for the warriors were ashamed of any deed, and drove the missionary down to the village and to the space before the council.

Spotted Snake gave him over to two men, who took him back to the hut which he had before inhabited. Then the tom-tom sounded, and called the sachems and chiefs to the council.

The proceedings in the hastily assembled Pow-wow were of a stormy nature. The murder of the Frenchman was considered by the leaders as an act which might have serious consequences for the Mohawks. Several speakers pointed out that the Dutch, to whom the giving up of the captives had been refused because they would without their permission be sent back to the French would regret the act, and consider the Mohawks the enemies of all pale-faces. There had been many opportunities for making away with the captive pale-faces, or they could have been hidden, and the Hollanders persuaded that they had no hand in their destruction. This had been done, but the death of the young white man could not remain a secret, and all that could be done to prevent a war depended on the safety of the missionary. If he was protected, they could tell the Hollanders that Goupil had been slain by a stupid Indian, for whose act the Mohawks were not responsible, and he could be sent away, and be given up to the Hollanders when caught. This was the view taken by the sagamore and elder chiefs, but the younger members of the council thought the Mohawks should take all consequences on themselves, and they need only tell the Hollanders that if they wished to disinter the tomahawk they could find the Mohawks prepared. The conference was carried on with great warmth, and lasted several hours. At last the peace-party prevailed. All this happened on the Feast of St. Michael, 1642.

F. Jacques was convinced that his last hour had come, and awaited in prayer the approach of his executioner.

Then a chief and some braves entered the hut, and in harsh tones ordered the white man to follow him. The Jesuit obeyed in silence. He observed that the streets through which he was led were no longer crowded by unruly people; he saw only groups who, instead of mocking and insulting him, spoke excitedly with each other, now and then casting furtive glances at himself.

The commander of the escort ordered a halt before the hut of the old Mohawk who had made the Algonquin squaw cut off the priest's thumb,

called out the old man, who was known to be the irreconcilable enemy of the Frenchmen and the Hurons, and gave the missionary to him as his slave. Then the chief whispered something in the ear of the captive's new master, and retired with his people.

F. Jacques could not account for this change of conduct in the savages; still more was he surprised when his master, who had followed him into the hut, spoke calmly to him, and assured him that his life was in no danger, and that Goupil's destruction was not approved by the council. There were still hot-heads in the village who were not to be trusted, but Ondesonk—the Mohawks called him by his Huron name—had as yet nothing to do outside the door, and it would not be easy for any hand in Gandawaga to touch him so long as the council desired that he should live. He was not to practise any more magic, and he would certainly be sent back to the pale-faces at the Great Stream.

But for all this the missionary could not feel certain that if his public execution had not yet been decided upon he might yet be killed by some desperado taking the matter upon himself. His life he knew was in God's hands, and his daily and hourly prayer was: "Thy will be done!"

When the old Mohawk told his new slave on the following morning that he had nothing for him to do, the father begged that he might be permitted to bury his murdered friend.

The old man was surprised at the request.

"Will Ondesonk give himself into the hands of his enemies?" he asked.

"I must do my duty; I must bury my brother," said the priest, and set out on his way.

No one hindered him, but a young Mohawk warrior who had before spoken to him in a friendly manner met him, and tried to dissuade him from his design.

"Enemies are bent upon killing Ondesonk if they should meet him in a convenient place. Ondesonk is not wise in leaving the village."

But the warning of the kind-hearted man produced no effect. He thanked him, and hastened on. Just before the palisade an old man with whom he had lived for a few days, and had taught much good, called to him:

"Where is Ondesonk going?"

"Into the forest where my white brother lies dead. I must bury him," and he would have hurried on.

Then the Mohawk stood in his way and pointed to four desperate-looking young men who were going slowly towards the exit of the village, and from time to time looked at the missionary.

"Does Ondesonk see those young men, and does he know that they watch him?" he whispered.

"I see them, but I fear them not. I must do what I intend," replied the Jesuit.

"Ondesonk runs to his destruction," murmured the kind old man. "He may go, but I will call a man to go with him; then he is safe. The young men will not touch him if he is not alone," said the old man, and from a neighbouring hut he called an Algonquin who had long since been taken captive by the Mohawks, and had become at home with them.

This man was quite ready to accompany the priest, and they went together into the open country. The warrior let them go on, and followed at a distance.

The corpse still lay on the spot where it had fallen. Some dogs, which were feeding on it, rushed away barking as the two men approached, and the missionary shuddered when he saw how they had mutilated the remains. Weeping, he knelt down and prayed, then, with the help of the Algonquin, he placed the body in a little stream, and covered it with a heavy stone, for not till he was leaving the village did he remember that he should want a spade. It was now too late to return, so he went home with his companion with the intention of returning to finish his work as soon as possible.

And now the men who had followed him, and had observed all he had done came to him, and asked in a threatening tone for what reason he had left the village.

"My master told me I might go, and so I went. I did what he permitted," he answered, and they let him go on.

On the following day his master took him to a field of ripe maize and told him to gather it in. Then one of the young men who were watching him came near, and swung his tomahawk angrily, but the old Mohawk came forward and drove him away.

Towards noon it began to rain, and an icy north wind made it so cold that F. Jaques, whose miserable clothing hardly came down to his knees, was hardly able to keep warmth in him. He had long been without shoes, stockings, cap, and other garments. Goupil had been no better off. An old torn and blood-stained shirt, which no Indian could have envied him, was his only protection against the sudden changes of temperature which occur in Autumn to the north of New York. During the day the poor creatures were often exposed to such burning heat that their skin peeled from their arms, necks and shoulders, and at night they had no other bed than the cold ground. For whole days they had no food, made fatiguing marches, and suffered fearful tortures, all which they were enabled to bear.

Before the sun had risen the next morning the priest again hastened forth prepared with a spade for digging a grave. But how describe his terror when he no longer found the body? Perhaps it had been carried down by the stream now swelled by the rain, and lay in some deeper place, or might have been stopped by the bushes on the banks. Consoling himself with these thoughts he spent hours wading in the icy water in search of it; but his labour was fruitless, the body had disappeared, and he could only suppose that the savages had taken it away.

With a sorrowful heart he returned to the place of the murder, again offered prayers, and then went to his labours in the field, quite determined to renew his search at some other time.

(To be continued.)

"MARRIAGE is the graveyard of love!" an unfortunate man said. "Yes, and you men are the grave-diggers," retorted his wife.

## THE IRISH SURGEON AND THE IRON DUKE.



CLANCING through an old book the other day—"Rough notes by an Old Soldier"—I came upon the following amusing anecdote concerning the great Duke of Wellington:

During the winter of 1813-14 the army was almost in a state of starvation. Maurice Quill, impatient at these hardships, with Irish wit and impudence, determined to put Lord Wellington himself under contribution, and made a bet that he would not only dine with the commander-in-chief, but also borrow ten dollars from him. Riding up valiantly to the quarters of his lordship, he gave a thundering knock with a big stick at the door, and asked if the Duke of Wellington lived there. "Yes, sir," said the orderly, "here is an aide-de-camp coming, may I ask your business, sir?" "I wish to see Lord Wellington, if he is at home." "His lordship is in the house, but too much engaged to see any one to-day; I will take your message to his lordship." "No, I thank you, if I can't see him to-day I will wait till to-morrow." "Something particular, perhaps, which you wish to say in private." "Precisely so." "Well, step in, and I will see what I can do for you." Away he went, and told his lordship that a Dr. Quill was below in a state of anxiety, and would not take any denial, came a long way to see your lordship, and would not go back till he delivered his secret. "Well, well, show him up." After some bowing and scraping, "My lord," he said, "I am the surgeon of the 31st, and have come over to pay my personal respects, and to see your lordship, and—"

"Yes, yes," (cutting him short), "how are you all getting on in the second division, many men in hospital? You must get them out, we will want them all by-and-by." "Indeed, my lord, I was going to say, that we are badly off for hospital supplies, and no money to be had; I think I could get many restoring comforts for the invalids that would put them on their legs, if I might make bold enough to ask your lordship for the loan of ten dollars until the next issue of pay, when I will return it with a thousand thanks."

"Very well, very well, Mr. Quill, you shall have it; how far have you come to-day?" "Oh, indeed, I have come seven long leagues on an empty stomach, and there's not a bit of an inn over the whole country where a body could get a morsel of dinner." "Oh! well, if not too late for you, stay and have some dinner before you return. We dine at six. Good morning, Mr. Quill." Quill's eyes opened wide and joyfully at this invitation. He was punctual to the six, as he said. All his wit and humour came to the surface. He kept the table in a roar of laughter all the evening until he retired with his ten dollars and his Wellington dinner, got a shake-down with his friend the aide-de-camp, and his whack of brandy and cigars, got safe home next day and claimed his bets. He told his story honestly, and gave his reference; but there was no question about it; every one knew him to be as upright and honorable as he was eccentric and surcharged with mirth and glee when others were desponding.



HER GRIEF IS SO HEAVY, SO SAD !

## Nora Fismore's Ideal.

BY ALICE HORLOR.

### CHAPTER VI.

NORA is sobbing bitterly as she finishes her story.

"Oh, Helen, who could have believed of Gerald?" she says.

And my answer is simply, "I don't believe it now."

"But there is the letter in his own writing to prove the fact. He does not even deny it."

"My dear," I say, wisely, "the letter does not say he is married, does it? Only that it is to be



arranged. He might have intended to wed this girl, but changed his mind."

"Listen to Myra's story, and you will see how everything she told me goes to prove, without doubt, that he is her husband. Oh, Helen, don't you know how gladly I would believe in Gerald's innocence; but, alas! I cannot. Four years ago, Myra Lovell, that gipsy to whom I spoke in the valley, encamped with her tribe in the neighbourhood of Exmouth. She had walked some distance one day, telling the fortunes of rustic peasants she chanced to meet, when a young gentleman passed her. She accosted him with the usual question, 'If he would not have his fortune told?' and he laughingly acquiesced with some flattering remark. He praised her beauty, and he gave her gold, keeping her in conversation for some time. The acquaintance between them did not stop there; again and again Myra came across him, until she knew that these meetings were not accidental on his part. He spoke of love to her, and said she should become his wife. She knew that her race weds not with a stranger; but she loved him, and clandestine interviews were arranged between them. The letter she gave me was one sent to her about that time. She kept the tryst he asked. He was urging her to trust his vows and fly with him away from her people, when a stalwart gipsy burst through the hedge behind them, and seizing her lover by the throat, flung him to the ground.

"'Promise to marry her,' he ejaculated, 'or I swear I'll throttle you. Do you think our girls are to be fooled by fine gentlemen like you?'"

"This man named Eldred was desirous to wed Myra himself; consequently, jealousy, added to his enormous strength, made him no contemptible rival, and her lover gave the promise he demanded.

"Myra indignantly told Eldred that the man he was insulting thus, had always intended to make her his wife, and was even then urging her to go with him to be married.

"'Child, you are a fool!' came his bitter reply. 'You would not have the love of an honest man, but you'll let this fine fellow who calls himself *gentleman*, amuse himself with you, until he brings you to shame, and then leaves you to bear it alone. But now 'tis something stronger than a Romany lass that he has to deal with, and he shall be made to keep his word.'

"With this speech, he forced them into the presence of the assembled tribe, spoke a few words to Myra's father, and there and then a marriage in gipsy fashion was celebrated between Myra and her lover. For a few weeks, her husband remained with her, during which she learnt from him that he was the nephew of Colonel Strathern, of Marley Lodge, then he deserted her, and from that time until to-day, Myra never saw him until Gerald passed her with me."

"But is she sure this is the same man? It may be only a chance resemblance," I urge.

"Helen, there can be no mistake. The letter is signed 'G. Conyers.'"

"I am not so sure of that," I say. "At any rate, though I cannot prove it, I feel in my soul a certainty of Gerald Conyer's truth."

"But how can you explain—?"

"I can't explain—if explanations could always be made, things would never go wrong as they do—still, as I said before, I am certain that Gerald is a good man, utterly innocent of the imputed to him."

Nora is not perfection; she is a fiery little soul, sometimes, when her quick southern blood rises, it does so now at my words.

"Oh," she cries, angrily, "I know you were always greatly taken with him. Since you find more sympathy with the wrong-doer than with the wronged, why not go and tell him so? I daresay he is still downstairs."

The taunt is undeserved, but I do not reply. I know these petulant words come from a fair heart; but on them I act. Nora has thrown herself face downwards on the bed. I leave her there and go down. Gerald is still sitting in the same attitude—his arms spread out on the table, his face hidden upon them. So noiseless is his entrance that he does not hear it. As I gaze upon him thus crushed down in his manhood prime, a yearning tenderness seems to sway me utterly. With it a sudden consciousness awakes within my soul—perhaps Nora's hasty words have given me the key to my own feelings—but I know in this hour that I love Gerald Conyers with my whole heart. The knowledge sweeps through me being with the force of a mighty wind which drives all before it. Overwhelmed with humiliation at this revelation of myself, I turn to flee, but Gerald hears my footsteps. He springs to his feet, a look of joy flashing like lightning across his face. It fades instantly at sight of me, leaving only the dead calm of despair; evidently he first thought it was Nora. I cannot go away without giving some reason for my appearance, so I say, sadly,

"Mr. Conyers, I am so sorry this has happened. Can nothing be done to set matters right?"

"Does Nora ask that?" he questions.

I shake my head in the negative.

"No," he says, "I thought not; she is implacable."

"I am afraid so."

A long pause, a heavy sigh, then—

"You have heard all, Miss Broughton?"

I bow assent.

"Farewell then; I had better go." He holds out his hand, but draws it back, saying, "Perhaps you do not care to shake hands with me. Of course you side with Nora?"

"Do you think so? Is there no explanation?" I ask.

"None," comes the decided reply. "Nora has accused me of a great crime. She believes me guilty. Well, I do not justify myself."

Here, my liking for him gets the better of my discretion. I exclaim, impetuously,

"Though all the world believed this vile thing of you, I should not. Circumstances seem against you, but, in spite of them, my faith stands firm. I am certain the truth will come to light in time; your honour will be cleared from stain."

"Thank you, Helen, for your trust. It has put new life into my heart, and God knows it is heavy enough to need some comfort. True friend, goodbye!"

He grasps my hands firmly. He softly kisses

my forehead, as though in gratitude for the words I have spoken, then passes out into the night.

Ah, Nora! that kiss wronged you not; it was given in all pure friendship, and I should be a far worse woman than I am could it arouse one vain hope in me. You have cast him off, but he loves you; and I might spend my life in fruitless effort, if I strove to gain the royal love which is still your crown!

## CHAPTER VII.

Two slow dreary years tell off their months one by one and fall into the past. Changes come into all our lives; my father retires from practice, and I vainly beg him to take a house in Bristol, but my aunt's influence is stronger than mine, so when she urges that "Drere is so genteel, and the air so beneficial to his health," he thinks it must be so, therefore we go on vegetating in our old way. I see no more of Gerald Conyers, for he has left the African trade in which Alan still continues, and is now captain of a steamer called the "Rubina," which goes from Bristol to New York.

A hurried letter from Nora tells me of Mrs. Conyers's serious illness, and begs me to come to her. I go, but to find that all is over, and she is alone in the world. When all the sad ceremonies of the funeral are past, it is found that Mrs. Conyers's prospects are far from promising, for she has more having invested her money in unwise speculations, very little is left when all expenses are paid.

It is evident, Helen, that I must earn my living. I shall go as governess or companion," says Nora, as we sit down to seriously talk over my position, and consider what is best to be done.

The night is very stormy. Sudden gusts of wind come at intervals, driving the hail sharply against the windows, and shrieking round the house. As we talk on, it grows worse, until we pause to listen to the wild sounds without. My thoughts fly to the broad Atlantic, and I say almost involuntarily:

"I wonder if Gerald Conyers is at sea this awful night?"

It seems as though my words break up the emotional calm which Nora had maintained over her memory of that past time. Never has she alluded to Gerald in any way, but, with a bitter cry of grief, she throws herself into my arms, weeping bitterly.

"Hush! hush, dear!" I say, trying to soothe her emotion.

"Oh, Helen, if the cruel sea swallows up my living who loved me so, what shall I do? What will become of me?" she cries.

"You have not forgotten him, then?" I say.

"Forgotten—no! In spite of all I love him—I always shall," she exclaims.

"And yet you sent him away."

"How could I help it, Helen? He belonged to another, as you know."

"I never believed that, Nora. I have told you; yes, and I said the same to Gerald the night you two parted; I told him, and still be-

lieve it, that the truth will come to light in time," I say, firmly.

"Oh, that it might!" she sighs. "If only I could know him to be the good, true man I once deemed him."

"You shall, please God!" I murmur.

"Hark!" she cries as the wind wails by like a spirit at unrest. "Helen, it grows worse and worse. If Gerald should be lost. If he should never come to me again, how can I go on living!"

"He may be safely on shore," I whisper. "Even if he be at sea, remember that God can save him from the storm's fury. Gerald is in His hands Who maketh the winds and waves to be still."

Nora shudders from head to foot as every fresh blast sweeps by. Her nerves are wrought by watching, weariness, and all the trouble which she has lately gone through. She leans her head against me, and from time to time, though her eyes are closed, I see the big tears glimmering on her lashes. At last I persuade her to go to bed. For myself, I cannot sleep, so after awhile I go into her room. Exhaustion has overpowered even her anxiety; she is fast asleep. I throw a warm shawl around my shoulders, and seating myself by the bed, prepare to spend the night thus. And then a strange incident happens to me.

I cannot tell whether, in the excited state of my imagination, I realize a scene then occurring, or whether a vision is vouchsafed to me, but I see plainly stretched out before my gaze a dark waste of water, a black sky, and a brave ship breasting the waves which rise like foam-capped mountains around her. On her deck I behold Gerald Conyers. It seems to me I hear his voice raised above the confusion of sounds—the roaring of the furious wind, the splashing of water, and the straining and creaking of masts and ropes as the vessel ploughs onward in the teeth of the storm. Calmly his orders are issued. The sailors hasten to do his bidding, though ever and again gigantic waves come leaping overboard, almost sweeping them off their feet.

Then a crash shakes the ship from end to end, while there arises a cry: "The mainmast is gone!" Instantly all the ropes hang loose, as the tall mass of timber, giving way from below the deck, drops down several feet. A shout from Gerald to cut it adrift is obeyed. Some quick strokes from the men, and with a mighty plunge the mast falls into the sea. But in its descent a break is made in the Rubina's side; there pours in with a rush a volume of seething water which threatens to engulf all on board. Even as it drives along there is heard a tearing, rending sound which causes a look of wild fear to pass over each man's white face. The ship has struck!

"Men, work for your lives! get out the lifebelts, lower the boats."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Desperately the sailors work. There is little time to lose, for the ship sinks slowly, each wild shock of the waves seeming to beat the life out of her.

"My poor Rubina!" sighs Gerald, then rushes down the cabin stairs, to appear soon again with a beautiful girl clinging to his arm. She hides

her face at the terrible storm, while her fair hair streams in the wild wind like a golden banner; but Gerald's words calm her.

She stands bravely enough, while he winds a rope firmly round her waist, and prepares to lower her into the boat which is nearly full.

"I cannot go without you," she cries, turning beseechingly to Gerald.

"There is no room," he says.

That moment's hesitation decides their fate; an enormous wave sweeps onward, tosses up the boat like a cockle-shell on its majestic crest, and swamps it before their eyes. The other boat, already overloaded, makes an effort to reach them; but Gerald, seeing their danger, waves them back, seizes the girl in his arms, and leaps with her into the sea. A cry of horror breaks from my lips, as I see him battling with the waves, and the strange clairvoyance of that night is gone! I strain my eyes, but only the dark window panes, flecked with rain, are before me. Gerald's ultimate fate is hidden from my knowledge.

I speak no word to Nora of this. Though I cannot persuade myself that fancy alone depicted that vivid scene, still, ill news will travel fast enough without my help. And so it does. One day of anxiety passes, then, on the next morning, Nora, after looking down the newspapers, without a word, falls in a dead faint at my feet. When she recovers consciousness, she points with a burst of tears to the newspaper. I look at it, knowing too well the information it gives, and this paragraph meets my eye:

"Loss of the S.S. Rubina, and all hands

"The wrecked hull of the S.S. Rubina was discovered last night off the Cornish coast, near Land's End. As nothing has been heard of the crew, it is feared that they all perished in the fearful storm of the night before. The ill-fated vessel was the property of Messrs. —, of Bristol, and was commanded by Captain Conyers, a nephew, we understand, of Colonel Strathern, of Marley Lodge, near Exmouth, Devon."

As the full knowledge of what this means, comes home to me, dull, numbing pain seems to seize on all my senses. Gerald is lost—dead! Gone forth from this world with his soul uncleared from the imputed guilt. Is the dark spot on his fair fame only to be wiped away at the Judgment Day!

I clasp my arms round Nora, and we weep together, but no tears can bring back the dead. Oh, brave, true heart, now that you are lying pulseless beneath the waves, I need no longer hide my love for you though in life you never knew it!

To comfort Nora is in vain. When the wells of grief, lying deep in the soul are opened, human consolation seems almost a mockery, for only God's hand and gentle, beneficent Time can seal again those fountains.

And Nora's grief is so heavy, so sad. Had Gerald gone from her arms to his death, the loss of him would have been bearable; but they had parted in anger, and were virtually strangers, while her heart harboured a vile suspicion against him; it is this which puts the height to grief—the crown to sorrow.

(To be continued.)

## A SHRINE OF ANCIENT CHRISTIAN ART.

[ITS ELEVENTH CENTENARY.]

[CONTINUED.]



HE popular enthusiasm reached height on the anniversary day. A high Mass was sung by Cardinal Martinelli, and the Vespers in the afternoon by the Bishop of Massa Carrara.

country deputations continued to arrive after high Mass, as on the former days, in spite of rain. The festival was closed at half-past seven with a *Te Deum*, chanted by alternate choirs; but after this the illuminations, which had been abandoned the day before, prolonged the excitement to a late hour of the evening. Nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the proceedings throughout the festival, which showed so strikingly the influence which Catholicity has on the Italian people, even amid the revolutions that have agitated their land in recent years.

The celebrated crucifix, the anniversary whose arrival in Lucca so many centuries ago was thus honoured by the entire population, indeed a most striking object even apart from its historical associations. Its form is altogether peculiar, and bears no resemblance to any known school of art, yet its singular beauty leaves a deep impression on every beholder. The figure of the Lord is life-size and clothed with a tunic in eastern fashion reaching to the ankles and with the whole carved of cedar wood, and fastened with nails to a cross of planks not much higher or wider in the arms than the figure. The circles of the top and arms of the cross are widened at the ends, and the feet, instead of being crossed as in most modern examples, are nailed separately to the shaft. There is no inscription above the head, but a circular band is attached to the top of the cross, almost in the form of the well-known Celtic crosses of Ireland. The circle, however, in this case, is not complete, but the lower end of the band are terminated in the form of *fleur-de-lis* near the sides of the figure. In some other details the execution of the crucifixion is also peculiar. The arms are extended at full length at right angles to the body, and, what is more remarkable, the head is not encircled with the crown of the thorns which are never absent from the crucifixes of modern patterns. It may be remembered that though the Gospel speaks of the crowning with thorns of our Lord, and of His going forth crowned to be shown to the people, it makes no mention of His having continued to wear the thorny crown during His agony on the cross. The most ancient crucifixes were without the crown, although a later custom has made it almost essential. The hair of the crucifix in Lucca flows down in long waves on the shoulders and on the cheeks, the separated locks meet below the chin. But it is, above all, the expression which rivets the attention and commands almost voluntary reverence by its strange and beautiful beauty. The eyes are partly open, the lips closed but not compressed, and the whole expression full of life and of a wonderful combination

sorrow and suffering with divine power as to be perfectly startling. We know of nothing to compare with it in the whole of sacred art, and as we gaze on it we perceive the full fitness of the feeling which gave to the sacred image its name of the Holy Face.

Such as has been described is the crucifix of Lucca in its original condition; but as it appears in its shrine at present, it is covered with ornaments offered by the devotion of successive ages. The head is encircled with a gold crown, richly jewelled, which was solemnly put on in 1655, and a collar of similar design was, at a later period, placed around the neck with a breast-plate thickly set with diamonds dependent from it. The figure is, moreover, covered with a close-fitting dress of black velvet, richly plated with gold ornaments which form a girdle round the waist and a heavy fringe at the bottom. The feet, in which the colour of the wood is still preserved with wonderful freshness, are cased in silver slippers having crosses on top, which are kissed by the pilgrims on solemn occasions, as the cross is during the devotions of Good Friday in all Catholic churches. A silver cup or chalice is placed on the step of the altar below the feet. The robes, richly embroidered with gold, have been placed on the arms. The workmanship of all the ornaments is of the most artistic kind, and they are valuable as evidences of the popular faith; but it may be open to question whether the effect produced by the beauty of the statue is in any way enhanced by its extrinsic adornments.

But, however, as is the interest which attaches to this crucifix, for its strange form and extraordinary beauty, it is as nothing in comparison to the historical associations which surround it and connect its origin with the very foundations of Christianity. According to the general belief, the Holy Face is no merely artistic conception, however grand, but a faithful representation of the features of our Lord as He hung on the cross on Calvary. The hand which carved it is guided by actual recollections of the most sacred kind, and was, indeed, that of one who actually aided in taking down our Lord's body and laying it in the tomb from which he was to rise triumphant on the Third Day. Its reputed origin is no other than that Nicodemus who, with Joseph of Arimathea, obtained the privilege of depositing our Lord's body from Pilate, and who, after an interview by night with our Saviour, at an early time of His mission, is recorded by the Gospel. After the Resurrection, Nicodemus, having incurred the hostility of his fellow-countrymen, on account of his adherence to our faith, retired to the village of Ramleh, in Palestine, and, during his residence there, he was inspired to preserve in wood the features of his Master as they had been indelibly stamped on his memory on Calvary. The hostility of the Jewish population, alike to Christianity and to the Jews, naturally suggested a considerable degree of secrecy, both in the execution and subsequent preservation of such a work. Accordingly, though the belief in its existence was widely spread among the Christians of Syria, its place of concealment, during many ages, was known

only to a very few guardians. The custody of the sacred relic was handed down from generation to generation without enlarging the circle of those in the secret. The long continued persecutions of the Roman emperors and the subsequent Arian hostility to the Catholic Christians, as well as the invasions of the Persians, and the Saracen conquest of Palestine, in the seventh century, all contributed to maintain the concealment of this earliest work of Christian art down to the close of the eighth century.

Such is the early history of the famous crucifix as preserved by tradition. Containing much that is strange, it offers nothing inconsistent with the natural course of human events, and the amount of credibility which attaches to it must be determined by external evidence. It is different with the evidence itself, which involves events of a wholly supernatural character connected with its arrival at the place, so far removed from its origin, where it has now been enshrined for eleven centuries. The degree of credit to be attached to its early history, thus shrouded in eight centuries of concealment, must of course depend on the miraculous character of those events which in its case take the place of the ordinary historical proofs. In the same way as the miracles that are now being performed at Lourdes are fairly regarded as proofs of the vision of the Blessed Virgin to the peasant girl of the Pyrenees, which preceded and foretold their occurrence, so the truth of the visions which revealed the origin of the crucifix of Lucca, as it has been just told, must rest on the evidence of the miracles which followed in direct connection with them. At this point again the ordinary rules of human evidence are called in. An undoubted supernatural manifestation of the divine power is the strongest proof that can be offered of the truth of any statement, but the fact that such a manifestation has been actually made in a past age, or in a distant place, can only be established by the common laws of human evidence. On the principle conformable, alike to faith and common sense, we shall first describe the events which accompanied the arrival of the celebrated image in Italy, and afterwards examine the evidence of their actual occurrence supplied us by history.

The history of the removal of the crucifix from Palestine to Lucca is told by Leboin, a writer of the eighth century, who himself took part in it during a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, whither he accompanied the Piedmontese Bishop Gualfrid, in 782. Leboin was archdeacon of the diocese, and his work, of which copies exist in numerous libraries at Rome, Paris, Padua, and elsewhere, was written at the time when the occurrences were before the public mind, in a manner which precluded the possibility of a false statement of facts. According to Leboin, Gualfrid, during his visit to Jerusalem, was directed by an angel to go to the house of a Christian there, and obtain the image long concealed in a grotto beneath. At the same time, he was informed of its history and origin such as has already been told. Gualfrid accordingly went to the place indicated, accompanied by his companions in the pilgrimage, and with much difficulty was admitted to the hidden crypt by its guardian. The bishop and his com-

panions finally induced the latter to resign its charge to them that it might be exposed to public veneration in a safer place. The difficulty of transporting it in safety was, however, so great that, after long and anxious consultation, its new possessors took the resolution of placing it in a covered boat, and sending it adrift on the Mediterranean in the confident hope that the same power which had made its existence known to them would guide it to the place chosen by Providence for its reception. The crucifix was accordingly carried down to the small port of Jaffa, where the bishop procured a boat, within which the precious relic was placed, amid numerous lights and ornaments. The hatches were then planked over, and the whole exterior covered with pitch in imitation of the ark of Noah. The boat was set adrift, amid the prayers of the pilgrims. It at once took a rapid course, as if guided by a superhuman power, and was soon lost to the views of the bishop and his companions.

Unguided by human means, the boat with its freight passed in safety from Jaffa to the shores of Tuscany, where it appeared before the port of Luni, a now ruined town. There it halted as strangely as it had arrived, and made no approach to the port, though both wind and tide combined to carry it in. The fishermen of Luni put off to board the strange craft, but during two days it baffled their approach as if by instinct. The Lombard governor of the town was soon informed of the extraordinary vessel on which no person appeared, and which yet seemed to move self-guided in utter indifference to the force of wind or waves; but neither he nor the municipality could form any idea of its meaning. They were suddenly surprised by the arrival of the Bishop of Lucca, accompanied by a large number of the clergy and citizens of that place. The bishop had received a supernatural warning of the arrival of the hitherto unknown image, and a description of its character and origin similar to that previously given to the pilgrims in Palestine. The Lunese were still engaged in their fruitless efforts to seize the vessel, but either in despair of success, or out of respect for the words of the Bishop of Lucca, they gave up the attempt, and allowed the bishop and his companions to advance in procession to the edge of the sea. The vessel, which had hitherto kept off in spite of the power of the elements, now immediately approached the shore. The deck, when opened, showed the sacred crucifix and some other relics, such as the Bishop of Lucca had been informed of them by his previous vision. One of these relics, a vase, containing the sacred blood of our Lord, was presented to the Bishop of Luni. The crucifix itself was borne in solemn procession to Lucca, and there installed in the church of S. Martin, on the northern side of the basilica, in the year 782.

The account given by Leboin, from which the foregoing history of the arrival of the crucifix in Lucca has been drawn, bears in itself strong evidences of truth. He carefully distinguishes between the facts which he had himself seen, and those which he had learned by hearsay from the Syrians, and he hides nothing of certain occurrences which were likely to excite considerable animadversion at the time. The piratical habits

of the Lunese, who, like the Cornish fishermen a century ago, were wont to regard wrecked vessels as lawful booty, and also the threats used by some of Bishop Gualfrid's companions toward the Syrian guardian of the sacred image, when he first refused to admit them to its hiding-place, are facts of this kind which would scarcely have been introduced into a fiction devised to mask an imposition on the public. The publicity attendant on the arrival of the crucifix itself in Luni, and the rivalry for its possession between the people of that town and Lucca, were such as to defy imposture, had such been attempted. Moreover, the place of being contradicted, the detailed statement of the Lombard archdeacon, who, it will be observed, had no personal connection with the city which thus acquired the celebrated crucifix, is corroborated by contemporary legal documents attesting the veneration which was attached to it immediately on its installation. Donations of lands and monasteries, made to the church in which it was placed, are still preserved in the Luccan archives, with the dates of 797, 798, 800, and subsequent years. Moreover, the veneration which attached to the Holy Face, and the publicity given to all the facts connected with its arrival in Italy, far from decreasing as the novelty wore off, increased enormously with the passage of time. Lucca became the centre of pilgrimages from all parts of Europe during the following centuries. The fame of the miracles wrought at the shrine, in constant succession, contributed to the result no less than the sacred character of the image itself. Such was the influx of pilgrims to Lucca during the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, that no less than thirteen hospices were founded within its walls for their free accommodation, according to the custom of the Middle Ages, when travelling was far from being the matter of merely time and money that it is at present. Nor were these all, for similar erections were raised in the villages around, and on the roads leading to the city where rich and poor were sheltered alike by the charity of the founders.

Among the pilgrims who, in succession, came to pay their homage to the Holy Face of Lucca, it is remarkable to find several of the German emperors who were bitter political foes of the Holy See. Henry the Second, Henry the Third, and Frederick Barbarossa were amongst those who thus testified their veneration for the sacred image. The list of imperial visitors commenced with Louis the Third in 901, and closes with Charles the Fifth more than six centuries later. For Catholics the reverence paid to it by successive Popes is the strongest testimony to the historic authenticity of the facts connected with the sacred image. The Holy See is proverbially cautious in giving its public approval to miraculous events. Yet no less than eight Pontiffs have come on pilgrimage to the shrine of Lucca. Alexander the Second, in the eleventh century, was the first who thus stamped it with his approbation, and his example was followed in subsequent ages by Pascal the Second, Calistus the Second, Eugenius the Third (the pupil of S. Bernard,) Urban the Sixth, Gregory the Twelfth, Paul the Third, and, finally, our late Holy Father Pius the Ninth. That a devotion of so peculiar a



Character should have received so general an estimation during a long course of ages is, even on a purely human point of view, one of the most remarkable facts in history. "Time destroys," while it confirms the judgments of truth," is the maxim of pagan philosophy. That seven centuries have passed over the shrine of Lourdes, without lessening the veneration with which it has been regarded from the first, is a striking illustration of the axiom as applied to the history of its origin.

The miracles connected with the Holy Face of Man are not, however, confined to those immediately relating to its first appearance in Italy. Through the whole course of its history it has been the fountain of Lourdes at the present time the centre of almost countless supernatural manifestations. Its chapel is filled with the materials of such events. Votive offerings of the most varied kind, and often accompanied by the strongest attestations, testify to the number of cures of diseases and deliverances from dangers of every kind that have been wrought through its instrumentality. One of these is of so strange a kind as to deserve being recorded, even in a limited space. Attached to an iron grating was an executioner's axe, whose history is given in an inscription attached to it. In 1334, a citizen of a neighbouring town, unjustly condemned to death, was miraculously preserved on the scaffold. The headman's axe refused to perform its office, and fell with all its force on his neck, without doing him any harm. It rebounded from the flesh without leaving even a mark. The execution thus frustrated was afterwards followed by a pardon, and the escaped victim attributed the miracle to the Holy Face in case of his deliverance. The axe which had failed to do its work was presented to the shrine, and has remained there since. A similar event is told by another inscription as having occurred in the seventeenth century to a sister of Marsiglia. But to enumerate the miracles recorded here would require volumes. Any favours acknowledged by votive offerings cannot be regarded as miracles in any public sense, but the number that actually have a public, and, evidently, superhuman character, is enormous. Comparatively few, even of well-informed Catholics among us, ever reflect on the number of such miraculously events that have been constantly occurring within the Church at every period of its history. We are far from attributing faith lightly to such events. Rumour, as we all know, is the outstrip of fact in the production of miracles; but no unprejudiced investigator can fail to be struck by the number of events, inexplicable except by supernatural interference, that are attested by the clearest evidence. Why such events should occur more numerous in particular places, or in connection with particular person or objects of devotion, it is beyond the province of human reason to explain. The evidence of it is irresistible in such places as Lourdes or the shrine of the crucifix of Lucca.

## THE MARTINS OF LEVERTON.

BY OLIVER CRANE.

### CHAPTER XXII. FARNBURY.



E did not find any difficulty in getting into the hospital, which was the blessing of the county, and the pride and glory of the town. Those sick, or those suffering from accident, or weakness consequent on long illness, were taken in, night or day, and in the places apportioned for their cases: thus, the best medical advice was given, and there hospital nurses attended the patients. A holy brotherhood of men also worked among them, and the priest who lived at the hospital, Father Francis, was F. Bennet's greatly valued friend.

F. Bennet told our story briefly, and showed the note which poor old Granny had thrown to Ned in the pretty smart little worked slipper, that she had in her capacious pocket.

"Ah yes; we know Mrs. Gilling," said Father Francis. "She used to send poultry here sometimes, for the sick. Many and many a prayer to our Lady has gone up for her from our hospital wards. The Lord has had mercy on her at last, we may hope."

The two priests talked together. I stood still, listening with profound interest. It seemed to me that they had forgotten our errand, and were even untouched by the awe of the scene we had lately witnessed. The hissing of the flames was not out of my ears, the clashing up of those great devouring tongues of fire were still before my eyes, but these priests thought only of old Granny's soul—they were thanking God that she had been in some way penitent, and they were arranging on what day they would say Mass for her soul. Again and again they returned to the consoling thought of her repentance, of her having had those few terrible moments of preparation for death; and they shed tears and gave thanks. Good shepherds—lovers of souls! What I then thought I now know by experience.

Now we learnt that Granny had brought Alice to the hospital the day after the robbery at Oldbury, describing her as her grandchild, who had been sent out of her situation in London with cruel haste, on account of illness, and who had grown worse and worse on the journey, till she had determined on bringing her to Farnbury.

The physician of the hospital joined us. He said that he suspected the girl had been badly treated.

"But," said he, "she was in a state of fever, which affected the brain. She had very likely been treated with violence to keep her quiet. Ignorant people commit many barbarities without intending to do wrong. This girl, for instance, had been tied with cords—her wrists were marked; and her state of excitement, quite amounting to frenzy, was very alarming. Perhaps they did their best. Our place is to cure, not to find fault. Her old grandmother had done the right thing at last, and by bringing her here has, no doubt saved her life."

Thus F. Bennet reported the whole story of

"I AM astonished at your sentiments, my dear young lady; you make me start—" "Well, I've wanted you to start this last hour."

Alice, as far as related to the Oldbury robbery; and he then said, what I had only suspected before, that Dark Eye had perished in the thatched house, and that he and Granny had barricaded it against those who had come from London to fetch him. Two men had been wounded by the firing from within, and a gun was said to have burst, while Dark Eye fired from a small window close under the thatch, and that so the fire was caused.

"Was Dark Eye a Catholic?" asked Ben.

Those were the first words spoken in that room by either of us.

"No," said Father Bennet. "Granny led a tolerably decent life before her marriage, I have been told. She had neglected religion, but was not out of the Church. She got among a very evil lot when she married. Her husband had never practised any religion, and had led a bad life always, I fear. I doubt if he had ever been baptised. She had been married at the Registrar's Office. Then her son was born, and they did nothing but quarrel over him. She went wrong from that time. Her own story is that she did evil with the father to keep the boy in right. Then, when the father died, she did all the young man wanted her to do. She was a worse slave than ever. During the time of Dark Eye's transportation, she lived a quiet life at Leverton, and she behaved very well to Ned Jackson, who is the son of her niece: and that niece was a good woman, but she died through a wretched wicked husband. When Dark Eye's time for coming back grew near, Granny left Leverton, and took the thatched house. All her thoughts were given to getting a decent home for her son. I believe she was always forming good intentions. But neglect, which is the ruin of hundreds, was her ruin; and she bore the burthen of many crimes. People grow amazingly weak who give up their lives to the devil. Perhaps, if she had been allowed to die in her bed she would have been lost eternally."

So there was Granny's story, we both of us listened, very sad in our hearts, and not yet knowing how to be thankful as the others were.

"But now," said the doctor, "you must attend to my business. He looked at me cheerfully. "I hear," he went on, "that you, Mr. Henry Martin, are the friend on whom this poor young woman calls. Mr. Bennet, I think, said as much when he gave us Miss Coombe's story just now."

"Yes," I said, yet almost hesitating—"I am called Henry, and Miss Coombe, I have no doubt, speaks of me."

"Then come and see her," said the doctor.

How could I see Alice? All the many difficulties of my position towards her, now that I know who she was, came to my mind, and I stood still like a man stupefied.

"Go, Henry," said Ben, in a low earnest voice, with that strange look in his eyes that I had often seen there lately—"Go!"

"Come, sir," said the doctor, with a smile on his face. "You will not see her much changed, and you will do her more good than anyone else. It will ease her mind to see you," and then we walked to the door.

"Father Bennet ought to see her," I said.

"Oh, after you; after you," said the eager little man; so I went with him out of the room.

We walked through passages kept in the cleanest way; the air smelt so sweet, and had such delicious freshness about it that I could not help remarking it; and at last we stood at the door of the room where Alice was.

"Is she alone?" I asked.

"Yes. But I am going to leave you alone—alone together, I mean, for—let me see—ten minutes, perhaps."

Then it occurred to me that the day might come after Alice taking her own place in the world when she would rather not have been left here alone with me—I, whom she had taken for her lover and her intended husband. I knew who she was. I knew that I could be no husband of hers. I had no right to speak one lover's word to her—yet, how could I be cold, or pretend to be distant? How could I mortify, or anger, or surprise her by conduct, such as she could not understand?

"Sir," I said to the doctor, "I have honourable reasons for not choosing to be alone with Miss Coombe."

"O, very well," he said, "I can stay with you if you please. But from things that have dropped out I thought you would soon be married."

"She thinks so; and I thought so till a short time ago. But all that is over, and so, before she knows it, I will not see her alone."

"Oh, oh?" said the doctor, in a great hurry. "But still, for her sake, you must see her. I'll manage it. Leave it to me."

So he opened the door, and in his own quiet way, but with the very kindest manner, he walked up to my darling, who was lying on a sofa in front of an open window.

"You are to say to Mr. Martin that you are better. Now, only one word! Here he is."

I was shocked by the sight of her pale face, but I held out my hand, and spoke very gently:

"I am just come to look at you, Alice."

Then she held my hand, and put her pretty lip upon it, and burst into a flood of tears.

"All safe and right now. You must try to be quiet. Everything is going on quite well. Father Bennet is here, and must see you for a minute. You can trust your friends to care for you, and keep quiet, I am sure."

Then she spoke simple, loving, trusting words, so dearly and naturally; and the good doctor guessing that I had no words to answer her with, said

"Now go; go back through the passages, and ask Father Bennet to come."

And hearing this, I took my hand out of Alice's grasp, gave her one kind look, and went away as quickly as I dared.

I had now said that Alice and I were not to be husband and wife. I had before felt it, and thought it. But as I went through that passage, I knew it for a truth. It half killed me.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A COMFORTER.

I GAVE my message to Father Bennet, and he walked out of the waiting-room immediately, for he knew the house well, and could have no difficulty in finding out where Alice was. But when I was again sitting down with Ben and Father Francis

looked so pale, and they both asked if I were ill. F. Francis ordered some wine. It came, and a loaf of bread. I took some of both gladly, but I knew that the load at my heart would not be easily cured.

I listened for Father Bennet's returning steps, for I had made up my mind to tell him everything directly. So I met him at the door, and said:

"Let us go away, and be alone together for a few minutes."

He looked surprised for a moment; but he recovered himself quickly, and opening a door, he went down a few stone steps into a pleasant garden, and I followed him. There was a seat under a mulberry tree, at a little distance, and when we sat down there, he said:

"Well, what is it?"

I told out my whole heart to him. I told him I desired to be a Catholic. I said that I had once said courageously that, Alice or no Alice, I would find out the truth, and by the grace of God I would embrace it.

"Now," I said, "I must, and I ought to lose Alice; but I cannot give up the thought of belonging to the one true Church, where Our Lord Himself comes down upon the Altar, and with which He will abide till the end of the world."

I waited for an answer; but all that Father Bennet said, as he fixed his eyes on the green turf before us, was—"Thank God!" He did not speak for a minute. He seemed to be in deep thought. Then he said:

"Would you dislike staying here for a few days? If you would stay here, and make Father Francis your friend, I would take Alice back with me. This afternoon we would begin the journey. I will telegraph to Mr. Oldbury, and they will send the carriage to meet us. We could proceed slowly in a conveyance which I could hire here; I have talked to the doctor. He says Alice can make the journey, and that she will recover in a few days when once at home. Will you stay, then? If you like I will send Ned here. A week's rest will do him good. He has had sadly too much to suffer lately."

I was a little amused, but very glad to find myself arranging themselves thus speedily—then I looked at F. Bennet.

"But, sir," I said, "I agree to all this without knowing how you got here! Why in the world did you come? How got Ben with you? I came on pretty steadily, but you got to the thatched house before me. How did it all happen? Ben said that you all came on my affairs; that is all I could get out of him. Have you not something to tell me?"

"Very little," he answered. "Ned came to me when you were gone, and said what he had done. I think the boy felt frightened. I was in the street, and, to tell the truth, knowing so much of the evil name of those in the thatched house, I was myself frightened—frightened for you. The old woman had written to Ned, offering to share the reward with him if he would send you to fetch Alice."

"I guessed that," I said.

"Well," F. Bennet went on, "I was in the street when two friends came up to me; one was Lord Stackhouse. 'I have telegraphed to in-

crease the reward for the girl's discovery,' he said. 'I have just got a telegram,' said the other, who was Mr. Oldbury, 'to say there has been a great robbery in London, and that the man who robbed my house was in it.' Then I knew your danger was doubled, for I guessed that Dark Eye would probably fly to his mother for shelter, and as you had money with you, there is no knowing what might happen. Ned was terribly alarmed. I went to Norris and saw your brother. Between us all it was settled that I should go, take you under my care, find out Alice, and make another attempt on that poor creature's heart of stone. Ned came, because he wished it; and your brother because he would not be left behind, and because he said it was his duty to pay all expenses. We posted. We passed the "Packhorse," when you were asleep, I suppose, for we never stopped through the night."

"And you will get home as soon as you can, and start soon."

"In half an hour," said F. Bennet.

And so it was that, within an hour, without my seeing Alice, she was gone with a nurse, F. Bennet, and my brother Ben. I walked about; I went through the straggling village of Farnbury—I walked among meadows and fields, and by a river's edge. Then I wandered back, for Father Francis had said that we were to have tea at seven. When I got back I saw the door of the chapel open. I went in. I saw Ned Jackson on his knees; I knelt down near him, and prayed with all my heart. Then I sat meditating, and giving my life and all that might be in it to God, till a bell rang, and Ned got up and went out of the chapel, solemnly genuflecting before the adorable Presence in the Tabernacle. This action, so familiar to my readers, set me thinking; and when I got up to follow him, I also knelt. It was my first act of adoration to the real Presence—to the Blessed Sacrament. I believed! It was not a mere act of respect that I did. It was act of faith. "Lord, I believe!" Those were my words. And, then, for the first time, I felt what it was to be a Catholic, and I went out of the little chapel, thanking God. I took holy water at the door. In another minute I had made the Sign of the Cross before my meal, and then Father Francis said, before sitting down:

"May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God rest in peace."

I said, "Amen!"

We had night prayers in the chapel. I had my little "Garden of the Soul" given me, and I repeated the responses like other people. "Pray for me, pray for me!" What was I doing? I was asking the protection of the Holy Mother of God, who, in truth, has been a mother to me from that hour. I put myself under her protection as her servant and her child:

"Pray for me, Holy Mother of God, that I may be made worthy of the promises of Christ."

The next morning, I went to an early Mass, and Ned Jackson served it. I watched everything done by the priest, and all, also, that was done by Ned in serving him, attentively and solemnly. I cannot describe to you how great

and interesting everything was. That morning, I had a long conversation with Father Francis, who was very kind. I was struck with one thing very much, when I came to my discovery of who Alice was, and when I touched on the impossibility of my now marrying her, he said gently, like one correcting me:

"It will be according to the will of God."

When I repeated:

"I can never marry her now."

He said again:

"Unless it be the will of God."

When I again urged that it would be contrary to all true honour to think of her marrying me now; he again said gently, but firmly:

"It will be as God wills. Keep yourself as one who waits upon God."

"But you would not have me hope," I exclaimed.

"I would have you wait. Don't think of the thing for a few days. Give up your mind to God. Make him this little offering. Your season of waiting will not be long; but while it lasts let it be marked by self-renunciation and patience."

I felt he was right, and I tried with all my strength to follow his directions.

After our early dinner, Ned and I went out together. We walked two or three miles up the banks of the beautiful river, with its bed of gravel, and clear and rapid water. It was a delightful afternoon, and we sat down by the bank of the stream, and in the shelter of a huge, bright, beautiful, great, holly tree. Then I talked to Ned about himself, and of his religion, and of what I had seen him do that morning—serving at Mass. I asked for explanations on some points, and he gave me all the instruction I desired. He talked like a youth who felt and understood. He had been allowed to do part of the sacristan's work, and he spoke with very pleasant zeal of all that he did, and of the reasons for what was done. I was, as you may suppose, perfectly ignorant. I did not even know that the Chalice and Paten could not be handled by anybody like other things. When Ned spoke so clearly explaining one thing after another, I felt edified, and instructed; I was pleased with the boy and very thankful.

This afternoon, with a youth who had been taken by the benevolence of Father Bennet from the vilest company, was one of the happiest I had ever spent. And when, at last, when returning home, we heard the *Angelus* bell ring out, and Ned began to say it, and taught me the holy words, which I have since used so often and so thankfully, I felt that go where I would I might never get into better company than I was in that day. I might get into company where the memories of life were less bitter, and its latest recollections less sad, and less awful; but Ned was a good Catholic, and I found that his words contained more of gentleness and sympathy, and civilisation, than I had ever expected to find. Poor Ned! He could not put the thought of old Granny off his heart; and, as evening came on, we walked along thinking of Death, and of Eternity, and praying that the souls of the faithful departed might rest in peace.

(To be continued.)

## INFLUENCE OF THE WEATHER UPON THE MENTAL FACULTIES.



HERE are some who deny that particular states of the weather have influence upon the sensations of the mind, but for no other reason than that they never were sensible of any thing of the kind in their own case. They do not advert to the possibility of persons of a different constitution from themselves being liable to influences of which they are insensible. Milton is stated to have been most able and disposed to write between the autumnal and vernal equinox and this provoked a sneer from Johnson, who felt nothing of the kind; though elsewhere, at a subsequent period, he was brought to acknowledge that there might be differences amongst men in this respect. It is one of the few places when Boswell exceeds in wisdom the subject of his biography, when, in reply to a remark of Johnson on the silliness of those who believe their minds to be affected by meteorological causes, he exclaims, "Alas, it is too certain that, where the frame has delicate fibres, and there is a fine sensibility, such influences of the air are irresistible!" And how much these affect the heads and hearts, especially of the finest temperaments, is hard to be believed by men whose thoughts are not turned to such speculations. That particular winds, states of the weather, seasons, and climates do exercise some power over the minds of men in general, is not now generally denied, though perhaps some rather fanciful speculations have been indulged in on the subject.

It is a remarkable fact, that the nations living in the tropical and frigid zones have neither of them such energetic intellects, generally speaking, as those which reside in the temperate latitudes. Dr. Copland says, "Countries situate between 45 degrees and 63 degrees of northern latitude are inhabited by the most robust and enduring of our species, in respect of both physical and intellectual powers. It may be stated in general of the northern temperate zone, that the inhabitants of its more southerly countries have made the earliest advances in civilisation, and that those of its middle and more northerly climates have carried the useful sciences and arts to the highest perfection. Within the range of this zone, man presents the greatest variety of temperament, constitution, and of mental endowment." He adds, that "climates which are the most variable as to both the commencement and the course of the different seasons, are, notwithstanding the many disadvantages imputed to them, the most favourable to the advancement of the various bodily and mental powers." Certainly a remarkable contrast exists between the people of temperate and those of tropical and frigid climates. The inter-tropical nations are generally of an enervated or effeminate character, the easy conquest and the ready slaves of whatever energetic neighbour chooses to invade them; while the inhabitants of the arctic regions are again stunted in mind, as well as body, as if the excessive cold literally froze the genial current of the soul.

What furnishes strong proof of the operation of these causes, is the fact, that elevation of situation gives all the advantages of a medium latitude; hence, for one example out of many, the great difference between the timid children of the plain of the Ganges, and the energetic tribes, which hold by the mountains of Mysore.

When we come to personal sensations, we readily see how this should be. Every one must have been conscious of the lassitude and indolence produced by an unusually hot summer day, especially when the air has been moist as well as hot. He easily imagines how little business he would get through in a year, how little advance he would make in study, and how useless a being he would become in general, if the same degree of heat and moisture were constantly, or all but constantly, maintained. On the other hand, all must be sensible of the obstruction which extreme cold gives to intellectual operations. In that state, the mind is absorbed in its own uneasy feelings, and the means of alleviating them; there is no ranging abroad for pleasure or instruction; the thoughts and sympathies are all alike confined to the narrow circle around the domestic hearth. Hence there can be no mental progress. Such a state of things, experienced from generation after generation, at length tells upon the organic structure of a people; and, as an ultimate result, the puny forms, the feeble, and impoverished intellects of the Scandinavians, Laplanders, and other races of the colder latitudes.

The warmer of the temperate climates, though they probably operate to some extent against the development of the active powers of the intellect, may be allowed to have the effect of elevating the spirits and contributing essentially to the happiness of life. The inhabitants of southern Europe are less industrious, and, as a necessary consequence, poorer, than those of the north; but, to judge from external appearances, they pass more cheerful lives. The clear mild weather seems to give directly the happiness which the children of the north are obliged to seek through the circuitous route of a constant application to hard work. It serves them for everything besides a small modicum of the most ordinary necessities of life. Lady Blessington, writing from Genoa, says, "There is a peculiar lightness and elasticity in the air of this place which begets a buoyancy of spirits even in us children of a colder clime. It is positive enjoyment to look out on the blue unclouded skies, and the not less blue waters, that are glistening beneath the sunbeams, which are at this moment shining as brightly as if it were June instead of April. Then the look of cheerfulness that each countenance wears is exhilarating. Climate, aided by the light yet nutritious food in general use in Italy, is productive of a disposition to be pleased, that robs the asperities of life of half their bitterness; although it may indispose people to studious pursuits, or unfit them for laborious ones." This is conformable to what is stated on the same point by most travellers in the southern regions of Europe.

The influence of certain winds and states of the atmosphere upon the mind are subjects of

familiar remark. Everyone is sensible of the exhilarating effects of a clear sunny sky accompanied by a light dry wind, and of the contrary effects of an overclouded sky or a rainy day. Probably, there are two kinds of consequences from states of the atmosphere. All are cheered by sunshine, and depressed by gloom, from a simple principle of the mind taking pleasure in what looks bright and cheerful, and being dejected by the sight of whatever is dull and dismal. Here it is merely a natural language in things, which addresses us and produces the effect: and this, we believe, is all that the great bulk of healthy persons in Britain are sensible of in respect of weather. The other class of effects only tells on certain delicate or enfeebled constitutions. In their case, it is not the mere external appearance of nature, but probably some positive virulent quality of the atmosphere, which operates. The east wind, for example, seems to wither up their genial feelings, and elicit every particle of ill nature in their constitution. While that reigns, they have no enjoyment in life, and will scarcely allow anybody else to have. There is certainly nothing to forbid our supposing that this wind, desiccated by its passage across the continent of Europe, possesses some character, though one not easy of detection, which renders it actually injurious to the nervous system of such persons. At the same time, its effects might perhaps be less felt by elderly and weakly persons, if they were to make an attempt to brave it, and for that purpose were to engage in active and cheerful exercise. To illustrate this, we shall relate a brief anecdote. The officers of a little garrison placed in Tynemouth Castle during war time, had no amusement but that of shooting rabbits on the neighbouring downs, and dining occasionally with a respectable married officer, who resided permanently there as store-keeper. Whenever the old gentleman accompanied them on their sports, of which he was extremely fond, he invited them to dinner; so it became an important point to get him out with them. An east wind came, and the old gentleman detested east winds, during the prevalence of which nothing could induce him to leave his sofa. Within sight of that place of repose there was a weathercock, which he consulted every morning. "Ah, east wind still—humph—no going out to-day." The young officers tired dreadfully of this state of things, and, by way of remedying it, caused a boy to climb up to the weathercock during the night, and tie it with its point to the west. Up rose the old gentleman. "Ah, west wind at last; well, we'll have some sport to-day." The young gentlemen were not long in making their appearance, when an excursion on the downs was of course agreed upon. "And you'll dine with me, my lads." They bowed assent, and off went the party. The old gentleman never once remarked the east wind during the whole day, although he afterwards learned the trick which had been played with the weathercock, and was for the future more chary of his invitations.

In Italy, the moral effect of certain winds have been remarked from ancient times. Horace speaks of *plumbeus auster*, alluding to the mind-oppressive character of what is now called

*sirocco*; and Celsus tells us of the horror-exciting effects of the *Tramontana*, or north wind of the same country. The *sirocco* is a south-east blast, charged with the heat of Africa, and deprived thereby of its natural moisture. It is nearly the same air which some ill-judging architects produce from hot iron plates for the warming of public buildings, disregarding the fact, that moisture is an element of the air indispensable to health. All travellers speak of the distressing effect of the *sirocco*. Matthews, in his "Diary of an Invalid," describes its consequences as "that leaden oppressive dejection of spirits which is the most intolerable of diseases." In Spain the same wind is experienced in a modified form, and is called the *solano*. The people of that country have a proverbial remark, that no animals except a pig and an Englishman are insensible to the *solano*; and they add, "*no rogar alguna gracia en tiempo de solano*"—[do not ask a favour in the time of the *solano*], it being presumed that men are then too much out of humour to do any kindness to their neighbours.

The irritability and ill humours attributed to these winds would seem to be much exceeded by those of the *Viente Forte*, or North wind of Buenos Ayres, which is described as amounting to little less in some men than a temporary derangement of their mental faculties. It is a common thing to see men amongst the better class shut themselves up in their houses during its continuance, and lay aside all business till it has passed; whilst among the lower orders, it is a fact well-known to the police, that cases of quarrelling and bloodshed are infinitely more frequent during the north wind than at any other time. Not many years back, a man was condemned and executed for murder. He was a person of some education, esteemed by those who knew him, and, in general, rather remarkable than otherwise for the civility and amenity of his manners; his countenance was open and handsome, and his disposition frank and generous; but when the north wind set in, he appeared to lose all command of himself; and such was his extreme irritability, that, during its continuance, he could hardly speak to any one in the street without quarrelling. In a conversation with my informant a few hours before his execution, he admitted that it was the third murder he had been guilty of, besides having been engaged in more than twenty fights with knives, in which he had both given and received many serious wounds; but, he observed, it was the north wind, not he, that shed all this blood. When he rose from his bed in the morning, he said he was at once aware of its accursed influence upon him; a dull headache first, and then a feeling of impatience at everything about him, would cause him to take umbrage even at the members of his own family on the most trivial occurrence. If he went about, his headache generally became worse; a heavy weight seemed to hang over his temples; he saw objects, as it were, through a cloud, and was hardly conscious where he went. He was fond of play, and if, in such a mood, a gambling-house was in his way, he seldom resisted the temptation; once there, any turn of ill-luck would so irritate him, that the chances were, he would insult some of the by-

standers; those who knew him, perhaps, would bear with his ill humours; but if, unhappily, he chanced to meet with a stranger disposed to resent his abuse, they seldom parted without bloodshed. Such was the account the wretched man gave of himself, and it was corroborated afterwards by his relatives and friends; who added, that no sooner had the cause of his excitement passed away, than he would deplore his weakness, and never rested till he had sought out and made his peace with those whom he had offended."

The susceptibility of this Italian, if we are to suppose it correctly described, obviously reaches a degree which is totally unknown in this country. It is by no means unlikely that there is a susceptibility of impressions of all kinds in the people of such climates as that of Buenos Ayres, far beyond any which we find exemplified in more cool latitudes. The passionate character of the people of the south of Europe is well-known; and that this depends in some measure on the operation of climate, may be not unreasonably inferred from certain facts in their natural history. Physicians remark that in Italy the doses of medicine given in England would be enormous and highly injurious. Narcotics, taken at Naples in smaller quantity than in England, operate with much more powerful effect. There is also in Italy a liability to strong nervous affections from simple and even agreeable odours, of which we see no trace in our temperate climate. Dr. Harrison states, in his "Pharmacologia," that he has known flowers and perfumes in a chamber produce syncope in healthy persons. On this last point we have some interesting information in Sir James Clerk's work on climate. "The next circumstances," says he, "connected with the disease of Rome, which deserves notice, is the peculiar sensibility of the nervous system of its inhabitants. This is evinced in a very particular manner, by the disposition to convulsive affections, and the singular sensitiveness of the Romans, especially the females, to perfumes. This peculiar susceptibility of the nervous system appears to be of recent origin. We learn from ancient authors, that the Roman matrons were fond of perfumes; and as this peculiarity is not mentioned by the Roman medical authors who have more recently written on the climate and diseases of Rome, there can be little doubt that it did not exist in their time. 'But in our times,' says a modern Roman writer, 'nervous affections, vulgarly termed tirature or convulsions, are extremely common, attacking females more particularly, but likewise delicate individuals of the other sex. So easily affected are such persons, that they cannot even bear the odour of the most pleasant flowers without suffering.' It is to be remarked, that it is not disagreeable odours which produce such effects on the nervous system, but the more delicate, and, to northern nations, agreeable odours of flowers, also vegetable and other perfumes. Hysteric headaches and numerous nervous affections are produced by such odours. The native physicians cannot fix upon any other circumstances to which this malady can be fairly attributed, except the indolent manner of life of the Romans, which favours, especially in such a



climate, the relaxation and sensibility of the system. Such was most likely the principal source of this idiosyncrasy, and this no doubt still tends to maintain it; while the morbid sensibility of the nervous system, once acquired, is doubtless, in some degree, transmitted from parent to child. But though much may depend on the effeminate and indolent manner of living at Rome, the *climate*, I believe, has some specific effect in inducing this state of the nervous system. The habits of the Romans differ little, I think, from those of the inhabitants of the other large towns in Italy; for instance, Naples, Florence, Genoa, etc.; and yet this morbidly sensitive state of the nervous system does not exist by any means in the same degree in those places. Even a temporary residence of some duration at Rome produces a degree of the same morbid sensibility, and in cases where the Roman mode of living cannot be adduced as the cause. Something depends also, I believe, on the moral education, though it must not be forgotten that the sensibility of the nervous system in all warm climates is naturally more exalted than in the colder, and the influence of the passions far greater in producing and modifying bodily disease. This is particularly the case with the Romans; and, in tracing the chronic diseases of such of them as came within my observation, I was struck with the general reference of their origin to violent mental emotions."

### THE PEDLAR'S SONG.

WHEN nights are dark and ways are dreary,  
And feet are sore and limbs are weary,  
From out the gloom come voices cheery,  
To welcome Daddy home.

When angry winds blow loud and shrill,  
And biting frosts my old bones chill,  
These tiny voices cheer me still  
With "Welcome Daddy home."

Though through my rags, so worn and thin,  
The pelting rain soaks to the skin,  
I'll keep snug and warm within,  
With "Welcome Daddy home."

I'm but a wandering, pedling tramp  
And many call me "rogue" and "scamp,"  
But no reviling e'er can damp  
The "Welcome Daddy home."

My wares and I are out of date,  
And time has frosted o'er my pate,  
Yet still my old heart grows elate  
With "Welcome Daddy home."

For there I'm potent as a king,  
There love and happiness I bring.  
And gleeful children's voices sing—  
My gleeful children's voices sing.  
"Welcome Daddy home."

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINBECK.

### CHAPTER XI.

THE winter set in early, and the first half of October had hardly passed before the waters were bound in icy chains, and the frost covered the ground. F. Jaques felt the cold very severely; many nights he cowered sleepless upon his miserable bed, and now and then stood up and ran outside to warm himself. In the morning he felt more tired than he had done the evening before.

Since the last Pow-wow new things had been decided. The missionary hovered continually between life and death, and more than once he stood close to the gates of eternity. Soon after Goupil's murder he was to have been sent to the eternal hunting-ground as the servant of the son of a chief who had died, and two women, gained by the presents of the mother of the deceased, led him, under some pretext into the corner of a field, where Goupil's murderer awaited him. The father at once recognized the man, looked at him sharply as he approached, and the assassin fled. Whether he feared the look of the intrepid man, or the wrath of the sagamore and the chiefs is uncertain; but it is true that he fled from the priest. The two women were amazed, and hastened back to the mother of the cowardly murderer who lived in Gandawaga. She whispered a few words to them, and with yells and cries they fled away, and resolved to keep out of sight and hearing of F. Jaques.

The father was not overburdened with work, and he could spend his leisure time very profitably. He instructed the captive Hurons whom he found by degrees had been taken into Mohawk families. He cared little for the continual danger of death; but his hour was not yet come, and God turned aside all attempts on the life of His faithful servant, who had yet much to do and to suffer before he should receive his eternal reward.

At the beginning of the third week in October the Mohawks began to prepare for their great winter hunt, and F. Jaques was to accompany them. He had already heard that the savages were accustomed to pass the greater part of the winter in the hunting-grounds, and to go long distances after the wild animals. Still the old garment in which he was clothed was his only raiment, and as the cold became more severe, he at last placed his need before the old man whom he served, and begged for something which might protect him from the severity of the winter. His request was, however, received with contempt. A wizard, he was told, did not feel either cold or heat, hunger or thirst; he could protect himself from them by his magic power. He must take care of himself. But he was cared for in an unexpected manner.

On the day before setting out for the chase the missionary was sent into the forest to collect firewood, and as he was tying up a faggot with some bark, he saw, to his great surprise, a mounted white man, who was guiding a heavily loaded

horse by the bridle. The stranger was armed, and clothed in skins after the manner of a hunter. At first the father thought he was a trapper who had lost his way, and went towards him to tell him whereabouts he was. Then he observed that the animal was not laden with rough skins, but carried two well-packed bales of goods, such as pedlars are accustomed to carry for barter with the Red-skins. Hardly had the stranger recognized a white man in the wood collector, than he pulled up his horse, and dismounting hastened to meet him.

"Heaven be praised!" he said in fluent French, raising his fur cap in salutation. "You are the missionary whom the Mohawks keep captive in Gandawaga. You must be. Thank God that I find you at last! The savages must have treated you very cruelly, and this is why they told General von Curler, the brave commandant of Fort Orange, when he came to Gandawaga to obtain your liberty, that you were no longer there. But why am I chattering while you, father, are shivering in this cold. I have not, it is true, any proper clothing with me, but when one is in as bad a plight as you are even old garments may be acceptable."

The priest's surprise increased every moment. The Catholic salute in his dear mother tongue sounded like a word of comfort from his distant home. Whence came the stranger who had the same language and the same faith as himself? How did he know him, and what brought him to the Indian village in the midst of the wilderness? These queries passed rapidly through the missionary's mind, but he was unable to give expression to more than the question:

"What are you?"

"I will tell you presently, father. But let me first take some clothing from my bales of goods. I cannot bear to see you so black and blue with cold in those old rags. I cannot offer you such a garment as you ought to have, but in the midst of this wilderness it is quite excusable if you are not dressed according to your station. Here is a shirt in the first place. Slip it on at once. Here is a pretty good jacket, an under waistcoat, and a pair of leather breeches with the gaiters belonging to them. And I find also a pair of shoes and a fur cap, but I have no stockings."

The pedlar unpacked these things as he spoke, and when F. Jaques hesitated to take them, there was a look of surprise on the face of the giver.

"Why do you not take them, father? It is true it is only a very common kind of clothing that I can offer you; but necessity breaks down stone walls," he said in a tone of entreaty.

"My stranger friend," replied the priest, "do not suppose that I despise your gifts, they only seem too valuable, and I fear that the Mohawks, in whose hands I am, will not suffer me to retain any of them, but will ill-treat me anew, and will even plunder you, my benefactor. If you had such a thing as an old horse-cloth, for example, I should want no persuasion to accept it. But if I take these good clothes into the village they will be sure that where these things came from you will have other things of greater value."

"Ah! Is that what you are thinking about, father?" cried the pedlar. "Drive such ideas

out of your head. I will go into the village with you, and speak a word to the sachem, and then we shall both be safe. The Dutch, from whom I come, are held in far too great respect by the Mohawks, and particularly by this tribe, for they wish not to be attended to in Gandawaga. So dress yourself, father."

"Do the Dutch know of my captivity?" asked the priest, as he began to clothe himself in the welcome garments.

"They know of it, and take the deepest interest in your fate," replied the pedlar; "but I do not quite understand how you can be ignorant of this. Has not a bushranger called Jan been to you in the name of General von Curler, and offered ransom for you? The general was himself in Gandawaga not long since, and had personal interviews with the chiefs and sachems."

"I know nothing of all this, and it fills me with surprise, for the Dutch are not at all friendly to the French, and particularly to us Catholics, my friend."

"On the whole you are right, father, but the terrible fate of yourself and your companions went to their very hearts, and you may be sure that they left no means untried for freeing you from your captivity in one way or another. Then, has the bushranger, Jan, not seen you?"

"A wild man, whose name I heard and have forgotten, was here. He incited the savages against us, and accused me of sorcery. The Indians called him Red Hand. He did nothing in our favour as far as I know, but I heard him myself persuading the Mohawks to torture us, and to sacrifice us to their demon Airstoi. But whether this unhappy man is the Jan of whom you speak is a question."

"Can you not remember any other name he bears?"

"I have heard him called by a French name. He committed a murder in Quebec, for which he was sentenced to death—I heard that, too. Stop; his name seems to come again into my mind. His name is Jean—Jean—his family name begins with B."

Every drop of blood had fled from the hawk's face, and when the missionary looked down in silent recollection, he asked in a hollow voice:

"Was his name Jean Bouffet?"

"Jean Bouffet; yes. My faithful René, who was killed by the Mohawks a fortnight since, recognized him at their first meeting as a convicted criminal, and called him Bouffet. But what is the matter, my friend? You have become quite pale?"

"Ask nothing now, father. I will tell all in time. Is Jean Bouffet, then, here. He was seen here last and whither did he go? Think well, father, for much depends upon my getting some trace of him as soon as possible."

"I can tell you without any consideration. I saw Red Hand, or Jean Bouffet, last, in one of the Mohawk villages to which we were taken soon after we came to Gandawaga. This was two or three days after the feast of S. Bartholomew. Where the man went after this I do not know."

"Then you have not seen him for more than a month?"

"No; more than six weeks have passed."

"Do the Mohawks speak well of him?"

"No; they seem to me to mistrust him, but I

may be wrong. He often talked to Eagle and Spotted Snake."

"You can hardly be wrong, father. The Mingos are as clever as foxes in scenting an enemy. Now, if you like it, we will go into the village. Ah, those clothes fit you better than I thought. Are the Mingos in good humour?"

"Not much with me, my friend. Since René's murder, men lie in wait for me, whom I hardly know, and to whom I have never given any cause for dislike; but they will be more friendly with you."

"Was this René one of your two white companions?"

"Yes, my friend. René Goupil was not only my fellow sufferer but he was also my brother."

"And was he murdered? Pray tell me about it as short as we go down to the village, my dear father. My horse will carry your bundle of wood. Now let us go."

They proceeded so slowly that not only had F. Jacques time to tell the most important parts of his story, but also to learn the name of his friend, the object for which he came thither, and, in some measure, the intentions of the Hollanders before they reached Gandawaga.

To the surprise of old and young, they then went straight to the wigwam of the sagamore. At first, the Mohawks did not recognize the missionary; but a squaw, having named him by his Indian name, there was no end of the astonishment. The news spread like wild fire from hut to hut, and very soon half Gandawaga was assembled in the village square, that they might see with their own eyes the change which had taken place in Ondesonk. The arrival of the pedler, who, on account of his curly hair, was called by the Mohawks Crooked Hair, and was generally liked, was hailed with pleasure.

When the old man to whom the priest was slave heard of this he cried out:

"Then Ondesonk is indeed a magician;" and full of anger, he rushed towards the council hut to require his servant of the sagamore, and to take from him his new clothing. But on the way he changed his mind. If the garments had really been obtained by means of magic there might be danger in the attempt to take them away. This embarrassed the old man, and he came to the conclusion that a little foresight would be prudent: so he mixed with the people in the square and waited for the return of the two white men, who were now in conference with Spotted Snake.

Soon after their arrival, Eagle, Kortsaeton and Yakete, were called to the sagamore, in whose hut an important council was held. The white men remained there for an hour, and when they left the wigwam they were accompanied by the sachem and chiefs, who occasionally spoke to them and pointed out to the pedler a hut built on purpose for white visitors.

After the pedler had unloaded his horse, and given him maize and water, and had brought his packages into the hut, they went towards F. Jacques's abode, followed by a great crowd of people. The old Mohawk, to whom the hut and the slave belonged, had gone before them, received them at the door, and bid them enter.

The missionary could hardly suppress a smile

when his master, who, a short time before had refused him garments to cover him, now that the pedler had returned to Gandawaga, met him with submissive courtesy.

"Crooked Hair is Ondesonk's friend," began Spotted Snake; "Crooked Hair brings fine presents for the Mohawks, which the pale-faces send from Cohotatea. The great chief will send more beautiful things if Ondesonk says that the Mohawks were good to him."

"Ondesonk is very wise, and the Mohawks are glad to call him brother. They will always be the friends of his friends, and the enemies of his enemies," said the old man flatteringly, as he seized the clasp knife which the hawker offered him.

He admired its wonderful mechanism, and also the goodness of the clothes worn by the missionary, and could not praise the pedler too highly.

But now Eagle required his presence in the square, where the people had already assembled at the sound of the tam-tam, in order that they might be told how friendly the pale-faces at Cohotatea were to the Mohawks, how highly they valued Ondesonk, and how near his welfare lay to their hearts.

The tam-tam beater had no need to exercise his art, in order to arouse the people, for they pressed forward in crowds before he began his call.

All listened with the greatest attention when Eagle began to speak. He first spoke in the highest terms of the Dutch settlers, and of the friendship which subsisted between them and the Mohawks, and told them of the knives, mirrors, and other presents which the good pale-faces sent them by Crooked Hair, from Cohotatea. Then he came to the missionary; spoke of his courage and fortitude, his wisdom and goodness, and lamented that a bad spirit should have led one of their young men to murder Goupil. Ondesonk was as safe with the Mohawks at Gandawaga, as if at Cohotatea, or with his brothers at the Great Stream. No one dared to touch a hair of his head, and if anyone raised a hand against Ondesonk his life should pay for the deed. The first part of the speech was much approved, but the conclusion was received with a coolness that augured no good to the missionary. But it was the father's determination not to make any attempt to escape, but to await quietly whatever further might take place.

The hawker, a still young and zealous Lorrainese, had in vain urged him to escape, and now used all his influence to induce the good father to avoid ill treatment till either the Dutch or French had attempted his liberation.

After these official communications, the inhabitants of Gandawaga began to disperse, leaving the two white men conversing till twilight in the strangers' hut. F. Jacques told of the sufferings which he and his companions had endured, of the fidelity of the Hurons, the fortitude of the Oblates and of the heroism of Ahatsistari. Of the miserable bushranger he said as little as possible.

"Be assured," he said, "that I would rather suffer more than I have already done than leave my faithful Huron Christians here in captivity without any spiritual comfort and support. I should indeed be a bad shepherd if I were to leave them among these wolves, in order to place my own

life in safety. No, Thomas Renard, no priest could act thus; it is not to be thought of. If I were to escape, the Mohawks would only exercise new cruelties upon the captives remaining. And ask yourself what these young Christians would think of my teaching. The only Son of Almighty God suffered the most fearful pains and the shameful death of the Cross in order to wash away the sins of the ungrateful world in His holy Blood, and shall we refuse to kiss the hand of such a Master when it presses on our head the crown of thorns, which he reaches to us from His Holy Cross? We must not delay for a moment when He says: 'Follow thou Me.' Would not the Hurons, whom we have with difficulty won to our holy Church, ask: 'Why has our father left us? Why does not the black-robe do what he tells us it is God's command that we should do?' No, the guilt of such a bad shepherd would be without excuse if he could not endure a little bodily pain rather than prolong his life upon earth. Think of this, my good Renard, and you will no longer advise me to escape."

The Jesuit spoke with unaccustomed warmth. The subject had roused the good man from his usual quiet composure. As if ashamed of this, he looked down.

The Lorraine, however, looked at him brightly, while, in a voice which seemed to come from the depths of his soul, he exclaimed:

"No, father, I will never again speak to you of flight. That I promise you. What I must do to liberate the faithful shepherd and his flock is now my affair. In God's name, then, stay with your spiritual children. Either the hour of freedom strikes for you all, or the angel of God holds out to you the martyr's crown."

"Amen!" said the priest. "But now let us part, at least, for to-day, my dear Renard. Perhaps we may meet to-morrow morning, before our party sets out for the chase. If you can hinder Bouffet from committing any more crimes, and loading his conscience more heavily, do so, but spare him as much as possible. You have still your business with the Mohawks to transact, and I must hasten to my Huron children. God bless you, good Renard."

"Praised be Jesus Christ!"

"For ever and ever."

The new friends did not meet the next morning, for Ondesok, the white slave, had to leave the village soon after midnight with his master, to await the arrival of the rest of the hunters, in a place some miles distant. The old man seemed to fear that the hawker might deprive him of the bondsman, of whom he was not a little proud.

When Renard awoke in the morning, the greater part of the hunters had already departed, and the village looked a little deserted. Renard's first question was after F. Jaques, and when he learned that Ondesok was already beyond the hills with his master, he set off at once in search of William Couture and the Huron captives, in the other Mohawk villages. He had promised the missionary to do this, and he kept his word. As to his business of barter, the brave man had only so far troubled himself about it as was sufficient to prevent exciting the suspicions of the savages.

(To be continued.)

## NOTABLE CATS.

**D**URING all ages the cat has been a special favourite; young and old, simple and learned, all have a kind word to look for puss.

The tutelary deity of cats was Diana, or Paolus, and according to Plutarch the cat was not only sacred to the moon but an emblem of it, and a figure of a cat fixed on a sistrum denoted the moon. Hence it was that cats were treated with peculiar consideration in the land of the Pharaohs. Tabby's death was regarded as a family misfortune, and the household went into mourning. The cat funeral was celebrated with peculiar pomp and ceremony; the bodies were embalmed and placed in the temple of Babatis.

It was a most serious thing to kill a cat in those days of Moses and the prophets. Diodorus tells a story of a Roman soldier who killed one, was tried, sentenced, and condemned to death. The Arabs yet regard the cat with great veneration, and just out of Cairo there is a mosque where, in modern times, Sultan El Daher provided all cats with a daily repast. From flat roofs and terraces, from the dusty streets and dirty alleys, and from all their numerous hiding places, the hungry cats came at the hour of prayer to get their allowance of food.

The great Napoleon is said to have hated a cat with the same fervour that he did his Russian or Austrian foes. Shylock told the Duke that "Some men there are that are mad if they behold a cat—a harmless, necessary cat." Richelieu was of an opposite character, as he loved cats; and Mahomed was so wrapped up in them that once, when a particular favourite was lying asleep on his sleeve, he cut the sleeve rather than disturb her.

The poet Gray wrote an ode on the death of Selina, Horace Walpole's favourite pussy; and Southey, the author of the "Doctor," when he lived at Greta, near Keswick, kept a lot of plump and healthy cats that the kitchen ladies nursed, and the Keswick apothecary dosed. From time immemorial a cat has been the companion of the learned. Petrarch had his pet embalmed, and Andria Doria, one of the rulers of Venice, not only had his dead cat's portrait painted, but his skeleton preserved. The cat of Cardinal Wolsey sat by his side when he gave audience or received princes. Rousseau loved cats. Edgar Allan Poe wrote a thrilling tale of the black cat, and Lady Macbeth alludes to the household pet. Dr. Johnson had a cat, which he called Hodge, on which he doted. He taught it to eat oysters. Henry James, the novelist, wrote with a cat on his shoulder. Lord Chesterfield, when he died, left a pension to his cats and their posterity after them. Paul de Kock, the French novelist, had a family of thirty cats, and de Musset has written apostrophes to cats in verse. So fond of cats was Chateaubriand that the Pope, to whom he went as ambassador, could think of no more suitable present for the devout son of the Church than his predecessor's favourite cat. A French couple loved her cat so well that when it died she ordered one of its teeth to be set in a ring as a memorial. Whittington and his cat are familiar in history.



HE FOUND HER SEATED UNDER THE TREES, HER THOUGHTS FAR AWAY.

## Nora Fismore's Ideal.

BY ALICE HORLOR.

### CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

**S**OMETIMES in this life, grief turns to gladness, and sunshine brightens the land over which there fell the driving rain; so a later paragraph in the daily

paper tells the news of Gerald's safety, and bids our mourning cease. It runs thus:

At S. Helen's, one of the Scilly Islands, a fisherman, going out at break of day, after the storm had subsided, found on the beach a man and woman lashed to a mast. They were quite unconscious, and seemed at first dead from exposure; but with care

were restored to life; when their names were found to be Gerald Conyers, captain of the *Rubina*, wrecked off Land's End, and Miss Violet Neville, passenger in the same ship. It seems, in the account Captain Conyers gives of the wreck, that the *Kubina* having first lost her mast, struck, and was rapidly filling with water. The boats were lowered, but one was swamped, and the other already overloaded; consequently, Captain Conyers bravely tried to rescue Miss Neville by leaping with her into the waves. But though he is an expert swimmer, such a tremendous sea was running at that time that he was growing quite exhausted by the endeavour to support himself and the lady, and feared they would be both drowned, when the mast they had sent adrift fortunately floated near them. He managed to seize it, and lash himself and companion to it. He remembered no more until he regained consciousness at S Helen's. The intelligence of Captain Conyer's safety has been delayed, because, from the heavy sea which was then running, it was impossible for any boat to leave the island for the mainland.

Oh, how Nora's heart and mine bound with thankfulness to know all is right with the man we both love so well. But to her, there is the possibility of things being made clear between them; the hope—as there always is in life's changes—of an understanding and renewal of love; while I but take up the weary burden of an affection which my womanly pride must teach me again to closely hide.

I see in another column the announcement of Colonel Strathern's death, so Marley is now Gerald's own. I sigh to think how well Nora would have graced his beautiful home, had the old tie not been broken between them. She would have made a worthy mistress of Marley Lodge; but now the changes of Fortune's wheel place her in the necessity of seeking her own livelihood, and the bright, dreamy past of Nora's life is gone for ever. She finds a situation soon through Mrs. Rainsforth's influence. It is to be a companion to Miss Grey, an elderly lady living at Exmouth.

"If it could only have been anywhere but there!" says Nora, sadly. "It is so hard to meet him as a stranger, Helen; but I could not tell Edith about that, and must be thankful to get this way of earning money."

I acquiesce, though I feel for the trial it will be to her to remain in Gerald's vicinity. That trial comes quicker than we had expected, for, on going to the station to see Nora off, as we stand on the platform she clutches my arm with a stifled exclamation.

I turn to see Gerald Conyers, with a lady leaning on his arm, and looking up in his face. I catch a glimpse of her countenance; it is exquisitely beautiful, with large grey-blue eyes and golden hair. Gerald does not see us. He and his companion enter the same train in which Nora has also taken her seat.

Poor girl! I see her eyes are full of tears, her lips quivering.

"Courage, dear," I whisper, kissing her very tenderly, and she tries to smile in reply; but, alas! the effort is a poor one.

A long, discordant shriek from the engine, and the train is off. Nora's lovely face looks back tearfully at me, then vanishes out of sight.

Sad forebodings are in my mind as I walk back from the station. Is that beautiful blonde to take the vacant place in Gerald's heart, and Nora never to regain her abdicated throne? It looks like it. If it ends thus, can I blame Gerald? I think not:

Life is thorny, and youth is vain,  
And constancy lives in realms above;  
Add to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness on the brain.

## CHAPTER VII.

FROM Nora's letters I learn that Miss Grey kind, and treats her as a lady. My friend seems to be contented with her new life, but I know it well how frequently such a position must galling, proud, sensitive nature. It is not long before she mentions that Gerald Conyers has retired from the sea, and is living at Marley Lodge. Mr. Strathern, his late uncle's widow, also resides there, and Miss Neville is with her. She is Mr. Strathern's niece, being placed in Gerald's care for the voyage to England, by her father in New York. "It was Miss Neville," adds Nora, "whom I saw with Gerald at the station, that day I left Bristol. I often see them together in the lane about here. She is a very lovely girl, and I saved her life, which, of course, makes a tie between them. I hear they are engaged."

Here the letter comes to an abrupt conclusion, as though Nora had resolved to write down the haunting fear within her mind; but, having done this, was unable to proceed.

About this time, I fall ill; a kind of low, nervous fever fastens upon me, prostrating all my strength for some weeks.

When I grow a little better, the doctor orders change of air. On hearing this, I beg to go to Exmouth, alleging a wish to be with Nora, though I fear, did I look truthfully into my own heart, that I should find that that unruly organ weakened by illness is really yearning to behold Gerald Conyer once again. Ah, well! I will not take shame to myself for this; no one is the wiser, and my secret will die with me—unknown, unguessed by all.

Aunt Jane goes to take care of me, and, in a rather shaky, weak state, I arrive at quiet Exmouth. But when, after some nourishment, I am comfortably ensconced on a couch, Nora's welcome figure comes running in. She throws her dear arms round me, and the excitement of the meeting, with my weakness, brings about the result of a good cry. But I struggle bravely against this giving way, and hold Nora off for a good survey of her face.

"Helen, how thin you are!" she exclaims. "You must have been very ill."

"It has been rather a weary time. But you, Nora, too, cannot boast of any superfluous flesh," I answer, for the sweet oval face is longer, the dimples are all gone, gone, also, the brightness of her eyes and the fresh bloom of her cheek. Yet this is the face that was so radiant with life's sunshine in the past. All in vain women try to disguise their feelings—all in vain we struggle to imitate the Spartan boy:

And smile, and smile while secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks.

Nora tries to laugh away my gravity by responding, lightly:

"No, I shall not need to study 'Banting' yet."

"But you like your home with Miss Grey? You are happy there?" I ask.

"Happy?" she cries. "You, at least, Helen,



who know my past, should not use that word in relation to me. No, I am not happy—how is it possible? I am resigned, I am trying to learn patience; but it is hard work;” and her lip quivers.

“Poor Nora!” I say, pitifully. “The old love lives still, then?”

“It will never die.”

“But if he marries Violet Neville?”

“Perhaps God then will mercifully teach me forgetfulness, or take me hence,” she murmurs.

Here my aunt’s entrance stops all private conversation on our part.

As the fresh sea breezes bring health back to me, I cease to selfishly dwell on my own vain love for Gerald, and begin to ponder over plans whose end is to once more bring him and Nora together. Are they not both my friends? How true, then, is my love pure or true if it will not strive its best to obtain their happiness?

Early one morning, as I sit idly thinking over this project, the door opens to admit Nora. She comes bounding in with something of the joyous look of yore.

“What is it? Nora, what has happened?”

“Gerald was never false to me—never deceived me!” she cries, a rapture as from heaven filling her sweet eyes. “Helen, I shall go wild with joy.”

“I always knew he was innocent. How did you find out the truth?” I say.

“Listen, and you shall hear. Last night, I went with Miss Grey to dine at Dr. Lawson’s house. After dinner, I was sitting in the drawing-room, idly turning over the leaves of a book, when Mrs. Lawson, and a lady I do not know, began talking near me. I paid no attention to their conversation until a familiar name was uttered, which made my heart beat wildly, then I seemed to feel that I must listen to the end, and this is what I heard:

“So Gerald Conyers has come into the Marley estates.”

“Yes,” responded Mrs. Lawson.

“I am glad of it. I wonder what became of that brother of his?”

“What brother?”

“Did not you know that he had a twin brother?”

“No. I never heard of him till now.”

“Indeed! Ah, I think he left this place before you came. George Conyers was a sad wreck; he nearly broke his old uncle’s heart. The brothers were exactly alike in face, height, everything, so that you could scarcely tell one from the other; but there the resemblance ended, for Gerald was always honourable and good. They were very fond of each other, and Gerald always screened George when possible, hiding his faults and making excuses for him, so as to conceal his wildness from their uncle’s knowledge; but at last his folly reached a height which could no longer be kept from Colonel Strathern’s ears; he formed an attachment for a pretty gipsy girl, who had encamped with her band near Marley. They were often seen together, and, no doubt, he meant no good to the girl, for it was well known that he was never scrupulous; but, in this case, he was balked by the tables being completely turned upon him. While she was listening to his entreaties for her to fly with him, an old lover of hers, a gigantic gipsy named Eldred, appeared

upon the scene. He stayed not to parley, but swearing that George Conyers should keep his word to the girl, he dragged him into the camp, and compelled him to marry her there on the instant, after the fashion of their race. This last disgrace was more than the fiery old uncle could bear. He renounced George, erased his name from his will, leaving Gerald sole heir. His first intention, as they were twins, was to have made them joint heirs. Shortly after this, George disappeared, and I do not think any one knows whether he is alive or dead.”

“Oh, Helen, when I had heard all this, I scarcely knew what I was doing, for I was wild with joy. Gerald’s innocence was so completely established—even the signature of G. Conyers in that letter was explained. Oh, I was so happy! But how ashamed I am of my past suspicions! I should like to throw myself at Gerald’s feet; and ask his pardon.”

“I wish he could be made aware you know the story,” I say. “Of course he gave you no explanation, because he would not inculpate his brother.”

“Yes, Helen,” murmurs Nora. “Gerald was a hero after all.”

“A true hero,” I respond, warmly. “Very few would sacrifice their own happiness to spare a brother’s character as he has done. If only you two could now come to an explanation; but is he going to marry Miss Neville, I wonder?”

“She is more worthy of him than I,” says Nora, humbly; “for I have doubted him, nay, more—believed that he was guilty. Oh, my true Gerald, how could I suspect you of such a sin!”

“Never mind, dear. All the clouds are disappeared now. But how are you going to make Gerald aware of that?” I question, musingly.

“I cannot; and he may never know that I have learnt the truth. Yet, whether he comes back to me or not, nothing can take away the joy I feel to-day in the knowledge that he is all I once deemed him—pure, true, and honourable. We may never again be lovers. He may marry another; but I once owned the whole love of his noble heart, and I thank God for it.”

There is a note of triumph in her voice, a glorious light within her eyes which makes her, indeed, beautiful, in spite of all the changes which sorrow has impressed there. I turn my poor plain face away. But though I mourn in secret over a love never reciprocated, my soul joins her in exultation over the spotless name of Gerald Conyers.

## CHAPTER VIII.

NOW more than ever I desire to find out whether the old love still lives in Gerald’s heart; but how am I to set about this discovery? I ponder over the question; I turn it in various ways, and am still meditating upon it, when, lo! the opportunity is made for me.

After taking my usual sea bath, I am sitting alone upon the sands. Aunt Jaffe is to be seen in the distance, busily engaged in poking about the slippery seaweed and little pools for certain damp and dismal marine objects, which she is ever seeking in her morning walks. The result of which occupation will be shown some hours hence, by her appearance with bedrabbled

skirts and wet boots, while "an ancient and fish-like smell" will exhale around her from the slimy monsters she has collected.

I watch her movements, wondering in my own mind what I shall be like when I arrive at her years; if my neck will be as thin and scraggy—my nose as witch-like; one thing I do know—that I never can cultivate such an inflexible back. Heigho! I would rather be the other type of "old maid"—the rosy, rounded spinster, to whom young mothers tell their troubles, and children love to fondle.

Here a man's firm tread comes over the sand towards me. I raise my head; my heart—sad traitor—leaps up wildly, and sends a stupid blush to my cheek, for Gerald himself stands before me. Scrambling to my feet, with more haste than dignity, I hold out my hand.

"Is it really you, Miss Broughton?" he says. "How do you do? It is a long time since we met. Have you been ill? You are not looking well?"

"Not looking well," I echo, mentally. "Is it necessary that he should inform me of the fact? I know too well the figure I cut, with lanky wet locks hanging round my thin cheeks, and a decided tinge of red at the tip of my very commonplace nose!

"I have been very ill," I reply.

Then he takes a seat by my side, and asks what has been the matter, which I tell him. Then follows an account of Alan's doings, and of how he is getting on. I ask him for particulars of the shipwreck: so, soon I am listening to a spirited account of that event. He tells me that he was sinking fast when the broken mast drifted towards them; that he remembers, by a desperate effort, lashing Miss Neville and himself to it, but then he knew no more until he recovered consciousness on the shore of S. Helen's. As he talks, I scrutinize covertly his handsome face; there are lines there which were not of yore, while a look of care is to be seen within the depths of his eyes, though their kind expression remains unaltered.

Bluntly (according to my usual custom) I utter what is in my mind:

"Mr. Conyers, you look troubled, as though things were not going well with you."

"Do you think so? I suppose I have my troubles like the rest of the world," he replies.

"Yet how many in that world would envy you the happiness of your lot?"

"Because I have Marley and a good income? Helen, *you* know there was a time when, having neither of these, I *was* happy; to gain back which I would fling all my possessions to the winds!"

I lean forward eagerly at these words, and look straight at him as I say:

"Answer me one question and deem it not an impertinent one."

"I will," he replies.

"Do you love Nora Lismore still?"

"Of course. I have never ceased loving her."

"Then let me tell you she knows now the truth about Myra the gipsy, and that you bore the imputation of guilt to screen a brother's sin."

A red flush passes across his face.

"Poor George!" he says in a sad voice.

"Can you pity him?" I begin, indignantly; "when——"

But he stops me thus:

"Hush! the spirit of my brother has passed into the presence of his God—is it for you or me to judge him? Let his faults rest in his grave." There is so much true sorrow on his honest face for this unworthy brother of his, that I only ask, softly:

"If he has died lately?"

"Within the last three months."

"And you knew that letter was written by him which Nora showed you?"

"Not at the first glance; it was so like my own writing. After reading it, of course I knew, but while I was pondering how to satisfy Nora without blaming George, she indignantly left me, my silence being attributed by her to guilty confusion. And now, I have been frank with you, tell me if there is any chance of my regaining Nora?" he questions, eagerly. "Helen, does she still love me?"

"Ask her," is all my reply; but it seems sufficient, for my hand is wrung in a hasty farewell, and he is striding away across the sand in less time than it takes to tell.

Shading my eyes from the sun, I look after him until his tall figure passes out of sight. It is the last time I may gaze at him thus with all my soul in my eyes; when next we meet he will be once again the promised husband of my friend. I try to bravely face the thought, but alas! I am no heroine, and the foolish tears will come, so I steal away until I am hidden from all observers. There I indulge in woman's refuge—a good cry—but in those salt drops I drown the first and last love dream of my life, and bury it out of sight for ever. He is not mine; he never will be; let me then no longer indulge in vain repining because God's greatest gift is not to be mine, but make the best of my life for others.

Between the lovers this little scene takes place. Gerald, learning from one of the servants at Miss Grey's that Nora is somewhere in the grounds, seeks her unannounced. She is sitting on some steps under a spreading tree, her thoughts far away. She sees him; a blush bright as heaven suffuses her pale face; she starts to her feet.

"Nora!" he breathes, and in that one word so tenderly spoken she knows all.

A sobbing, stifled cry of: "Gerald forgive me!" and she flies towards him.

"Darling!" he says, "let the past, with all its errors, be forgotten. The future is our own; nothing, please God, shall mar our coming years together."

Nora is now the mistress at Marley. While on my visits there another, smaller Nora is proud to climb into "Aunt Helen's" lap. As time goes on, Gerald's noble character only grows more beautiful, and his wife admits her admiration for "John Halifax" has paled before the hero of her own life.

Alan fell desperately in love with Violet Neville at first sight. His affection met with a return, and they are now the happiest young couple. I am very fond of my pretty sister-in-law; so when Aunt Jane, Drere, and her "dear brother" are too trying to my nerves, I take refuge for a few weeks in my brother's home, there to be gratified by that joy which, though denied to myself, is the portion of those I love.

## A GERMAN VILLAGE.

**H**AVING had the pleasure of residing during the autumn of last year in a remote German village, a short account of some of the peculiarities, that most forcibly struck me, may not be uninteresting.

The village to which I allude is in the neighbourhood of Naumburg, its name Maihen. It contains between three and four hundred inhabitants, who, except a few tradesmen, are all engaged in agricultural pursuits. There is, of course, a Protestant church and pastor, also, notwithstanding the persecution of the last twenty years, a Catholic priest and a pretty little chapel.

A considerable part of the land in the neighbourhood belongs to one proprietor of baronial rank, who resides in the village, and whose property is managed by a farmer, or *pächter*, as he is called. But the greatest part belongs to the villagers themselves, who hold it in different proportions. In fact, the peasantry are the proprietors of the largest portion of the soil in Germany, and there are extensive districts where there are no large proprietors at all. In these circumstances, large farms are, of course, rare, although they are more common in the north than in the south. Such a state of matters, independently of national peculiarities, must necessarily render a German village very different from an English one. The absence of separate farm places is one of the first things that strikes an Englishman in the rural districts of Germany. The people are all congregated in villages, at least, with very few exceptions; and I was often reminded of the system which used to prevail in Scotland and Ireland—more especially in the latter country—when the farms were small, and when several “holdings” were in the same locality. This, however, is only one instance among many which will recall to the British traveller some of our own old manners and customs.

The land in the neighbourhood of the village in which I resided is generally of a light character, and certainly does not owe much to the skill of its cultivators, although they are very industrious after their own fashion. The excellence of the climate, however, rendered the crops such as would be considered very fair on similar land in the cultivated parts of the United Kingdom. When I arrived there—about the beginning of August, when the harvest in England was just beginning—almost all the wheat and barley was cut down, although the oats were about a month or six weeks later. A great part of the land is ploughed with cows, which are made “a double debt to pay.” Each villager has generally two cows in his possession, with which he ploughs his bit of land, and for the produce of which he obtains considerable returns. The land, however, as I have before remarked, is divided in various proportions, and those who possess a larger quantity have horses for ploughing. There is no pasture, except for sheep, and one thing that forcibly struck me was the immense labour required in providing food for the cattle. They are fed in summer with vetches, or anything green that

can be procured, and in winter with straw, and and sometimes turnips. In winter, of course, it is different; but in summer it seemed to require three or four hours to bring home a wagon-load of fodder—both man and wife being engaged in the operation—and this load was only sufficient for a single day. It was certainly an odd sight, to one accustomed to our scientific method of farming, to see two small cows dragging a long, rickety wagon containing a load which might have been as well brought in by a wheelbarrow. But the German peasant takes things very coolly, although he labours early and late; and with his everlasting pipe in his mouth, and cracking his whip, he is sufficiently happy. The women seem to love working for working’s sake, and to have little consideration as to whether their labour is profitably employed.

Such a thing as enclosures are, of course, unknown; and, with a very few exceptions, I do not remember to have seen more than an acre or two sown with the same kind of grain. Although, in the opinion of some, variety may render the appearance of the country more picturesque, yet it deprives it of all that neatness and regularity which are so striking in the well-cultivated parts of our own country. The public roads are good, but the by-ways remain in the worst possible condition.

The houses of the village are placed very irregularly, are generally of two storeys, with those immense roofs so common all over Germany. Most of the houses have a courtyard, which is entered by a large arched gateway; and is generally a scene of great confusion. Around the house are the stables and outhouses. The dwelling-house is commonly built of brick, and the outhouses of mud. The barn is generally a large building, for almost all the corn is housed. The gardens, though not well kept, have almost always a fair proportion of flowers; and the parson’s garden especially contains some very fine specimens of the dahlia. Indeed, the Germans generally have a great passion for flowers; they plant them on the graves of their relations; on holidays the houses are decked with various tasteful wreaths and bouquets, and when a stranger is expected, the door of the room he is to occupy is commonly hung round with a garland of roses and oak-leaves.

I was invited to the priest’s house. In the humble garden we had pears, bread and butter, raspberry wine and other little delicacies. Simple as was the entertainment, it was rendered most agreeable by the cordial well bred hospitality with which it was dispensed. To enhance all this was the absence of those pretentious and would be aristocratic tendencies which so often mar our own middle class social gatherings. The ladies present on that day occupied themselves with knitting and beadwork; the priest’s aunt was busy cutting French beans—for the German ladies are never for a moment idle—while my host and I smoked our cigars, examined the flowers, and carried on a conversation as well as my rather imperfect German would allow. The Germans are very fond of meetings of this kind, and in the gardens of almost all above the peasantry are to be found greenhouses, as they are called, where

the ladies of the family spend most of their time in the summer. Here the afternoon coffee is served, and here it is the fair ones receive their visitors.

I mentioned before that there was no pasture in the neighbourhood of the village except for sheep. This consisted of the banks of a small rivulet, which was a kind of common for the village. Each household had a small flock, and these were sent out every morning to pasture under the care of the village shepherd. Early in the morning, the shepherd blew his horn, and led out his own flock. As he passed each house, he sounded a few notes, and out came a flock following its leader with a bell. The notes of the shepherd's horn, and the sound of the sheep bells, made a most agreeable concert; and I had thus, during my stay, the advantage of a very pleasant *reveille* every morning. In the evening he drove the sheep home, and as the different flocks passed the houses of their respective owners, they filed off one after the other, each following its leader, to be folded for the night. A similar custom, I believe, recently prevailed, and, perhaps, in some instances, does so still, in many of the small rural towns of Scotland or Wales, where the cows were regularly summoned forth in this manner every morning by the horn of the town cowherd.

The shepherd, however, was generally preceded by another important personage—the gooseherd, who, with less melodious notes, called forth his feathery care each morn at earliest dawn. This individual, to me, was a person of no small interest, and I viewed him accordingly. Another treat to our ears was afforded by the horn of the village watchman, who nightly paraded the streets, sending forth every now and then the most unmusical sounds, and adding a few quaint verses, telling the people to beware of fire.

There is, perhaps, nothing that strikes one so much abroad, at least in the country, as the various sounds which are heard, and which are generally so different from those which are customary at home. I was struck by the sort of chime which the flails produced in thrashing. A large board is placed on the barn floor, on the different sides of which the thrashers stand—generally four. The flails are very flat and do not give out a bold note, so that when the size of the flails and the strength of the labourers were different, the strongest generally taking the lead, the effect was quite novel to me, and by no means unpleasant. But of all the sounds with which I was regaled, the most extraordinary was the dog-concert. Everyone in this village owns a dog which is kept in the court-yard on a chain, and when one of them by any chance began barking he was answered by every tyke, great and small, throughout the village; the alarm thus raised by one being sent backwards and forwards for nearly an hour. However, the delightful music—part singing, in many of the houses where young men and maidens met of an evening well repaid me for the annoyance of the dogs.

The villagers were very regular in their attendance at church on Sundays; the men dressed in blue frocks, and the women with dresses and aprons of a gay colour. The unmarried women

had no covering on the head, but the married ones wore a very odd-looking head-dress or hat, which I can only describe as a black hat, high crowned, without the rim, and with a great array of ribbons behind. In Germany, however, the head-dresses of the women are various, and sometimes grotesque. In the church the area was occupied by women, and the galleries by the men. The singing part of the service I was greatly struck with; the harmonies well done, and by superior voices. There was an organ, too, in this remote village, it was played, and well, by the village schoolmaster.

The school hours were very early; in the summer the children had to be in their places at half-past six in the morning, and the whole business of the day was over at eleven. In the afternoon the children helped their parents in the woods and fields.

The state of education in Germany is known, generally, in this country, therefore, it is unnecessary to say anything on the subject. I will make, however, a remark, that the education of the peasantry did not appear to me, as far as my judgment went, to be at all superior to that of the same class in England, Ireland or Scotland; and there are many great advantages enjoyed by the working-classes here which are quite unknown in Germany. However excellent the mere school-training of the latter may be, this is almost the sum and substance of their education. In the village in which I resided there was no library, no cheap publications—not even a newspaper circulated among them—and the few books which they possessed were generally of a mean class. Independently of the nature of the government of Germany, which, of course, renders such political information as is common among our humbler classes, quite out of the question, I think that the division of land, which frees the bauer from any anxiety of mind, while it lays him under the necessity of working hard, at least according to his method of working, is unfavourable to mental activity. No less favourable in this respect is the equality which prevails in the country parts of Germany. They are all alike; they see no necessity for an advance in mental culture. All work hard, smoke hard, many drink hard, and the young dance hard; and so they go through life.

Such a state of society may have many advantages, which, in the opinion of some, will outweigh those resulting from large estates and large farms; still the German peasant is honest, simple-hearted, and as contented and happy as any on the face of the earth. Indeed it is impossible not to contemplate with satisfaction a system where every man sits under his own vine and fig-tree, and where a man seeking work and finding none is a sight never to be seen. Still, it seems certain that advanced civilisation and cultured intelligence, that is the due use of all the faculties of nature, is incompatible with such a system. Social progress is an inevitable condition, which no species of apathy can finally prevent. Improvements in practical science are extending their influence; and the governments generally are not indisposed to promote the introduction of new customs calculated to better the conditions of the masses.

In conclusion, any of my readers who are acquainted with the German character will not fail to join with me in wishing that whatever improvements, social and scientific, that come in the course of progress, may the old Teutonic geniality of heart, the unaffected politeness, easy hospitality, and brotherly love remain, and that happy state described by the poet

Ere social woes began—  
When every rood of ground maintained its man.

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINBECK.

### CHAPTER XII.

**T**HE hunting time of the Mohawks was a season of pleasure as well as of harvest. The flesh of the eatable animals they killed was cut in strips and dried in the air, and the skins were dressed in a particular way. Since the arrival of the white men, the Indians, to whom the trade in furs had now become a considerable source of profit, were accustomed only to salt the skins of the fur bearing animals intended for sale, and to make them up into bundles which, early in the year, were purchased in these packages by the wandering dealers.

Many of these hawkers made contracts with the Indians before they set out for the chase. Thomas Jones had done this, and offered his people a rather high price, because he believed that by this he should make his presence in Gandawaga more welcome, and thus be able more effectually to serve the missionary. But he greatly deceived himself, for the rich exchange by which he tempted the Mohawks, and which consisted for the most part in tools, blankets, and stuff for clothing, threatened to be detrimental in consequence of the scarcity of wild animals, for which circumstance they made the missionary answerable; who had, they believed, driven the wild animals away from the hunting grounds by means of his enchantments. Their hatred against F. Jacques was stirred up anew, and of this he had daily experience.

Some kind hearted man, hoping to relieve the father, proposed to his master to send him back to Gandawaga with a cargo of meat, and, after a journey of eighty miles—for this was the distance to Gandawaga from the hunting-ground—and suffering the greatest hardships, the father arrived at his destination, carrying his heavy load. Here he found no very favourable reception. Except women and children, no one remained there but a few old men, and among them his old foe Assendase. The return of the hated pale-face filled this mischief-maker with malicious joy. The powerful advocates whom the missionary found among the great chiefs, had more than once defeated the wishes of the bloodthirsty old man in the council; but now, not one of his protectors remained here, and the old man at last saw that the time for revenge had come. Ondesonk must be made away with. But how?

The old man dreaded the black-robe's magical power too much to dare to touch him, much as he longed for his blood; so he considered how he might be murdered treacherously. He told Ondesonk, the day after his arrival, that he must return to the hunting-ground for a fresh supply of meat. In spite of his wounded feet, he at once set out on the journey, but he very soon had a severe fall upon the slippery pathway, and was so far injured that it was with great difficulty that he returned to Gandawaga. If he had gone a mile further, he would have come to a hollow place, where he would have met his death, for there were concealed the murderers—two squaws—who were to destroy the unarmed white man with stones thrown from above.

The failure of his plan filled the old Mohawk with rage. He was surprised when he saw Ondesonk return with unbroken bones, and heard him tell how impossible it had been for him to proceed upon the slippery ground. The old man did not believe this, but he thought that the black-robe had scented the ambush, and avoided the threatened danger by a speedy return. It was by no means difficult to excite the Indian women and children against a living man, and the old mischief-maker well understood how to do this. At his suggestion, Ondesonk was overwhelmed with abuse, and the wounded man, tired to death, would have remained till the next morning suffering in the cold, if a noble hearted squaw had not taken pity on him.

This woman saw how the poor man asked in vain for shelter at the entrance of several huts, and she saw how he was turned away with abuse; she saw the children throw stones at him, and how he suffered in silence without raising a hand against the young tormentors. She then made her resolve. She went up boldly, though with trembling steps, to the father, placed her hand upon his shoulder, and said aloud:

"Wagawalla's son is gone to the eternal hunting grounds. The Great Spirit sends her another son. Ondesonk will come with Wagawalla to her hut and be her son."

The old man who had been inciting the boys in their attacks upon the white slave, retired to his hut with a howl of rage, and the young tormentors separated; for by this adoption the noble woman placed the missionary in as great safety as it is possible for a white man to be in among Mohawks, for now he was received into the tribe, and could not be considered any longer either a captive or a stranger.

Wagawalla took great care of Ondesonk, who gladly called her mother, and she listened with breathless attention to the wonderful things he told her. Even on the first day when she saved him from his persecutors and gave him the position of her child, she had said enquiringly:

"Ondesonk is not a bad magician, and he does not serve a bad spirit?" and in this afforded the zealous missionary a fine opportunity for repaying her for what she had done for him.

He took advantage of her question and had the joy of seeing the seed bud forth. Tegakoita, a daughter of his adopting mother, born some years later was one of the most zealous Christians in the Iroquois country, and shone as one of the

brightest stars of the North American Church. In later times, this renowned Mohawk virgin was baptised under the name of Katherine.

F. Jaques could now go where he pleased, and made good use of his freedom. Before the hunting was over, he visited the other Mohawk villages to enquire after the fate of the captive Hurons, and also of William Couture, who, a rumour had reached him, had been murdered, or had met his death in some other way. He happened to find out two of his faithful Hurons in Candagaro, but they had heard nothing more of the Oblate. In Teonontogen where Couture's adoptive family lived, they told his enquiring friend, that he had gone out with the others in October and would probably return with them. But the Oblate had not been seen in the village for a long time.

During this round, from which he returned to Gandawaga towards the end of the hunting season, the missionary had sowed as much of the seed of faith as had been possible, and baptised a good number of Mohawk children, and this, of course, gave a welcome occasion to his enemies to stir up the fire of hatred against him. He knew this, but it did not affect his conduct.

So passed month after month. Towards the end of January, the Mohawks returned from the chase, and were not a little surprised to find the missionary in Gandawaga as the adopted son of a squaw, whose husband had been one of the bitterest enemies of the pale-faces, but now professed himself perfectly satisfied with his wife's conduct. He willingly gave the master of the slave Ondesonk, a deer skin and some other fees as a price for him, and treated the son thus purchased very kindly, let him go where, and do what he pleased, and gave the murderous Mohawks to understand that any one who molested Ondesonk would be punished. This had its effect, and the father was no longer teased and followed, but got an entrance into many families, and so had opportunities for explaining some of the things which they had hitherto looked at with the eyes of superstition.

The Indian of that time was a good story-teller when in the circle of his family, or among friends, and as he had no reason to fear that his truth would be doubted, or that he would be laughed at he loved to tell of the singular things which happened when the frozen earth prevented the escape of the cobolds and spirits which, according to Indian belief, inhabited it. But the Indian was not only a good story teller but a ready listener, and heard those with deep attention who knew how to interest him as the missionary so well could do. Ondesonk was, therefore, a welcome guest in many huts, and they questioned him about all things visible upon earth, in the sky, in foreign lands, in the sea and elsewhere; but he could not touch upon his faith, and their heathendom, without drawing upon himself a harsh repulse. This taught him prudence, and so he contrived to mix up what he told them with Christian teaching, in a way that should not excite suspicion. But this teaching yielded but scanty fruit, as he himself told in a letter written afterwards to the provincial of his Order.

Towards the end of February, a thaw set in,

and the missionary prepared once more to set for Ren 's body. He spoke only to Wagawal of his intention, and learned from her that son boys had long before taken the corpse from the brook, and had carried it to an unfrequented part of the forest, where it might become the prey of wild animals. With the help of his fostermother F. Jaques found out the place, collected, with prayers and tears, the few remaining bones buried them, and placed a rough wooden cross above the mound that covered them. When this Christian act became known in the village, it gave occasion for fresh excitement, but led to no annoyance of the adopted white man.

With the melting of the snow, awoke the same like feelings of the Mohawks, and during this spring they meditated, with the help of the Oneidas, one of the tribes belonging to the Iroquois alliance, an attack upon the Hurons and the French. The overthrow of the settlement on the confluence of Richlieu River should be effected and the union of the French settlement with the Huron mission destroyed, in spite of the new established military post, and the Algonquin tribe, befriended by, and united with, the pale faces, gradually destroyed after the fall of their allies, who would no longer be able to give them any help.

Gandawaga was very busy; messengers were daily arriving and being sent out, the council were without end, and the savages seemed to be preparing in great haste for something important for they did not even wait for the traders who were accustomed to take their store of furs, but packed up the produce of their chase, placed it in canoes and sent it to Renselaerswyk, under the care of experienced men. The daily exercise of the weapons by the young men who were preparing for the war-path, and the frequent visits paid by Eagle and the other chiefs to the neighbouring friendly tribes, left no doubt as to a speedy outbreak. The missionary waited in vain for the return of the pedlar, and as the Mohawks, who had been sent with the furs, returned with their prizes, he knew that Thomas Renard would return to Gandawaga; but he did not know that Eagle had warned the two white men—the hawk and the bushranger—that they could not appear there during the summer, without danger.

Renard was about to return to Gandawaga when the Mohawk traders appeared in Renselaerswyk, and would have got from him as others a supply of firearms and ammunition; but General Van Curler had issued a stringent order against this exchange; and, as these were denied them, the Mohawks grew angry, and took with discontentedly a quantity of hatchets and knife blankets and other things. They declared that the pale-faces should no longer come to their villages if they did not bring thunder weapons; the red men required no others.

The pedlar informed the general of all this and Van Curler ordered, at once, patrols for the protection of the colony. Everything of value belonging to the citizens, as well as a store of provisions, was sent into the fort. It was only by means of such measures of precaution that the States General could do some little for the protection of their American possessions.



The commandant was in a difficult position, for only a few days before, General Kieft had sent his orders from the Hague, in which the government, on the ground of a pressing request from the French court, had required the authorities in the Netherlands to do all in their power to obtain the liberation of the French captives. He now took all possible measures to carry into effect these welcome instructions; but he saw that the lives of the captives—he had heard of René's murder—were more than ever imperilled, for the Mohawks, no doubt, had evil designs against their white neighbours, and, if a war broke out, F. Jaques and his fellow sufferers would again experience the unfeeling hate of the red-skins.

The danger which had so unexpectedly arisen, induced Van Curler to send for the bushranger, who, after his succession of lies, had lived a secluded life in a log hut near Renselaerswyk. He came over there, and did not trouble himself about what was going on. Renard, who had stored his store of goods in New Amsterdam, and had been long away, on his return endeavoured in vain to make the acquaintance of this man. He always found the log hut shut up, and seemingly uninhabited. The messengers of the commandant went also to the spot, but with no better success. Van Curler shook his head thoughtfully at the report of his messengers, and gave one of the authorities of the town secret orders to keep a strict watch over the bushranger's log hut, and to give information to him if he found him. Renard willingly undertook the office of spy, and disappeared two days after the arrival of the Mohawks. How clever he had been Van Curler soon knew.

Meanwhile, Gandawaga became more and more busy. One morning, the war stake was erected before the council hut, painted with its proper colours, and ornamented with dried scalps. Then the tam-tam sounded in the streets, and warriors in full costume came forth from their huts. The sagamore and his counsellors had put on their grotesque ornaments, and even the squaws and children were decked out. Much surprised, the missionary asked the good Wagawalla what this all meant.

"Our warriors must offer a sacrifice to Aïrestoi and dance the scalp-dance, for they are going to war," replied the woman.

"Do you know where they are going?" continued Ondesonk.

The woman smiled as she shook her head.

"The warriors do not talk to squaws about such things," she said. "Ondesonk had better not enquire any further."

A loud cry of joy was heard in the street, and the woman rushed out to satisfy her curiosity. The missionary followed with a sorrowful heart. The thought that sacrifices were to be offered to the gods of war filled his soul with horror, and already he saw in spirit one of his Huron friends burning at the stake. Might not even Couture be the victim?

A crowd of people were going towards the eastern entrance to the city, and in the midst of them the heads of the chiefs ornamented with eagle's feathers were conspicuous. The savages seemed to be dragging a heavy load on a sledge

along the rough road. It was the victims, who had seemingly been unable to go further on foot. As the crowd passed by, the missionary he sighed a sigh of relief, for upon the sledge, lay two lately caught bears, well secured.

"Come with us, Ondesonk," cried Wappatonaga the otterkiller, to the white man, after whose blood he thirsted as much as on the day when at S. Peter's Lake his tomahawk would certainly have fallen upon the Jesuit but for Takuetete's interposition.

"Come with us and see how we offer sacrifice to the great Aïrestoi, whom you mock with your enchantments," cried others.

"Go with us," whispered a voice near to the priest, which, on turning, he found was that of the friendly Kortsaeton. "Go with us," repeated the kind chief. "You now belong to our tribe, and you must not remain in your hut when the Mohawks celebrate a feast."

F. Jaques knew the justice of this remark, and at once joined the ever increasing crowd.

They made a halt in the square, and formed a wide semi-circle before the war and justice stakes erected in front of the council hut. Nothing could be done till the arrival of the sagamore, who soon returned from his visit to the makon-men, and sat down on one of the mats spread before the hut. Eagle stood near the sagamore with his chiefs, and close by were groups of warriors who were to join in the war. The ceremonies began by bringing out the animals to be sacrificed. They were very grim, and had to be tamed by blows with cudgels before they could be bound to the stake. They stood upright like men, and tried, with mighty struggles to shake off their bonds, while they filled the air with fearful howls. The Mohawks, however, rejoiced over it after their manner, and thus a repast was prepared for the ears of Aïrestoi, than which anything more infernal could hardly be imagined.

A tam-tam called to silence. The men obeyed, but the beasts roared on. The two makon-men came forward. They appeared in all their savage ornaments, swang their magic staves, made the circuit of the stake with bent knees several times, and then, in a monotonous chant, praised Aïrestoi and begged his help.

"The red men call to thee," they sang; "thou art mighty and strong; thou art good, but terrible also; good to the Ongwehonwe, terrible to their enemies. The Ongwehonwe call to thee and prepare thee a feast. They wish to please thee, but they have no captives whom they can bind to the stake to sing a song to thee" (all the remaining captives had been at this time taken into the tribe). "Give us victory and captives, and we will give thee a plentiful repast. Be with us, mighty Aïrestoi. Thou hast promised us this, and we have made it known to thy children. Thou wilt help us, and our young men will conquer."

Such was their prayer and song of praise which was followed by some inarticulate forms of conjuration of such efficacy that the howling of the bears ceased. The wizards withdrew into the council-hut amidst the joyful shouts of the people, and the chiefs began the war-dance, each at the head of his own people. The bears took the

place of the enemy, and fared all the worse for this. Each Mohawk danced after his own manner; that is, he represented in pantomime every situation in which a warrior may be placed. Sometimes he held his gun pointed, ready to fire, against the supposed enemy; sometimes cowering upon the ground, he spied after him; then he rushed away with the deadly axe swung on high, or waited to be attacked with his knife in grasp. Here a brave seems to struggle with a muscular opponent, another seems to be proceeding with the horrid act of scalping, a third is drawing his bow, and a fourth strikes his tomahawk into the stake. The dancers are continually changing their places, and form figures like a living kaleidoscope before the stake. Many hundreds of Indian throats were screaming and yelling, the bears howled at each of the many blows they received, and three tam-tam beaters accompanied the noise of the excited people with an almost maddening zeal. By degree, the movements of the dancing warriors became more and more languid, they finally succumbed, and, at a signal from Eagle returned to their respective leaders, and withdrew from the scene.

The second act of the spectacle was the torture of the bears, who were treated with refined cruelty, till at last a fire was kindled, and the flames hid them from view. Yet, for a while, the sad howls of the poor animals arose from among the thick clouds of smoke; then it was stiller and stiller, till at last nothing was heard but the crackling of the flames. When these began to be extinguished, one of the makon-men went up to the spot to show Airstoi that the sacrifice had been offered, and that now the Mohawks reckoned upon his gratitude.

The third act was filled with the scalp-dance. Whoever was in possession of scalps brought them to show and testified his glowing desire for more of these trophies by the most extraordinary gesticulations and grimaces, and their dark coloured, red, yellow and white striped faces, their fiery eyes and bloodthirsty expression gave them the appearance of veritable demons. Their teeth shone like those of beasts of prey, they swung their knives and tomahawks on high, and soon the war pole, which represented the enemy, fell in splinters to the ground.

The highest chief of the tribe took no part in this dance. He sat in a dignified manner near the sagamore upon the ground, and spoke not, but he looked on, and when the madness had reached its height, he gave command to cease. His signal was at once obeyed; the tam-tams ceased, the dancers stopped, collected around their leaders, and retired to the crowd of spectators.

In conclusion, there was a feast, at which only food which had been consecrated to Airstoi was served.

Of this, Ondesonk decidedly refused to partake, and the savage threats of a brave could not shake his determination.

"I will never touch anything which has been offered to your demon Airstoi," he said; and, full of anger, he rose and left the feast.

No one obstructed his way, but sharp words of reproach were cast upon him, and, had not Eagle

calmed the people by his promise, Ondesonk would have been a victim to revenge. The good-for-nothing old man belonging to the council grinned, and promised that he would wait Ondesonk narrowly, and take care that he should not again insult Airstoi. Kortsaeton, however, warned him to take care not to overstep his right.

Spotted Snake made an end of the business, declaring that no one in Gandawaga would offer Airstoi. No one could do so, or lead others, it, as long as he was sagamore. If any one did wrong the council would judge him, but he could not see how a pale-face, who did not know Airstoi could offend him so greatly that the Mohawk should be in such anger about it. After the well meant and well received instructions, the sagamore made an eloquent speech, in which he took leave of the braves who trod the war path and the feast broke up with a reply from Eagle.

At dawn the next day, the five hundred bloodthirsty Mohawks left Gandawaga, and turned in a northerly direction along the course of the River S. Lawrence. Troops of warriors left, at the same time, the other Mohawk villages, and there yet remained behind enough men to make head against the Dutch, in case they should take the part of the threatened Frenchmen.

(To be continued.)

## APRIL:

FACTS AND FANCIES CONCERNING IT.



APPARENTLY Nature feels more keenly and most thoroughly the genial influence of Spring, in the changeful but exquisite beauty of the wayward April, whose face, indeed half smiles, half tears, has a capricious loveliness of its own, which the poets have not failed to sing of. And well may they chant the praises of April, for it flings from its fertile bosom, prodigal love, the daintiest of blossoms, and warms with new life the young corn, which cold stern March had somewhat chilled. We love the April; we love its shifting skies, its snatches of warm rain, its burst of glorious sunshine, its fresh cheery mornings, its cloudless nights. We love the month to come because it is the promise of the ripe, golden Summer, as yet standing only upon the threshold, and looking in upon us with a genial face. The character of the month has ever been that of fickleness. It has its soft balmy days, when the brightness of the sunshine is tempered by a dewy mist that sweetly blends earth and sky, and adds new beauty to the tender green of the one, and the celestial blue of the other; but it has also its days of wintry rigour, and of chilling showers, which appear doubly unpleasant by the contrast. Amidst those alternations of weather and vegetation advances, and the bursting of buds and opening of flowers appears to fully establish for the month its right to the name of April, from the Latin verb *aperire*, to open, because it opens or unfolds the Spring. Philologists, however, will differ on the derivation of the word. Some ascribe it to the Greek *Venus*, *Aphrodite*; others ascribe

that the month is so called in honour of the mother of *Aeneas*, while many are in favour of the theory that the Latin *aper*, a wild boar, is its radix. However, we are disposed to incline to the first-mentioned etymology. The Saxons called April "*Æstor-monath*," after one of their goddesses who was called Eostre, and to whom, in that month, they celebrated singular festivals.

The first of April is, we need scarcely remind our readers, consecrated to the goddess of Folly, whose jokes, whether offensive or inoffensive, are supposed to transform the individuals whom they amuse into "April fools."

Twas on the morn when April doth appear,  
And wets the primrose with its maiden tear;  
Twas on the morn when laughing Folly rules,  
And calls her sons around, and dubs them Fools;  
Hids them be bold, some untried path explore,  
And do such deeds as Fools ne'er did before.

The custom is a senseless one, and yet ancient, the origin being unknown, although the amusement itself is still carried on in many of the countries of Europe, and there are traces of it in Asia and America. Among the Hindûs, a festival is held at nearly the same period, called the "*Huli Festival*," when a similar kind of merriment to that indulged in amongst ourselves is carried on; people are sent on errands and expeditions which end in disappointment, and every one is seeking to raise a laugh at the expense of his neighbour. It would appear that high and low join in it, and a Mussulman of the highest rank has been known to be first and foremost in making "*Huli*." The joke is carried so far, that letters are made making appointments in the names of persons who it is known must be absent from their houses at the time fixed upon; and the laugh is always proportion to the trouble given. This festival said by some to have been of Persian origin, it has been, in ancient times, the practice to celebrate with festival rites the period of the vernal equinox, which was, at that period, the commencement of the Persian year.

The origin of the custom is assigned, by Jewish legends, to the mistake of Noah in sending the animals out of the ark before the waters had abated, the first of the month among the Hebrews, answers to our first of April. To perpetuate the memory of this deliverance, it was thought that whoever forgot so remarkable a circumstance, to punish them by sending them upon a senseless errand.

Stowe, in his "*Popular Antiquities*," observes of the custom: "There is nothing hardly that can bear a clearer demonstration, than that the primitive Christians, by way of conciliating the heathens to a better worship, humoured their prejudices by yielding to a conformity of names, and of customs, where they did not essentially interfere with the fundamentals of the gospel doctrine. This was done in order to quiet their position, and to secure their tenure; an admirable expedient, and extremely fit, in those barbarous times, to prevent the people from returning to their old religion." In imitation of the Roman "*Saturnalia*," was their "*Festum Fatuorum*," or Feast of Fools, designed to expose the pretensions of the Druids to scorn and derision.

To make an "April fool," in Scotland, the plan

usually adopted is, to send a person from place to place, by means of a letter, inscribed:

On the first day of April  
Hunt the Gowk another mile;

in other words, "Send the fool further." "On the first of April," writes Hone, "1712, Lord Bolingbroke stated to parliament that in the wars called the 'glorious wars of Queen Anne,' the great Duke of Marlborough [so fiercely defamed by Macaulay, the most brilliant of essayists] had not lost a single battle; and yet, that the French had carried their point—the succession to the Spanish monarchy, the pretended cause of these wars." Dean Swift, rightly enough, called this statement "a due donation for All Fool's day." The custom of making "April fools" prevails all over the Continent. Among the French a guy made on the first of April is termed *un poisson d'Avril*, that is, a mackerel, or silly fish, and their customs are similar to ours. On the first of April, 1810, Napoleon the First married the Austrian Archduchess, Maria Louisa, on which occasion some of the waggish Parisians called him *un poisson d'Avril*. The marriage was certainly not a happy one, nor even its political results what the great conqueror anticipated. A very good story was told some years since of a Parisian lady carrying the joke of making an April fool too far. She carried off a watch from the house of a friend, which was felt to be so little like a mere act of pleasantry, that she was arrested and taken before the correctional police. Her defence was, that it was an April trick, *un poisson d'Avril*. When asked whether the watch was still in her possession she replied in the negative; but upon a message being sent to her apartments, the article in request was found, whereupon the fair time-keeper declared she had made the messenger *un poisson d'Avril*. The joke, however, did not end so pleasantly, for the lady was recommended to remain in the house of correction till the first of April on the following year, and then be dismissed as *un poisson d'Avril*—an "April fool."

"Maunday Thursday," which occurs this year on the second of April, and, as we know, is the day immediately preceding Good Friday, has its origin variously explained. Many assert that it was so termed because our Saviour suffered for the redemption of mankind on the Friday, and that the preceding day is hence called "Maunday Thursday, as being the last day of the commands of our Lord. Others affirm that the day in question is so named from the *maunds*, wherein were formerly contained gifts, which the English monarchs were wont to distribute on that day to a certain number of poor persons at Whitehall. The Saxon word *mand* is the name for a basket—French *manne*, and by consequence for any gift, or offering, contained in the basket. Formerly it was the custom for the kings and queens of England, as well as for persons of high estate, to perform their "Maundy," that is, to wash—by a sort of proxy, however, be it understood—the feet of a certain number of poor people—frequently twelve, in imitation of our Saviour washing the feet of His disciples. James II. was, we believe, the last sovereign who personally paid any observance to the custom, which is still preserved in the Greek

Church, and is accompanied by many gorgeous ceremonials.

Good Friday (April 3rd) is a day which, from the earliest records of Christianity, has ever been held as a solemn fast, in remembrance of the Crucifixion of our blessed Saviour. The custom of eating on this day buns marked with a cross is a remaining fragment of the many peculiar observances of our ancestors connected with the day. Cecrops, one of the kings of Greece, about sixteen centuries before the Christian era, is said to have first offered up to the Divinity the sacred cross-bread called a bun (Greek *βουν*, from the representation upon it of the two horns of an ox), which was made of fine flour and honey. It is a remarkable fact, that at Herculaneum were found two small loaves of about five inches in diameter, marked with a cross, within which were found other lines, and so, we are told, the bread of the Greeks was marked from the earliest period. Similar loaves were discovered in a bakehouse at Pompeii. We see, therefore, that the cake or bun of the ancient Greek, crossed, to represent the horns of the ox, which was sacrificed, as well as for the purpose of more readily breaking it, was adopted by the Christians, and used as the only food on the day of the Crucifixion, because it preserved, ready at hand, a symbol of that awful and solemn event.

The fourth of April is known as "Old Lady-day," when the presentation of "Easter eggs" commences. The custom of making presents of eggs on particular occasions is of great antiquity. Ornamented Easter eggs were not only considered as offerings of friendship, but chargers filled with eggs having been presented at the church on Easter eve, and duly consecrated, a sacred character was imputed to the gift, which greatly enhanced its value.

If Good Friday is kept as a day of solemn fast and humiliation, Easter Sunday is no less one of joy and thanksgiving throughout all Christendom, as being set apart for the commemoration of our Saviour's resurrection from the dead. It was anciently called the "Great Day," and the "Feast of Feasts," and is the most important in secular transactions of the moveable feasts, inasmuch as the day on which Easter falls regulates all the rest. In some parts of England there are still vestiges of a custom which was once prevalent throughout all ranks of society, called "Heaving," or "Lifting," on Easter Monday and Tuesday. It was generally performed in the open street, though sometimes submitted to in the house. A chair, decorated with ribbons and favours of different colours, was provided, and the person to be lifted seated in it, when the chair was hoisted three several times from the ground. The person lifted was then expected to present a fee to the lifters, after having received a salute from each of the party. On Easter Monday, between the hours of nine and twelve, the men performed this ceremony towards the women; on Tuesday, the women did the same for the men. There is reason to believe, from an old record of fees paid on the occasion, that Edward I. submitted to this absurd ceremony, and was hoisted in the prescribed manner by a party of ladies of honour. The old custom of eating tansy pudding at Easter was done in remem-

brance of the bitter herbs used by the Jews in paschal supper. It was formerly the custom of corporations to go in full procession, at Easter, to some convenient spot, where they joined in playing at ball with many of their townsfolk; there is a custom in several places of the inhabitants of towns and villages still annually playing the game on Easter Monday.

The fourteenth of April is known as the "cuckoo day," being the first day on which, generally, the cuckoo is heard. He sometimes appears late in March, but may fitly be ranked amongst the followers of April, as various country-rhymes indicate.

In the month of April  
He opens his bill,

says an old proverb, while the poet Heywood indulges in this stanza:

In April, the cuckoo can sing her song by rote;  
In June, often she cannot sing a note;  
At first, koo-coo, koo-coo, still can she do:  
At last, kooke kooke-kooke: six kookes to one coo.

The twenty-third of April is the anniversary of S. George, the patron saint of England. Divested of the many ridiculous legends and incredible stories that have been related of him, the true history of "S. George of Cappadocia," called by the Greeks "the Great Martyr," appears to be that he acquired a large estate in Palestine, and entered into the service of Dioclesian the Tyrant, who, in ignorance of his being a Christian, gave him command of a legion, and a seat in council. On breaking out of a persecution against the Christians, S. George quitted the emperor's service, and openly distributed his whole fortune in their support and assistance. Dioclesian would have called him, but finding that neither offers of aggrandizement, or the threats of death, could make him abandon his faith, at length, after putting him several times to the torture, caused him to be ignominiously dragged through the streets of the city of Lydda, and, finally, beheaded on the 23rd of April, 290. He is patron of the Order of the Garter, which was founded by Edward III., in the year 1349. The twenty-fifth of April is the festival of S. Mark the Evangelist, who, on the day, in the year 68, suffered martyrdom in the city of Alexandria.

As it has been well remarked, if the study of plants served no higher purpose than to peopled solitary places with pleasant thoughts, and render every way-side and hedge-row reminiscent of some foregone pleasure, the pursuit would be sufficiently compensatory. But what most claims our investigation is the almost countless varieties of the vegetable kingdom, their equally varied forms, not merely of foliage and efflorescence, but of roots, leaves, stems, and fruits; their wonderfully diversified places of growth; for nature leaves no nook of earth, from the superficies of the barren rock to the margin of the oozy sea, unpeopled; them; not one variety of which but has its use "if men would diligently distil it out." Most of our commiseration, indeed, is any to whom

A primrose by the river's brim,  
A yellow primrose is to him,  
And it is nothing more.

Ere the smiling and tearful April has come to an end, we find it justifying its title to the character of the "opening month of the year." The wild flowers begin to be more freely scattered, and we find blossoms opening faster than we can mark their appearance. The best way, perhaps, is to select a few examples of flowers that particularly attract our notice, and so get a little group, held together as it were by family ties, and, therefore, the most interesting objects of study. The "Speedwell" family is now numerously represented. The ivy-leaved Speedwell (*Veronica hederifolia*) grows in cultivated fields, as well as in woods. It is an annual plant, flourishing from this period to December. The flowers are small, of a pale, blue colour, diversified with spots of a deeper hue. The blunt-fingered Speedwell (*Veronica triphyllas*) receives its name from the fingerlike divisions of its leaves. The branch is three or four inches high, and is branched at the base, when the leaves are undivided and opposite each other, while at the top they are divided into three or five segments. The flowers are blue. The Speedwell family belongs to a tribe of extremely beautiful but suspicious plants, many of which are fatally poisonous, that the Fox-glove tribe, to which belong the curious monkey-flowers, (*Mimulus*), Slipper-flowers (*Calceolarias*), Snapdragons, (*Antirrhinum*), and many other well-known plants. The Monkey-flower is an extremely handsome, profuse flowering plant, with singularly shaped and brilliantly coloured flowers, which are distinguished by their most strikingly beautiful marking. Seed sown in spring makes fine bedding plants for Summer use, while seed sown in Autumn produces effective early flowering green-house plants. Calceolarias are plants of a highly decorative order, indispensable for the ornamentation of the greenhouse and garden. The Antirrhinum, commonly called the Snap-dragon, is one of our most useful border plants; amongst the recently improved varieties of this valuable genus are large, finely-shaped flowers of the most brilliant colours, with beautifully marked throats. The prevailing colours are, white, crimson, scarlet, orange-scarlet, carmine, purple, and yellow. When the rose-tinted blossoms of the crab begin to show on the hedge-row, and the sloe or blackthorn shows its leafless stalks beneath a profusion of blossoms, and while the gardens present a glowing bloom of the apple, peach, nectarine, and apricot, the scent and bloom of lowlier flowers are not wanting to grace the close of the month. The Cowslip (*Primula veris*), and the Oxlip, (*Primula elatior*), those beautiful flowers of the common Primrose, are favourites with our poets. The Ground Ivy, (*Glechoma hederacea*), which comes in this month and in May, is a creeping plant, with purple blossoms. It may be easily recognised by these as they grow in threes between the stock and the leaf. The leaves are roundish, and notched at the edges, and the whole plant has a strong, but not pleasing smell. It belongs to the Mint tribe, and was called by the Saxons "Ale-hoof," because it was a chief ingredient in their ale. A decoction of this herb is still drunk by many persons

as a purifier of the blood, and the old writers tell us that it is also a fine strengthening eye-water, removing inflammation, smarting, and "any grief whatever." Two species of Scorpion Grass (*Myosotis*) may also now be noticed. These are of the same family as that truly beautiful and favourite plant the "Forget-me-not." The species now in bloom are the early Field Scorpion Grass, (*Myosotis collina*), growing in dry pastures, in sandy and gravelly soil, and on wall-tops, with spreading flower-stalks, and small blue flowers; and the yellow and blue Scorpion Grass, (*Myosotis versicolor*), so named from having a small blue blossom with a yellow throat. The name "myosotis," given to this family, means "mouse-ear," and is taken from a fancied resemblance of the leaves to the ear of that little animal.

That beautiful and delicate little plant, the Wood Sorrel, (*Oxalis acetosella*), perhaps the most elegant of all our wild flowers, also flowers in April. Its trefoil leaves are of a bright emerald hue, tinted with crimson beneath; its stem and root of that transparent carmine tint which adorns the red-stalked rhubarb, and the stalks of both flowers and leaves are of an extremely slight and fragile character. The seed vessel, when ripe, bends downwards, so as to be completely hidden by leaves.

The expressed juice of its leaves forms the poison known as "oxalic acid." This is obtained by soaking them in water, when in the sediment they deposit in their decay are found small crystals, which are the pure oxalic acid. It is used to remove spots and iron-moulds from linen, and an old herbalist says of it: "Apothecaries and herbalists call the wood-sorrel 'alleluya,' and 'cukowe's meate; either because the cuckowe feedeth thereon, or by reason when it springeth forth the cuckowe singyth most; at which time, also alleluya was wont to be sung in our churches." The species "Oxalidaceae," is a charming and beautiful class of plants for rockwork, old stumps, etc., in sunny situations, also for baskets, vases, or pots for indoor decoration; their brilliant and richly coloured flowers,

Veined with fine purple streaks,

and dark green foliage give them a strikingly attractive appearance. Now, too, begins the early flowering of a very remarkable tribe of plants, the Orchis tribe. Some of the species have attracted special notice under the names "Bee orchis," "Butterfly orchis," on account of the likeness to those insects exhibited in the lower lip of the flower. The species which blossom in April are the Male orchis, (*Orchis mascula*), and the Spider Orchis, (*Orchis aranifera*). From the tubers of the former the nutritious substance called "salep" is prepared. The Butterbur, (*Tussilago petasites*) whose flowers appear during this month, is a member of the Colt's-foot family. A spike of pinkish flowers garnishes the top of each thick, spongy stalk, of a whitish colour, the whole not rising above eight inches in height. Those mentioned are but a few among many, but our limited space will not permit us to pursue the subject at greater length.

## THE MARTINS OF LEVERTON.

BY OLIVER CRANE.

## CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

**W**E got home in time for our seven o'clock tea, and that night I began my general confession. Two days after, I had the happiness of being received into the Church.

I spoke to Ned now about our getting back to Leverton. I had not heard from either Ben or my mother, and I was wishing to get home. But I found Ned had a nervous dislike to going back, and the doctor said it would be better for him to make some great change in his life, but we had no idea how such a thing was to be done.

That evening, however, I had a visit from a friend. Captain Bartlett came to say that he was going to sea again; that he had heard where I was, and had given himself the pleasure of a couple of days outing to see me again. Mrs. Craven, his sister, was at the inn, so I went back with the good man, and told Ned to call for me in an hour. In the meantime, I had spoken of Ned, and the Captain had offered to take him a trip to Smyrna. To my surprise, Ned's delight at the idea was unbounded. He did not shrink from any danger or possible inconvenience. He was delighted to go. Part of the money, therefore, that I had brought away from home for Granny, I now promised to give to Ned, who was to go to London directly.

He returned to Leverton the next morning with Mrs. Craven, and when we were discussing where he was to go in London, Captain Bartlett said:

"I will give you a note to a friend, he will put you into safe quarters till I take you into my ship."

The direction he gave was to that very man Knight, whom I had met at the Packhorse. I was very glad of this. So I spent the evening after I got back, writing this man a letter to tell him my own story, and Ned's, and some particulars of all that occurred after I left him, on my way to the thatched house. I told him that Ned's success in life was very dear to me, and that I could help him with such money as might be needed for a superior outfit.

After I had written my letter I felt lonely without Ned. I had found the value of a holy heart, and I had learnt to love and esteem the boy. I was lonely, and I said to myself if I do not hear to-morrow I will certainly go home. In fact I felt that I was idling there. Ben had promised to write; why didn't he? But, still, Father Francis was the comforter. "Wait," he said, "give yourself up for a little to God. Wait."

The next morning, feeling very anxious for the letter that Ben had promised to me, I stood out in the road waiting for the postman. I saw him coming, and I eagerly watched his approach. We recognised each other, for he was the man who had brought the letter to the thatched house when we were standing together, just after the roof had fallen in, and for a time had seemed to smother the fire.

"Ah, sir," he said, "I pass the place daily. Awful sight, sir. They dug out the charred remains of mother and son yesterday. He was

worse than a dog, sir; and he had been reared like a brute. But she had got good in her; more than people thought, I know; and it seemed come out at the last. Wonderful scene I am told. Well, sir, the Roman Catholics are a wonderful people. I always say so. But considering what they believe, how any of them should ever live in sin, that passes my understanding. Good morning. I can't wait. Will you take your letter. Well, I can't help wishing Granny had had her letter right before she died. I never knew a letter that way before, and directed quite right too."

By this time all the hospital letters had been delivered, and the signed receipt had come back to the postman for a letter that had been registered. He turned away quickly, and I was left wondering over two things—the wonderful chance that I kept Alice from being in the burning house, for I made no doubt that, if Granny had known that was coming with the fifty pounds, she would have got her there; and the horrible thought of Catholics living in sin.

"Lord help me lest I fall!"

So saying, I walked into the house, and in Father Francis's parlour with my letter in my hand. It was the expected letter from Ben. He shall give it here:

"Dear Brother,—I was detained by Lord Stackhouse too long to allow of my writing as I promised to do. I was sent for to him there. I had placed facts before Mr Norris, which had made him write to Lord Stackhouse, and the consequence was, that I was summoned to attend him, and did so. Do you remember how much and how carefully I have examined over our father's papers, letters, account-books, and journals? Do you remember how lovingly my mother and I have gossiped over things that I cared nothing for. I must tell you shortly that on that same night when you got up from your bed, and came down to mother and me, and told us who Alice was—how she was the sister of the Viscountess St. Clair, that I was telling her what I learnt in the same conversation at Mrs. Whitley's tea-table. When she gave the pedigree of the family, in which she had lived and spoke of them by their name, St. Martin, she pronounced the name as it is always pronounced by the French people; but I long known that ours had been a French family to begin with. I am able to prove, and indeed, I have proved to Lord Stackhouse satisfaction and to the conviction of Mr. Norris, that our father was the only child of that Henri St. Martin, who left home, when scarcely more than a boy, with a French girl who he had married, and who was our grandmother.

Then Ben added the few generations of the pedigree just as Mrs. Whitley had given it to me, and then he continued:

You see that we are most likely Alice's cousins; but you are not her first cousin. I am sure there will be no difficulty in such extraordinary circumstances in getting the necessary compensation. For now, my dear brother, you are the heir of all that great Barnett property. You are, by our uncle's will, the possessor of the whole. The term given for the recovery of the heir is out this year, and we may thank God that out of so many extraordinary complications the truth is at last made clear. I will have to take the name of Barnett; it is so provided in the will. Among my mother's papers are many from the Viscountess St. Clair to our grandfather, when a boy, and other documents which Mr. Norris tells me make all your future quite certain; and myself I am going to be St. Martin from this moment, as my grandfather wrote his name till his death. And now, do you remember asking me once what had made me think of being Catholic? This was the cause. My grandfather and our father were both Catholics. Our poor father, losing his parents when he was a child, had never practised his religion since he received his first Communion. He made my mother send for a priest to his death-bed. To me, over and over again, she has told this



always as a secret; for she knows nothing of the true faith, though laboured to bring me up well, after our old uncle took her as always terrified lest any change should hurt us. I don't know if our old uncle knew anything of his family. He has what we have known and heard, an odd man, and spoke but to anybody. If he were alive he would inherit under Mr. Slade's will. But as he is dead, you, my dear brother, are the nearest heir to a great property; and I am desired by Mr. Slade, to inform you that the legal forms to be gone through must keep you long out of it.

Now, I am to write of Alice. The interview between her and Lord Stackhouse has taken place. They can't doubt whatever of her being the twin sister of the viscountess. It is a case not capable of proof. The death of Granny Dark Eye, who no doubt knew, makes it impossible to have more proof than we have already got. The likeness between the viscountess and Alice is very extraordinary. The story told by Mr. Barnett to the lost sister, should she ever be found, will be paid to her as an act of kindness from this day; and of course your marriage with her will make that a matter of no moment. Come back to the farm—everybody is longing to see you. In six months' time you will be a rich and a powerful woman. I thank God you have never been a bad one.

This letter came upon me with a shock that Ben had not anticipated. He had had the idea in his head for several days. He had been talking it through with every one concerned except myself. And he now seemed to me to write so coolly and in so business-like a way, that when I had read it all, I paused to wonder if he had at all realized what it was for a working man—for, though blessed with a few good acres of decent land, I was a working man—to be thus raised to an eminence, and a powerful place, and to be given back to him the joy of his life in a woman he had honestly loved.

"Can Ben know what he is talking about? Can Ben have any guess as to what all this really means?"

I walked away slowly into the house. I trembled all over. My head was hot, and I felt for a short time quite unable to think. But I had feelings for the only thing to do; and my heart acted when my head felt weak. I put my letter into Father Francis's hands, and I walked straight to the chapel and knelt down. I had offered my heart, with its sorrows, its fears, its trials, and doubts to God often; now I would offer Him my sadness, my hope, my wealth, my honoured name, and my hereditary home. I took all that came to me from God; I laid it all at the foot of the Cross; whatever it might be that I might take from that place, His power and His grace would help me to bear it properly.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

DOES the reader expect me to say that I went straight home; that I and Alice got married and lived happily ever after?—if so, I must in some degree disappoint my kind friend's hopes.

I went home, I went to the farm. I saw my brother and our dear mother, and we were all very happy together. Then I saw Walter, and we talked of the farm; the ground had to be ploughed the next day, and so, early in the morning, I was at my work. No man could turn a straighter furrow—and I had early learned that

He who by the plough would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive.

So I held the plough, and came in to my breakfast, and went out again to my work.

About twelve o'clock, two carriages pulled up at the gate that led from the field into the road. Walter had just stopped, and we were taking the horses out of their tackle before going to dinner. But one of the carriages stopped, and out got Lord Stackhouse and two young ladies, dressed beautifully, and exactly alike; then the other carriage stopped and I saw Mr. and Mrs. Oldbury get out, and their eldest boy, a youth of about ten years of age; with them came Mrs. Slade. I watched them walking towards us for a moment, and then I went to meet them. I could hardly help laughing, so many were there, and they came straight on across the field, the two young ladies hand in hand, leading the way. These two were Alice and the Viscountess St. Clair.

"Thank you, Cousin Henry, for giving me back my sister," said the beautiful viscountess. "I wish my dear husband were here to make friends with you, but in the meantime please to be friends with me;" and she held out her pretty little hand, and looked in my face so like Alice that I laughed outright.

"And so I am your cousin Henry," I said, gazing at the lady, with a good deal of admiration; "and what am I to say to the sister you have brought with you?"

Then I glanced towards Alice. I assure you that but for Alice's complexion and hair being a shade darker than her sister's, I should hardly have known one from the other, till the old sweet smile came into my darling's face, and, as I have now been many years her husband, I suppose I may say that no sweeter, purer, tenderer smile was ever seen on any woman's face before. By this time Lord Stackhouse and the others had come up, and they heard me ask the viscountess what I was to say to the sister she had brought. They all smiled, but they were silent. It was a very strange moment; for there we all stood, and I looked at the lady for an answer, and would not speak again myself; at last with her beautiful face full of drollery, after having cast an enquiring glance at Mr. Oldbury and Lord Stackhouse, she said, very gravely:

"Cousin Henry, I think you should say that you love her better than ever for all that she has gone through."

"I am not going to say that," I said boldly. "First, because it would not be true. I could not love her any better than I did a fortnight ago. I could, perhaps, be made by experience to value her more and more. But I gave her all my heart some time ago, and she could not have more than the whole. Besides," I went on, growing bold under the influence of the many friendly glances round me, "I may not be thought fit for her now."

Alice walked up to me, and put her hand inside my arm.

"Dearest cousin," said I, "as I am your cousin, at least your second cousin, as we suppose, and which I like best, I shall like to say to you before this company what I have been thinking of, as I turned the furrow there this morning. First, then, all law affairs I look upon to be uncertain till done. I am not in possession of my estates yet. Until I get them I shall not be a fit match for you. What do you say to that?"

"That I am only a poor girl, well brought up by the goodness of friends, only supposed to be the lost sister of the viscountess there, and on that supposition kindly endowed with a small annuity—and that I am not a fit wife for the undoubted heir of the wealthy Mr. Barnett."

"Come," said Lord Stackhouse—"you will never agree—Mr. Martin, your friend Father Francis who knew who you were by a letter from me, before you had your brother's letter telling the same news, proposed an excellent plan. He is going to Rome. He will take you. You must allow Mr. Norris to provide you with the necessary funds for which I will be security. In less than the six months which will have to be spent in seeing the great things in Italy your affairs here will be settled. You and Alice are free to marry whoever you please. She will spend the time between my house and her sister's. When you come back—if you are in the same mind—then!—what say you?"

"I say you have been kind, prudent and generous—I say, yes."

So they came into the farm and had luncheon, and then I walked with them to the carriage.

"You are not to meet again till you come back—you must promise."

I paused, I did not like to promise.

"Not without your leave, Lord Stackhouse," I said.

"Well, well; that must do, then," he said, "goodbye."

I bade them all good-bye. I felt it at my heart very heavily.

"Good-bye cousin," I said to Alice.

"Henry, we are engaged to be married. We engaged ourselves to each other—oh, but I forgot," she said,—"you have a right to marry a fine lady if you please. I beg your pardon." And she moved away to her sister's side.

"If I really am heir to the Barnett estates, I shall have a right to choose whom I please, and I choose you, Alice," I said. "But if any unexpected obstacle should occur, and I should remain Henry Martin, the farmer of this little estate, then—"

"Then you will still marry me," said Alice, "because you know, that is just what we looked forward to."

But here Mr. Oldbury stepped forward.

"You must remember," he said, "that Miss St. Clair cannot marry with propriety before she is one-and-twenty, without Lord Stackhouse's consent."

But I was quite determined now.

"I know," I said firmly, "that you cannot prove her to be any more than she was when she said 'yes' to me. If she will stand by me, I will stand by her. If she will marry me, as a farmer, she shall be dowried with the Barnett estates when I get them. 'Alice,' I said, 'let us fix the day. This day month.'"

Good old Mrs. Slade drew close to me with a face of high approval.

"Yes," said Alice, and walked up to my side.

"Thank you, my darling," I said boldly.

"Well, then, we must take her back to Oldbury," said her old mistress. "I must put in my claim for the marriage to be from this place, that has for so long a time been her only home."

"I think it must be so, Lord Stackhouse," said the viscountess.

He smiled, though he tried to look grave. We were by the side of the carriage now. Alice got into the Oldbury carriage, and held out her hand to her sister.

"I will go to London and see to your trousseau," said the viscountess.

"Fit for a farmer's wife," said Alice, "and remember that I am not going to be called Miss St. Clair. I will not take a name on a guessing evidence, and whatever I may believe, I shall always be Alice Coombe to Henry Martin."

Then they drove off.

But I did no more work that day on my farm. I walked to Leverton to see Father Bennet and Mr. Norris. I found no difficulties anywhere and before the month was over I had got my wife—the best wife that ever lived; the most admired in all our county, though for three months she made all the butter of my little farm, and helped to iron my shirts, and cook my food. She is Mrs. Barnett now, and we have money and lands; but we have more responsibility, more trouble, and a more happiness than we had on the dear little farm. There, now, my mother lives, and it is Ben's home too. My mother has shared in my riches, and she and Ben have added to the house and made it very pretty.

Ben manages our affairs, and is a very prosperous solicitor.

Mrs. Whitley lives in my mother's old home, pretty Rose-cottage, and is well taken care of.

Ned Jackson found a place in a merchant house, in Smyrna, and so did not return with Captain Bartlett. But he has been back on a visit to us lately, and he has succeeded in his perfectly well. He is a merchant himself now and esteemed by everybody for his excellent character, diligence and piety.

So, out of the many perplexities that once beset my path in life, there came peace and happiness at last. Yet, I once asked Ned if he had ever heard Granny speak of Dark Eye having stolen little girl. He said:

"Yes, that Granny had said that he had done it for the sake of a gold locket, and that she had told him the child had died of the small-pox."

THE END.

## NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

THE Editor desires to call the attention of Contributors to the following rules regarding MSS. :—

1. Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only.

2. Each contribution must bear on the first page the sender's name and address, and the conditions on which it is forwarded.

3. In no case can the Editor undertake the task of passing an opinion upon the merits or defects of poems or stories submitted to him; nor can he specify the reasons which may influence him in rejecting any contribution.

4. As MSS. are sent voluntarily, the Editor will not hold himself responsible for their safe return; but when an address wrapper accompanies the contribution, care will be taken to have such contribution duly posted in the event of its rejection.

5. When a stamped, addressed wrapper is not sent, the MS. will remain for six months at the office, where they will be obtainable upon application, either personally or by letter enclosing addressed wrapper. Beyond six months no application can be entertained.

# IT SAVED MY LIFE

When the Fever had obtained a strong hold on me. In a few days I was quite well."—Extract from letter of C. Fitzgerald, formerly Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian in Albania, referring to

## LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE,

WHICH IS EFFERVESCING AND TASTELESS, FORMING A MOST INVIGORATING VITALISING, AND REFRESHING DRAUGHT.

PROUT, MORGAN, TURLEY, GIBBON, SPARKS, DOWSING, STEVE CARR JACKSON, and many other Medical Gentlemen, have given unqualified testimony to the importance of the discovery and the immense value of

# THIS GREAT REMEDY

as possessing elements most essential for the restoration and maintenance of Health, with perfect Vigor of Body and Mind.

It gives instant relief in HEADACHE, SEA or BILIOUS SICKNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, LASSITUDE, HEARTBURN, and FEVERISH COLDS; prevents and quickly cures the worst form of TYPHUS, SCARLET, and other FEVERS, SMALLPOX, MEASLES, and ERUPTIVE SKIN COMPLAINTS, and various other altered conditions of the blood. It is the cure for CHOLERA.

**CAUTION!**—Beware of Spurious Salines and Effervescing Salts containing injurious elements put forward by unprincipled persons as the same or better thing.

PYRETIC SALINE is warranted not to contain Magnesia or any substance likely to produce gall-stones or other morbid formations.

In Patent Glass-Stoppered Bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 21s. each.

## LAMPLOUGH'S CONCENTRATED LIME JUICE SYRUP

Perfect Luxury. Taken effervescing with Pyretic Saline a most agreeable Summer Drink. Sold by all Chemists in Patent Glass-stoppered Bottles at 2s. and 4s. 6d. each.

H. LAMPLOUGH, 113, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON, E.C.

Free by post, One Shilling,

THE BEST LIKENESS OF THE LATE

PIUS IX.,

A BEAUTIFUL WOOD ENGRAVING ON THICK TONED PAPER,  
FIT FOR ANY DRAWING ROOM.

"THE TABLET," the leading Catholic organ, of Feb. 16 says: "We have received from 'THE LAMP' Office one of the best likenesses we have seen of the late Pontiff. The price, one shilling, is within the reach of all."

OFFICE OF THE "LAMP," 25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

# Hop Bitters

Are THE PUREST, CHEAPEST, & BEST BITTERS EVER MADE.

They are compounded from HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, PODOPHYLLIN, and ANZELION, the oldest, best, and most valuable medicine in the world. Contains all the most curative properties of all other Bitters, being the greatest BLOOD PURIFIER and LIVER REGULATOR, and Life and Health Restoring agent on earth.

No Disease or Ill Health

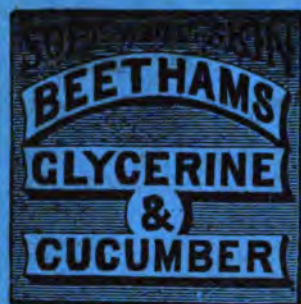
possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

TRY HOP BITTERS TO-DAY.

May be had of all Chemists throughout the World.

Digitized by Google





**Readers**  
**THE SKIN SOFT,**  
**SMOOTH,**  
**AND WHITE.**  
 Removes all  
 ROUGHNESS, REDNESS,  
 SUNBURN, CHAPS,  
 &c., and preserves the  
 Skin from all the ill effects  
 of SUN, WIND, FROST,  
 and HARD WATER more  
 effectually than any other  
 preparation. A  
**CLEAR & BEAUTIFUL**  
**COMPLEXION**  
 is soon obtained by its use.

It is the most perfect Emollient Milk for the Skin ever produced. For the Toilet and the Nursery it is **INVALUABLE** at all Seasons of the Year. Bottles, 1s., 2s., 6d., 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Any size free for 3d. extra, by the Sole Makers,  
**M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.**



**GENOA FACE, FAST WOVEN FILL.**  
 Every Yard of the Genuine bears the Name "LOUIS," and the Wear of EVERY YARD GUARANTEED.  
**Patterns Post Free.**  
**THOS. WALLIS & CO., HOLBORN VIADUCT,**  
**LONDON, E.C.**

# **PERRY PEN COMPETITION, 1885.**

## **13 GOLD & SILVER WATCHES**

*TO BE GIVEN AWAY AS PRIZES*

**FOR THE BEST SPECIMENS OF WRITING AND DRAWING**  
**WITH PERRY PENS.**

**PRIZE "A"—For Boys under 12 years of age.**  
**A KEYLESS SILVER WATCH .. Value 30s.**

**PRIZE "B"—For Girls under 12 years of age.**  
**A KEYLESS SILVER WATCH .. Value 30s.**

**PRIZE "C"—For Youths aged 12 to 15 inclusive.**  
**A SILVER WATCH .. Value £5 5s.**

**PRIZE "D"—**  
*For Youths at School under 18 years of age.*  
**FIRST PRIZE — A GOLD WATCH, Value £10 10s.**  
**SECOND " — A SILVER " " £5 5s.**

**PRIZE "E"—**  
*For Ladies at School under 18 years of age.*  
**FIRST PRIZE — A GOLD WATCH, Value £5.**  
**SECOND " — A SILVER " " £2 10s.**

**PRIZE "F"—**  
*For Ladies 15 years of age and upwards.*

**FIRST PRIZE—A GOLD WATCH .. Value £10**  
**SECOND " — " " " " £5**

**PRIZE "G"—**  
*For Gentlemen 15 years of age and upwards.*  
**FIRST PRIZE—A GOLD WATCH .. Value £10**  
**SECOND " — " " " " £5**

**PRIZE "H"—**  
*Open to both Ladies and Gentlemen—For the best Specimen of Drawing executed with Perry & Co.'s Crow-quill Pen, No. 600.*  
**FIRST PRIZE—A GOLD WATCH .. Value £10**  
**SECOND " — " " " " £5**

*Ask your Stationer for the Rules of this Competition, or send Two Penny Stamps to*  
**PERRY & CO, LIMITED, STEEL PEN MAKERS, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.**



**HUMILIATING**  
**ERUPTIONS**  
**ITCHING**  
**AND**  
**BURNING**  
**TORTURES**

**A**ND EVERY SPECIES OF ITCHING, Scaly, Pimply, Inherited, Scrofulous, and Contagious Diseases of the Blood, Skin, and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, from infancy to old age, are positively cured by the **CUTICURA REMEDIES**.  
**CUTICURA RESOLVENT**, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.  
**CUTICURA**, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

**CUTICURA SOAP**, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from **CUTICURA**, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

Sold by all Chemists, and **Francis Newbery & Sons, 1, King Edward Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.** Price: **CUTICURA**, 2s. 3d.; **RESOLVENT**, 4s. 6d.; **SOAP**, 1s. 1½d. Prepared by the **POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A.**

Write **F. Newbery & Sons** for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."



# THE LAMP.

*Established Half a Century.*

## CONTENTS:

	PAGE		PAGE
THE EVANS' GIRLS (Illus.)	200	THE TRUE GENTLEMAN	229
FROM OVER THE SEA	212	HERALDIC GOSSIP	229
STRAY LEAVES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY	212	EVENING	234
"TE LUCIS ANTE TERNUM"	215	PRISON LIFE AT LOUVAIN	235
A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS	215, 231, 247, 264	S. MARTIN, OLD CANTERBURY	240
THE ANTIQUARIAN MUSEUMS OF COPENHAGEN AND STOCKHOLM	219	NOTES OF A VOYAGE IN THE LEVANT	244, 261
AN ATTENTIVE DOG	220	LONGFELLOW'S WOOING	251
A MYSTERY IN THE OLD TOWN OF WINCHESTER	221, 236, 251, 269	THE ROSE	254
S. GEORGE'S DAY	234	SMOKING AND SNUFF-TAKING	255
THE CURSE OF LYNN-BROOKE MANOR (Illus.)	225, 241	S. JOSEPH AND THE HOLY SOULS	255
		THE TRUE AND THE FALSE; THE STORY OF AN UNSELFISH LIFE (Illus.)	257
		A ROYAL VISIT—AND?	263
		POSTMEN AND STAGE-COACHES	268
		ETC., ETC., ETC.	

### OFFICES:

LONDON,—25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, E.C.  
 DUBLIN,—SMITH & SON, MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.  
 M. H. GILL & SON, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET  
 LIVERPOOL,—SMITH & SON, CASTLE STREET.  
 MANCHESTER,—J. HEYWOOD, DRANGATE.  
 SMITH & SON, 1, NEW BROWN STREET.



# FACTS!

The "Year-Book of Facts" says:—"There are few lines of scientific industry in which a greater advance has been made late years than in the manufacture of artificial teeth. And no one has contributed more to progress in this department than Dr. G. H. JONES, of 57, Great Russell Street, W.C., one of whose most recent improvements is the application of the principle of the common sucker to the artificial palate. The patent suction valve of Dr. G. H. JONES is an ingenious contrivance of great simplicity, by which the upper case of teeth is kept firmly in the mouth, and can only be removed at the will of the wearer. The valve, by which a boy raises a stone by means of an ordinary sucker. This plan obviates the old and somewhat clumsy arrangement of fitting the teeth with springs and wires, which frequently require repair, while the perfect contact of the artificial teeth with the palate of the mouth which this improvement secures, prevents crumbs and portions of masticated food from hanging about the mouth, always a source of discomfort, and tending to produce a foulness in the breath—not only inconvenient to the patient, but a sure indication of the presence of ill-fitting artificial teeth. The improvement thus explained possesses the very important commendation of rendering the secure fixing of artificial teeth a painless and easy operation. All the inconveniences which patients suffer under other less simple and effective methods are entirely avoided, and the artificial teeth are so firmly held in place that the power of mastication and articulation is not in the slightest degree impaired."

We may here remind our readers that S. G. HUTCHINS, Esq., Surgeon-dentist to Her Majesty the Queen, is of the opinion that "The teeth supplied by Dr. G. H. JONES are the best, safest, and most life-like, and his system the perfection of the art of dentistry." The high honour awards, including gold medal diplomas, which Dr. G. H. JONES has received at the great International Exhibitions confirm the opinion of this eminent authority, and we should advise our readers to write for an explanatory pamphlet (which is sent free by post) to Dr. G. H. JONES, Surgeon-dentist, 57, Great Russell Street, opposite British Museum.

## OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA

(ESTABLISHED SIXTY YEARS.)

THE BEST and ONLY CERTAIN REMEDY ever discovered for serving, strengthening, beautifying, or restoring the HAIR, WHISKERS, or MOUSTACHES, and preventing them turning grey.

Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s.



**C. & A. OLDRIDGE,**

22, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

AND ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS.

For children it is invaluable, as it forms a basis of a magnificent preparation of hair, prevents baldness in mature age, and obviates the use of dyed and poisonous restoratives.

JUST PUBLISHED.

### Ellis's Irish Education Directory and Scholastic Guide for 1885.

THOROUGHLY REVISED. SUBSTANTIALLY ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

AN Indispensable and Invaluable Manual of Information and Reference for Parents—Guardians—Students—Clergymen of all Denominations—Members of the Learned Professions—Professors and Principals of Colleges and Schools—Schoolmasters, and all interested in Educational matters.

Price, Boards, 2s. 6d.; Fancy Cloth, 3s. (By post, 6d. extra.)

To be had of all Booksellers, or from the Publishers,  
116, GRAFTON-STREET, DUBLIN.

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE ONE SHILLING.

### A Catechism of Christian Doctrine

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE ORDER OF IDEAS.

BY

ANTONIO ROSMINI SERBATI, D.D.

FOUNDER OF THE INSTITUTE OF CHARITY.

Translated from the Italian by  
A MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE.

LONDON: BURNS AND OATES, ORCHARD STREET.

## LARGEST WORKS

IN LONDON

FOR DYEING AND CLEANING IN EVERY BRANCH.

**DAINTREE AND CO.,** 365, SOUTHWARK PARK ROAD

20, THORNTON STREET, S.E.; 98, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.

44, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.

Digitized by Google





WHERE FANNY LOST HER IDENTITY.

## The Evans' Girls.

**T**HE pretty farm house, standing at the corner where Quin's Lane crosses the brook, or if you like the picture better, where the brook crosses Quin's Lane, and where the aforesaid brook winds away by the side of another lane, until it spreads into a river-like

dignity as it meanders through the sunny plain of Hayforth Common, and finally disappears amidst the green recesses of Kingdon Wood—that pretty square farmhouse, half hidden by the tall elms in the flower court before it, which, with the spacious garden and orchard behind, and the extensive

barn-yards and outbuildings, so completely occupies one of the angles formed by the crossing of the lane and the stream—that pretty farmhouse contains one of the happiest and most prosperous families in Glensville, the large and thriving family of Farmer Evans.

Whether from skill or good fortune, or, as is most probable, from a lucky mixture of both, every thing goes right in his great farm. His crops are the best in the parish; his hay is never spoiled; his cattle never die; his servants never thieve; his children are never ill. He buys cheap, and sells dear; money gathers about him like a snow-ball; and yet, in spite of all this provoking and intolerable prosperity, everybody loves Martin Evans. He is so good-natured, generous, homely and hospitable! Somewhere there lies all the charm. Riches have not spoilt the man, nor yet have they altered him. He is the same in look, and word, and manner, as he was twenty-five years ago, when he and his wife, with two sorry horses, one cow, and three pigs, began the world at Elmgate, a little bargain of twenty miles off. His wife too, is the same frugal, tidy, industrious, kind-hearted Mrs. Evans, so noted for her activity, both of tongue and limb, good looks, neat plain dressing at forty-five as she was at twenty, and, in a different way, almost as good-looking.

Their children—six boys, whose ages vary from five to five and twenty, and three girls, two of them grown up, and one not yet nine, are just what might be expected from parents so simple and so good.

The "boys," as Martin calls his sons, are well-behaved, docile, and promising; and the youngest girl, Bessie, as curly-headed, rosy-cheeked puppet, as ever was the pet and plaything of a large family. It is, however, with the two grown up girls that we have to do.

Jane and Fanny were as much alike as has often befallen any two sisters not born at one time; for in the matter of twin children, there has been a series of puzzles ever since the days of the Dromios. Nearly of an age, at the time I write neither had reached twenty—though both were turned nineteen, exactly of a height, and so tall that the great Frederick would have coveted them for wives for his tall regiment. Both girls had hazel eyes, large mouths, full lips, white teeth, brown hair, and clean healthy complexions. Their noses—very much alike—of that kind which is neither Grecian nor Roman, nor aquiline, nor *le petit nez retroussé* that some persons prefer to them all; but one which, moderately prominent and sufficiently well-shaped, is yet as far as I know, anonymous, although it be perhaps, as common and as well-looking a feature as is to be seen on an English or Irish face.

Altogether they were a pair of tall and comely maidens, and being constantly dressed in garments of the same colour and shape, looked at all times so much alike that no strangers ever dreamed of knowing them apart; and even their acquaintance were rather accustomed to think and speak of them generally as the "Evans' girls," than as the separate individuals Jane and Fanny. Even those who did pretend to distinguish the one from the other, were not exempt from mistakes, which the sisters, Fanny

especially, who delighted in the fun so often produced by the unusual resemblance, were apt to favour by changing places in a walk, or slipping from one side to the other at a country tea-party, or playing a hundred innocent tricks to occasion at once a grave blunder and a merry laugh.

Old Dorothy Wilkins, for instance, who, being rather near sighted, was jealous of being suspected of seeing less clearly than her neighbours, and had defied even the Evans girls to puzzle her discernment—seeking in vain on Fanny's hand the cut finger which she had dressed on Jane's, ascribed the incredible cure to the merits of her own incomparable salve, and could hardly be undeceived, even by the pulling off of Jane's glove, and the exhibition of the lacerated digital sewed round by her own bandage.

Young Herbert Stanley, too, the greatest beau in the parish, having betted at a party that he would dance with every pretty girl in the room, lost his wager (which Fanny had overheard) by that saucy damsel's slipping into her sister's place, and persuading her to join her unconscious partner; so that Herbert danced twice with Fanny and not at all with Jane. A flattering piece of malice, which proved as the young rustic exquisite was pleased to assert, that Miss Fanny was not displeased with her partner. How little does a vain man know of woman-kind! If she had liked him, she would not have played the trick for all the world.

In short, from their schooldays, when Jane was chidden for Fanny's bad work, and Fanny punished for Jane's bad spelling, down to this, their prime of womanhood, there had been no end to the confusion produced by this remarkable instance of family likeness.

And yet Nature, who sets some mark of individuality upon even her humblest productions, making some unnoted difference between lambs from one ewe, the robins bred in one nest, the flowers growing on one stalk, and the leaves hanging from one tree, had not left these young maidens without one great and permanent distinction—a natural and striking dissimilarity of temper. Equally industrious, affectionate, happy and kind, each was so in a different way. Jane was grave; Fanny was gay. If you heard a merry laugh or a joyful song, be sure it was Fanny. She who smiled, for certain was Fanny. She who jumped the style, when her sister opened the gate, was Fanny. She who chased the pigs from the garden as merrily as if she were running a race, so that the pigs took no heed of her: who rambled through the wood with little Bessie to gather nuts or delight the child with green branches with which to adorn their summer house: Fanny. On the other hand she that so carefully made an invisible darn on her mother's handkerchief, the while hearing her little sister con over her lessons, or practise her pianoforte exercises; she that so patiently was feeding, one by one, two broods of young turkeys; she that so pensively was watering her own bed of delicate and somewhat rare plants—the pale stars of the Alpine pink, or the elaborate blossoms of the white evening primrose, whose modest flowers, dying off into a blush, resembled her own character—was Jane.

Some of the gossips of Glensville used to assert, that Jane's sighing over the flowers, as well as the early steadiness of her character, arose from an engagement to Edward M'Nally, an intelligent well behaved young Irishman. True there were few in the parish of Glensville likely to be accepted as suitors for the Evans girls, especially as the greater part of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood were Protestants. However, young M'Nally came first as my lord's head gardener. Then he saw the Evans girls, spoke to Father Henry, the priest at S. Mary's Catholic Church, to whom he was well known, and under whose religious guardianship he was trained until he made his first Communion, soon after which event the venerable priest was removed to Glensville, where his mission was so favoured that his little flock from being about fifty Catholics in all increased to over three hundred in the course of a few years. But to return to my story: Of this engagement I knew nothing. Certain it is, that the prettiest and newest plants were always to be found in Jane's little flower border; and if Mr. M'Nally did sometimes come to look after them, was it any business of anybody's? However he visited the family as well as Jane's flowers, and soon became a favourite with all, even with little Bessie, who was noted for her timid shyness.

In a little while, a visitor of a very different description arrived at the farm. A cousin of Mrs. Evan's had been as successful in trade as her husband had been in agriculture, and he had now sent his only son to become acquainted with his relatives, and to spend some weeks in their family.

Charles Reardon was a fine young man, whose father was neither more nor less than a rich linen draper in a large town; but whose manners, education, sentiments, and character, might have done honour to a far higher station. Of course, he was a Catholic, and it might be easily said he was no disgrace to his training at Oscott, where he was brightest of the bright. In a word, beyond all that education might have done for him, was his natural gentility; and in nothing did he show his own taste and good breeding than by entering entirely into the homely ways and old-fashioned habits of his cousins and their family. The sterling goodness, simplicity, frugality and genuine good heartedness of the rich farmer particularly delighted him. The girls he was especially pleased with. They formed a strong contrast with anything he had met before. No useless finery, no coquetry, no smattering of bad French, or constant jingling of their piano. Long ago it had been ascertained that neither of the sisters had any especial musical talent, and accordingly they had made up their minds to lose no time, but what was sufficient to keep up their knowledge of the science, and to be able to accompany a song when no one else in the company was available. As to the wisdom of this resolve I know nothing, except that on the Sunday afternoons Jane or Fanny always played the organ at F. Henry's church at Vespers and Benediction. This alone would prove the sisters had not quite forgotten their music." They were charming enough, and Charles soon liked both of his cousins very much indeed. Jane's gentle considerate-

ness engaged his full esteem; but Fanny's innocent playfulness suited best with his own high spirits and animated conversation. Charles had known them apart from the first, and indeed denied that the likeness was in any way puzzling, or more than is usual between sisters. He secretly thought Fanny as much prettier than her sister, as she was avowedly merrier. In doors and out, he was constantly at her side; and before he had been a month in the house, all its inmates had given him as a lover to his young cousin. Fanny, when rallied on the subject, cried, "Rubbish; how can people talk such nonsense!" but somehow she liked this nonsense talked to her.

Affairs were in this state, when one night Jane appeared even graver and more thoughtful than usual, and far, far, sadder. She sighed deeply; and Fanny, for the sisters shared the same sleeping room, inquired tenderly what ailed her. The inquiry seemed to increase Jane's sadness, and she burst into tears, whilst Fanny hung over, and soothed her. At length she roused herself and turning away from her affectionate comforter, said in a low tone:

"I have had such a vexation to-night, Fanny; Charles Reardon has asked me to marry him."

"Charles Reardon, did you say, Jane!" asked poor Fanny, trembling, unwilling even to trust her own senses against the evidence of her heart;

"Charles Reardon?"

"Yes, our cousin Charley."

"And you have accepted him?" enquired Fanny.

"Oh, no, no! Do you think I can forget poor Edward. Besides, I am not the one whom he ought to have asked after the past few weeks. He is false and heartless! I would not be his wife, not if he made me a princess. I consider his conduct unmanly and unfeeling."

"You refused him, then?" asked Fanny.

"No. My father came up to us suddenly, just as I was getting over the surprise his proposal gave me. I was at first struck dumb. But I shall, most certainly, refuse him—the false, deceitful, ungrateful villain!"

"Poor father and mother, they will be disappointed," said her sister.

"They will be both disappointed and angry, but not at my refusal. Oh, how they will despise him," added Jane, and Fanny, melted by her sister's sympathy, and touched by an indignation most unusual in that gentle girl, could no longer command her feelings, but flung herself on the bed weeping bitterly. This was the girl's first sorrow.

After a while, she resumed conversation:

"We must not blame him too severely, Jane. Perhaps my vanity made me think his attentions meant more than they really did, and you had all taken up the notion. But do not speak of him unkindly; he has done nothing but what is natural. You are much wiser and better than I am, my own dear Jane. He laughed and talked with me; but he felt your goodness, and he was, I suppose, right. I was never worthy of him, and you are. If it were not for poor Edward," she said, sobbing, "I should rejoice, if you would accept—"



But, unable to finish her generous wish, she burst into a fresh flow of tears, and the sisters mutually and strongly affected wept together.

That night, poor Fanny cried herself to sleep; but such sleep is not of long duration. At morning's dawn, she was up and pacing, restlessly, the dewy grass walks of the garden and orchard. In less than half an hour, a light, elastic step came rapidly behind her; a hand sought hers, whilst a well-known voice addressed her in the tenderest accents:

"Fanny, my own dear one, have you thought of what I said to you last night?"

"To me?" replied Fanny, with bitterness.

"Yes, to your own sweet self. Do you not remember the question I asked you, when your good father joined us so suddenly, that you had no time to say 'yes'? Will you not say yes now?"

"Charles," said Fanny, with some spirit, "you are under some mistake. It was to Jane that you made a proposal yesterday evening; and you are taking me for her at this moment."

"Mistake you for your sister! Propose to Jane! Impossible! You are jesting."

"Then," thought Fanny, "he mistook Jane for me last night, and he is no deceiver."

With smiles beaming brightly through her tears, she said:

"Then, Charles, you mistook her for me. You who defied us to perplex you."

And so it was; an unconscious and unobserved change of place, as either sister resumed her station of amusing little Bessie, who had begged her sister Fanny to gather for her some branches, had been the cause of the confusion, and added to this was the lover's natural embarrassment, which, altogether, gave poor Fanny a night's misery, to be compensated by a lifetime of happiness.

Jane was almost as delighted to lose a lover as her sister was to regain one.

Charles is gone home to his father's to make preparations for his bride, and Edward has taken the lease of a large nursery garden, and there is talk in Glensville that the marriage of the Evans girls will be celebrated on the same day.

## FROM OVER THE SEA.

No more shall I see them  
The emerald hills—  
The heather-clad mountains—  
The swift-flowing rills:  
The glades where in childhood  
I chased the wild roe  
When free was my spirit  
From darkness and woe.  
The billows that thunder  
On this foreign shore  
Are like to sweet music—  
They tell me of yore.  
The winds of the ocean  
Blow sweetly to me—  
They bring me a message  
From over the sea.

MARY E. FELL.

## STRAY LEAVES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY—A D. 1570-85.\*

By S. HUBERT BURKE.

**I**N 1585 the next Percy who held the title of Earl of Northumberland was committed to the Tower on a charge of being concerned in the Throckmorton conspiracy against Elizabeth.† The queen's council alleged at the time that he committed suicide; but as he was a very religious Catholic this statement was not accepted as the true one, and for a long time the event was described as a political assassination. Sir Christopher Hatton spoke in a violent manner of the deceased nobleman, stating that he was "without gratitude or conscience." Many years later Sir Walter Raleigh affirmed that Northumberland "fell by the hand of a hired bravo. Who instigated the assassins still remains a mystery. A "whisper of the times," however, pointed to Lord Leicester.

The executions which followed the imprudent Northern Insurrection were terrible. Eight hundred men were hanged, and ten women also paid the death-penalty for harbouring rebels. Several young women were flogged, and others died of prison fever; and many poor children perished from cold and hunger. The queen severely censured her generals in command for not "executing justice more promptly."‡ Elizabeth issued a special order that the bodies were "not to be removed from the trees on which they hung but to remain there till the said bodies fell in pieces or were devoured by birds of prey."§ The period of the above horrible scenes Elizabeth was in her thirty-seventh year and accounted her courtiers and prelates as "humane and gentle."

The Earl of Westmoreland escaped the personal vengeance of Queen Elizabeth. As a matter of course he lost his property, and, after years of poverty and wandering through France and Flanders, he died in Paris. He was devoted to the Catholic Church and to the maintenance of that Church in all its glory, power, and splendour. He was likewise chivalrously attached to his friends and his country. This nobleman was the last descendant of the historical peer known as the "King-Maker" in the days of the "Wars of the Roses."

No one had been more deeply implicated in the project for the liberation of Mary Stuart than Leonard Dacre, the male representative of the noble family of the Dacres of Gill's Land. Leonard Dacre's followers were as courageous as himself. They pursued Queen Elizabeth's troops four miles to the banks of the Chelt, "where," writes Lord Hunsdon, "his footmen (infantry)

\* Continued from No. 709, page 39.

† The Throckmorton conspiracy occurred many years previous. I shall refer to it anon.

‡ Sharpe's *History of the Northern Rebellion*; Despatches of Lord Sussex and Hunsdon; State Papers upon the Northern Rebellion.

§ State Papers upon the Northern Rebellion during the reign of Elizabeth (1572-83).

gave the proudest charge upon my shot that I ever received." Still, the wild valour of the Bordenmen was no match for the steady discipline of the foreign mercenaries, whose trade was fighting. Dacre's men fell into disorder; then a panic, followed by a retreat. Another fight took place a few miles farther on, where the insurgents fought with immense courage, but were doomed to final defeat. Leonard Dacre escaped to Scotland, where he was still pursued by the English spies of Walsingham. In a few months, however, he reached Flanders, where he received a hospitable reception from the outlawed subjects of Queen Elizabeth.

Dacre sent a herald to Lord Hunsdon, proposing to decide "the claims of the rival queens by a single combat between himself and Lord Hunsdon." Hunsdon rejected this chivalrous challenge, as might have been expected. Elizabeth "commanded" that Dacre's head should be brought to her, dead or alive, in fourteen days. Hunsdon, however, failed to gratify his royal mistress in this instance.

Those were the times for strange events. It appears marvellous indeed that Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, one of the most implacable of Mary Stuart's enemies, should end his days as a follower and champion of the royal captive. In a confidential note he writes thus to Mary Stuart, whom he had so long persecuted:

Your majesty has in England many friends of all degrees that *love your title*. Some people are persuaded that in *law your right is best*. Some folks have formed a very good opinion of your *wise character* and the *liberality* of your religious sentiments. The *talent* you displayed in the Government of Scotland won for you the confidence and esteem of those who were opposed to you.

In another secret correspondence from Edinburgh to Tutbury Castle Throckmorton states that "*his convictions are now all in Mary's favour*."

It is certain that Throckmorton was connected with a conspiracy to dethrone Elizabeth on the grounds of *illegitimacy*, taking Cranmer's judgment in the case of Anna Boleyn as their legal guide. This plot is supposed to have been planned when Elizabeth had been about eleven or twelve years on the throne. The conspiracy was managed with profound secrecy. And, more strange still, it was composed of *Protestants and Catholics, and even Anglican Bishops*, whose emoluments were "*to be considerably increased*." Throckmorton proceeds: "The people of your own religion are for you, and many Protestants too." This wily diplomatist seems to have been sincere, for he had everything to lose by the cause he had secretly espoused. He advised the Queen of Scots to "offer conciliation to the English Protestants; for that they were far more easily won than the Kirk Christians." This was a certain fact, for the Presbyterians were generally a sordid class in political speculations, and the much-abused name of *Christianity* became a matter of *money* or the transfer of *land*.

Sir Nicholas Throckmorton escaped the scaffold to die, as it was reported at the time, by poison. It is however, generally affirmed by his contemporaries that he died very suddenly, and popular feeling pointed out the Earl of Leicester as

"having given him a poisoned fig, and that he became suddenly ill and died in great torture." Lord Leicester was so intensely hated by the people of England, and especially those of London, that they would accept as true the worst accusations that might be preferred against him.

Camden reports the death of Throckmorton to have taken place in 1570, and he is silent as to the report of poison. And again, Camden writes: "He died in good time for himself, being in great danger of life by his restless spirit." Public opinion, whether right or wrong, pointed out Leicester as the assassin of Throckmorton, who was far from being popular himself.

A large number of State Papers were in the possession of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton when he filled the office of Chamberlain of the Exchequer under Elizabeth. Those State Papers were placed by Throckmorton's son, Arthur, at the disposal of Sir Henry Wotton, who bequeathed them to King Charles I. to be preserved in the State Paper Office—a bequest which remained unexecuted until the year 1857.† Amongst those valuable documents were to be found (if not destroyed) much of the correspondence which passed between Queen Elizabeth, William Cecil, Randolph, and Throckmorton concerning the Queen of Scots. The letters, still extant, bear upon them the movements made by the English queen and her council in fomenting rebellion in Scotland against its lawful sovereign.

It is really a puzzle to learn that Sir Nicholas Throckmorton was one of the Star Chamber witnesses against *his* friend, Lord Crumwell. He must have been a spy in early life—perhaps in the service of Crumwell himself. Nothing more likely. With the exception of Sir William Cecil and Thomas Randolph, no member of Elizabeth's council or general government did more to injure the Queen of Scots than Sir Nicholas Throckmorton.

Another of the conspirators pledged with Throckmorton to overthrow Queen Elizabeth was the Earl of Pembroke, who received so many grants of land and other favours from the queen. Lord Pembroke professed himself as "an earnest Protestant" under the government of Edward VI.; he was one of the first to acknowledge, and then to desert, Queen Jane. Queen Mary having restored the abbey of Wilton to the nuns, Lord Pembroke received the abbess and her sisterhood [twenty-four in number] at the gate, "cap in hand." When Elizabeth subsequently suppressed the convent at Wilton, the Earl of Pembroke drove the nuns out of their holy and happy home with *his horse-whip*, bestowing upon them an appellation which implied their constant breach of the vow of chastity. In an age rendered infamous to all time for the wickedness of its leading men, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, stands in the "front rank of the battalion of evil."

The penalty for celebrating Mass in those days was a fine of 200 marks and imprisonment—sometimes for years. In several cases priests were hanged upon the evidence of *one witness*, and that witness, perhaps, known to be a person of

\* See Camden's *Annals*, p. 131.

† Preface to Russell Prendergast's *State Papers*.

abandoned character. The trial of a Catholic priest was a monstrous mockery of justice.

At a later period another of the Percy family joined the court party. The nobleman to whom I refer was known as Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and became one of the champions of Queen Elizabeth. Although his family suffered immensely from her, he was one of the most obsequious of the queen's courtiers. The author of the "Court of Elizabeth" represents this nobleman as "signally deficient in the guiding and restraining virtues." The ladies of the court did not like his society; but for a time he was noticed by his sovereign, who made him a Knight of the Garter. This incident, as usual, caused some gossip amongst the jealous-minded courtiers, who were always looking for "more favours and never satisfied." During the last days of Elizabeth, Northumberland gave many indications of his desire for a change. He courted the friendship of King James of Scotland, and flattered his vanity by writing congratulations "to the rising sun." But he little knew of what material the dastard James Stuart was "made up." He was among the first to welcome King James when he made his public entry into London. The king commanded that the Earl of Northumberland should be sworn in a privy councillor, and he was noticed particularly at court. As soon as King James was securely settled on the English throne his policy underwent some changes. There were new favourites, and Percy Northumberland began to feel that he was "suspected of something of which he knew nothing." The misfortunes of the ancient house of Percy seemed to pursue him; for on some unsupported charge connected with the Gunpowder Plot,\* he was stripped of all his offices and honours, heavily fined, and sentenced to a life-imprisonment. At the end of fifteen years the "royal mercy" was extended to Northumberland, and he was ordered to live in strict retirement for the remainder of his days. A novel mark of royal mercy from King James!

During his long confinement Northumberland turned his mind to the study of mathematics, and indicated the possession of considerable talent. He had some good qualities. He was a steady friend to the needy literary strugglers of his time, and had several of them constantly at his residence. The chess-players and story-tellers were also amongst his welcome guests. The close of his career was most edifying, and he retained the affections of the followers of the Percy family to the end of his eventful life. A few months before his death Lord Northumberland returned to the faith of his fathers. In the days of the "priest-hunting" he gave protection and food to many an outlawed priest. A number of poor Catholics likewise received bread, meat, and beer daily at his mansions during the reign of Elizabeth.

From the "Wars of the Roses" down to "Derwentwater's Farewell" the name of Rad-

\* The "Gunpowder Plot" is now well known to have been set in motion by Sir Robert Cecil. Of course it was never intended to take place, but was to be used as a *bogey* to usher in the penal laws enacted in the reign of King James against the down-trodden English and Irish Catholics.

clyffe occasionally appears in the records of the Tower. Amongst the unhappy prisoners in the fortress about 1576 was Englemond Radclyffe said to be the younger brother of the Earl of Sussex. A strange mystery surrounds the history of this young gentleman. In 1566 he joined the Northern Insurrection with several other men of rank, and having eluded the vengeance of the queen's council, he escaped to Spain, and after leading a wandering life for some years, returned to England in 1575; he was soon arrested and committed to the Tower, where he remained for several months in a state of prostration from ill health and bad food. The queen, having been informed of his condition, "took pity upon the brother of her faithful kinsman, Lord Sussex. Elizabeth, therefore, extended mercy to the prisoner, and Radclyffe was banished from the realm. His love of adventure was seldom checked by the experience of life which mistime afforded him. He next appeared in the service of Don John of Austria. In Vienna he had a love-adventure, and wounded his rival, a Hungarian officer in a desperate combat. In this case he narrowly escaped the law. He was subsequently arrested, and accused of having been concerned in a conspiracy against Don John, he was tried according to the Austrian code, and condemned to death, in 1578. Radclyffe protested his innocence before the Council Chamber but to no purpose. He was attended to the scaffold by an English Benedictine father named Tottenham; so writes his Spanish friend, Don Miguel Cabrera. During his exile Radclyffe frequently experienced poverty and hardship, especially in Flanders and France, walking along forest track for days half-naked and starved. In these sad wanderings he was accompanied by several brave and honourable men who were outlawed from England and Ireland for their religion. Those poor gentlemen had to depend for support upon the small sums remitted by their friends at home. As usual, the French felt little sympathy for the exiles, and I may add that at a late period the French nation acted in a very ungenerous spirit to the Irish Brigade. Louis XIV. and his successor, with all their grave errors, held a grateful remembrance the services rendered by Irishmen to their country. The public men of France detested the Irish exiles. It is recorded that a French Secretary of War made frequent complaints to Louis XV. against the Irish Brigade. "Those Irish," says the minister, "are immensely troublesome; they will not wait for orders, but rush at the enemy." They are troublesome." "*C'est exactement*," replied his majesty, "*ce que nos ennemis Anglais ont si fréquemment vérifié*."

Donald Macpherson, a "Borderman" of the times, states that it was bruited in a very positive manner that the hero of this narrative was not Radclyffe, but the natural son of the house of Percy by a Spanish lady of youth, beauty, and fortune. Lady Sydney throws further light upon this romantic story. She affirms that she saw a picture of the Spanish lady in question, who died in London, where she resided many years under the Irish name of MacMahon. Lady Sydney adds: "There was a mystery connected with the



story of this good old lady which was known to very few. Strange to say, some time before her death our blessed queen became acquainted with her through some Irish lady, perhaps Elizabeth Fitzgerald, once so noted in Surrey's sonnets. Be this as it may, our good-natured queen knew Madame MacMahon's sad story, and actually visited her in private, and kindly added to her social comforts in various ways unknown to the world without."

The Lady Sydney here alluded to was the widow of Sir Philip Sydney, who perished so gloriously at the battle of Zutphen. She subsequently married the ill-fated Robert, Earl of Essex, and the young Earl of Clanricade became her third husband. She was the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. Her own private history is in itself a romance; I will not, however, in this instance disturb the veil which conceals the memory of the dead.

The Countess of Clanricade, to whom I have here alluded, was much beloved by the Catholics of Galway.

Don John, to whom I have referred in these "Stray Leaves," was supposed to be the natural son of Charles V., by Barbara Blomberg, who has been represented as a woman of humble life. Other writers affirm that Barbara was a strolling player, and possessed of a fine voice which captivated the emperor, who expended large sums of money upon her; and that she lived in great extravagance and was a source of annoyance to the royal family. Don John played a remarkable part in his brief career. He was very handsome, chivalrous, and brave. For a time he stood in the front rank of Mary Stuart's admirers. "Every contemporary chronicle," writes Motley, "French, Spanish, Italian, Flemish, and Roman, has dwelt upon Don John's personal beauty and the singular fascination of his manners in the society of ladies." King Philip looked upon Don John with mistrust and hatred. The narratives handed down concerning the mother of Don John involve a series of contradictions which have had their origin in the strong sectarian feeling that prevailed in the Netherlands on every matter where the characters of Charles V. or King Philip were at issue.

"History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic,"

### "TE LUCIS ANTE TERMINUM."

THE darkness grows, O Lord, give light,  
In mercy guard us through this night:  
Grant peace of mind and gentle sleep,  
Close Thou the eyes that wake to weep.

Unbroken be that needful rest,  
Unmarr'd by dreams or thoughts unblest,  
Protect us from relentless foes,  
Let no dark peril round us close.

To Thee, Dread Sire, all glory be,  
The same, Co-Equal Son to thee;  
And to the Paraclete be given,  
Eternal praise from all in heaven.

AMBROSE.

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINBECK.

### CHAPTER XIII.



WAGAWALLA was uneasy when she heard of all that had passed at the parting feast, in regard to her adopted son, and she began to think of means for securing him from Assendase's anger till the return of her husband who had gone with the others to the war; for except this restless mischief-maker, Ondesonk had hardly any one in Gandawaga to fear. In want of advisers the noble woman turned to the sagamore, and he was so well inclined to provide for the security of the adopted pale-face that he sent him with some of his elderly men on a fishing expedition to a lake at a distance of four days journey. Spotted Snake was clever enough to do all he could for Ondesonk's protection, for under circumstances which were within the bounds of possibility he might become a very valuable hostage.

Wagawalla with great joy told her adopted son of the sagamore's decision. She put together the few things he would require, and implored him to avoid everything that might raise opposition and again place him in danger.

"I will do whatever is my duty, good Wagawalla," replied the missionary, smiling, "do not be anxious about me. I am under the protection of Almighty God, at Whose name bad spirits tremble. I serve Him, and not men. You will learn all this if you often say that little prayer which I have taught you. Believe my words: Airstoi is a demon, and I have nothing to do with him. Be easy about this, and pray fervently."

With a heavy heart the good woman saw her God-sent teacher depart. The spark of eternal truth had already been kindled in her heart, for for some weeks past she had listened to Ondesonk's instruction.

His life with the fishermen, who generally went with their wives and children, pleased the missionary very well; he had no longer to give the services of a slave, as during the winter's hunt, and he determined, as far as possible, to make use of the stay on the woody shores of the lake for spiritual purposes according to the rule prescribed by S. Ignatius for his sons. To his great joy he had again got possession of two of his books, one of which was the "Imitation of Christ." A picture of S. Bruno had also come to hand.

He was no adept in catching fish, and was much laughed at. His help was, therefore, not often required, if he would only, when the day's work was over, sit with them round the fire, and tell stories. During the day they troubled themselves very little about him. Only a young maiden who, on account of her weak health, was spared hard work, observed that the kind white man remained very much away from the camping place. She also remarked that for some time Ondesonk had taken very little food, and sometimes went for a

whole day without any. The curiosity of the quiet observer was excited by this, and one morning she followed the pale-face when he went forth.

Avoiding anyone who might see him, Ondesonk left the camp, and seemed to wander without any plan into the forest. He had not proceeded far when he came to a narrow path which led to a hill crowned with giant cedar-trees. Here he stopped and, taking off his fur cap, made the Sign of the Cross, and murmuring to himself entered slowly a little hut which leaned against the stem of a large tree. There he kneeled down, and taking out a wooden crucifix which he had himself carved, kissed it, placed it in the singular tabernacle, and began to pray half aloud. The listener, who was hidden in the bushes hardly twenty paces distant, now saw how he held out his clasped hands towards the stem of the tree, and observed that there was there a cross about a foot long formed by the removal of the bark of the tree. Then she was filled with horror, for she believed the holy sign to be a fearful picture; in great trouble she returned to the camp as noiselessly as she came, and hiding herself in the hut she wept bitterly.

In the evening Ondesonk placed himself as usual by the fire, and told his hearers about Paradise, and how, through a woman, sin, had entered the world.

The girl was there also. She cowered down by the side of the narrator, and followed him with fixed attention. But when he told how the first man and woman were driven forth from the lovely garden, and described the misery into which their disobedience plunged them, the Mohawk girl striving against the sorrow that filled her heart, rose and left the hut.

"Is Cheriska ill?" asked the missionary interrupting his story.

"Cheriska does many things that we do not understand," replied the aged foster-father of the girl, and begged him to continue his narrative.

F. Jaques closed the meeting around the fire earlier than usual, and lay for a long time sleepless upon his mat. Cheriska's foster-father seemed to have been unpleasantly moved by his question; but what could there be painful to the calm man who had already numbered more than fifty years, in a simple enquiry after his foster-daughter's health? And then there was the singular behaviour of this girl, hardly sixteen years old, which the missionary now for the first time observed. He had never seen Cheriska associate with any girls of her own age; the girl, long an orphan, seemed to have no friends, no playfellows. She seemed shy of men, and yet since his reception into the tribe she had never seemed afraid of the Jesuit, but even appeared to listen with delight to his narratives. He could not account for her going away on this occasion, but yet it seemed—he knew not why—as if it was important that he should get a clearer sight into her soul.

The next day Ondesonk was, contrary to custom, required for the throwing and dragging in of the heavy nets, and as this unusual work had greatly tired him he did not appear at the fire, but retired to his hut to rest.

The next morning, as his services were not required, as soon as the Indians had begun their day's work, he retired to his chapel among the cedars. He was soon there, praying before the holy sign, his eyes bright, and his soul in converse with the Eternal. He asked for light and strength for himself, for all evil-doers, for the enlightenment of the heathen, for the return of all sinners, he implored the goodness of the Almighty for the living and the dead, and for himself the fulness of suffering, and concluded with one of the songs of joy of the royal Psalmist. He seemed to forget all prudence, for his full-toned voice sounded aloud: "Praise the Lord all ye his servants; praise the name of the Lord." The beautiful psalm echoed through the evergreen dome, and as the servant of the Lord ended with his: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," the conclusion came from behind him, in a man's voice: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be world without end. Amen." Almost at the same moment a woman, uttering a loud cry, fled like a hunted deer from the bushes among which she had concealed herself.

"Thomas Renard! Cheriska!" cried the father, as if awaking from a dream, and more moved by fear than of joy, as he looked at the unexpected pedler. "What is it? Am I dreaming, Renard? How come you hither? And why did Cheriska come hither, and why did she flee away?"

"You are asking me a great deal too much, father," answered the Lorrainese, who now, with a respectful greeting, drew near. "I have been seeking you in Gandawaga, and at last I have found you here. But I know nothing of the squaw who just now fled from the bushes. She will no doubt raise an alarm there below; but now I can perform my duties about which I must speak with you alone."

"Sit down with me upon this log, and say what you please. I do not believe anyone will disturb us. I have carefully hidden my little holy place, and I do not know how Cheriska found me. She must have followed me, but she will be silent just because she will not again bring upon herself unpleasant treatment."

"Well, I will be short as possible, for the entrance into the Mohawk country has been indirectly forbidden me. But I am not now come as a trader, but after the manner of a spy. First the Dutch people at Renselaerswyk send you a cordial greeting. They have been very anxious about you ever since they learned from me how you and your companions had been treated, and that Goupil, your faithful friend and companion had fallen a victim to their rage. We could hear nothing of you during the winter's hunt, except that the savages had taken you with them to drag the wild animals they killed, gather wood, and do other laborious work."

"They did so, my good Renard, and my life was often threatened, but God has wonderfully preserved me."

"Will you tell me, father, what your life has been since we met last. There is great anxiety for news of you in Renselaerswyk, and the more I can tell them the more welcome will I be."

The missionary gladly complied with this re-

quest, and related all that had happened to him since the departure of the hunting party.

"Then you are at present in no danger?" he asked, still uneasy.

"No," said the Jesuit, "and more, I am not forbidden to visit the Huron captives and to give them comfort and instruction. I have also scattered some good seed among the Mohawks, and to my great delight I see one of these beginning to germinate."

"Could you procure the freedom of the Hurons who were taken prisoners when you were, and of the young Frenchman who is still living?"

"I certainly wish that, but how could it be brought about?"

"You must first get free, and then you could influence the Mohawks from outside."

"I must, then, escape, Renard?"

"That is my look out. There is a bark at Renselaerswyk ready to return to Manhattan isle, where Governor Kieft would receive you with open arms, and provide for your travelling further. Now you understand my commission. We are expected with great anxiety at Fort Orange, and Renselaerswyk. Believe me, father, the Hollanders there take a deep interest in your fate."

"What good could I do to my captive companions in faith and in suffering by my escape? The Mohawks have gone in great force against our settlers on the S. Lawrence and against our Huron and Algonquin friends, and will not agree to the freedom of their captives. My flight would only more inflame their anger, and make the case of my companions left behind still worse. And I could not threaten them with the revenge of the French, because they feel that they themselves are the stronger party."

"There is some justice in that, father. But you forget that you may rely upon the Dutch, and the Mohawks will not be very ready to enter upon a war with them. They have been taught respect for the arms of Holland by their experience of the Mohican war, and if our brave general had only had a greater supply of troops and ammunition he would soon have made an end of the Red-skins. I have besides seen a document in the handwriting of the Governor of New Amsterdam in which he requires his general to do all in his power for your liberation. Cardinal Richelieu himself has applied to the Prince of Orange for you. Think of all this, father, and do not hesitate to follow me. I can assure you that your former refusal to fly at the representation of your Dutch friends was very unwelcome. Now the ice is again broken, and I repeat the request: Come with me to Renselaerswyk."

"It is impossible Renard. I cannot leave my children in Christ here alone. And now that the Mohawks may every day be bringing in more captives, I am more necessary here than ever."

"Well, if you will not escape, at least pay a visit to the Renselaerswyk people. Put yourself in communication with them and with Van Curler, and when you return to the Mohawks make the most of your influence with the Dutch. You seem to be able to go about as you please, so take advantage of your freedom."

"Let me consider this well, my true friend. I must first take counsel with Wagawalla, and per-

haps with the sagamore, and that cannot be till we leave this place and return to Gandawaga. I can hardly meet with any difficulties, but I must avoid the perplexity of this, for the belief that I am a magician still prevails, and it might bring destruction to me and to all my Indian friends if the glimmering sparks which I have for a long time been trying to extinguish were again fanned into a flame. As long as they believe that I conduct myself like one of their own people they do not fear my magic, but if they found that I was in intercourse with the Dutch behind their backs their suspicions would be again awakened. Think over this, Renard, and you will agree with me. For the rest I candidly confess that I should very willingly go to Renselaerswyk."

"When could you be ready for this?"

"If nothing comes in the way I could visit those sympathising gentlemen in Renselaerswyk in two or at most three weeks. But how shall I find my way thither?"

"Go in your canoe from Gandawaga straight down the stream, and the current will bring you to the right place. I shall be on the look out and soon meet you. Now one more question. Have you seen or heard from that scoundrel Bouffet?"

"Neither the one nor the other. He may have been a dozen times in Gandawaga without my knowing of it."

"Then take warning, father. If what I have heard is true the villain lingers somewhere about here. Not far from Gandawaga I saw unmistakeable impressions of his great broad foot. I can tell you something about him, and if we meet again I hope to be able to say more. The scoundrel has built himself a hut on the river just opposite to Renselaerswyk, and as the ferryman and others maintain, he lives there; but for some weeks I have sought for him in vain. I once saw him at a short distance, in the forest, but when I went towards him he disappeared in the bush. He must have recognized me, and if so had cause enough to disappear. He only purchases what he requires, and sometimes is not seen for weeks together. No one now trusts him, and he does not feel safe. Since your party has gone on the war-path no trace of him has been found. He has nothing more to hope from the Dutch since the time when he took a handsome sum of money from the commandant with which to purchase your freedom. Of this money Van Curler was assured the Mohawks never saw a penny. It is lucky for him that I did not know that he was at that time in Renselaerswyk."

"Would you have denounced him to the judge Renard?"

"Not exactly that, father; but it often happens in the bush that the butt end of that iron piece of necessity is made use of before one has time to reflect, and had I met that Bouffet in any solitary place, only the one of us whose bullet would most quickly and certainly have whistled from his rifle would have returned to the dwellings of men. But my time is up, and I have a good step to go on foot before I find my boat to carry me back. Again I warn you to be on your guard against the bushranger, for he seeks your life that he may have one witness the less to his shameful acts. You are particularly

unsafe from him here; he, no doubt, knows that I have come to you—what moves the bushes out there?—and then—and then, he has, no doubt, spied out your place of prayer. Ah! I must go and look at those bushes nearer. There is no wind, and bushes do not move to and fro without cause. Give me your blessing, father, and then let me go."

"Cheriska has come back to listen," said the missionary, as the pedlar a few minutes later with his weapon in readiness, glided from tree to tree in the thicket in which every twig lay perfectly still. "What makes that singular child follow me? I must speak to her about it as soon as possible," he said, after a short pause.

Then he returned to his little sanctuary, and began again to offer fervent prayers.

For a quarter of an hour all was still except the murmur of the wind among the topmost boughs of the cedars and larches. Then there was suddenly the report of a gun in the distance, and then a second less sharp than the first, and then all was again still. But there was a cry of anguish from the heart of him who kneeled before the cross, and with eyes lifted up to heaven, he prayed aloud:

"Oh, if my fearful suspicion be true, be to him a merciful judge; be merciful to both, for the sake of Jesus Christ."

Then there was again peace in that breast, and the petitioner continued his devotions.

The father returned to camp earlier than usual. He must speak with Cheriska, and break through her silence. The maiden was cowering before his hut, and appeared to be lost in thought.

"Cheriska!"

She started at the sound of her name, for she had not reckoned on the return of the missionary so soon. For a moment she was in doubt about the white man who so attracted her, but it was only for a moment. Then she rose and beckoning Ondesonk to follow her, led the way to her favourite place under an old sycamore by the water's side, which offered a comfortable resting place on its rugged stem. There she sat down, and invited the priest to do the same. After she had gazed into the water for some minutes, she began:

"Will Ondesonk tell me if he is a magician?"

"What do you mean, child?" asked the priest drawing back in surprise.

"Cheriska has—but will not Ondesonk be angry?"

"No, Cheriska. Only speak, and I will listen to you, and explain everything, so that you may no longer believe that I practise magic; only speak."

"Why has Ondesonk cut this thing on the stem of the tree out there in the wood?"

In illustration, she drew a cross with her finger on the sand at her feet, and then looked up at the Jesuit in expectation.

"That is a sign," he replied, "which tells the Great Spirit that Ondesonk is thinking of Him, and will pray to Him. The bad spirits flee from this sign, and their power fails when they look on it. To the good it brings joy, to the bad terror."

"But the pale-faces at Cahotatea say it is bad

magic. Ondesonk too often makes a sign like that upon his face, and upon his breast. The pale-faces at Cahotatea do not do so. Cheriska has been in their great village and has seen them eat, and they do not make that sign like Ondesonk. They say that only bad men do so when they speak with bad spirits."

"Does Cheriska really believe that Ondesonk is a bad magician? Would not Ondesonk hasten back to his people if bad spirits obeyed him? Would Cheriska remain among the pale-faces, as Ondesonk does among the Mohawks, if by means of makon she could go where she pleased?"

"Our makon-men cannot do that, they must go in canoes like other men when they want to go away. But Ondesonk says his sign frightens the bad spirits and takes away their power. That must be, then, a magical sign."

"No, good child, it is not. If you would know what it is, if you would understand what I say, you must learn much first."

"Cheriska will learn and know all that Ondesonk knows. No; Ondesonk is good, and Cheriska will gladly listen when he speaks, for his words are wise."

"Will you go with me to the sign in the forest which has so frightened you?"

"Yes, Cheriska will go there, but the bad spirit which came to Ondesonk this morning, and looked like a pale-face, must not come when Cheriska is there, or else she will be frightened and run away."

"Silly child, did the white man frighten you? Do you not know him? He often comes to Gandawaga with pretty things, and such beads as you have about your neck. Your people call him Crooked Hair."

"Was that Crooked Hair, and not a bad spirit?"

"No, that was not a bad spirit, only Crooked Hair. But you must not tell that he was here nor must you speak of the sign on the high tree before which Ondesonk speaks to the Good Spirit."

"Cheriska will be silent; Ondesonk shall no again be beaten, for he is not a magician."

"God will reward your confidence, you good child. Early to-morrow we will go to the wood."

The Mohawk maiden nodded, and the missionary went to his hut, where he thought over the events of the day. The shots he had heard filled him with anxiety. It was hardly possible to believe otherwise than that Renard had met with the wild bushranger, and that mischief had ensued, for that there was deadly hatred between them he knew from the pedlar's own mouth. The cause of this deadly hatred he had yet to learn.

*(To be continued.)*

"AND how does Charlie like going to school?" kindly inquired a good man of a juvenile who was waiting, with a tin can in his hand, the advent of a companion. "I like goin' well enough," he replied; "but I don't like stayin' after I get there."

## THE ANTIQUARIAN MUSEUMS OF COPENHAGEN AND STOCKHOLM.

**A**S a supplement to our recently published "Scandinavian Sketches," we reproduce from the "Freeman's Journal" the following "Notes of a Recent Visit to the Antiquarian Museums of Copenhagen and Stockholm," by Dr. Quinlan, an eminent Dublin physician, and Senator of the Royal University of Ireland, which was lately read by him before the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin:

During the month of August, 1884, I had the opportunity of going through the justly celebrated collections of Scandinavian antiquities in Copenhagen and Stockholm; and I was much struck by the great similarity between the two great northern collections and our own (Dublin) Museum of Celtic Antiquities. Speaking generally, it may be said that while their stone and bronze collections are entirely superior to ours, still our array of gold ornaments has decidedly the advantage of either of them, both in respect to variety, beauty, and interest. The Museum of Northern Antiquities is situated in the Prince's Palace, and, like the Thomsen Museum, is in the immediate vicinity of the great palace which was recently destroyed by fire—in fact, it is simply dreadful to contemplate two such precious collections placed in buildings, neither of which are fire-proof. On the night of the awful conflagration the wind fortunately carried the showers of flaming embers to the sea; but had it been more southerly nothing could have saved the Thirvaldsen, and a similar doom awaited the museum had it been more northerly. In the entrance hall of this museum, in addition to several runic stones, are many interesting carved oak church doors from Iceland, and some from Greenland. Now, churches mean population, and it is evident that within historical times Greenland must, as its name implies, have been a more or less inhabited country. Passing inwards, we come to several interesting examples of the "kitchen midden." These are receptacles for the house refuse of prehistoric families, and are found in great numbers along the coast. They contain all sorts of household debris, and vast quantities of oyster shells and fish bones, showing that ordinary fish and shell fish must have formed a great portion of the dietary of this period. In one of the middens a beautiful carved flint knife is sticking out. This knife has still a perfect cutting edge, and evidently must have been thrown in along with some household leavings, very much in the same manner that silver spoons occasionally find their way into modern receptacles of this nature; and this knife, no doubt, was sorely missed and anxiously sought for by its prehistoric owner. We now enter a series of rooms filled with roughly chipped stone, axes, knives, spear or arrow heads, hammers, and other appliances, differing from our own museum principally in their enormous extent and abundance. Step by step, and with the most wonderful graduation, these implements become less and less coarse, and traces of

polish appear until we find ourselves in the midst of an immense and varied assortment of neolithic stone utensils, exquisitely polished, and many of them rising to the highest level of art decoration. It is difficult to imagine that in viewing the work of a comparatively barbarous race, that we see some of our most elegant art patterns anticipated on these primitive implements, many of which have perfect cutting edges, and are as fit for use as upon the day of their manufacture. Most of these instruments we could match in our own more limited collection; but I would particularly notice the polished stone fishinghook which, to me at least, is unique. It is made of polished dark stone, and is the size of one of those large hooks which are now employed for the capture of ling and other large strong fish. From the nature of the material the structure is thicker than that of a steel hook: but the point and barb are sharp and perfect, and the shank (which is attached to the line) is roughed just as in our own day. I have seen hundreds of fish hooks made of bone, of wood, or of mother of pearl; but this is the first and only example I have seen of a perfect and serviceable fish hook of polished stone, and its manufacture must have involved enormous labour. There are a number of remarkable coffins hollowed out of a solid oak trunk, somewhat after the fashion of Robinson Crusoe's boat; and some of these contain the bodies of the aborigines with their own clothing and ornaments. This is exceptional; for, as a rule, the remains appear to have been cremated and the ashes deposited in sepulchral urns, of which there is a great abundance very similar in character to our own. The bronze and iron collections are very fine, particularly the former, among which are comprised a number of coiling, winding trumpets, which appear to have been cast in the solid, and which, if such be the case, would be difficult of imitation even to the founders of the present day. The gold ornaments are not set apart, but scattered throughout the rooms; and this circumstance, although, perhaps, more historically correct, detracts from the *coup d'œil*. It is very much like our own, and comprises torques, fibulæ, lumulæ, rings, and the other objects familiar to us. Space forbids me to particularise, but I would point out the Dagmar cross, of which I exhibit an exact fac-simile in fine gold and cloisonné enamel. This cross is evidently very early Byzantine work, and bears on the obverse a Greek figure of the Crucified Saviour, with the Greek fish symbol, and on the reverse pictures of the Virgin and of some saints; and in its interior was a reliquary. After being for centuries an heirloom in the Danish Royal family, it became the property of the famous Queen Dagmar, the wife of King Valdemar. At her death in 1212 it was, at her request, hung round her neck, and there it remained for about four centuries. When her tomb at Ringsted was opened it was discovered and preserved. I would notice also the shrine of S. Olaf, which is particularly interesting to us as a companion to the shrine of S. Lachtan, which we have so recently acquired. Both shrines represent metallic models of a human hand and forearm, but there the resemblance terminates. The shrine of S. Olaf is hollow, and can be opened at the end next the elbow with a rude key, which



is still forthcoming; and an inscription records that this shrine was made to the order of the Princess Helen of Denmark, who was grandniece of Canute the Great. This remarkable shrine stood for centuries on the high altar of the Cathedral of Trondhjem, in Norway, and was visited by innumerable pilgrims. S. Olaf was the introducer of Christianity into Norway, but appears to have been as familiar with the sword as with the Scriptures, if we may judge by the fact that he was killed at the battle of Sticklestad, in A.D. 1030, and that he was buried in Trondhjem Cathedral in his helmet and spurs. These latter were removed from his tomb by Ceric XIV., and are still preserved in the church of S. Nicholas, in Stockholm. The shrine of S. Olaf is empty, but on inquiry about the destination of his bones, which they once contained, I learned that the Danish authorities had, with much liberality, returned them to Catholic hands, and that they are now deposited in a Catholic church, and in a new shrine modelled after the original. It may here be observed that at the time of the Reformation in Scandinavia, the church plate and accessories of the Roman Catholic worship were not dispersed, but were carefully gathered into the national museums, which consequently contain a collection of mediæval chalices, ciboria, monstrances, vestments, altar pieces, and church statuary unequalled elsewhere as to variety, beauty, or value. Finally, I would notice the fac-simile copies of the two beautiful gold prehistoric horns found in Schleswig. These were stolen, and unfortunately melted down before they were discovered; but the models taken from plaster casts are so good that they give us an excellent idea of the originals. The Swedish National Museum of Antiquities—a worthy compeer to that of Copenhagen—has the great advantage of being placed in a modern building suitable for the purpose. This structure stands upon the principal quay, near the Grand Hotel, and opposite the Royal Palace. It is in the renaissance style, and very much resembles the New Buildings in Trinity College, except that it is much larger in extent, and that it is three storeys high. The front is decorated with statues of Swedish scientific worthies, among whom I saw with pleasure Linnæus and Berzelius. The rooms containing the antiquities are arched and evidently fire-proof, while iron shutters give security to their priceless contents. On entering the museum we first arrive at the cabinet of coins, 50,000 in number, and very valuable, including a collection of Oriental coins from Bagdad, 7,000 in number, and which have been found in all parts of the country. There is also an assortment of Anglo-Saxon coins, 5,000 in number, and, in my opinion, much finer than this department in the British Museum. Speaking generally of the Swedish national collection, it may be said that it so closely resembles that of Copenhagen, and is so similarly arranged, that a detailed description would involve repetition. Still it presents some special features, and notably the careful manner in which the method of manufacturing polished stone implements is practically explained. In most such museums are exhibited the grinding stones on which stone axes and hammers were ground smooth; but I must confess that the pre-

historic mode of drilling a perfectly round hole through a flint hammer or axe was a mystery to me. In Stockholm we see that this was accomplished by grinding the stones with the aid of a cylindrical tubular stick, like a reed, and filled with sand. Dozens of implements are to be seen with this work just commenced, half done, or just finished; and scores of stone cones are visible, in many cases accurately corresponding with the stone implements from which they were extracted. There is also a great collection of moulds, stone and otherwise, for the casting of bronze implements; and it is worthy of remark that the system of economising metal by earthen cores was thoroughly understood by these primitive founders. Another feature are the coils of silver. These are something like modern silver bangle bracelets; but never could have been intended for such a purpose, as they are square and too small for any hand to penetrate. As they are uniform in size Dr. Montelius is of opinion that they were a very ancient form of money, and this view is borne out by the fact that one of them consists of an outer covering of silver concealing a core of base metal, thus showing that there were rascals in those days as well as in our own day. The collection of gold antiquities and of Roman statuary and other Roman articles is about equal to that of Denmark; and it is worthy to note that in the gold collections of both places there is a great Roman tendency observable, showing that the Scandinavian goldsmiths were distinctly leavened by the influence of commerce with the imperial giant of the south. To thoroughly study these grand collections would be the work of months. Finally, although not strictly *ad rem*, I cannot avoid noticing the magnificent bronze group of "The Wrestlers," the masterpiece of Malin, which stands beside the museum. It represents the "Balt Spännare"—one of these terrible ancient Scandinavian duels in which the combatants used to be secured together by interlacing their leather belts, and used to wrestle and hack each other with their knives until either or both were dead. The figures are simply alive, and the bas relief with runic inscriptions on the pedestal record that the cause of most human differences was here also the bone of contention. The beauty and completeness of both these museums are something that cannot be described, and the sight of them awakens a vivid desire to see them again.

---

AN ATTENTIVE DOG.—A man named Montgau was a prisoner in the Bastille. His wife, who spoke Portuguese, as he did, obtained permission to see him, but it must be in the presence of the governor. She brought with her a little dog, which she said came from Portugal; and while playing with it, and apparently speaking to it in Portuguese, she told her husband all she wanted him to know without the governor's comprehending it. The latter saw through the trick. "Madam," said he, "if your little dog does not understand French, do not bring him another time."

## A MYSTERY IN THE OLD TOWN OF WINCHESTER.

BY K. M. WELD,

Author of "*Lily the Lost One*," "*Bessy*," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A SAD PARTING.

"**B**UT is it quite necessary, my dearest child? Is it impossible to do anything else? The idea of your leaving almost breaks my heart. Could you not find something nearer home?"

These words were spoken by a pale, thin middle-aged man, who was lying on a miserable couch in a small room. The scanty stock of furniture indicated great poverty of the inmates, although everything was scrupulously clean.

The countenance of the invalid was marked by an expression of suffering which made one's heart ache to look upon. His words were addressed to a young girl who stood by him holding his hand lovingly in her own. She was apparently not more than sixteen, tall, slight, beautifully fair, and with blue eyes, and lovely golden hair. But the great charm of her young face was the smile which constantly lighted it up, and the look of angelic purity and innocence which beamed from her eyes.

"Father," she replied in a gentle, but earnest tone, "dear mother and I have made every possible enquiry, but we can hear of nothing; few friends will interest themselves for us, and the neighbourhood is sadly poor. Autumn has now begun; the harvest has been bad; the price of bread has risen; everything will be terribly dear in the winter; how will it be possible for you to pay the rent, and keep us all? You know, too, that your only chance of regaining strength is to have plenty of nourishing food, and how can we procure it when we are almost penniless? Let me, I entreat, give proof of my love for you and dear mother by taking the step I propose. If you continue to refuse consent it will break my heart to see you suffering and dying from the want of common necessities. There will be no cause to be over anxious on my account, for I hope and trust I shall never forget all that has been taught me by you, and our good friend the abbé; you shall not, believe me, ever have cause to blush for your child."

"You are right, Monica; I confess you are right, dearest; and yet it breaks my heart to think of parting with you. What will it be when you are gone? And you know nothing at all about this sister of mine from whom you expect assistance. I have not seen her for years; she may be improved, but when we were both of us young, and lived all at home, she was eccentric and selfish. She has neither written to me nor answered my letters for years, never in fact since I married, for she took a great dislike to your mother because she once laughed immoderately when your aunt told her in a boasting manner that she had had fifteen offers of marriage in twelve years,

each of which she had refused. It would have been better if your mother had been less impolite; but her sister-in-law was such a vulgar, coarse-looking woman that it was hard to believe her assertion."

"But that was many years ago, father. My aunt has most likely forgotten all about it; she may be a very different person, now, and the only favour I shall ask of her is to recommend me to her friends, for she has lived in Dorchester so long that she must have many. I will take any kind of situation if I can only find the means of helping you; and though Willie's pay as a sailor-boy is not large he will be glad to be able to make a small contribution. You may be better next spring and again able to work, and then I shall return and we shall be happy once more. So pray, dear father, give me your consent."

"Have you written to our kind friend the abbé, and asked his advice?"

"Yes, father, and though he knows what a sacrifice it is to me to leave my parents, he tells me that it is right, that I should do so; that God will bless the undertaking and give me help in every temptation."

"Then, my dear child, I will no longer oppose your wishes, and I pray God to bless and take care of you, and bring you back to me before very long."

The mother was silent. She came near to the speakers, but her heart was too full for words.

"And now, dearest Monica," continued her father, "make your preparations as quickly as you please. I shall write at once to your aunt and say that you are coming."

"Will you not write, and let me take the letter?" asked Monica, who thought it possible that if her aunt knew beforehand of her coming she might write to prevent it, while if she could see Miss Temple she might excite her pity by describing the state of destitution and suffering to which her brother was reduced.

Mr. Temple, as we have seen, acceded to the wishes of his daughter, and they decided that she should leave home on the following Monday. It was then Thursday.

We must now travel back to the time when Monica was scarcely seven years old, and explain the position of her parents and herself.

When Monica was not more than six years of age, the revolution broke out in France. Thousands of priests, and whole convents of nuns, were compelled to fly to save their lives; to leave everything behind them, take refuge in England, and seek that protection which was denied them in their own country. The English were moved with compassion, and the government gave to each of the persecuted priests a small allowance on which he managed to subsist until able to provide for himself.

At Winchester alone there were at once time more than five hundred of these refugees; and the government lent the barracks for them to live in. They dispersed by degrees, settled in different towns in England, and maintained themselves by teaching French. They likewise founded many missions.

One of those French priests, named l'Angloire, landed one afternoon at Southampton. The boat

had had a stormy, miserable passage from Havre, and he felt thoroughly worn out and exhausted both in mind and body.

He walked slowly up the High Street thinking what he should do next, for, to add to his other discomforts he scarcely knew a word of English; but as it was getting dusk, and he was anxious to find a night's lodging he entered a small inn, and seeing a waiter standing in the passage, approached him, and said:

"Sare! you got have a lit pour moi?"

"A light! Yes, to be sure, mounseer. Here, Sally, bring this 'ere furrin gemmen one quick; I say, quick!"

"Non, non, pardon, I wish me coucher—me coucher, voyez vous!"

"A couch, mounseer! We've only one in the house, and Miss Pringle, second floor No. 32, has that."

The poor abbé, despairing at last of making the waiter understand that he wanted a bed, determined to try and get something to eat; so he pointed to a few slices of veal which he saw in a dish, and said:

"I will some veau."

"Yes, sir, yes; very good, mounseer; but we calls it weal, over here, not voe."

He put a slice on a plate, and placed it before the abbé, who, elated by this success, said quickly:

"Von bit of choux, please."

"Can't give 'e that, mounseer, we doesn't keep shoes here; you must go over to t'otherside of the street, to Butt, he'll accommodate ye, I warrant."

The poor abbé was puzzled, he forgot all the English words he had studied so diligently before starting, and knew not what to say or do next.

The landlord chanced to come in at this moment, but as he did not understand French, he could not help matters much. A bright thought, however, entered his head when he saw the evident distress of the good old priest, and he exclaimed at once:

"I'll fetch Joe Temple, for he knows something of the French lingo, I believe. He is upstairs mending a chair."

Joe Temple soon came, and, on being told the state of the case said he should be delighted to interpret for the poor abbé, as French was quite familiar to him, he having lived when a boy in a French family, where he was to talk English to the sons; but, as all the other servants were French, Joe Temple, of course, soon understood and spoke their language as well as his own.

The abbé was most grateful to Temple for his timely aid, and told him all the particulars of his sad case. He likewise asked if he could find him a respectable lodging, and whether it would be possible to get introductions to persons through whom he might obtain pupils for French, as he should be thankful to maintain himself by giving French lessons on moderate terms.

Mr. Temple replied that he worked constantly for a gentleman who had a very large family, and that he would speak to him on the subject. He did so at once, and the gentleman not only engaged the abbé to teach his own children, but likewise promised to procure him many other pupils.

Besides this, Mr. Temple offered the abbé a lodging in his house, and, as it was in a very re-

spectable, nice part of the town, he could make use of the parlour in case any of his pupils preferred coming to him, to receive their lessons in French.

The abbé accepted the proposition of the benevolent carpenter with delight and gratitude; he immediately left the inn, and accompanied his new friend to his home.

Mr. Temple's family consisted of one daughter who was six years of age, and two boys rather older.

Mrs. Temple was a slight, delicate-looking woman, but her sons were rosy, mischievous little urchins, up to all kinds of fun and mischief. They were, however, good boys on the whole, and, although amused by the broken English of the new inmate, were never rude, and Père Angloire soon improved his knowledge of English by chattering to them, and asking the English name of everything he saw.

He endeavoured to show his gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Temple by teaching little Monica, whom he found carried the intellect of the little family many useful things. He instructed her brothers likewise, but she was his favourite pupil, and he was charmed with her amiability and her natural brightness. He let her learn music, in order that she might be fitted to gain her living by teaching, which, in those days, was a very remunerative occupation. Added to this, he was able to provide the masters and mistresses required, because he made quite a nice little income by teaching in the principal families in the neighbourhood of Southampton.

The part of Monica's education which he attended to himself, and to which he gave the greatest attention, was her religious instruction, and well was his care repaid, for she improved daily, and loved and respected him as a father. Her steadiness and high principles were far beyond what could be expected from so young a girl, especially one in her humble position.

When she was about sixteen, peace was proclaimed in France, and most of the French clergy, Père l'Angloire among the rest, were able to return to their native country.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple, and Monica, were sadly grieved at parting with their good friend; but he promised never to forget them, and to write often.

Less than six months after the departure of the Abbé l'Angloire, a sad calamity came upon the Temple family. The father was standing on a high scaffolding at his work, when a plank suddenly gave way, and he fell to the ground.

Every one thought he must be killed, but consciousness returned after a time. His leg was, however, broken, and he was terribly shaken.

The other workmen carried him home on a shutter, and his leg was soon set; but the doctor said that the broken limb was, he feared, the least dangerous part of the accident; that he apprehended fever.

Fever did come on, and poor Temple lay in the greatest danger for many days, and when immediate danger passed away, he was reduced to a state of extreme weakness.

Months passed, and he was still unable to resume his work; all his savings were gone between the doctor's bill, and numerous other expenses entailed by a long illness; want stared him in the face, he knew not what to do.

Then it was that Monica first thought of leaving home, and taking a situation somewhere, in order to assist her destitute parents.

There were, at that time, so many daily governesses in Southampton, that no employment in that line could be found, and Monica, besides, was so young. She, therefore, determined to try some other town, and if no pupils were to be found to take a servant's place of some kind.

It was long before her father could be persuaded to give his consent, but he did so at last, as we already are aware.

Monday morning, the day fixed for Monica's departure came only too quickly. She had nearly closed her eyes during the whole of the previous night, neither did her father or mother; but for the sake of one another, this little family endeavoured to conceal their feelings.

A neighbour had promised to give Monica a place in his cart for some part of the journey; as she had no luggage save a small carpet bag, the remainder was to be accomplished by coach.

The cart was at the door very early.

Monica flung her arms round the neck of her father, kissing him most affectionately, although she could not utter a word. He faltered out in a trembling tone:

"May God bless you, and guard you, and prosper you, my own, my beloved child, and bring you back safely before long to your mother and me."

The afflicted mother, after bestowing a fond embrace on Monica, accompanied her to the door, and remained with her hand locked in that of her dear child, until the owner of the cart told Monica that she must get in at once, as it was late.

The poor girl jumped in quickly, sat down, and buried her head in her hands, and wept bitterly. She thought how lonely her parents would be now that they had no child to cheer them, for Willie would be absent for some years at least, Tom (her elder brother) had died of scarlet fever two years before, and now she too was obliged to leave them. Once again, she raised her head, and took a long last look at the house which contained those whom she loved so much, and she prayed God to bless, and take care of them, and permit her to return home again soon.

The coach reached Dorchester at about half past four, and stopped before the "Royal Oak."

Monica alighted, and asked an ostler to direct her to the residence of Miss Temple, which was, she knew, in the outskirts of the town.

The man told her she must walk to the top of the avenue of elms which he pointed out, then turn to the right and go down a street in front, where she must take the second turning to the left, and, after that, the first turning to the right, which would bring her to an open space. There she must cross over, and walk on straight as an arrow until she reached five or six detached villas.

"No. 4 is Miss Temple's," said the man, with a grin, "and a queer fish she is. I can assure you! not but what I have heard of her doing kind things at times, and she would, perhaps, do more, if she was not under the thumb of her servant, that disagreeable old thing called Rebecca, whom I can't abear."

Monica was quite confused by this long explana-

tion; she started at once, and soon reached the end of the avenue. Then, she turned to the right as directed, but afterwards forgot whether she was to turn next to the right, or the left, so she asked an Irish woman she met if she could direct her.

"Ah, yes, sure, me darlint," was the prompt reply, "and it's I that will put you on the right track; just you go back to the top of this street, and turn down by the trees, and you'll soon catch sight of the house you're looking for."

"Oh, no," answered Monica, quickly, "you are quite wrong, I am certain, for that would take me back again to the inn, and Miss Temple's house is full half a mile from that."

She was beginning to feel quite confused, when she suddenly remembered her father's caution against applying to chance persons if she lost her way; so she went into a shop, and was soon shown the right road to Laurel Cottage, the name of her aunt's house. She was pleased with its bright and cheerful appearance when she reached it.

Monica walked up to the door, and gave the bell a gentle pull. She felt terribly nervous, and her heart beat violently at the idea of seeing this strange aunt, more especially as she was not by any means sure of a kind reception. However, the door was soon opened by a good humoured girl, apparently very little older than herself, and so good looking that Monica was quite charmed. She was tall and well made, with large eyes, bright and black, drooping lashes and strongly marked eyebrows.

"What do you want, my little dear?" she said, addressing Monica good humouredly.

"I wish to see Miss Temple; I have a note for her."

"You name, if you please."

"My name is Monica Temple."

"Temple? Is your name the same as that of my mistress?"

"Yes. I am the daughter of her only brother, Joseph."

"Really? You surprise me. But you are not in the least like her, she is as ugly as an old baboon, and you are so pretty."

"Is my aunt at home? Can I see her?" said Monica.

"I can tell you this, my little dear, that you may thank your stars that it was I who came to the door, and not Mother Becky."

"Who is Mother Becky?"

"Mother Becky, usually called Mrs. Curtis, is Miss Temple's maid and housekeeper."

"Why is it fortunate for me that she did not come to the door?"

"Because old Mother Becky would have sent you off at once with a flea in your ear, because you say you are Miss Temple's niece."

"But I am so; it is the truth."

"All the worse, at least, in Mother Becky's eyes, for she expects to get a good share of Miss Temple's money, and now she has a good chance as Miss Temple has quarrelled with all her relatives, and this covetous old curmudgeon takes care to keep the quarrels alive. If mistress does by chance write to her brother, she puts the letter into the fire, instead of posting it. I have seen her do this myself."

"Are you quite sure of this?"

"Well, pretty sure, not quite sure, as I could not see the direction."

"You seem to dislike Mrs. Curtis very much."

"I should think I did! and you would, too, if you knew her as I do; but I leave this place to-morrow for good. Old Becky heard of a capital situation in Bath, and she wrote and secured it for me."

"How very kind!"

"Not in the least, I did not even say 'thank you,' for I knew perfectly well that her reason for taking this trouble, was in order to get rid of me, lest I should let Miss Temple into a few secrets regarding herself, which I discovered by chance. But I was determined to make Miss Temple pay the expenses of my journey; so I gave her a little sauce, and she desired me to leave at once. I did not care in the least for her threat of giving me no character, as Becky had secured the place for me. The master of the establishment asked few questions; he wanted a smart-looking girl, and that I am, no one can deny. The establishment is a large millinery one, and an agreeable situation it will certainly be, for the young ladies only work a certain number of hours in the day, according to the time of year, and out of the season there is much leisure time, and they can amuse themselves as they please after six o'clock. The forewoman is very good natured, and never complains unless they neglect their work. I know a young girl who lived there, and she told me that the forewoman allowed her to slip out almost every evening, so that she was able to go to the theatre, or anywhere else. I like amusements of this kind so much. I shall get plenty of friends, I always do, and I shall soon pick up a beau, and get well married."

"But," said Monica, timidly, "do you not think it very wrong to go out in that way all alone, and unknown to your master, too? Père-l'Angloire said——"

"Never mind what he said; of course an old priest would tell you it was wicked, and try to frighten you out of your senses; it is their duty to preach, but we girls must have our fun; and old maids, too, may talk this nonsense, but I am sure you will never be one of them."

"Will you take me to my aunt now? We have been talking too long."

"Not yet. The old girl has not finished her after-dinner nap, and if anyone disturbs her she is precious cross, but when she has had a nice cup of tea she is in good humour, and I will then take you to her. So come in here, and wait quietly till I call you, and I will bring you a bit of something to eat, for you must be hungry and tired."

"Indeed I am," said Monica. "Thank you so much for your kindness in trying to arrange for me to see my aunt."

"Yes, I will do my best, for I have taken quite a fancy to you; you look so unlike the girls I know. But I do wish you had not such a frightful dowdy of a hat; I should like to lend you mine."

Catherine ran out of the room laughing as she said this, and soon returned with some meat and bread, and a glass of good beer.

Monica took the proffered refreshments, and thanked the girl. A few minutes after a harsh voice was heard on the stairs calling impatiently:

"Catherine! Catherine! come here!"

Catherine went up stairs immediately.

"With whom were you gossiping so long at the door?"

"With your niece, ma'm."

"My niece! What do you mean, Catherine?"

"I mean what I say," answered Catherine, pertly, "your niece, the daughter of your brother, she is down stairs waiting to see you, she has been here half an hour."

"I know nothing about my niece; I thought all my brother's brats died when they were babies. What does this girl say she wants?"

"To see you, as I told you before, ma'am."

"Well, send her up, and I'll soon send her off!"

"With a flea in her ear, I warrant," muttered Catherine as she left the room.

*(To be continued.)*

## S. GEORGE'S DAY.

**S** GEORGE for merrie England,  
Was England's battle-cry,  
When, great of heart, her champion  
Went forth to do or die:  
But, since she has abandoned  
Her holy, ancient Creed,  
Invoke no more her soldiers  
Their Patron in their need.

'Tis styled, rank superstition,  
To hold that God will aid,  
Through Saints of His, the pious,  
That for their help have prayed:  
And said, that, up in Heaven,  
No Saint doth know or care  
How, in the world he's quitted,  
His tempted brothers fare.

Shall we believe this doctrine—  
This foolish heresy?  
When God has told us, never  
Shall end our charity:  
If angels see with rapture  
The penance that we do,  
The Holy Saints—their equals  
In all things—see us too.

Oh, Martyr Great! that boldly  
Declared thy Holy Faith,  
When, only but to do so  
Delivered thee to death.  
Pray for us, thine own English,  
That those still true be bold,  
And those who roam in Darkness  
Brought back into the Fold.

"Saint George for merrie England,"  
Again shall be the cry  
Of England's soldiers, fighting  
Beneath thy Cross on high.  
Then shall thy warlike image,  
Now all so idly worn,  
Be proudly in thy honour  
By England's choicest borne.

JOHN WILSON.

April 23rd, A.D. 1885.





"I WILL NOT LAY DOWN MY PAINT BRUSH FOR A SWORD."

## The Curse of Lynnbrooke Manor.

### CHAPTER I.

**T**HOUGH possessed of no actual patent of nobility, the Lynnbrookes of Lynnbrooke Manor held their heads as high, and were as proud of their long pedigree, as any baron in the country. And with good cause: so many inter-marriages with right noble dames were emblazoned on that roll, so broad were the acres over which the squire held manorial and territorial sway, so fine a specimen of Tudor architecture was his grand old mansion, that the lord of the manor it represented might well be pardoned if he boasted the blue blood which had come to him through successive maternal veins, and forgot that he held no other lordship.

The Lynnbrookes of Lynnbrooke, however, were not given to boasting. They had been squires of the land for so many generations that their position was assured, and needed no trumpet-tongue to proclaim it. I am myself a Lynnbrooke, and perhaps inherit the old leaven, if I inherit nothing more.

For it happens, I am but the descendant of a degenerate and disowned Lynnbrooke, who struck a deadly blow at the family pride, and my name—neither Rupert nor Reginald, but blunt, plain John, barrister-at-law—may be found on the lintels of a door in the Inner Temple; and three months ago Lynnbrooke Manor was known to me only through tradition.

My grandfather's grandfather, so I have been told, was the squire's second son, and destined for the army in accordance with established precedent. But he, Rupert, had no mind to gird a warrior's sword upon his thigh. He had watched the family portraits grow warm and life-like under the artist's hand; had gone with him into the woods and terraced gardens, in quest of fitting backgrounds; and, lingering by his side, the longing grew within himself to be a painter, and reproduce on the lifeless canvas the loveliness of life and nature. Unknown to squire or dame, their son sketched by Gainsborough's side; and he, proud of his art, fostered the youth's enthusiasm, all unwitting of mischief.

Thus it chanced that when the rising painter returned to the metropolis after a prolonged stay in the ancient Manor House, he left behind a pupil longing to emulate his master, as well as a group of pictures in the oaken gallery.

Then it was discovered that Rupert dabbled in pigments; but so long as he only handled his brush for amusement, he might copy the old pictures on the walls, group together cottage children, or ease a groom in armour from the staircase, and transfer to the panels of his chamber his crude imaginings of art, with no further token of disapprobation than the contemptuous laughter of his father and brother, who regarded a fox's brush as a trophy, but a painter's as the mere tool of a craftsman. Yet the very taunts and sarcasms which followed the young laggard in the hunting-field, the unsportsmanlike shot in woods or stubble, drove him for refuge to the solitude of his own chamber, and for solace to the art condemned by those around him.

But not until Rupert declined to be a soldier did opposition culminate and wrath grow fierce. In vain did the good mother plead with son and sire; in vain did Reginald urge his brother to renounce his "degrading pursuit as a slur on their ancient lineage and escutcheon," holding up the army as the only outlet for a Lynnbrooke. Rupert was as persistent as his elder brother, as resolute as his father was vehement; all argumentation ending with the same resolve:

"I will not lay down my paint-brush for a sword."

"Then at once I'll make a bonfire of your painting rattletraps! No son of mine shall spend his days in daubing canvas to disgrace us all!" cried the squire in his wrath.

Presently there was a great blaze in the courtyard, that seemed to flame again in the dark eyes of Rupert, who stood in the door-way with knitted brows and folded arms, a fire kindling in his heart as all his treasures went to feed the holocaust.

His lip curled.

"Ay, burn them, and you will; I shall be a painter notwithstanding."

"You paint no more in Lynnbrooke Manor, Master Rupert," replied his father with decision. "There is your commission, take it, or leave it. But if you leave it you quit Lynnbrooke at once and for ever. See then if brush or sword be best to fight your way with."

"You may cast the commission among the burning rattletraps," retorted the young man proudly. "I'll none of it. You have kindled a

fire to destroy, and it will die in ashes; but the fire of genius is unquenchable, and that creates."

"No weeping, madam," shouted the squire, as Dame Lynnbrooke's kerchief went to her tearful eyes. "Let him carry his genius elsewhere. He paints no more under this roof. And look you, sir," he called after Rupert, who was following his distressed mother, "if ever you put a living foot on this threshold while I'm above ground, I'll have you pitched out neck and crop, you ungrateful whelp!"

Reginald stood apart, but made no sign of interposition. Rupert turned.

"At your bidding, sir, I go. Lynnbrooke Manor is now no place for me. But, living or dead, I shall come back to my home some day, and none shall say me nay when next I paint beneath its roof."

He sought his sorrowing mother, and clung to her embrace, but, proud and persistent as his kin, tore himself away. In half an hour he was on the road to London, with naught but what his steed could carry, and his mother's tearful blessing.

Squire Lynnbrooke closed the chamber of his degenerate son, and the avenues of his heart. He made a will in which he utterly renounced him, and, thenceforth, woe betide the luckless wight who dared to speak of Rupert in his hearing.

He had been his favourite child, the son of his age—a posse of girls had come between Reginald and him—and the wrench made in a moment of anger set his heart-strings quivering for ever. But a Lynnbrooke of Lynnbrooke was never known to yield where the family honour was concerned, and silence as of the grave closed over Rupert's name within the shadow of the manor. If ever a whisper reached the mother's ear that he had found a welcome in Gainsborough's studio, the squire, once bluff and hearty, grew stern—the blow he had dealt at his boy had fallen on himself.

Nothing was heard of Rupert for many years. His sisters married, and went their several ways to distant homes. Reginald alone was left. Then he took to himself a wife, and grandchildren ran in and out of the tapestried rooms with a pleasant patter on the oaken floors, and climbed the old squire's knee, and won smiles from the sad-eyed grandmother, who sighed so heavily as she watched their childish gambols.

The seasons came and went. It was the tenth anniversary of the day on which a prejudiced father drove forth his son (as stubborn as himself) to shape a future in an untried world. Ten years since Rupert, with the double fire of genius and obstinacy in his eyes, rode away down the long beech avenue without one backward glance at battlements or mullioned window to stir the deeper emotions of his soul and change his purpose.

Squire Lynnbrooke and his heir had been out with the hounds since dawn. The London carrier's wagon creaked slowly along a by-lane to the back of the great house, and there surrendered a square, unwieldy, flat packing-case over which conjecture wasted itself, until the white-haired dame, yielding less to the curiosity of her grand children, and their mother, *Annabel*, than

to some unconquerable impulse within herself, gave orders for the forcing of the lid. Whatever lay within was covered by a thick cloth on which was inscribed in bold characters :

"RUPERT LYNNBROOKE'S ADDITION TO THE FAMILY PORTRAITS."

The elderly lady blanched to her very lips. With gesture rather than word she ordered the removal of the cover the while the children crowded round in wonderment, and Lady Annabel drew herself up disdainfully.

There, limned by no tyro, the discarded son of the house looked out from the canvas, older, manlier, nobler than of old, palette and brushes in hand, a fine boy's head before him on an easel; and by his side, with fingers lightly resting on his shoulder, a woman, lovely as a painter's dream. He need the written legend to declare that Rupert's wife and son were also there portrayed; that this had been the artist's hand.

"Rupert Lynnbrooke, Maud, his wife, and Rupert, his son," read Reginald's eldest boy. "Why, grandmother, who are they?"

"Your uncle, and your aunt and cousin, child," said the bereaved old lady in broken accents, while the servants drew respectfully apart, and whispered beneath their breath.

Lady Annabel plucked her children away, saying:

"Your uncle and aunt, forsooth! They are neither kin nor kin of mine, boy. No common painter's doll-faced wife claims affinity with me!"

"Lady Annabel," said the elder, gathering up her son, "Rupert Lynnbrooke is my dear son. I never disowned him: I will not disown the fair mate he has chosen. He would never stoop to one unworthy."

"Stoop! he had sunk to the the portrait-painter's level ere he wedded his master's niece. I heard so much, madame, when I was last in town."

So saying Lady Annabel swept away to give her little ones a lesson in pride of birth, and oblige, if possible, the pictured relatives from remembrance.

Lady Annabel was no favourite with the old servants, and dark-eyed Rupert had been.

Reverently they obeyed Dame Lynnbrooke's behest, and carrying the picture into the long dining-room, set it upright against the tapestried wall by the side of the carved buffet.

As the squire entered with a troop of hungry hunting friends, the picture caught his sight. For a few moments he stood gazing upon it with changing colour and breath that came and went; then, raising the whip he held, he struck at the figure fiercely, while he demanded hoarsely who had dared to brave him thus, and bade the servants haul it forth and burn it.

There was a bonfire blazing in the yard while the squire and his friends supped, and lady Annabel looked on with stern satisfaction from an upper window. But the packing-case alone was burned. The picture itself had been smuggled into the closed chamber of the artist, and the good dame's secret was well kept; not for fee or reward, but for the love of Barbara Lynnbrooke and her youngest born.

Four years Dame Barbara kept that secret, along with others, in her heart; and then, lying on her death-bed, she broke the long silence and prayed that Rupert might be summoned to close her dying eyes.

It may be that the squire was likewise wearying for a sight of his discarded son, and only lacking a pretext for his recall, for he was no longer obdurate. No doubt in his hidden soul he had long repented his hasty orders anent the picture, and blamed the too obedient executors of his will. With barely a show of hesitation he consented, but Reginald and Lady Annabel, too crafty to demur, too proud to own a painter for a brother, threw obstacles in the way. "There was no clue to the vagabond's whereabouts."

From a locket worn concealed the feeble mother produced a tiny slip of paper. It held Rupert Lynnbrook's name and address. Here was an unlooked-for revelation. Annabel and Reginald exchanged glances.

"Ah, this implies correspondence. I presume, sir, you had no knowledge of any communication with my brother."

Once this would have been a spark on tow. It passed unheeded. All the squire seemed to hear was his wife's appeal for haste, which his own voice seconded on her account, he said. Himself wrote a hurried letter of recall. At once Reginald became officiously active. He despatched a trusty messenger with the missive; so trusty that he failed to return before the dame's ears were closed to any message he might bring.

Days went by. The white-haired squire paced the corridors as anxiously expectant as the sick lady in the state bed. But the shifty or irritable answers of Reginald to her inquiries had aroused suspicion of treachery.

As the end drew nigh, she insisted on being carried to Rupert's chamber as the only chance of seeing the face of her lost son.

They thought her mind was wandering. Her meaning was clear enough to them all when her chair was placed in front of Rupert's picture, which yet bore the mark of the squire's whip across its surface.

Not more eagerly did Barbara Lynnbrooke's flaring eyes trace the well-remembered lineaments of her banished son than did those of the old squire, in whom affection had seemed so long dead; while Reginald and Annabel looked lost in amazement.

Life's fire relit in Barbara's wan features as she gazed; strength came to her anew. She kissed the squire's brown hand as the other dashed from his eyes the fast gathering tears; and then, marking the scowl on Reginald's swarthy face as he slunk behind her chair, she lifted up her withered right hand, and extending it toward the picture, said impressively, in a voice which seemed to have gathered preternatural strength for the effort:

"Rupert, my son, I call and thou dost not answer; I have longed for thee and thou dost not come. But thou shalt come, and thou and thine be masters of Lynnbrooke when treachery has done its worst. I can not die in my bed for lack of thy presence. But if there be treachery, let those who kept thee back answer it, for never

shall a Lynnbroke die in his bed till the lost be recalled, the younger and elder join hands in love and friendship under the old roof-tree. And mark you, Reginald, my curse shall cling to him who dares destroy or disturb the picture I have preserved and cherished, the solace of my old age!"

The flickering flame was spent. Barbara Lynnbroke fell back in her chair; and there with the painted eyes of son, grandson, and daughter-in-law fixedly, set upon her, she closed her own for ever.

"He would never set living foot in Lynnbroke Manor again," was the verbal message said to come from Rupert; and the old man winced as he listened, for the words were his own—never forgotten, it seemed, by either. He had no doubts of the messenger's fidelity; no thought of duplicity in his eldest-born. He accepted the answer as final; made no second attempt at reconciliation; never again mentioned Rupert's name. But from that hour a change fell upon him. All his old sports were neglected. Reginald might hunt and shoot, and fill the manor-house with roystering squires; he kept himself aloof, and would pace the long corridor between his own chamber and Rupert's by the hour together, not seldom turning into the unused room and lingering there alone with his regretful memories.

The servants said he was bewitched; and Reginald threatened to burn Rupert's picture in earnest, since it seemed like to turn his father's brain. And no doubt he would have carried his threat into execution but for an appalling incident which made the very room and all within it a terror to him.

The only sport to which the squire had clung was angling. It was quiet, and all noise and bluster had, as it were, died out of his life. Reginald strode in and about with heavy tread and resonant tones; he came and went as silently as the silver hairs fell from his thinning scalp; and sat in the shade of the alders and willows by the moat-side, heedless of the flight of time. At first his youngest grandson bore him constant company, and fished by his side with a willow wand for a rod, prattling in boy fashion, with or without reply.

One memorable evening, as Lady Annabel was about to retire for the night, and the housekeeper bore a lamp before her along the corridor, they saw a pale light streaming under the closed door of Rupert's room; then there was a moan and a fall.

Both women screamed; Reginald and a troop of servants rushed up the wide staircase. The latter hung back when told the cause of alarm, but Reginald dashed open the door and found, as he had expected, his father lying senseless on the floor.

But where was the light the pair had seen? There was only the lamp in the housekeeper's hand! And the servants whispered among themselves.

The squire was raised, and after a time revived. But he would give no explanation as to what had caused his swoon.

From that night, however, he would have no companion when he went to fish, sending his

grandson back, kindly but peremptorily. He assigned no reason; and when the child cried, his lady mother encouraged him to disobey. His grandfather drove him back; but one day when so dismissed, he refused to depart, and then the squire gave up his sport altogether, warning the boy not to go too near the moat alone.

The warning was disregarded. Before many days were gone a slimy and dripping form was drawn from the moat, and Lady Annabel, wringing her hands, accused the old man of having murdered her boy. And the squire turned mournfully away—but answered her never a word.

A month or so elapsed. Squire Lynnbroke came not to the breakfast-board. House and grounds were searched. He was found at last, lifeless, before the painting of his banished son.

Reginald, now lord of the manor, shut up the room once more, and kept the key. It was a needless precaution. From the time that Mistress Hope, the housekeeper, had confided to the steward that Rupert, the painter, had died in London the very night the old squire was found senseless before his picture—from that time superstitious awe locked the door without a key. The old squire, and he alone, would approach it night or day.

His death there confirmed the evil reputation of the chamber, and Dame Lynnbroke's dying words were repeated under breath through house and village.

Mistress Hope, having long rebelled against the rule of Lady Annabel, retired on the pension left by the Squire.

In less than a couple of years Reginald Lynnbroke was pitched clean over the neck of his hunter, and Lady Annabel was left a widow, to reign supreme at the Manor during the three years of the heir's minority.

Then the steward followed Mrs. Hope to London, and, though late in life, they made a match of it. They did more; they rescued Rupert Lynnbroke's wife and son from the poverty into which they were falling.

When the picture scene of reconciliation had failed, Rupert grew bitter and angry with himself for having made the advance. But when, through Mrs. Hope, he heard of his mother's death and the haughty answer Reginald's messenger had conveyed to the manor as from him, grief and vengeance alternated in his breast, and disappointed his patrons. A brain fever set in, and he died execrating his brother Reginald, and threatening to haunt him and his until the wrong was righted.

Maud, the unfortunate painter's widow, though too proud to appeal to her haughty sister-in-law, was not too proud to accept the home made for her and her son Rupert by the faithful steward and his wife; who, in their turn, felt it only an honour to devote to the service of a Lynnbroke the money they had saved in other Lynnbroke service. They lived to see the young Rupert married, and impressed on him for his descendants this record of family history and estrangement, coupled with the doom hanging over the elder branch of the family, insisting that in some secret manner every fatality which befel a Lynnbroke had been mysteriously foretold or pre-

visioned within the haunted chamber of the discarded son.

So the story was handed down to me, with an addition of casualties by flood and field which had carried off the Lyncbrookes, either in infancy or age, and which were only to be averted when the elder Lyncbrooke extended the right hand of fellowship to the younger, and Rupert's heirs became masters of the manor.

My grandfather believed this implicitly. As for myself, I was born in a sceptical and practical age, and have had to fight my own way so sturdily, that I have had no leisure to waste on the ghostly traditions of by-gone ancestors in a remote manor-house.

So it might have been to the end of the chapter but for a combination of fortuitous circumstances which, to say the least, were remarkable.

(To be continued.)

## THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

**C**ARDINAL NEWMAN says the true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all restraint, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking, he guards against unreasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes an unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage—that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack, instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in the argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it.

## HERALDIC GOSSIP.



HERALDRY contains an almost exhaustless wealth of romantic, quaint, and Catholic legend and allusion. From the twelfth to the fifteenth century, it undoubtedly exercised considerable influence, in conjunction with chivalry, (or the system, characteristics and privileges of knighthood,) in refining and softening the manners of most of the nations of Europe; and as a once powerful instrument in the hands of the Church, and a still living link between the times of Catholic ancestors and our own, should always be a subject of interest to those who are happy enough to be members of what was once the Church of England.

Knighthood now imposes no obligations; but in the times we refer to, it was a great deal more than the mere use of a title of dignity. The knight swore to accomplish the duties of his profession, as the champion of God, the weak, oppressed, and women; to speak the truth; to maintain the right; to practise courtesy; to fulfil obligations, and at his own peril to ever vindicate truth and justice. Particular orders of knighthood imposed further obligations on their members, but the above were taken by all who were knighted; and, like the priesthood, knighthood, and the office of a herald, were believed to confer a certain ineradicable character on the recipient, which nothing could efface. With this preface, we will pass on to consider a few celebrated and well-known shields, "charges" etc., and do our best to substantiate the sentence with which this paper opened.

The "Union Jack," or national flag of Great Britain and Ireland, is a combination of the flags of SS. George, Andrew, and Patrick. It probably derives the second part of its name from the "Jacque," a surcoat charged with a red, or S. George's Cross, anciently worn by the English soldiery. The word "Union" was added after the union between England and Scotland. A tradition, somewhat similar to that connected with the famous Labarum, or Christian standard of the Emperor Constantine, hallows the ancient Cross of S. Andrew, the well-known Scottish flag. Hungus, who early in the ninth century reigned over the Picts in Scotland, is said to have seen in a vision, on the night before a battle, the Apostle S. Andrew, who promised him the victory, "and for an assured token thereof, he tolde him that there shoulde appeare ouer the Pictishe hoste in the element, such a fashioned crosse as hee sometime suffered uppon. Hungus awakened, and beholding the skie, sawe the crosse as the Apostle had tolde him." This cross was seen by both armies, and Hungus and his Picts, who were victorious, after giving thanks to S. Andrew for their success, "vowed that from thenceforth, as well they as their posteritie, in tyme of warre, should weare a Crosse of Sainte Andrewe for their badge and cognizance."

The most famous of old English banners was that of S. Cuthbert, which was kept in the monastic church at Durham, and was carried to the field by one of the monks. This banner was



fastened to a staff, covered with silver, five yards long, it was formed of a piece of white velvet, half a yard square, ensigned with a silver cross, containing S. Cuthbert's corporal; the rest of the banner, which was forked in shape, was of crimson velvet, "embroidered all over with gold and silk most sumptuously." Many victories were gained under this holy banner, one of the last on record being that of Flodden, in 1513, under the Earl of Surrey, who on his northward journey, halted at Durham, "herde Masse, and appoynted with the Prior for Saint Culbert's banner." The present Duke of Norfolk still bears the addition or "augmentation" granted to his ancestor, Lord Surrey, after this victory. The augmentation is a mutilated form of the Royal Arms of Scotland, the lion being "demi" or halved, and its throat pierced with an arrow, in allusion to the death of the Scottish King, James, whose body was found pierced with arrows; his sword, dagger, and ring, taken on this occasion, are still to be seen at the Herald's College. The titles of the members of the College of Arms, or Herald's College, often give rise to much speculation as to their original meaning. "Garter, King of Arms," the chief of the College, takes his title from the order of the Garter, and his office was instituted by Henry V., in 1417. "Clarenceux," instituted by the same king, takes his title either from the Duke of Clarence, or from Clarence, a district which comprehends the castle and town of Clare in Suffolk. "Norroy" is so entitled, because he bears heraldic sway over the districts *North* of the river Trent. The pursuivants, "Rouge-croix" and "Blue-Mantle" are respectively named from the colour of the cross on the badge, and the colour of the mantle of the Knights of the Garter. "Portcullis" and "Rouge-dragon" were named by Henry VII., the former from the Somerset Badge, of which Henry was very fond, and which is repeated constantly in the decoration of his chantry at Westminster; and the latter from one of the Royal supporters assumed by Henry in perpetuation of his descent from the Welsh Prince, Cadwaladr. The creation of officers of Arms was once a matter for great ceremony. The "Kings" being invested by the Earl Marshal with crowns and collars of SS., an oath of fidelity etc., was administered, and a sort of baptism with a cup of wine, undergone by the new officer. No ceremony is observed now, the officers being created by Royal letters patent; a similar change having taken place in the case of the House of Lords, and many other institutions. The ancient Cornish family of Botreux bear three toads on their shield of arms, having exchanged another charge for this, simply because the word *botru* in old Cornish dialect, signifies toad. The arms of the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem are five gold crosses on a silver field, and are so blazoned (in defiance of the law of heraldry, that no colour shall be placed over colour, and no metal over metal) in order to mark the great and extraordinary dignity of the Holy City. Perhaps the most extraordinary "charges," or figures borne on coats of arms, are implements of torture and punishment. I am not aware that any such exist in English coat-armour, but the Scottish family of Dalziel bear *sable* a hanged man with his arms extended *argent*; a noble

family in Spain bears a gibbet with a ladder affixed, and several houses of distinction in Germany, (where Heraldry was most gorgeous and elaborate) bear the rack, wheel, block and axe, and other, happily obsolete, instruments of judicial cruelty. The celebrated banner of the United States, known as "the Stars and Stripes," was originally taken from the personal shield of the great George Washington, who was a descendant of an old English family, and bore the starry and striped shield granted by an English Herald. Distinctly Catholic emblems appear in many of the shields borne now by Protestant bishops, in virtue of their alleged succession to the Catholic prelates whose titles and property they hold. Thus, our Lady, crowned, holding her Divine Child, forms part of the armorial bearings both of Salisbury and Lincoln, and a mitre forms part of the official insignia of many right reverend gentlemen who have probably never seen the original of that ornament, of which they make such a lavish use on the corners of pocket-handkerchiefs and the panels of carriages. Colonel Careless, who was the companion of Charles II. during his famous sojourn in the oak near Boscobel House, was at the Restoration specially honoured by the change of his name to Carlos, at the king's express desire, that it might thus assimilate with his own; and the grant of "this very honourable coat of arms," thus described in the letters patent, "upon an oak *proper*, in a field *or*, a fess *gules* charged with three royal crowns *of the second*, by the name of Carlos. And for his crest a civic crown, or oak garland, with a sword and sceptre crossed through it saltier wise." This grant is dated the 21st of May, 1658, and the method of "blazoning" or description used in it, is considerably different from that now employed.

About three miles from the town of Aylesbury, Co. Bucks, and a couple of hundred yards from the high road, on the right, stand a few tottering grey columns, supporting parts of stone arches. They are all that remain of a fine Gothic chapel, once the burial-place of the ancient family of Lee, and at the beginning of this century crowded with stately monuments and effigies in marble and alabaster, of which no traces now remain. On one of these tombs, that of Sir Henry Lee, was the following device: on a shield, quarterly, all the instruments of our Lord's Passion, supporters, a serpent and a dove, crest, a crown of thorns, a lamb and a cross, while underneath was this written:

Why should Earth's gentry make herself so good,  
Giving coats-arms for all the world to gaze on;  
Christ's Blood alone makes gentlemen of blood,  
His shameful Passion yields ye fairest blazon,  
For he is ancientest and of best behaviour,  
Whose ancestors and arms are from his Saviour.

We can scarcely do better than conclude our paper with this pious effusion, which is worthy the notice of all, whether they are privileged to bear "coats arms" or not.

AMBROSE.

PRUDENCE.—They that would not eat the forbidden fruit must not come near the forbidden

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINRECK.

### CHAPTER XIV.



**SPOTTED SNAKE** sat in his hut listening with resignation to the bitter complaints which Assendase was again bringing against the hated priest. Among the accusers was a Mohawk, lately returned from the fishing place, and this man must have given important information, for the sagamore occasionally interrupted the denunciator with questions.

When Assendase was at last silent, the sagamore addressed the Mohawk whom he had called as a witness.

"Has Cheriska often been with Ondesonk at the magic place in the forest, where he makes makon, and calls upon his bad spirits?"

"Cheriska was there this morning and helped Ondesonk. Since she has gone with Ondesonk she will not devote any more fish to Airestoi," was the answer.

"The sagamore can hear it all from Cheriska herself if he has her brought hither with Ondesonk. Wagawalla is not to be trusted, for she calls the false Pale-face her son," put in the crafty mischief-maker.

"Wagawalla is the squaw of a brave warrior, and if he were here he would ask Assendase very strictly what evil he knows of his wife. Assendase hates Ondesonk and says more than he knows. Ondesonk will come back to Gandawaga, and so will Cheriska, and then Assendase may know whether they are both guilty. If they are so, the Pale-face belongs to Airestoi, and will die at the stake. That has been determined in the great council of the Mohawks."

The sagamore then signified by a dignified wave of the hand that he wished to be alone.

This sign was at once obeyed; but the sagamore, to his annoyance, was very soon again disturbed. This time it was by an old man, held in great respect by the whole tribe, who came to make a singular communication.

This man had a son who had gone to the war late in the summer and had been killed. This son had

made known to him in a dream, that the black-robe now in their hands, had been appointed his servant in the eternal hunting grounds, and must therefore be sacrificed, if he, the son, was to be happy.

This strengthened the decision of the sagamore; his inclination towards the missionary had been gradually declining, and the Mohawks look upon a dream as an open manifestation from their gods.

Hence, it arose that even if the request of the petitioner were refused, he could have carried his point by a decision of the council, contrary to the will of the sagamore. But Spotted Snake had no intention of exposing himself to such a humiliation, and now that the execution of the priest depended upon an old custom, while yet important interests hung upon his life, he sent a messenger to the elders of the fishing party, ordering them to send the missionary, under a strict guard, back to Gandawaga.

When the messenger of terror, who did not himself know the import of his words, arrived at the fishing station, the unsuspecting missionary had gone up to his cross on the tree-trunk, there to make his morning devotions and to await the arrival of Cheriska. His mortal enemy Assendase had meanwhile sent a Mohawk who was devoted to him, to watch Ondesonk's proceedings at the fishing place, and commanded him, if he saw any signs of magic, to say nothing about it to the other Mohawks, but immediately to repeat it to him.

The cunning spy fulfilled his commission very cleverly. The arrival of the messenger with the mysterious command of the sagamore, surprised the camp of fishermen, and gave room for much conjecture. Some thought that Ondesonk's powerful friends required his return to the settlement on the Great Stream; others, that the Pale-faces in Cohotatea had sent for him; and others again, that he was to go to his people in order to obtain a treaty from them, favourable to the Mohawks. No one suspected the real object.

Cheriska alone knew where the person sought for was to be found, and the seekers followed her to the hut. For a moment she hesitated whether to betray the hiding place of her beloved teacher, but questioned on all sides she gave way. Ondesonk, as she believed, was to find happiness and honour in Gandawaga.

She fled like a roe through the wood without troubling herself whether anyone followed her, leaving behind her almost all the Mohawks who were in the camp. Only the eldest and some of the most distinguished men, as well as the sagamore's messenger, awaited Ondesonk's return to the camp, that they might give him a worthy reception.

This happened on the Monday in Passion Week, and F. Jacques was already kneeling in prayer in his little chapel, where he offered fervent thanksgiving that he had been permitted to pass the time of fasting in solitude and undisturbed meditation. Then there was a rustling in the bushes, and Cheriska, her countenance beaming with happiness, sinking down by him, made the Sign of the Cross. Then she waited respectfully till the missionary rose and gave her a sign to come nearer, for he guessed that she came with some intelligence.

She sprang up in great emotion, and cried with a trembling voice:

"Ondesonk will be happy; he will return to his white friends and brothers. Spotted Snake has sent a messenger to take him away. Cheriska is glad for Ondesonk, but it makes her sorrowful. Cheriska will never more be able to speak with any one about God and the good Jesus, and no one will pray with her. She will be quite alone, and Ondesonk will be happy and will forget her. But the sagamore's messenger is in the camp and is waiting for Ondesonk."

The missionary was frightened, for he thought that his pupil spoke in the delirium of fever. He knew her excitable temperament too well not to fear that she was under the influence of a nervous disturbance. He tried to soothe her and asked with a gentle voice:

"What makes you think of all this, Cheriska?"

"A messenger from the sagamore is in the camp. He asks for Ondesonk, and says he is to take him to Gandawaga. They all say that Ondesonk will now return to his white brothers on the Great Stream. Cheriska is to call Ondesonk to the camp."

As she said this his face assumed a pained expression, and he replied:

"A messenger from the sagamore calls me thus suddenly back to Gandawaga? I do not understand this, Cheriska. Did you hear if any of your braves had returned from the Great Stream?"

"No—Aah! here come the others to take you away."

Some Mohawks who had followed the girl, and who had not as yet been observed, looked with surprise and dislike on the place of prayer which they doubted not was used for intercourse with bad spirits. Others who had not followed so closely now appeared uttering loud cries.

The missionary was quite unable to understand all this:

"Tell me, my red brothers what this signifies? Why do you seek me in the forest? What does the wise sagamore want with me?" he asked, going towards the nearest group.

The savages drew back timidly, for they now held him undoubtedly for a sorcerer whom no one could approach in his own quarters with impunity.

"Why do you draw back, my friends? Oh, it is the cross, the cross, which you fear! You fear my magic power. I will show you what I do here. I will speak in your own language to the one, true, almighty Great Spirit, the invisible Lord of life; I will pray to Him for you."

And he fell upon his knees before the cross, and in the Mohawk language began to pray fervently for the enlightenment of these heathens, when one of the boldest of the red men sprang upon him:

"Make no more makon," he said, "or Airstoi will want you as a victim. Come with us to the wigwams by the water. The sagamore wants you."

What does Spotted Snake want of me? Am I not Wagawalla's son. Do I not belong to the tribe of the Wolfs? Will the sagamore call me if I have done right?"

"Say no more. The sagamore calls you, and you must go. We do not know what he wants. He will, perhaps, send you to the pale-faces at Cohotata, or to your brothers at the Great Stream."

More questions were useless, and resistance only made his position still worse; that he saw clearly enough, and he followed them, though he expected some heavy misfortune.

He was received at the camp with great ceremony. The elders no longer treated him as a member of the tribe, but rather as a stranger of whose character they were not yet assured.

There was no further preparation for the journey required than a hastily prepared meal of sagamity—a mixture of pounded maize, herbs and pepper, with flesh or fish, for the messenger pressed for their return. When the little party took leave

few of the Mohawks saluted the friend and storyteller who had been so suddenly called away. The ghost of superstition frightened them away.

Cheriska had kept at a distance, and when she had lost sight of the departing group she broke into loud sobs behind the tree which had concealed her and wept bitterly. There was a deep wound in her heart, and she tried in vain to pray or to feel confidence. She did not know the meaning of this nameless pain. She had only in her heart the one cry of her need:

"Ondesonk!"

There was another and almost a greater surprise at the camp by the lake, for hardly an hour after Ondesonk had been carried away, Cheriska's old foster-father had her brought to him, and told her that by command of the sagamore he must send her also to Gandawaga. The old man did this with great regret, for the orphan Cheriska was his pet and the darling of his heart. He was certain that no good awaited her at Gandawaga. The sagamore's demand was to the effect that they should be sent back separately, and the messenger had contrived this wisely. This increased the alarm caused by this second message.

Cheriska was overjoyed when she heard the sagamore's command:

"Ondesonk, now Cheriska will come to you again. Oh, how happy Cheriska is!"

"Do not rejoice too soon, poor child!" said the old man, much troubled. "Ondesonk has befooled you, and if he has to die at the stake for his sorceries, the angry Airstoi may require your young life also."

"Do not be sad, dear father! Cheriska will be happy where Ondesonk is for she knows that he makes no makon and that he is good. Where Ondesonk is there will Cheriska be. She is very happy. She thanks the wise sagamore, and she thanks you, good father. Send her quickly to Gandawaga," she said with all the appearance of delight.

When she went away on the same day accompanied by a brave and a squaw, there was sorrow in the camp, the inhabitants of which were now to prepare to leave it. Great things must have taken place at Gandawaga during their absence, or something important was in expectation; this was the general opinion.

On Maunday Thursday in the year 1643, the few people who remained in Gandawaga were continually arriving from the neighbouring Mohawk villages, and the space before the council-hut was prepared for judgment. Two high stakes lay on the ground, but only one hole was yet dug, for the judges of life and death still sat in the council-hut.

The missionary on his arrival was taken to a hut near. Wagawalla, who had heard of his coming, and of his probable fate, would have gone to him, but was roughly forbidden. F. Jaques knew that his death was decided on. He cared not for what reason; the knowledge of his hopeless condition according to all human views was enough.

To-morrow would be Good Friday. Would God, in His boundless mercy, accept the sacrifice of his servant, and on this day give him the

martyr's crown? He fell on his knees, and was wrapt in an ecstasy which carried him away from the outer world. He neither saw nor heard what was passing around him, and even when his mortal enemy, Assendase, looked into his prison and questioned him scornfully, he could not arouse him from his devotions. The food which was brought him the evening before, as well as his bed, remained untouched.

Friday morning found him still in prayer. Soon after sunrise some maize soaked in water was brought to him, of which he partook. Then one of his watchers announced the approach of the sagamore who entered the hut with some other Mohawks. The priest received him in a very friendly manner, spoke to him of Wagawalla, and begged permission to see his noble foster-mother once more before he was led out to death, but this request was roundly refused.

"Ondesonk is a sorcerer. He shall no longer bring evil upon the Mohawks. But Cheriska, whom he has turned to the bad spirit, shall come to Ondesonk, and say to him: 'The wicked pale-face has deceived me, and now I must die!'"

This was Spotted Snake's cold and decided reply.

The name of his dear pupil acted like an electric shock on the priest.

"Is Cheriska here? Will you also murder that innocent child?" he cried greatly moved.

"Cheriska has spoken to the bad spirit under the great magic sign in the forest with Ondesonk, and, therefore, she must die. But she will not die to Airstoi at the stake; she will hear the black-robe sing, and then the tomahawk will send her to the bad spirit. A brave young warrior who is gone to the great spirit requires a servant, and Ondesonk shall be sent to him."

This was the sentence, pronounced with stoical indifference by the sagamore.

"Shall I see Cheriska once more before I am turned?" asked the condemned man, looking down as if dreaming.

"The bad sorcerer Ondesonk will see the Mohawk maiden, who must die on his account, when he stands at the stake. He will not have long to wait for that, for all is now prepared."

"Thank you, sagamore. May God pardon you for what in your blindness you are doing. Your wish for my blood gladdens me as far as I am myself concerned, but the satanic desire for the blood of an innocent and unsuspecting maiden fills me with horror. If I could only receive this lamb into the fellowship of the saints before the ravenous wolf tears her away!"

"The pale-face speaks wrongly; anguish has turned his brain," observed the sagamore, as he left the wigwam.

"Then Cheriska must die with me. Cheriska, my zealous catechumen must die as a heathen, must die unbaptised? No, the good God will not permit that."

And again this man, upon the very brink of the rave, sank into a kind of ecstasy, in which he took the way to Paradise, which the Holy One, adorned with the cross, had pointed out to him and all mankind. He heard not how the noise in the village square became louder and louder, and was only aroused when the tam-tams, which ap-

proached his prison towards noon, warned him that they were coming to lead him forth to die.

An aged chief appeared in the hut and bid him follow. When outside, he was surrounded by a troop of warriors, and under the heart-piercing rejoicings of the crowd, was taken to the stake, about a bowshot distant, and bound to it as usual. His eyes sought Cheriska but in vain. Then he raised his eyes to heaven, made the Sign of the Cross as well as he could, and began to pray in Latin. A deep silence now prevailed. All waited in expectation of what would follow these magic words, and the magic sign of the black-robe, and few observed that, meanwhile, Cheriska had been brought out of the council-hut, and placed near the sagamore, who sat on a mat covered with fur, on a thick log, so that every one might see her. The young girl was, as it were, illuminated, as her eyes turned to the guide of her soul. Unmindful of the foes by whom she was surrounded, she signed herself with the Cross, and with folded hands began to repeat the Our Father aloud in the Mohawk language, which F. Jaques had so lately taught her.

When the savages heard for the first time in their own language the prayer taught by the holy man himself to his young pupil, they were differently impressed; some listened with astonishment, others tried to understand the prayer, and others would gladly have stopped the speaker, but no one seemed to have courage to do so.

Assendase had been very uneasy all the morning, and since noon had done all he could to hasten the execution. From time to time he went to the spot to see, with impotent rage, if the pile of fagots was completed; but even the tortures which were to precede the execution had not begun. The old man, to whose son the missionary was to be sent as a servant in the eternal hunting grounds, had come up to Spotted Snake, just after the condemned man had been brought out, and had whispered something to the sagamore, which he alone understood. Upon this, the torturers received a sign to remain quiet, and the sagamore, who seemed to be waiting for some important intelligence, set aside all Assendase's influence by declaring that the black-robe should remain untouched till after the sinking of the great light.

When F. Jaques, after a long prayer, turned his eye, he met those of his pupil, who was looking at him with joy in her face.

"Pray, Cheriska, pray," he said, earnestly. "Pray that the good God will not permit you to die unbaptised."

"Cheriska is happy, Ondesonk; she will die with you. Cheriska will pray as long as she can. Will Ondesonk take her with him to God?" was the childlike reply of the unbaptised heroine.

"Only pray earnestly and He will soon unite us," replied the missionary.

He would willingly have said more, but an angry howl arose and compelled him to be silent. Again he sank into meditation, and again Cheriska's "Our Father" sounded amid the voice of the impatient people. Then a messenger, exhausted with fatigue, made his way through the crowd, hastened to the sagamore, and gave him

some intelligence, before which even the tried equanimity of the Indian was not proof.

The tam-tams beat for quiet, and Spotted Snake rose to import the news to his people.

"The great spirit prepares joy for his red children," he said, with a sidelong glance at the yet praying priest and his young pupil. "Garonhiage has not gone to the eternal hunting-grounds. He will return covered with glory. His war-cry was the terror of his enemies. He—"

Shouts of joy interrupted the sagamore, who now took hasty counsel with the other elders. Assendase withdrew.

Again the tam-tam sounded for silence, and Spotted Snake continued:

"The man believed to be dead will return to his village. Ondesonk will not be sent after him to the eternal hunting-grounds. He would not have found Garonhiage there, for, before the great light sinks, the brave man will have returned to Gandawaga. Ondesonk will not die; the braves may unloose his bonds, and Wagawalla may take her son with her. The council will decide about Cheriska. Why should our braves steep their hands in the blood of a squaw? Airestoi is now sending them captive warriors, who shall be offered at the stake to his honour. Ondesonk's makon is useful. He may often ask his Spirit to help the Mohawks. Ondesonk is not a bad sorcerer."

It might have been thought that the sagamore had spoken words of magic, for he had hardly ended before the troop of savages, who had just before been loud in their murmurs of discontent at the delay of the martyr's fate, now rushed rejoicing to the stake, freed the missionary from his bonds, and led him in triumph to Wagawalla's hut, where the poor unhappy woman received him as if he had been sent to her again as a present from the Great Spirit.

Cheriska, who did not yet understand what had caused such a change in her fate, was brought forward, and the sagamore, who, with the greatest reluctance, had given way to Assendase's urgency for her execution, gladly seized the opportunity now offered him for protecting the innocent child. He had her taken to his own hut, in order later to restore her to her fosterfather, who had not yet returned from the fishing camp.

Then hasty preparations were made for the reception of Garonhiage and his braves, who had been absent nearly nine months. Their troop had been in several warm conflicts and consisted of a dozen braves who brought with them seven prisoners, whose people dwelt in the state now called Maine. On their way they met with another band of Mohawks who also brought prisoners with them, and so the joyful inhabitants of Gandawaga had in their possession two and thirty captives from the tribes of their enemies as prey to their bloodthirsty propensities.

In the quickly prepared war feast the missionary and Cheriska were forgotten. They had a wholesome fear of the former, for they remembered the storm on the island in S. Peter's Lake, and now the return of the young warrior, believed to be dead, was ascribed to Ondesonk's magic power, and his own endeavours to undeceive them had no effect.

Even Cheriska was feared and avoided. Except her fosterfather, who rejoiced to see his darling rescued from death, and the noble Wagawalla, one ventured to approach her. This was well pleasing to her, for she never desired to return to her tribe, and, since Ondesonk's blessed teaching had opened her heart, this return seemed still welcome.

Since that Good Friday, a great change had taken place in the highly-favoured girl. In the near prospect of death, every earthly feeling seemed to die in her heart. She now knew what it was that made the missionary so unspeakably dear to her—he led her to eternal happiness.

On their first meeting with F. Jaques, at the earnest entreaty, she and Wagawalla were baptised.

*(To be continued.)*

## EVENING.

GOLDEN sheen  
Decks the green;  
Glimmering, the sunlight falls  
On the castle's crumbling walls.

Gleams the tide  
Deep and wide:  
And a fleet of fisher-boats,  
Homeward wending, swan-like floats.

Silver sand  
On the strand:  
To the West, the heavens stain  
Crimson, amber, all the main.

Flashing white  
In the light,  
Round yon lonely, beaten rock,  
Circling sea-birds screaming flock.

Dark and sad,  
Forest clad,  
Peeps the mossy hermit-cell,  
Past its garden-patch and well.

There on high,  
'Gainst the sky,  
Poplars wave; and through the gloom,  
By the streamlet, oak-trees loom.

Yonder, where  
Elm-tree bare  
To the Druids' altar sings,  
Eve, with dew, weaves fairy rings.

Shadows creep  
O'er the deep;  
And the sunlight fades away  
Softly from the ruins grey;

Moonbeams gleam  
On the stream:  
Spectres' doleful whispers sound  
By the ancient burial-mound.

A. C. BAKER



## PRISON LIFE AT LOUVAIN.

**I**N the whole of Europe there is but one prison in which the *systeme cellulaire* of absolute isolation by day and by night is still enforced, and it has, on that ground, a strange and celebrity. That one prison is the Maison Centrale of Louvain.

In England and in France prisoners are subjected to less severe penalties, for, although they are condemned to silence, they at least work in common, walk in common, pray in common, and access to their cells is only a temporary restriction resorted to in case of insubordination or bad behaviour. The question now pending in France of replacing the actual penitentiary system by the solitary system adopted in Belgium gives interest to the details of a visit paid to the prison of Louvain.

The buildings are situated on the anterior boulevards, nearly outside the town. They date from twenty years back, but their tall reddish walls have retained the freshness of newness. Admission to the interior can only be given by the Minister of Justice, who grants the permission with so much difficulty that the rare visitors are always treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration, and enabled to see as much of the interior administration as is consistent with the rules and discipline.

The buildings all converge to a central apsis, whence a wanderer can easily survey the six immense avenues or wings, consisting of two stories of cells. While some slight repairs were being done to one of the cells, a figure suddenly appeared standing motionless at the door—a mysterious and ghastly apparition, clad entirely in white linen, head and face closely masked by a hood of the same material. Air was admitted to eyes, nose, and mouth by four round holes. Obeying a rapid sign from the warder, the figure turned to the wall, and crossed its hands behind its back. It was a convict. Even through the apertures of his concealing headgear, the prisoner of Louvain must never catch a passing glimpse of any human face beyond his keeper's, and no breath of the outer world must ever pass upon his shrouded cheek. He wears his linen hood summer and winter, but during the cold weather he is provided with warm brown woollen clothes. Labour is compulsory, and the days are spent in one unvarying monotonous round of self-same duties.

At six o'clock the peals of an organ wake the convicts. They come from the chapel, all the doors of which are thrown open, and the prisoner who can play the organ strikes the first chords. This is the signal for all the others to rise, dress and make up their beds and bedding. The music lasts for fifteen minutes, and may, at the will of the player, consist of religious anthems, operatic airs, waltzes, or polkas—notes that must strike with dreary significance on the ears of some of the wretched beings cloistered there. They do not all belong to the dregs of society. Leon and Armand Pettyer are there expiating the murder of the lawyer Bernays; their trial some two years ago startled the world by its cynical revelations.

At the last sound of the organ the warders must find each man at his work. Breakfast consists of half a pint of coffee and bread, and the two other meals of the day of soup and vegetables. Three times a week the convicts have fresh meat, but never wine. The convict who has earned a certificate of good conduct, however, can procure some of the prison canteen, as well as beer and tobacco, in stated quantities. Each day the prisoners are taken out of their cells in rotation for solitary exercise in separate yards. The rest of the time is entirely given up to the accomplishment of their allotted portion of work, except on Sunday, which is a day of absolute rest. Between the religious services the convicts are at liberty to employ their leisure in their cells as they think proper. The prison library contains a considerable collection of books of travel, and such publications as the "*Magasin Pittoresque*," from which each man can make a selection. Only those who can neither read nor write are compelled to attend school for instruction between Mass and Vespers. This takes place in the chapel itself.

Nothing can be more striking than the construction and internal arrangements of this chapel. It is a large circle, or wheel, consisting entirely of superimposed flights of steps, like a circular and reversed amphitheatre, the centre of which forms a raised stage, on which stands the altar, towering far above the heads of the phantom-like congregation. Each row of steps is divided into compartments or pigeon holes, just large enough for a man to sit and kneel. When the hour for divine service has come, the first cell is opened by a warder, and convict No. 1 is led out, conducted to the chapel, and, entering the row to which he belongs, walks to the furthest compartment, which at once closes upon him. Then only No. 2 leaves his cell and goes through the same performance. And so on till all are settled—no man being permitted to move till the one immediately preceding him has entered his allotted pen. After Mass they are all taken back into their cells in the same order and with the same precautions.

There are about twelve flights of steps, containing sixty seats each, but as the circle of the chapel is divided by five or six immense partitions, into each of which the prisoners are carried simultaneously, the operation takes comparatively only a short time. From his stall each convict is able to see and follow every movement of the priest who officiates at the altar on the central platform, while he cannot catch even a glimpse of his right and left hand neighbour, owing to the height of the dividing doors, nor can he look over at the opposite row, which is hidden by a boarding higher than himself, and which as effectually shuts out from his view those above or below, before and behind him.

The cells are clean and well arranged. Daylight is admitted by a small window beyond the prisoner's reach. The ventilation is perfect. In winter the mouth of a hot-air pipe is sufficient heat, and in the evening necessary light is procured by a gas jet, to which there is no access from the interior of the cell. The furniture consists of a washstand, a commode on the best sanitary principle, a shelf supporting some pewter utensils, and an iron bedstead. The bedding is a

foundation of sacking, a mattress, two sheets, one blanket in summer and two in winter, and a bolster. The convict has to fold and put these things away. The bedstead itself is taken to pieces and placed against the wall, forming a table, in front of which is stool. The remainder of the space is taken up by the implements necessary to the convict's obligatory daily task.

Some of the convicts are shoemakers; others bookbinders, tailors, carpenters, even smiths. The new-comer who knows no trade is taught one. Those who have had a superior education are employed in copying students' essays. The produce of each man's labour is divided equally between the State and himself. This latter portion is again subdivided, one half being put aside for the day of his liberation, if not incarcerated for life, and the other deposited at the canteen for his private use. His earnings never exceed two or three cents a day. In the evening, labour ended, he dines and goes to bed. To the dreary silence of the day succeeds the dreary silence of darkness.

The rules of the prison are such that the convicts must replace their hooded masks as soon as the doors of their cells open. They cannot expose their faces even to their warders. If, perchance, a face is seen by a doctor it is pale by the long sunless shadow in which it lives and the want of bracing, blowing air, for even the daily walk of an hour in the prison yards is at best only exercise in cramped passages between two high walls, partly roofed, shut in by iron gates, stretching out like the sticks of a gigantic fan, and where a few stunted plants soon wither and die. The prisoners have that flaccid fleshiness which comes from absence of movement and stimulating activity; yet, in contradiction to the opinion prevailing in France that no man could stand solitary confinement for ten years without succumbing or getting insane, it has been found not to be the case at Louvain. Two of the inmates have dwelt there since 1864, the date of its foundation, being transferred to the Central house after a ten years' imprisonment at Ghent. They had been condemned to death, but owing to the virtual abolition of the penalty of death in Belgium, the king had commuted their sentence to the perpetual intombment of their present abode. When prisoners have deserved an alleviation of their penalty by ten years of uninterrupted good conduct, they are sent to Ghent, where the rules of the prison allow of their working in common.

The secondary buildings contain the infirmary, laundry, linen rooms, bath rooms, bakeries, and kitchens, all kept with a scrupulous cleanliness remarkable even in that land of unrivalled cleanliness. Huge iron pots contained an abundance of excellent potatoes boiling for the evening meal, and the bread, although brown, was sweet, crisp, and of better quality than that rationed out to the army.

None but isolated cases of revolt have ever taken place at Louvain. These are punishable by incarceration in a subterranean dungeon containing but a single wooden bench, where nearly total darkness prevails. The time of retention within its walls cannot exceed eight days, during which the prisoner is kept on bread and water. This

mode of punishment is rarely resorted to, as there is another which is viewed with far greater dread—the privation of work! For those silent recluses this labour is the only link which connects them ever so remotely with the living world. It is more than an occupation—it is a favour, a recreation almost a pleasure, and the threat of taking his tools from him rarely fails to insure the submission of the rebel.

## A MYSTERY IN THE OLD TOWN OF WINCHESTER.

BY K. M. WELD,

*Author of "Lily the Lost One," "Bessy," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE AUNT.

**C**ATHERINE hastened to tell Monica that Miss Temple would see her, and then led the way upstairs.

The girl entered her relative's room timidly, and was somewhat surprised to find that her aunt's appearance was much in accordance with what report had said of her.

Miss Temple was a tall, bony woman, possessing very plain features, which were not at all set off by her loud coarse voice. She sat erect in her chair, and so repulsive was the expression of her countenance, that Monica started back when she first looked at her; but, quickly conquering this, approached quietly, and kissed her aunt affectionately, saying in a gentle tone:

"How glad I am to see you, dear aunt; but what is the matter with your hand, have you hurt it?" she added, observing that her aunt's hand and arm were in a sling.

Miss Temple was taken aback at being addressed so differently from what she expected; for a moment, she knew not what to answer, but replied at last:

"I broke my arm two month's ago; a brute, a drunken cabman knocked me down as I was crossing the street; but I do not care in the least, for I was even with him. I went to law, spent a pretty penny, but I paid the fellow out, and got him a month's imprisonment. The surgeon who attended me set my arm so badly that I shall never have the complete use of it again; but I do not care for that either, for I paid him off law-wise. I put the case in the hands of my own lawyer, and he got the rascally surgeon fined twenty pounds and the costs."

"I am very sorry——" Monica began to say when Miss Temple interrupted her.

"Hold your tongue! No flummery! I know you do not care two straws; and mind you never kiss me again, I hate that kind of thing; but what are you come for?"

"My father has been long ill."

"Of course he has, he was always a pining brat. Why did he marry a delicate girl like your mother, who is always ill, too, I warrant?"

"Yes, my dear mother is very ill, also; neither of them are now able to earn a penny. It is for this reason that they have consented at last to allow me to come and see you, that I might entreat you to endeavour to obtain some kind of employment for me in Dorchester, where you know so many. I should be willing to do anything; to go out to teach, to try dress-making, or serving in a shop, or whatever you may judge best."

"What I judge best for you to do, is to return to your parents at once. I could get no employment for you here, even if I wished it, which I do not, I can assure you."

Monica looked at her aunt imploringly, and replied in a faltering voice:

"Oh, my dear aunt; do not, I beg of you, send me back to my almost starving parents!"

Miss Temple looked a little touched, and replied:

"But I see nothing I can do for you. I suppose you would be too proud to take a servant's place?"

"Indeed, I should not, I would do anything to earn some help for my parents."

"Well, then, child. I am in want of a servant myself, for Catherine, who let you in, leaves me to-morrow. But if I take you as my servant, you must never call me aunt, and change your name. You can call yourself Churchill, instead of Temple. Monica Churchill will sound very well, and I hope you never tell my housekeeper, Mrs. Curtis, that you are my niece, for she would be certain to let it out to some one."

"I will be most careful; what shall I have to do?"

"To obey me in everything, and to obey Mrs. Curtis. You will have to dust my room, and make my bed, and sweep the stairs, and when this is finished to do needlework."

"Yes, aunt."

"There, now! you are calling me aunt!"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Temple."

"No, say madam; not Miss Temple."

"I will try not to forget again."

"You will have many other things to do, but you must go into the other room and remain there until I call you, for I hear Rebecca coming."

Rebecca walked into the room. She was a tall and fine woman, but the expression of her face was unprepossessing; there was a look of severity which was quite repulsive, and the tone of her voice when she addressed her mistress was cold and hypocritical in the extreme.

"Well, Rebecca," said Miss Temple, "have you succeeded in finding a servant girl likely to suit me?"

"I have made every possible effort, and walked all day, but I cannot find any one I could venture to recommend. We can manage without for the present; old Mrs. Murphy must come in every day for an hour, and I can do all the rest of the work myself, for you are so good and kind that you are not exacting."

It was said that Rebecca was of such a jealous temper that she preferred doing everything herself, or even seeing necessary things neglected, to engaging any one who might rival her in Miss Temple's good graces.

"I should not at all like to be without a second servant, Rebecca, but I am glad you have not engaged a girl as I have."

"Indeed, madam!" replied Rebecca, in a tone of surprise, "that is extraordinary! Where could you meet with one? But if the girl is your choice she must be good, for you have better judgment than any other person I know in this world; that I always say."

"Perhaps so, you are not the first person who has discovered it," said Miss Temple, looking vastly pleased.

"Who is the girl you have selected, madam? Where did you meet with her?"

"That is no concern of yours; she is in the next room. Monica, Monica Churchill, come here."

Monica came forward at once, and looked sadly frightened when she encountered the harsh and penetrating eye of Rebecca, but she remained silent.

"Monica," said Miss Temple in a decided tone, "I engage you as my servant in the place of Catherine Sullivan, who leaves to-morrow. I will give you ten pounds a year, and all found; Mrs. Curtis will instruct you in your various duties. On one point I shall be very strict, and that is, that you are not to chatter about the friends you have left. I forbid you ever to speak of them, for, if you do, you will be perpetually wishing to go back to them. Will you promise this?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, then, go upstairs at once, for you must sleep in Catherine's room; you can put your clothes in her drawers, and she may sleep for to-night in the spare bedroom."

Rebecca and Monica left together, and the latter went to Catherine's room. Rebecca entered the kitchen, where Catherine was sitting comfortably by the fire.

"And so, Miss Temple has engaged a girl in your place, Catherine?"

"Indeed! What, that niece of hers? that pretty, quiet looking girl?"

"Niece? No, not a niece; this girl's name is Churchill, and Joseph Temple is the only brother missus has."

"Ah, that's all very well for her to say now, but she told me, when she first came to the door, that her name was Temple. Of course, that prim old dame, your missus, does not wish persons to know that she lets her own niece be her servant, so she has changed her name. I wish you joy, Mrs. Curtis," added Catherine in a mocking tone, "for this nice looking niece will soon gain Miss Temple's heart, I warrant; and, then, as she is her niece, she will, of course, leave her all her money."

Rebecca looked perfectly black with rage, and was on the point of abusing Catherine for her impertinence, when the girl stopped her short, and said with a sneer:

"You had better hold your tongue, and not provoke me, for if you do, I may chance before leaving to 'let a few cats out of the bag,' and, then, good bye to your place with Miss Temple, for, remember, I can bring forward proofs of everything."

Rebecca did not seem to like these words; so she said no more, and Catherine continued sitting by the fire until Miss Temple's bell rang, and Rebecca went upstairs.

Rebecca was on the point of telling Miss Temple that she knew Monica was her niece, but on reflection determined not to do so; for, if she said she was aware of the fact, that lady would expect her niece to be treated with some little deference.

Monica soon rejoined Catherine in the kitchen. Catherine welcomed her with a smile, and told her there was nothing to be done till the time came for laying the supper, which would not take long.

Catherine was in excellent spirits, and amused Monica so much with her chatter that the latter felt quite sorry to think that she should so soon lose her cheerful companion, and be reduced to the society of Rebecca, for whom she felt quite an aversion. She said this to Catherine, who replied:

"Well, I do wish I was going to remain a little longer for your sake; however, that is out of the question; and after all I would not suit you long, as my tastes are very different from yours; but, for all that, I have taken quite a fancy to you, and as I wish you well, I must give you a few words with regard to Rebecca. If she thinks Miss Temple likes you, she will never rest until she gets you turned out of the house, and the more gentle and kind she seems outwardly, the more you must fear her."

"Oh, Catherine!" exclaimed Monica, "I do not think that Rebecca can ever wish to harm me, for I shall be most careful to do my duty, and to please her as well as Miss Temple."

"That will not save you in the least, quite the contrary," replied Catherine; "but now we will get ready the supper."

She rose, and with Monica's assistance they were soon able to sit down again by the fire.

"You have given me such kind and friendly advice," said Monica, "that you must allow me now, in my turn, to say a few words to you. I intreat you not to remain long in the situation you are going to; leave it as soon as you can do so prudently. It may be agreeable, it may be just to your taste, but I am certain, from all you have told me, that you will be in a most perilous position. I know more about the dangers of these situations than you probably think, for the kind friend to whom I owe so much, knowing that I might one day be thrown into the world without anyone to guard and protect me, gave me advice on many points, which might need caution in the future. He warned me particularly against the kind of society into which you will be now thrown, and more especially against going much to theatres and dances, unless I go with some prudent, steady person older than myself. Dear Catherine, do take warning in time; do not allow yourself to be drawn into wickedness; you will repent when too late."

Catherine looked at Monica in astonishment; she could not have believed it possible for such a young timid girl to speak so firmly, and she answered hurriedly:

"I must go to this situation now, but I will take good care of myself I promise you; I do not seek it, Rebecca found it for me; and she is certain I shall be so happy there, that I shall never leave it willingly. I wish to get married soon, and how can I expect to do so if I remain moping in a dull town like this?"

Mrs. Curtis entered the kitchen at this moment the conversation ceased, and as Catherine was to go early the next morning, and Mrs. Curtis had arranged for Catherine to sleep in the spare room down stairs, they had no opportunity of renewing their conversation, and Catherine left without Monica seeing her again.

Monica wrote to her parents at once, and told them that Miss Temple had decided to keep her in Catherine's place, but that she insisted on her changing her name.

The idea of her being obliged to do this annoyed her parents much; but as Joseph Temple was well aware of his sister's peculiarities, he thought it best to accede to her wishes for a short time at least, and, therefore, raised no objections.

Monica commenced her duties on the day Catherine Sullivan left, and found herself really very comfortable.

Miss Temple was cross at times, likewise very suspicious, but Mrs. Curtis was extremely kind, and had not Monica remembered the warning given by Catherine, she would soon have opened her mind to her as freely as if she had been her mother; but this remembrance made her cautious, and there was an expression in Rebecca's eye which made her feel afraid of her.

"How do you like the new servant, madam?" asked Mrs. Curtis one morning while assisting her mistress to dress.

"I like her very much; she is so obedient and gentle. What do you think of her?"

"Well, madam, since you ask me the question I must say the truth, I think her very sly, a little double."

"What do you mean, Rebecca? I see nothing sly in the girl."

"Indeed, madam, then I will say no more; your judgment is so much better than mine, that must of course be wrong."

"What do you mean by calling the girl double?"

"Oh, nothing at all; I was only a little put out by what I overheard her saying about you and the baker's boy this morning; it was silly of me to be angry, but I could not help it; you are so kind and good that it provokes me to hear any one speak ill of you."

"But what did Monica say about me?"

"Oh, I do not like to say, for fear you should be angry with her. I would not for the world make you displeased with the poor girl, as I dare say she did not mean anything wrong. If I tell you what I heard her say, will you promise me not to scold her?"

"I will not speak to her on the subject, but what did she say?"

"She only said that you were a fidgety old cat that you cared for no one but yourself! and all that kind of thing, and that she was determined not to remain with you over six months."

"A nasty ungrateful hussey!" exclaimed Miss Temple in high wrath, "I will take good care that she leaves me long before the six months are ended."

"Oh, no, no! indeed you must not be too hard upon her. I have no doubt her words only proceeded from thoughtlessness. I really ought not to have told you about it; I am quite sorry that I did. But you promised not to speak of it, nor to scold her."

"I am sorry I did make such a promise as she deserves a thorough good scolding."

No more was said on the subject; but when Monica brought in the supper Miss Temple found fault with everything; from that day she could do nothing right, and the poor girl was much distressed and puzzled to divine the reason of Miss Temple's extreme testiness. She confided her trouble to Rebecca, who merely answered:

"Miss Temple is in one of her tantrums; she has a vile temper, but as long as you were a stranger she restrained herself; now you will see plenty of it rest assured. But do not mind such trifles; go and take a little walk, and you will forget your troubles. If you go towards the village, you may take this basket to my cousin, Mrs. Claypole; it contains something belonging to her, and you can bring back the empty basket."

"Thank you, Mrs. Curtis. I shall enjoy a walk much; how kind of you to think of arranging for me," said Monica, looking at Rebecca with grateful smile.

But Rebecca turned her head away as if in search of something.

Monica left the room to prepare for her walk, and Rebecca sat down moodily. She looked unhappy, yes, positively unhappy, as if tortured by remorse. That she was an artful woman there could be no doubt; but yet she seemed at times quite unable to silence the reproaches of her conscience. Envy was the demon which she had allowed to take possession of her heart, and this evil spirit constantly incited her to injure, and destroy if possible all whom she fancied likely to supplant her in Miss Temple's affections.

And yet grace was not quite destroyed in her heart; the religious impressions of childhood constantly cropped up, filling her soul with re-

sentiments. The good feelings were, however, always smothered, and her determination to get rid of Monica became stronger and stronger as she saw the amiable temper and other good qualities of the young girl, which she felt sure would quickly gain the heart of her surly old mistress.

Monica walked quickly to Mrs. Claypole's, and gave her the basket. She took it into the back garden, and returned it empty.

"What is the matter with you, Rebecca?" exclaimed Miss Temple one morning, "you look as black as thunder, and you bang everything about as if determined to break all my cups and saucers."

"I am a little worried this morning, ma'am."

"Worried! and pray what about?"

"I do not like to say; I have such a horror of injuring anyone."

"Indeed! But whom are you afraid of injuring?"

"I do not like to say. And yet my conscience tells me that you ought to know everything that goes on in your house."

"Of course I ought; therefore, out with it at once. I know you are longing to do so."

"Indeed I am not, ma'am, for it concerns poor Monica, in whom you know I take an interest. I fear she is far from honest. I miss first one thing, and then another. Sometimes it is only pastry, or delicacies from your table, but at others, small articles of clothing. Just now I miss your turquoise ring. I saw it on your dressing-table yesterday morning before she made the bed; it was not there afterwards, and I have hunted in every place I can think of."

"I daresay it is somewhere in the room; have you asked Monica about it?"

"No, ma'am, I waited until I had spoken to you."

"Call Monica at once."

Monica was called, and came immediately, but looked much alarmed, and blushed up to the eyes at being thus suddenly sent for, as she made sure Miss Temple was displeased at something. When asked if she had seen the ring in question, she answered;

"No."

Her frightened expression, however, gave her quite the appearance of guilt, and Miss Temple questioned her in a sharp tone.

She continued to deny having seen the ring, and they searched in every corner of the room in vain, it was not found, and its disappearance remained a mystery, but poor Monica found, to her great grief that Miss Temple really suspected her of taking it, for she treated her from this time with still more coldness and reserve, and seemed to be ever on the watch when she was in the room.

Rebecca endeavoured to increase this ill-feeling by speaking constantly of her in a disparaging tone, and treating her piety with derision.

"I never can," she would often exclaim, "place any reliance on those devout girls, who are constantly mumbling prayers. They are always deceitful. I have never known one fond of running out to church, like Monica, who has not turned out badly in the end. Going to church is merely a pretence, in order to meet their friends. I do expect we shall discover one day that Monica is a regular thief! We have no proof, it is true, of her having stolen the ring, but who else could have taken it? No other person entered the room."

"There is not the slightest proof of her having taken it, Rebecca," answered Miss Temple, tartly, "So, I daresay, you are, as usual, suspecting without any reason."

"I hope so ma'am; but you yourself remarked her guilty face."

"Well, perhaps so, perhaps so!" replied Miss Temple, coldly; "but now go down stairs, and see about my dinner."

Rebecca left the room feeling that she had played her cards well.

(To be continued.)



## S. MARTIN'S, OLD CANTERBURY.

**I**T is usually said that S. Martin's Church stands on the site of Queen Bertha's ancient oratory. It does undoubtedly; but we believe that the present fabric contains a portion of the very building in which Bishop Luidhard and S. Augustine ministered. On the south side of the exterior of the chancel it has been stripped of its hideous plaster covering, so that the masonry of the wall has been laid bare. A well-defined portion is almost wholly composed of Roman bricks whilst in the adjoining part of the chancel similar bricks are interspersed with other material. The first part gives every indication of having been an original construction, the bricks being closely and evenly laid. It is of Roman material unquestionably and probably of British workmanship. In this most ancient piece of the wall there is a very early Norman arch, evidently inserted in much older masonry. It follows that this chancel wall is much older than the Norman period. But it was almost certainly built at two different epochs. We cannot suppose the Saxons built and rebuilt it, and we are led to infer that the chief mass of Roman brick forms part of the British church which the craftsmen of Ethelbert's time adapted for Bertha's use. The other part of the chancel is made up of material partly taken from an older building, and it contains a rough arch which has all the characteristics of early Saxon masonry.

The nave and tower are doubtless a much later addition to the small Saxon church. Seen from some little distance, S. Martin's has a venerable appearance quite in keeping with its supposed antiquity. Within, the church is simple in form and construction. A pointed arch separates the nave from the chancel. A piscina in the south wall of the nave probably marks the site of a side altar in pre-Reformation times, and in the chancel wall is an ancient aumbry one of the very few of these receptacles for the sacred vessels which are still to be seen with their doors. In this case, the door is of carved oak, probably of the fifteenth century. On the north side of the chancel is a recess, now used as a vestry, and which looks as if it was designed for a confessional. It has a door opening to the nave. It contains two windows, one having a representation of Pope Gregory, the other that of Bishop Luidhard, Queen Bertha's chaplain. The inscription "Lindardus Episcopus" is within the nimbus, a crosier and mitre are in the bishop's hands. This piece of glass was found, we believe, some years ago in London, in an old curiosity shop in Wardour Street. It is admirably suited to the spot it now occupies, and is of excellent design and execution. The other painted glass is modern. One window shows S. Martin of Tours (to whom the church is dedicated), parting his cloak with the beggar.

In the north wall of the chancel is a recess containing an ancient stone tomb which has been pointed out as that of Queen Bertha. The Latin inscription which was placed above this tomb by a late rector of S. Martin's (the Rev. W. Chesshyre) does little more than give expression to the

doubt which exists as to the burial place of Ethelbert's queen: "If near here the remains of Queen Bertha be found—may she rest in peace." The tradition which connects this stone coffin with Queen Bertha is apparently not more ancient than the time of Fuller (1655). It is not mentioned in Somner whose work was published in 1640. It has to contend against the distinct assertion of the old chroniclers that Ethelbert was buried beside Queen Bertha in the porch of S. Martin's, the Abbey Church of S. Peter and Paul, (Augustine's Abbey). All that we can say, therefore, is that in the Church of S. Martin is a nameless tomb of great antiquity which some believe to be that of the gentle and pious Bertha.

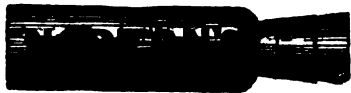
Long and animated discussions have arisen to the age of the Font, which many consider to be as ancient as the time of Ethelbert and probably that in which he was baptized by S. Augustine. It is more generally declared to belong to the transition Norman period. It is quite possible, however, that it is in part the work of both periods. It is composed of three separate circular bands of stone, differently ornamented. One of the tiers is undoubtedly of the later age. It is encircled by interlacing round arches. But the other two tiers and the rim appear to be decidedly older, and their ornament of intertwined circles may be of Anglo-Saxon work. Whatever may be its age, it is remarkable that it should be still preserved, for not so very many years have elapsed since it was lying in the churchyard in several separate pieces.

Old brasses are rare in Canterbury, and though those in the pavement of S. Martin's are specially remarkable they are worth mentioning. There are the figures of Michael Francis Serivro and Jane his wife, with the date 1587. A plate also in the chancel pavement records that "Helith Thomas Stoughton, late of Ash, in the County of Kent, gentleman, who departed this life the 12th of June, 1591." There is also a plate to Stephen Fulks and Alice his wife dated 1406, the oldest dated brass in Canterbury. The inscription recalls to mind an inscription on an ancient finial sepulchral cross which was dug up in the early part of this century in the churchyard. Upon one face it bears Helbwhyte, in raised letters written in a hollow moulding. On the other side the words "And Alys ys wyfe," are sunk in the hollow groove, showing that it was used as a memorial of some dame Alice at a later period. This old cross now stands on a pedestal close to the Lych Gate. It is well worth observing.

The churchyard of S. Martin's is rapidly filling with the dead. The old headstones seem in most cases remarkably well preserved. The oldest date we noticed was 1686. One ten years later marks the last home of a worthy who is described as "honest John Thirkill." These tombstones show a curious gradation of sepulchral devices: the oldest bear only emblems of mortality—skull and bones; a later generation relieved these melancholy mementoes by adding cherubs; later still skulls and crossbones disappear, and only the angelic emblems remain. Many who lie buried there have desired to be laid in a spot so hallowed with Christian memories.

# IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

TRADE



MARK.

## CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

**MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,**

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

**EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION**

**AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,**

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,

**PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD AND SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.**

INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations; amongst the most prominent of these miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pain in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels; in some cases of impaired digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated

without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems—nothing can more speedily, or with more certainty, effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers and

if re-

i can  
rdict,  
quick



of the ve  
S. Aug  
the exte  
its hide  
of the v  
portion  
bricks v  
cel sim  
materia  
having  
being c  
materia  
workma  
wall the  
inserted  
this cha  
period.  
differen  
built an  
the chie  
British  
time ac  
of the t  
taken f  
rough a  
early S

The i  
addition  
some li  
appear  
antiqui  
and cor  
nave fr  
wall of  
altar in  
wall is  
these r  
still to  
door is  
century  
cess, n  
it was  
opening  
one ha  
other t  
chapla  
is with  
bishop  
we bel  
curiosi  
suited  
lent de  
glass i  
Tours  
his clo

In th  
taining  
pointer  
inscrip  
a late  
hyre) d

which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy, the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine, must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

**NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS** are prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unenumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstances, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observation of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all Tonic Medicines. By the word tonic is meant a medicine

which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities a wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular system. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body, which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effect in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar nature as to pervade the whole system through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick-rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volumes upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinion of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid; we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production; if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by

their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the gross and small substances of meat and vegetables, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the bur-

den thus imposed upon it, that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should immediately be sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found—no, none which will perform the task with greater certainty, than **NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS**. And let it be observed, that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted, and it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these **PILLS** should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted that, by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy **OLD AGE**.

On account of their volatile properties, they must be kept in bottles; and if closely corked their qualities are neither impaired by time nor injured by any change of climate whatever. Price 13½d. and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions. The large bottle contains the quantity of three small ones, or **PILLS** equal to fourteen ounces of **CAMOMILE FLOWERS**.

Sold by nearly all respectable Medicine Vendors.

Be particular to ask for "**NORTON'S PILLS**," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

ff re-

1 can  
rdict,  
quick



of the ve  
S. Augu  
the exte  
its hider  
of the w  
portion  
bricks v  
cel simi  
material  
having  
being c  
material  
workma  
wall the  
inserted  
this cha  
period.  
different  
built an  
the chie  
British  
time ad  
of the  
taken f  
rough a  
early S

The r  
addition  
some lit  
appears  
antiquit  
and cor  
nave fr  
wall of  
altar in  
wall is  
these re  
still to  
door is  
century  
cess, n  
it was  
opening  
one ha  
other t  
chaplain  
is withi  
bishop  
we bel  
curiosit  
suited  
lent de  
glass in  
Tours  
his clo  
In th  
taining  
pointe  
inscrip  
a late  
hyre) d

A CLEAR COMPLEXION!!!

## GODFREY'S EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS

IS strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying, and Preserving the SKIN, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c., and by its Balsamic and Healing qualities render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, &c., clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful.

Sold in Bottles, price 2s. 9d., by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

## STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS FOR CHILDREN CUTTING TEETH.

THE value of this Medicine has been largely tested in all parts of the world and by all grades of society for upwards of fifty years.

Its extensive sale has induced spurious imitations, in some of which the outside Label and the coloured Paper enclosing the Packet of Powders so closely resemble the Original as to have deceived many Purchasers. The Proprietor therefore feels it due to the Public to give a special caution against such imitations.

All purchasers are therefore requested carefully to observe that the words "JOHN STEEDMAN, Chemist, Walworth, Surrey," are engraved on the Government Stamp affixed to each Packet, in White Letters on a Red Ground, without which none are genuine. The name STEEDMAN is spelt with *two EEs*.

Prepared ONLY at Walworth, Surrey, and  
Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors,  
in Packets, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.





LYNNBROOKE RETAINED FOR THE DEFENCE.

## The Curse of Lynnbrooke Manor.

### CHAPTER II.

**M**Y friend Darcy, the solicitor, of Clement's Inn, to whom I owe whatever success I have made, came to my chambers in the Temple one summer day, in unusual haste for

him, and handed me a long brief and a stiff retaining-fee, saying :

"There, run your eye over that! It you can talk the jury over to give our clients a verdict, your fortune's made!" and he gave me a quick tap on the shoulder.

I had taken up the paper languidly.  
 "Myers against Lynnbrooke."

With a quickening thrill I ran my eye rapidly over the brief and soon made myself master of its contents.

The client I was called upon to defend was Charles Lynnbrooke, of Lynnbrooke Manor; our opponent, the plaintiff, a neighbouring landowner. The cause simply this:

Three of the squire's children had been drowned by the upsetting of a small skiff on the moat. He at once vowed no more lives should be given up to its greedy waters, and set about the drainage. In so doing he unavoidably diverted the current of a small watercourse known as the Lynnbrook, to the alleged detriment and damage of the plaintiff's property.

Had the plaintiff not been litigious, the case might have been compromised at the outset, when the squire offered compensation to Sir Joseph Myers.

By a strange coincidence, a letter lay open on my table before me, containing overtures from the opposite side, wherein my supposed hereditary antagonism to the Lynnbrookes of the manor was openly relied on as reason why they should retain me as counsel, and I rejoice to hold their brief.

It is possible to have too low an estimate of human nature. Why should I, John Lynnbrooke, exercise such gifts as I possess in order to oppose my own distant kin, who had never done me a personal wrong?

I had just declined the plaintiff's brief, when Mr. Darcy put his head in at the door. I showed him the letter and my reply.

It remained for me to prove black was white, or to suffer a non-suit. There is something in the old adage that "blood is thicker than water." I resolved to do my utmost for our client, in spite of dead-and-gone feuds. I threw myself into the case, ransacking legal records for points and precedents.

A day or two had elapsed. Leaving the Temple in the forenoon, I encountered Darcy in the gateway, just as I was turning into Fleet Street. He caught me by the button-hole and invited me to luncheon with him. As I hesitated, a light basket-phaeton, containing a gentleman and lady, with a small page in dark livery behind, drove under Temple Bar and stopped in front of us.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Darcy, and almost before the words had left his lips the page was at the horse's head, and the gentleman, whose eyes and hair were black as my own, and who struck me as a disagreeable likeness to myself—but not a bad-looking fellow on the whole—had jumped out, throwing the reins to the lady, as lovely a brunette as it had been my fate to meet, with eyes as soft and melancholy as her companion's were eager and fiery.

With barely a word of apology to me, he drew the solicitor aside, and began in a hurried voice I could not choose but hear:

"What's this your clerk tells me, Mr. Darcy? Do you know into what hands you have committed our case? This Mr. John Lynnbrooke——"

"Is a very rising young barrister—could not be in better hands," interrupted the lawyer imperturbably.

"He claims kinship with the Lynnbrookes of Lynnbrooke, sir. There is an old feud between his branch of the family and ours. You must withdraw the brief at any cost. He will ruin our cause. In my father's name I insist on the withdrawal of the brief!"

This in answer to Mr. Darcy's visible protest. I thought it quite time to interfere. As haughtily as himself I stepped forward.

"Mr. Reginald Lynnbrooke, I presume."

His bow said, "Ay, and who on earth are you?"

"Your brief, sir, and my retaining fee, shall be in Mr. Darcy's office in less than twenty minutes. There is no need to withdraw the case—I throw it up."

And I turned on my heel under the archway. I met my clerk on his way to dinner and set him back flying for the offending brief and Darcy's cheque, which lay unchanged in my drawer. I had heard Darcy's remonstrance as I went, and the other's annoyed response.

I had barely taken three steps after my clerk when a crash and a shriek called me back. Reginald Lynnbrooke was lying stunned on the pavement, the page was scrambling to his feet, a by-stander had caught the affrighted horse, the carriage-wheel was crashing in collision with a cab, and the lovely occupant was in imminent peril.

Darting forward, I managed to extricate the lady from the phaeton before the plunging animal had made a total wreck of it.

She seemed as lifeless as the man on the ground. My clerk was back by this time shouting to him to bring a doctor to my chambers, and to Darcy to have his prostrate client conveyed thither, I hurried forward with the insensible girl in my strong arms, and placed her in my own chair. The couch had soon another occupant.

"This will be quieter than a shop," I whispered to Darcy, "and we can keep the crowd out here." He added a sort of dazed assent.

Before a doctor reached us my charge revived, and then her distress over her "dear brother," her "dear Reggy" was pitiable to witness.

I did my best to console her, and to assure her that her brother was not dead, only stunned and would doubtless recover shortly; and, as she turned her liquid eyes in thanks on mine, I felt there was one Lynnbrooke who could never be an enemy.

A couple of hours went by before Reginald Lynnbrooke gave a sign of returning animation. The doctor had muttered something of concussion of the brain, and internal injury from the horse's hoofs; insisted on quiet, forbade removal, and aside to Darcy and me, suggested telegraphing to friends.

Barbara—I could almost have guessed her name had not the injured man murmured it, as she knelt beside him in sobbing agony—caught the suggestion and remarked simply—so simply that I am sure the doctor thought her wits were wandering—"There is no need; they already know of this catastrophe at home."

They must have had a telegraph of their own

wither than that of science! Surely enough, before the close of the afternoon, Squire Lynnbrooke—who must have been on the road before our message was despatched—stood by the side of his eldest son; and clasped my hand with grateful earnestness as that of a stranger, saying he was glad to find him alive. He was a grave, dignified, but not haughty man, preternaturally old, and bent beneath the heavy burden of inevitable fate.

He and his daughter took possession of my chambers with many courteous apologies for turning them into a hospital; apparently unconscious that they were indebted to more than a chance break. Only the patient knew my antecedents; and when, at the close of the week, he expressed me as his voluntary entertainer, he was wittily impatient to be removed.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders, his gentle eyes shed tears, his father, Mr. Darcy, and myself were distressed. The heir of Lynnbrooke was wilful. He was borne thence with the tenderest care; he barely had he crossed the threshold than a fatal hemorrhage set in, and only a lifeless body was carried into the neighbouring hotel. A rib, displaced, had lacerated some internal organ.

Mourning did not arrest the lawsuit. The ignorant of Reginald's prohibition, wrung my hand at parting, and said he was sure his father was in good hands. I had gone with them to the station, possibly drawn thither by the grateful thanks in Barbara Lynnbrooke's every look and gesture. Then it occurred to the thought that I might better understand how the feud stood between him and Myers if I went over the grounds and tracked the Lynn Brook, and he bade me to follow them down in time for his boy's funeral.

I went back to my chambers musing. Two strange events had come to pass. I, the descendant of Rupert the discarded, had been invited to the manor. Moreover, I was in love with Barbara.

The Manor House was a magnificent pile with a background of waving woods. Perhaps it was the presence of undertakers, and a crowd of funeral guests with mourning robes and faces, made me feel the interior so gloomy in its grandeur, notwithstanding the faint smile of Barbara's mother.

Was it chance that assigned to me, the latest comer in the crowded mansion, the apartment at the end of the corridor? I had followed the servant mechanically, my mind filled with Barbara's greeting, and not his apologies, but my rapid survey of the hastily-prepared chamber led me to thinking.

A label outside the oaken door showed that it was set apart for "Lawyer Darcy's friend." The hurried and bewildered servant had no conception that they had shown Rupert Lynnbrooke's representative into Rupert's room.

If I had a doubt it was dispelled by the sight of a large picture reared against the wall, from which three faces seemed to look at me through a veil of dust.

I have not an atom of superstition in me—at least I had not then. It was rather with rever-

ence than awe that I sacrificed my cambric handkerchief to the restoration of the picture. Then I was struck with the resemblance between my ancestor and myself; and wondered if any of the assembled relatives would perceive it; never thinking how little was known of the faces I was scanning so minutely.

Yet I think my appearance at the dinner-table did excite some curiosity, if furtive glances and whisperings were any index. Sombre dresses and long faces spoiled the meal for me. I was glad when I found myself back in my room in front of a wood fire kindled at my request; and, taking advantage of the double doors, took out a cigar to make myself at home.

There was a suggestiveness of damp and rheumatism about the heavy velvet-hung four-post bed. I declined its invitation, preferring to wrap myself in my travelling-rug and stretch my limbs on an antique couch at right angles with the hearth. A second cigar sent me to sleep to dream of Barbara. I awoke shivering, with an uneasy impression of a hand laid on my shoulder to arouse me. The fire was almost out, the candles quite, but there was a light in the room, and—yes! in the very midst of that light stood Rupert the painter, palette and brush in hand, painting away at a picture on his easel.

I rubbed my eyes and gave myself a shake. The artist was still at work, and I saw the picture growing under his brush. It was an Alpine scene familiar to myself. Now figures appeared upon the canvas, toiling up the snowy ascent. The artist looks round at me, and then back at his canvas. I see delineated a broken rope, a shivered alpenstock, and a figure slipping and falling headlong into a terrible crevasse.

Again the artist turns his head, and his dark eyes transfix me. The canvas is blank. Again the brush is plied. Judge, jury, counsel, take their places. I see a brother barrister of long standing addressing the court, see him painted out; and my very counterpart stands out in my very attitude and in my most eloquent mood. I see the effect on the face of judge and jury. It is cheering. The artist turns round and smiles. Picture, painter, easel, light are gone. I am shivering in the dark, and barely a ray of moonlight straggling in through the windows.

I give myself another shake, say I am an arrant fool, conclude I have been dreaming, and compose myself to sleep again.

Convinced when I awaken in the morning, that I have been dreaming, I say nothing at the breakfast-table of my broken rest, not caring to excite either alarm or ridicule.

As Darcy and I returned to town in the express the day after the funeral, I elicit from him that the squire has another son, now travelling in Switzerland, to whom, of course, the heirship will descend. After that, I fear Darcy has but a stupid companion to the end of the journey.

My survey of the moat, converted into a shrubbery, and the track of the water-course in dispute, did not tell in my client's interest. Nevertheless, I went into court with the conviction I should win, although I scouted the idea of being influenced by a dream.

And I was successful. The case was dismissed

as litigious and vexatious, and when I shook hands with my client, he insisted on my returning to the manor, and said I did honour to the name I bore.

Other cases kept me in town until the end of term. Then I, John Lynnbrooke, availed myself of the squire's invitation, and was welcomed, Mrs. Lynnbrooke offering many apologies for my being thrust into an unused room on my former visit. I protested I was perfectly satisfied, and thought it a pity so commodious a chamber should be left to me and the spiders.

The lady sighed and said no more. This time I occupied an adjoining room, smaller, but well kept, and less antique in its appointments.

The squire took to me amazingly, and Barbara's heart opened to me. I hesitated how best to disclose my ancestry and propose for the sweet girl, when the whole fabric of my future was shaken by a telegram from Switzerland.

Charles Edward Lynnbrooke had perished in the ascent of the Simplon. I was staggered, and the whole family were overwhelmed. It was no time for love proposals.

I volunteered a journey for the recovery of the body; saying that I knew the precise spot in which he was lying. This involved explanation of what I called my dream.

"Dream! It was no dream," cried Barbara and her parents simultaneously.

"But who are you?" demanded the squire, rising to his feet, "who have seen the spectral painter of our house. Rupert Lynnbrooke never reveals the future save to one of his own near kin."

My answer and its effects may be imagined. An avalanche could scarcely have overwhelmed them more completely. The old squire, his eyes suffused with tears, held out his hand to me.

"This is no time to perpetuate feud," said he. "Fate is too strong for us."

Need I add that I went to Switzerland and recovered the remains of the last heir of the elder Lynnbrooke.

But ere I took my departure, unknown to the family, I spent a night in the haunted chamber, still inclined to be sceptical. I came our next morning converted. Once more the mountain scene was painted before me, but I saw myself and guides recovering the lost and the means employed.

Another picture was painted before me, and then the artist seemed to fling brushes and palette aside and vanish with a benediction.

I stand with my now acknowledged relatives, by the grave of the squire's last son, and see his tears fall fast on the coffin lid before he turns away, and grasping my hand, calls me with a sigh the heir of Lynnbrooke Manor.

I could hardly realise it then. I can realise it now, as I stand amid a perfect bower of holly and evergreens at Christmas in a pretty country church and clasp the hand of Barbara before the Altar, in that bond which for ever re-unites the severed branches and averts the fate of the Lynnbrookes.

And this was the last picture shown to me—now a Lynnbrooke of Lynnbrooke, a picture of love and peace and good-will at Christmas-tide.

THE END.

## NOTES OF A VOYAGE IN THE LEVANT.\*



SYRA is the capital of the island in the Archipelago bearing the same name. It is formed of two quite distinct parts, the upper and lower town. Even so recently as 1855 the pirates used to make frequent raids upon Syra, and this is why the inhabitants at that time resided upon the mountain which forms its back-ground, in order to be as much as possible out of their reach. Since then Syra has become a Greek possession, and the new city has been built on the water's edge. The new part is called Hermapolis, and forms the business part of Syra, its commerce being considerable.

Syra has 30,000 inhabitants, most of whom belong to the Greek Church. There are also some Mahometans, who live in a part by themselves, and from six to seven thousand Catholics amongst its population. These reside in the upper town. The Latin Church is served by the Capuchin Fathers, and is built up the mountain whilst on its summit are the Cathedral and the bishop's residence. The Jesuits' house stands between them. At the foot of the mountain the Sisters of S. Joseph of the Apparition have a flourishing school.

Seen from the sea, Syra has a most picturesque aspect. Most of the houses are painted white, but there are a few red, and some yellow. You form no idea of what these square houses piled apparently on top of each other, look like. They have neither yards or gardens. The streets are extremely narrow; and when it rains it becomes so many torrents. It is to this circumstance (it having rained considerably the night before) that the little city looked so clean and attractive when I saw it. Yet it is hard to reconcile this cleanliness with the fact that the animals almost in creation are constantly present in the street, pigs, dogs, fowls, turkeys, sheep, etc., etc., all in the most complete liberty.

A heavy fall of rain must evidently be of great utility at times, for sanitary purposes at least. The interior of the houses, I have been told, equals their external cleanliness. The churches in Syra are handsome ones, and are supported by Russia. The emperor, consequently, is held in great veneration here.

### MERSINA.

Mersina is a little town in Asia Minor, beautifully situated on the edge of the sea (the Levant). It has a beautiful beach in front of it, behind it rises up the Taurus chain of mountains, which are covered with snow in the winter spring. It has a population of about 5,000, of whom are fixed inhabitants.

Mersina presents a most poverty-stricken appearance. The streets are filled with ragged Turks; and yet the commerce of this little city of the world is very important, and in reality is possessed of a certain amount of wealth.

\* From the French of Father D'Orléans, of the Capuchin Order.

Cotton, wheat, and *sesame* are the principal articles of exportation, and at every step I met caravans laden with these articles on their way to the vessels by which they are shipped to Europe. Notwithstanding its charming position, it is afflicted with a *malaria*, which drives its inhabitants away up the mountains during the hot summer heats. The Latin parish is served by the Capuchin Fathers, who are settled here since the Crimean War. At the request of the Turkish Government two fathers were then sent to attend to the spiritual wants of the Catholics that were stationed here to supply munitions, etc., to the troops during the war. Some of these people settled here permanently, and now their number amounts to 300. Unfortunately, they have not yet a church nor proper means, through want of means.

At a three hours' distance from Mersina is Tarsus, the capital of Cilicia. It is here S. Paul was born, and here he was brought up by Gamaliel (Acts xiii. v. 3). Many and important episodes of his history took place in connection with this city, and it was one time the most celebrated school of divinity in all Asia.

Tarsus, one of the greatest persecutors of the Christians, the Emperor Maximian died in the frightful torments. Lactantius relates that, being beaten by Licinius at Andrianople, the young prince put on a disguise, and made his escape through the gorges of the Taurus. He sought refuge at Tarsus; and there he was imprisoned. He was devoured by an internal fire, which consumed him; and a fever transported him to transports of madness. He ate earth, and he scraped out with his hands; he beat his head against the walls; and, as he himself declared, he suffered all the torments he had inflicted upon the martyrs. He expired in this horrible state of suffering in the year 313.

At Tarsus, too, flows the Cydnus, in which Alexander the Great all but lost his life.

#### ALEXANDRETTA OR ISKANDEROON.

Alexandretta, or Iskanderoon, is situated at the mouth of the gulf which bears its name. It possesses from four to five thousand inhabitants, nearly all of whom are Christians. It is the outlet of all the commerce from the interior, coming from Mesopotamia and Kurdistan by way of Aleppo, which consequently makes it of great importance. But, unfortunately, it has neither a harbour or quays, nor anything requisite to the development of commerce. A wooden jetty, built of worm-eaten piles, runs out into the sea. Here travellers are landed, being hoisted out of the boats by Turks, who subsist on the *backsheesh* (money) they get for their services. From here, all merchandise is embarked. Large boats come up to the jetty, and are laden by these men, who bring the bales, cases, bags, etc., for exportation, on their shoulders, and fling them into the boats with no small risk of upsetting them, or throwing the packages overboard. But that would not cause the Turks the slightest concern; and many years, probably, will pass by before they will discover or adopt an inclined plane, which would save them immense fatigue, and be a less perilous mode of transport for merchandise. But

do not speak of progress in this country; it is out of the question.

The Catholic church at Alexandretta is served by the Carmelite Fathers.

It does not take long to see all of Alexandretta. There are a few large streets, but they are badly paved, or else not paved at all, and in bad condition.

Here we meet with Turks in all sorts of costumes of every colour imaginable: merchandise, camels, dogs, and plenty of ragged people, all promiscuously thrown together.

As for fine buildings, or interesting ruins, there is nothing whatever to be seen. The climate is very unhealthy in summer, on account of the *miasmas* which rise from the adjoining marshes. To pass a night here, at this season, brings on fever; and Europeans, consequently, can hardly ever get acclimatised to this city.

At some distance from Alexandretta, are some columns which they call Jonas's pillars. It was here, according to some authors, that Jonas was cast ashore out of the whale's mouth. But this tradition is strongly contested. As to the columns themselves, they are the two piers of a stone portico, belonging to some building. But what that building was nobody knows.

*Latakia* lies to the south of Alexandretta, and is larger than it, though with less trade. It is a charming little town, with about 7,000 inhabitants, and was formerly the best port in Syria.

The next Syrian seaport is *Tripoli*, or Tarablos.

Tripoli is truly a triple city. There are two towns built on two mountains, close together, and separated only by a torrent, and standing about twenty minutes' distance from the third town, on the seashore. A tramway runs between the mountain and the plain. In the background are the mountains of Lebanon, at times covered with snow, or else enveloped in clouds. My soul was filled with unspeakable emotion on finding myself face to face with these sacred crests, whose glory has been chanted by the Holy Prophets of old. The magnificent ruin still standing on one of their sides, and overlooking Tripoli, was an old castle that belonged to Godfrey of Bouillon, the hero of the Crusades.

The next port is *Beyrouth*.

#### BEYROUTH.

The ship had hardly let go her anchor when a swarm of boats decorated with flags of different colours, and rowed by Arabs, came off to her. In a few moments the deck was covered with men of all colours and tongues, uttering barbarous cries; and offering us their services. Without waiting for a reply they seized hold of valises, bags, boxes, and travellers alike; and wanted to pitch them into their boats in order to take them on shore. Nearly the same scene took place at the various ports we touched at after leaving Smyrna. When at Tripoli I could not help pitying a poor old Turk, who was thrown to the bottom of a boat with his baggage; and then had his wives and his children, his mattress and bed-coverings flung on top of him by these fellows.

Beyrouth is, according to certain authors, the ancient *Geris*, founded by *Gergesaeus* or



Girgasi, who was the fifth son of Ham, the son of Noah. According to the historian Josephus, it was built about 910 years before Christ, by Ithobaal, king of Tyre and Sidon. It was called Beryta then.

It was at Beryta that King Herod of Ascalon convoked, under Augustus, an assembly of a hundred notables, before whom he pleaded, with extreme violence, against his own two sons, Alexander and Aristobulus, in order that they should be condemned to death. These two princes were descended through their mother, Marianine, from the illustrious family of the Maccabees.

Herod had already put Marianine to death; and now he accused his sons of nourishing an implacable resentment against him for the murder of their mother, and wishing to dethrone him as well. In the time of Titus, Beryta had attained a very high degree of splendour. It possessed several schools, amongst others a celebrated school of civil law. During the first centuries of the Church, it was famous for its school of eloquence. It was destroyed by an earthquake in 566.

Built up again, it next fell into the power of the Saracens. Baldwin the First took it from them in 1111, after a siege of two months. It was retaken by Saladin in 1187, and for the next ten years was the capital of Syria.

This important place was erected with all its territory, into a seigniorship at the time of the Crusaders, and was held in fief by several seigneurs, under the suzerainty of the king of Jerusalem. Later on, it belonged to the princes of the Lebanon. After the assassination of Prince Joseph, by Mohammed Jasard, the governor of Beyrouth, who was instigated to this act by the Porte, Mohammed was raised to the Pashalik of S. Jean d'Acre as a reward for his crime; and Beyrouth fell into the hands of the Mussulmans in which it still remains.

Herod the Great provided this city with public warehouses, markets, temples, and places of assembly. Herod Agrippa built several public buildings amongst others a theatre, in which 1,400 condemned to death, fought with one another, and died, all in one day.

The city of Beyrouth gave birth to S. Pamphilus, who succeeded Origen as Director of the School of Alexandria; and afterwards founded another school at Cæsarea (of Palestine), where he was martyred in 309. About the year 362, A.D. Julian, the apostate, burned down the basilica here, but it was rebuilt in 381.

Thomas, Bishop of Beyrouth, assisted at the first council of Constantinople; Eustathius at that of Chalcedonia.

Seen from the sea, modern Beyrouth presents an enchanting aspect. It is situated on a tongue of land of triangular shape, whose point projects into the sea about three miles distance off. At the opposite end is the foot of the Lebanon range, whose gigantic crests extend northwards to Tripoli, and on the south towards Saïda.

"On beholding it from the sea," says Mgr. Mestin, "softly laid out on a delightful hill, and resembling, according to the Oriental expression, a charming sultana reclining on a couch of

verdure, and gazing at the waves in dreamy indolence, crowned, as it is, with arches and spires, ogives and terrace-roof; with Moorish ruins, its crenelated walls; its minarets and cupolas; its lofty pines all reflected in the loveliest of seas, and bathed in an ocean of light, you are struck with astonishment and admiration."

Alas! the Moorish ruins and the crenelated walls have now altogether disappeared. Only a fragment of an old tower is to be seen on the way to the great lighthouse.

Beyrouth is at once a Turkish and an European town. It is divided into two distinct parts: the old town, which is, properly speaking, Turkish town; and the new town, which is, especially, European. In the old town the houses are massive and flat-roofed. They are nearly all connected together on the upper story, but there are passages running between them on the ground-floor, in which all the refuse of the locality is piled. The streets, which sometimes run through these passages, are narrow and badly paved, and are covered with heaps of rubbish here and there render it difficult to get along; and there being so little rain, dirt and filth of all kinds superabound in them. In the new town, which extends to the right and end of the old one, as far as the adjoining hills, the streets are wide and the houses, European-like, some of them, in fact, quite palatial. The houses here are all built on the same interior plan. The ground-floor is what they call the *dar*, which is a long apartment, the whole length of the house, and divided into three parts by glass partitions.

At each end of the court stands a small square, one generally facing the north, and the other the south, each of which is used as a retiring place, according to the season. Between the two is the widest part of the court, forming a spacious vestibule, which gives access to the reception rooms, to the dining room, and to one or two small rooms, used as workrooms. Visitors are always received on the ground-floor, all the business of which is set apart for their use. The storey or storeys are for the family of the house alone; and strangers are never allowed to enter them.

The country round Beyrouth is surpassingly beautiful. Delightful villas are built on the surrounding hills and form the resort of Beyrouth during the overwhelming heat of summer. The trees, olive-trees, caroub-trees, orange-trees, fig-trees, and mulberry-trees, afford a cool shade to the fortunate owners of these properties. The balmy air breathed here is most salutary to the health.

At a short distance from the city, on the way to Damascus, is a public garden where, on Wednesday a military band attracts a number of visitors. Near it is a forest of trees, where one can rest and take shelter from the heat of the sun.

On the banks of the *Nahr* or Beyrouth a magnificent little pleasure garden has been recently planted by Roustan Pasha, the Governor of Lebanon, forming a promenade for spring and summer days.

(To be continued.)

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINBECK.

### CHAPTER XV.

**T**HERE was no end of the horrible war-feast on the return of the successful braves to Gandawaga. Many were the sacrifices offered to Airestoi, and with these unhappy victims dedicated to demons the cruelty and thirst for blood of the Hurons increased. At Whitsuntide, a numerous band returned, which had fallen upon some Algonquin villages and made many prisoners. There were women and children among them, most of whom were sentenced to slavery, but some were offered at the stake.

This was the lot of an Algonquin squaw, who, after having been burned to death upon a pile of wood, was cut to pieces and eaten. The unfortunate woman was baptized by the missionary just as the flames reached her feet. The Jesuit stepped fearlessly through the row of captives, approached the convert and baptized her. The Hurons quietly suffered this, for they feared magical power.

At last, as the feast of S. John the Baptist drew near, there was a pause in the cannibal feast, and several chiefs, who had gone out in the spring with bands of warriors, informed the sagamore, through their messengers, that it would be some time before their return, for that the Hurons had entered the field in great strength, in order to clear the passage to the French settlements. The Algonquin tribes between the Ottawa River and Three Rivers, had united with the Wyandots, or Hurons, and other tribes friendly to the French, and had dug up the tomahawk, and stood up anew the Sakotis, who, in the autumn of the last year, had had a feud with the Algonquins. The war of extermination was again lighted up between the red men between the lakes and the sea; and F. Jaques, who had learned much of the war plans of the Iroquois which might be useful to the French, determined that he would ask permission to visit the Hollanders, and that he might expedite from Renselaerswyk M. Chauflour, the present governor of the Dutch colony, and his former fellow traveller from Canada, and also to give an account of the war to the brothers of his Order.

In the year, he had written with the juice of berries and the blood of his people, upon the blank pages of his two books, and sent this intelligence by some convert Hurons who trod the war-path. The letter was hidden, as was generally done, in some bushes on the banks of the S. Lawrence, but in such a manner that it could be seen by those passing, and be carried on; but it did not seem to have reached its address. The Jesuit would, therefore, be able to give a fresh sign of life from the Dutch settlement, and also to send important information to New France.

Wagawalla declared herself well pleased that she should go to Renselaerswyk, but she told him

to consider that the sagamore would be persuaded with difficulty to permit him to go alone, and that a week must pass before the Mohawks would be able to go to the settlement, for the exchange of things they wanted.

The clever woman was right. After a long delay, Spotted Snake gave his consent, but united with the conditions which she had foreseen, and F. Jaques must bear this patiently. He wished earnestly to warn the governor of Three Rivers of the threatened danger. Just before his journey to Cahotatea, an Algonquin, who had long lived among the Mohawks, and had always seemed friendly with him, had gone with a band of warriors towards the S. Lawrence, and the priest made use of the opportunity thus afforded him to write upon some pages in his book which yet remained blank, the most important part of what he had to communicate. The Algonquin was to hang this on a bush on the bank of the Great Stream, where it might be seen by the great "winged canoes" of the pale-faces. This letter was very important.

At last, the wish of the father was fulfilled. The trading expedition of the Mohawks proceeded to Renselaerswyk in two canoes, and F. Jaques accompanied them as interpreter. The sagamore made him promise that he would tell the pale-faces to be kind to the red men. The cunning sachem sent General van Curler, whom the savage regarded as the person in Cahotatea worthy of the greatest respect, a wampum girdle as a sign of friendship, and Ondesonk was to give this present with an appropriate speech.

The voyage was prosperous, and the priest's heart overflowed with joy as the bark canoes glided gently down the stream between its picturesque banks. There were some little rapids which were passed without danger, and in one place the canoes had to be carried, as the stream there had a fall of several feet, and was studded with larger or smaller rocks.

The travellers reached Cahotatea in safety, and at noon on the second day the island was in sight behind which lay Renselaerswyk.

As they approached it, there was a command from the island to halt, and from the bushes on the bank a boat, armed with arquebussiers came forth, which had given this word. The command was obeyed, for the savages knew the outpost, and that there was a strict command that no boat should pass it unexamined. The officer who commanded this picket looked at the missionary with inquisitive eyes—his dress must have given him the appearance of some strange bushranger—and entered both the canoes to ascertain with what object they came to Renselaerswyk. Then he allowed the harmless savages and their weather-beaten white companion to pass on.

Fort Orange lay in the middle of the island. F. Jaques had formed a much higher idea of this erection, of which he had heard so much than it deserved; it seemed to him a very poor place, and the two guards who looked at the approaching canoes with wide open eyes were much more like peace loving citizens than warlike defenders of this outpost of European civilization. A few strokes of the oar and Renselaerswyk was in sight. The settlement exceeded the expectations

of the missionary, he only wondered at the wide extent of so small a place, the thirty log and timber houses, of which lay along the banks of the river. He afterwards learned that this arose from the bad nature of the ground, which could only be built upon in certain places. Two sailing vessels of a hundred tons were at the landing place, already loaded.

The appearance of the canoes was signalled by a shot from the shore, and when they lay to, a troop of inquisitive people had already assembled. An exclamation in French from a person in the crowd arrested the officer who was pressing forward to offer his services to the missionary as he landed.

"Oh, father, my good father! What a happiness to see you here;" and in a few moments the brave hawker stood at the father's side.

"Renard! What misery I have endured on your account. I heard two shots just after we last parted. And what is the matter? Your left arm is bound up!" replied the missionary alarmed.

"That is of no consequence, father. I will tell you the whole story another time. It was only an exchange of shots. But let our seneschal first do his duty. Tell him whence you came, what is your business, how long you think to stay, and whither you will go from hence. This, of course, includes the red-skins."

Meanwhile, the officer had recovered from the surprise caused by Renard's unceremonious interruption, and proceeded to question the missionary in a very respectful manner, but with all the pompous manner of an official.

"Where do you come from, eh? What do you want in our town, eh?" and other questions.

The priest willingly gave him the desired information, but he remained silent as to his real position and signified to Renard not to betray him any further.

The seneschal, who knew no place in the civilized world except the States-General, had been content to confine his powers of speech within the limits of that of his native country, and understood only the Dutch dialect of his home. He knew as much of the French language as if the Mohawks had spoken to each other in their own.

"Do you wish to remain here two days? That we allow. If you remain longer it will be reported to the proper authorities. The seneschal has to do his duty punctually and cannot suffer any infringement of law and order. Do you understand, eh?"

"Your injunctions shall be exactly attended to," said the priest, who could hardly suppress his laughter when this person and his attendants resumed their staves with great silver knobs and gravely proceeded to a smoking house near, to refresh themselves after the execution of their laborious duties.

The Mohawks who accompanied the priest must have taken the Renselaerswyk beadle, who bore the sounding title of seneschal, for some great chief, for they looked at him with a certain kind of timidity, and first broke silence when the pedler gave them a friendly salute.

They wished to conclude their bartering as

quickly as possible, and to return with the goods they had purchased the next day. Two of them, with their canoe, were ready to wait a little longer for Ondesonk. They were, therefore, taken to Peter Bluten, who was the only person who had the power of granting licences for trade, although he never refused them to any but people of doubtful character.

Peter Bluten expected this visit from the time when he had seen Renard in conference with the Indians. He had, therefore, chosen out of his shop a long white tobacco pipe, and filled it with the choicest canister in order to present this Dutch calumet to the savages as a welcome and an assurance of his friendship.

He did not recognize the missionary till he was quite close to him. The outward appearance of the Jesuit deceived him, but then he forgot his dignity as a tradesman as well as his customary discretion, and hastening to the much talked of and greatly pitied man with open arms, exclaimed:

"You are M. Jaques, the Catholic priest whom the Mohawks have had in captivity for almost a year. You must be he; you are heartily welcomed under Peter Bluten's roof. We are not Catholics here, but that makes no difference with such a man as you are. You go to the heathen, those red-skins who believe in false gods, so you cannot refuse your hand to a non-Catholic Christian. You may be sure that your fate has been felt by the heart not only by Peter Bluten, but by many others in Renselaerswyk and New Amsterdam. This day will have a red letter in my calendar, and will always be a joyful one. Now come in and partake of some Dutch hospitality."

"Thanks from my heart. Such warm words do me good. God bless you for them," replied the priest, who, in spite of his kind feeling towards the Hollanders, had not expected such a reception, and he followed the shopkeeper through piles of goods to a little reception-room intended for distinguished guests. Then the missionary was obliged to take his place in a high backed cushioned arm chair before a dazzlingly white table cloth, while his host returned to attend to the wants of the Mohawks. After saluting them in a friendly manner, he made all possible haste to business; and when Renard, who acted as interpreter, assured him that his presence in the shop was no longer indispensable, he returned to the rooms behind it, there to prepare as quickly as he could the best repast that kitchen and cellar could afford.

Frau Bluten shook her head at the unusual behaviour of her phlegmatic husband; she arranged her hood before the only mirror in the house, and asked thoughtfully:

"But, Peter, to whom are you paying all this honour. Who is it who has come to Mynheer Bluten's house, that he should put my quiet husband into a state of excitement, such as I have never before seen?"

"You shall know all this at the proper time, Marianne. Now attend to all my orders, and spare neither kitchen nor cellar. A remarkable guest has come to us, and very likely, in a little while, we shall have our minister, the general, and our old friend Jacob Jansen all here. Thomas Renard will also be one of our guests."

"Yes—but, Peter——"

"Not at all. No 'but' and no 'Peter.' It must be done, and it must be very quickly, and exactly as I have told you. The explanation will come in good time."

"Very well; but I am not Peter Bluten's honoured wife if I do not know what is passing in the house. Is a meal of the best the kitchen and cellar can supply to be prepared also for the people who came here with Thomas the pedler?"

"Marianne, it is of no use to talk. At the proper time I shall speak, but not before, for I know in a quarter of an hour all Renselaerswyk——"

"Do you think me such a chatterbox, Peter?"

"Chattering on one side, chattering on the other. Women are women. The whole town will be here if it were once known that F. Bluten, who was taken prisoner by the Mohawks last summer, and was so barbarously tortured, is in Peter Bluten's house. There! Now my heart has escaped me!"

"The Catholic Frenchman here? Oh, oh! I shall see that man."

"Later, Marianne. Now keep your lips closed. Go and send Morris to invite the commandant and the others."

"Yes, Peter. You may depend upon my going."

When Peter went, but he did not reckon very much upon Frau Marianne's silence. But the result was not to be undone. He, therefore, sent his boy totum Morris with his invitations as early as possible, lest those honourable persons should first hear the news through some chance messenger.

The missionary was well pleased to have so early an opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of the great authority in Renselaerswyk, and he thanked his hospitable host very cordially for the arrangement.

"I should be very glad if I could speak with Thomas Renard before the commandant arrives," he remarked, as Peter Bluten observed that he must go and do a little more business with the Mohawks; "I want to learn something from him which is important."

"Very good, sir. Thomas will be very glad to have some quiet talk with you, and I can meanwhile attend to my customers. You must be well aware that even these Red-skins have their ambition, and take it amiss if you do not attend to them yourself."

He then took from his shop-boy the wine and meat which he brought in.

"We shall first drink a glass of wine to your happy arrival. You cannot refuse," he continued.

And the priest submitted to the unavoidable.

Peter then went to the Mohawks, and the pedler took his place with the honoured guest.

"Tell me how you were formerly acquainted with Bouffet?" he said, as Renard seated himself near him; "whether and how I am to mention him to the commandant?"

"If I may advise, speak as little as possible about him. Here he is always called in the shortest way, Jan. He is in bad repute. No one trusts him, and Van Curlier least of all. But the

general often has need of the cunning rogue, and will not break with him until he has full proof of his double tongue. I had rather that the general should not proceed too sharply against the traitor till I am quite certain that I am on the right track. For this I require some documents from Quebec, of which I am in daily expectation. When once these are in my hands the old fox will fall into the pit, and the process will be made according to law. Did he suspect that he was pursued he would away from the district, the trace of him would be lost, and fresh mischief would be prepared by him."

"Do you, then, consider him such a dangerous person?"

"Do I consider him dangerous? I ought to know. As long as Bouffet is at liberty there will be no peace on the S. Lawrence, and your own life is not for a moment secure. A human life is worth no more to him than a fox's skin—that he has proved often enough. But ask me no more about it. Not till Bouffet is rendered harmless dare I unseal my lips."

"I have only to remind you that whatever you may do in this dark matter, your holy Christian duty remains, which does not permit you to forestall the proceedings of Providence. 'Vengeance is mine!' saith the Lord."

"I will act in a manner, father, for which I can answer before God. Help me with your prayers. Now let me tell you what happened after I left you in the forest by the lake. You remember that I expected some mischief, and I was not wrong. Red Hand was concealed there, and observing us until I remarked upon the movement of the bushes. What the scoundrel wanted there I do not know. Perhaps he meant to cross my path; most likely he had traced you before I met you, and intended to get rid of you."

"But why does this man hate me so that he is always thirsting after my blood?"

"Because he has left the impression here that he has a deep interest in you and your fellow-sufferers. When Bouffet brought us the news of your captivity, and said he had been an eyewitness of all that had happened at S. Peter's Island, General van Curlier sent him at once to the Mohawks to offer a ransom for the three white men, and to do all in his power to prevent the savages from doing any harm to them. I know myself how Jan neglected this order. And now, quite lately, a letter directed from Quebec, which a white hunter, who called himself Henry Simons, brought to Three Rivers, gave the settlement there the first information of your misfortune, and in the mission-house a large sum of money was collected in order to bribe the chiefs and sachems. By this means you would all be placed in safety till the business which the swindler was to carry on had gone so far that your liberation could be purchased. As, meanwhile, nothing was heard of the kind-hearted Henry Simons, nor anything about you, it was decided that enquiries should be made of the government at New Amsterdam through the authorities at Quebec as to how the case stood. Governor Kieft sent the letter hither and the general showed it to me, saying openly that he thought Jan had played a trick both to himself and the gentlemen at Three Rivers, and

as the commandant for some months saw nothing of the man he had sent to treat with the Mohawks, he went to Gandawaga, but could learn nothing more from the Red-skins than that he had spoken of a ransom sent by the Hollanders, and had gone away. When the party returned from Gandawaga they found Bouffet here in Renselaerswyk, and the general caused him to be sharply watched. Nothing, however, occurred which could justify his arrest."

"This seems almost incredible, Renard!"

"Incredible, and yet true in every particular."

"Then the letters I wrote from Gandawaga must be lost."

"Or are still in Bouffet's pocket."

"In Bouffet's pocket?"

"Yes, father. The bushranger, who is accustomed to be very moderate in drink, took a glass or so too much in the drinking-house here, and on this occasion showed an open page covered with reddish-brown writing. He said, in a triumphant manner, that it was—excuse me if I use his words—smeared by a wretched Jesuit, and instead of reaching its address had wandered into his pocket. Do you now think that this man had any thought of freeing you, father?"

"Not very likely, Renard; but I would never appear as his accuser."

"A man like Bouffet would be unable to understand such magnanimity. Now hear, in short, before Peter Bluten returns, the end of my adventure. No one here knows how I came by this wound in my arm, and it is better that the affair should remain hushed up. I found Bouffet's trail among the bushes, followed him, and came in sight of him about a hundred paces further on, but at the moment of my discovery I received a shot in my arm, and immediately after I was able to send a bullet after the too hasty marksman. But in consequence of my wound the shot was not a certain one, and the bullet did not reach the right spot. After this I covered myself by a tree, again charged my gun, and then with impotent rage saw how Jan fled from tree to tree, and placed himself in safety. Since that time I have neither seen nor heard of him. This is my story."

"Fearful, Renard, it is fearful! How can men, and especially Christians, thus play with life. I cannot blame you, for you fired out of necessity, and would for no other reason have pointed your gun at the bushranger; assure me of that, Renard?"

The man looked down in silence, and the father continued earnestly:

"You must assure me of that, Renard. Give the evil-doer up to justice, but stain not your hands with his blood."

"I did not intend to shoot the scoundrel dead. No; I will not take his life if it is not to save my own or some other person's. Life in the wilds has made me hard and rough but not blood-thirsty; to suffer wrong in patience is not my way; I am only a beginner in it. If Jean Bouffet had at one fearful hour shown only a spark of human feeling, it would be different with me, but he has the heart of a tiger, father. Yes, the heart of a tiger beat in his breast at that time and beats there still. He has signed with blood the bill of debt he will have to pay."

The face of the hawker expressed great anger. He stepped to the window, and tried to compose himself.

The priest remained silent. René's words came into his mind: "You shall not be guilty of another murder, you cowardly bandit!" and with it a dark presentiment that there was a connection between the accusation of the Oblate and Renard's mysterious hints. But there was not time for voices were heard, and Peter Bluten and the three gentlemen entered the room which Renard hastily quitted.

"God be praised," said the first who entered, whose uniform showed him to be commandant of the place. "God be praised, sir, that at last we have the pleasure of welcoming you to Renselaerswyk. This would have taken place long ago, but the red-skins kept you concealed when we went to Gandawaga to visit you. My name is Van Curler, and I have the honour to command Fort Orange. Now let me present my friends. This is our worthy pastor Mynheer Dominicus Megapolensis; this is the merchant, Mynheer Jacob Jansen, who thinks as you do. There is no need for me to tell your name, for every child in the place knows it."

The sturdy soldier held the Jesuit's hand, which he had seized upon as in a vice, and in his joy did not observe how the priest almost ground his teeth with pain, till the pastor released it, and, as he embraced him, said:

"Sufferer for Christ, I embrace you!"

"Welcome to Renselaerswyk!" said Jacob Jansen, as soon as the hand of the missionary was free.

"How can I repay you for this cordial reception, this great sympathy?" asked the missionary, much affected. "God only can reward you for what you do for me."

"The reward given by God surpasses the gratitude of man," observed the general.

And he sat down with such weight upon the chair that it cracked again.

They chatted pleasantly.

"This day shall be recorded in the family chronicle of my house," said the host, "and our pastor must make some verses about it, but not in Latin, for no Bluten understands the dead languages."

A quiet friendly meeting with the commandant would have been much pleasanter to the missionary than this ovation. He had imagined the things here would have been quite different, and in spite of this hearty reception he could not help thinking that he might not always be able to reckon upon the Hollanders so surely as Renard had maintained. But he was not now requiring their help for himself, but had only come hither in order to be able to send news of the misfortune of the expedition and of his own fate and that of his companions to his brotherhood and the authorities in Quebec.

The noisy joy of the General was changed into deep attention when the honoured guest began a sketch of his experience among the Mohawks. But he could not go on long, for Frau Mariam suddenly entered the room, and with red cheeks and uncontrolled anger, stepping up to the husband:

"Peter," she said, "This will not do. You must speak. Those red fellows must not come into my room and to my table! Renard is sitting there, and can tell you what they want. Oh, the dear saint! Look at his hand!"

The lady had forgotten her own grievances as she looked at the maimed hand of the missionary, and tears filled her eyes.

The door was now hastily opened, and Renard entered. He whispered a few words in the ear of the priest in the Mohawk language, and then left the room as quickly as he had entered it.

"My companions are uneasy about me, and want to see me. I will go and speak with them," said he followed Renard.

"Ah! now there will be murder and blows!"

Frau Marianne, wringing her hands.

"Murder and blows! Nonsense! These Indians know very well how to behave themselves at the guns of Fort Orange and in presence of the flag of the States General," growled Van Curs, striking his sword.

"M. Jaques will soon bring them to peace and order," said the pastor.

"I hope so," said Mynheer Jansen; "but it would be as well if our good friend, Bluten, were to look after things outside, and give us intelligence. He knows so well how to treat those savages."

"How? Is my Peter to risk his life," exclaimed Frau Marianne. "Peter shall not go out, I say. You shall remain with me, Peter. We are a family man. Ah, my poor children!"

(To be continued.)

## A MYSTERY IN THE OLD TOWN OF WINCHESTER.

BY K. M. WELD,

Author of "Lily the Lost One," "Bees," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER III.



MONICA was very busy one morning, dusting and arranging the parlour, when Rebecca came in hurriedly, and desired her to take a covered basket which she held in her hand to her cousin, Mrs. Claypole. Monica obeyed; but when she reached Mrs. Claypole's found she was absent; there was only a young girl in the house. Monica gave her the basket with a message from Mrs. Curtis.

The girl immediately untied the basket, and took out the contents. She did so in Monica's presence, who was somewhat surprised when she saw that it contained almost the whole of a roast chicken, besides a couple of large cutlets. She, however, made no remark, but took up the empty basket to return to Rebecca.

When she reached the house, she went immediately into the kitchen, where Rebecca was talking to her aunt. She heard her saying as she entered the kitchen.

"I never was so grieved or so provoked before in my life, ma'am. I was arranging in my own mind what a nice little dinner I should prepare for you by fricasseeing the remains of that cold chicken, and I had put it on the shelf to be near at hand, when you called me suddenly about something upstairs. I ran to you immediately, and when I returned to the kitchen, and lifted the dish down to begin my preparations, I found the whole clean gone, and I saw that villainous black cat of Molly Haggerty's running across the garden with it in her mouth. I threw a pan, and a pair of clogs after her, but she only ran the faster. I could cry when I think of it."

"Dear me," answered Miss Temple impatiently, "how provoking; but how careless of you to leave the door open when you went out of the kitchen."

"It is the last time such a thing shall happen. I will get some poisoned liver to-night, and put it outside the door; the brute is sure to return to see what else can be stolen, and we shall never be troubled by it again."

"I desire, Rebecca, that you do no such thing," replied Miss Temple. "I never will allow such an inhuman act as that. Betty Haggerty is quite as fond of her cat as I am of my dog Tingle, and I would not for worlds give her the pain of seeing the cat return home, and die in agonies. I consider you much more to blame than the cat. You certainly are becoming very careless, Rebecca; it was only last week that the dog gobbled up the cutlets you had left on the dresser, and the mice ate almost the whole of the remains of the mince pie."

"Of course, ma'am, I am to blame for everything, when I slave night and day for you, I am always wrong, always; it is hard, very hard;"

LONGFELLOW'S WOOING.—In 1842 Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton was travelling with her father in Europe. In the same year Professor Longfellow was in Germany. He was then thirty-five years old, Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-lettres in Harvard University. He had married very early in life, and soon lost a beloved wife and infant child, whose memory he cherished to the last; but he was not unsusceptible to new love, and he became deeply enamoured of Fannie Appleton. Mr. Longfellow was a man of fine personal appearance, with rare attainments in European culture, to which he had devoted several years of travel and study, and he had already a name as a poet not confined to America. But still his suit did not thrive. If not absolutely rejected, he was not an accepted lover. Both returned to America, Mr. Longfellow published his romance of "Hyperion," in which he told the story of his love—he being his own hero, under the name of Paul Flemming; the heroine, Mary Ashburton, being Miss Appleton. It is in this romance that the song, "I know a maiden fair to see," occurs. The professor followed the lady to her summer home in Pittsfield, and no lady who has read "Hyperion" and "Kavanagh" will blame the heroine that she then yielded to so passionate a lover. Much of the scenery and some of the story of "Kavanagh" is derived from Professor Longfellow's wooing and marriage, although not so closely as in "Hyperion." The Pittsfield scenery is easily recognized.



and Rebecca took up the corner of her apron to wipe her eyes. "I never do anything right now-a-days."

"You are a silly creature," replied Miss Temple, "of course, I did not mean that you intended the cat to eat the chicken, but it is very provoking that it is gone."

Monica was perfectly astounded at Rebecca's duplicity, and exclaimed inwardly:

"Then, after all, what Catherine told me was right, though I did not believe her. My conscience will prevent me in future from carrying any of those covered baskets to her relatives; but in what difficulties will not this involve me. Nothing, however, shall persuade me to do what I know is wrong. I will run any risk rather than do that."

A few days after this occurrence, Rebecca brought the little covered basket to Monica, and told her to take it as usual to her cousin; but, to her surprise, Monica replied in a gentle but firm tone:

"I cannot take your basket, Mrs. Curtis, for I saw what you sent to Mrs. Claypole the last time, and heard what you said to Miss Temple on the subject."

Rebecca looked for a moment as if taken quite aback, but soon recovered herself, and replied sharply:

"What business had you to pry into my basket, it was tied up."

"Mrs. Claypole was out, and her niece untied the basket at once."

"You are a stupid, canting creature," replied Rebecca, wrathfully; "what I sent in that basket was only some perquisites of my own, the cat took the rest."

Monica dared not venture a reply, but left the room without taking the basket.

Rebecca attempted several times after this to send baskets to her friends by Monica. The poor girl always refused to take anything that was concealed; and she therefore desisted after a time, but she treated Monica with the greatest coldness; and the poor girl was thus deprived of the recreation of an occasional walk, which she had enjoyed so much before she discovered the contents of the basket. She felt sadly depressed at times, as she saw that her mistress also mistrusted her, and she could not help suspecting that Mrs. Curtis was the hidden cause of this.

Rebecca was absent one afternoon on some business; so Miss Temple called Monica, and desired her to go out into the town to do a commission which Rebecca had forgotten. It was to pay a small bill at the grocer's. The amount of the bill was four shillings and ninepence; but, as Miss Temple had no change, she gave a sovereign to Monica, and desired her to give it to the grocer, and bring back the change. She told her to make haste, so as to return in-time to prepare the afternoon tea.

Monica was quite delighted at having this little commission confided to her; she soon reached the shop, but was kept waiting a long time, as it was filled with customers. It was dusk when she returned home, and Miss Temple was getting very impatient for her tea. Monica began to explain the reason of being so long absent, but Miss Temple cut her short, saying:

"Never mind, child; give me the change quickly, and make my tea; there, put the change, and the bill in that leather bag in the corner."

Monica emptied the change into the bag indicated, and ran down stairs to prepare Miss Temple's tea, after which she sat down quietly and took her own.

Shortly after, Rebecca came in, and bustled up to her mistress, making every kind of excuse for having forgotten the commission to pay the bill.

"No matter," replied her mistress, "it is paid. I sent Monica to the shop to pay it."

"Monica? You surprise me. Of course you acted as you thought right, madam, but I should have been afraid to trust Monica with money; you know she is not honest; do you not remember the ring?"

"Well, there was no proof of her having taken it, and I am quite sure that she brought back my change right."

"Indeed! Did you count it?"

"Oh, no. I told her to put it into that bag, which she did at once."

"I daresay she did; what ought the change to be?"

"I gave her a pound, and the bill was four shillings and ninepence."

"Then the change should be fifteen shillings and threepence. We may as well count it."

They took the change out of the bag; there were ten shillings missing, probably a half sovereign.

Monica was summoned at once.

"Did you put all the change you received into that bag, Monica?"

"Yes," replied the poor girl, but the tone in which the question was asked made her colour up so deeply as to excite suspicion.

"What change did Mr. Meal give you?" asked Miss Temple sharply.

"I do not know," replied Monica in a trembling voice; "I gave him the bill, and the sovereign, and when he returned the bill with the change I did not count it; I thought that, of course, it was right. I was in such a hurry about your tea, that I ran all the way home, I must have dropped the half sovereign."

"What an artful creature," whispered Rebecca to Miss Temple; "of course the half sovereign was given to her, and she has it concealed somewhere."

Mr. Meal was sent for, and questioned as to whether he had given the right change, or possibly made a mistake in the amount; but he said he was positive that he had given the girl the full change, which was a half sovereign, five shillings in silver, and three pence in coppers. He was the more certain, because he had been obliged to go up stairs to his own private writing desk to fetch it. He said that the young person seemed flurried, and had probably dropped it somewhere; he would have the floor of his shop well searched. He left the room; and, in about a quarter of an hour, sent a message to say that the half sovereign was not found in his shop, and that he could bear of no one having picked it up.

Miss Temple sent at once for Monica and said:

"It is not the first time you have been sus-

pested of dishonesty; therefore, I cannot keep you in my service. Leave the room."

Poor Monica obeyed, after endeavouring to say a few words in justification, but her voice faltered and she could articulate nothing. She went upstairs into her own little room, sat down and cried bitterly. In the course of an hour, Rebecca came in.

"This is a bad business, child," she exclaimed, "but I see no remedy, for Miss Temple is so angry that she commands you to leave the house to-morrow morning, as soon as it is light, for she wishes never to see you again."

"But may I not go into her room and say good bye in the morning; she might have some message to send to her brother who lives in Southampton."

"Certainly not; she wishes never to set her eyes on you again, and she must be obeyed. Pack up your clothes at once, and be sure you make no noise when you pass her bedroom in the morning, it might disturb her."

Poor Monica did as she was ordered by Rebecca, and on the following morning left the house at about half past six. It was very cold, and dusk, but it was useless to repine; so Monica walked on until she was very tired, when a farmer, who happened to be passing, kindly gave her a lift in his cart as far as the little village of Moreston.

She determined to try and reach the village of Worl, which she knew was about three miles from Lulworth Castle, as she had heard much of the hospitality and charity of the inhabitants of that castle, and fancied that the cottagers in the neighbourhood might be kind also. But she was disappointed; for, although she went to many houses, and entreated the charity of a night's lodging, she was always repulsed. Sometimes the door was shut in her face, at others she was answered by harsh words such as these:

"No room for tramps here," or "Make yourself scarce, young woman, or I'll call a policeman."

She ventured to open a gate, in order to take refuge in an empty barn, but was frightened back by a huge mastiff, which was tied up there, and which barked, growled, and shook its chain as if it would break loose and spring upon her.

The poor woman was more compassionate; she gave her a little food, and allowed her to sleep on some straw in an outhouse. But even she sometimes if mistrusting the poor girl, and not believing her tale, for she continued to mutter:

"Beggings is a bad trade, young woman, depend on it; take my advice and try something better."

Monica made no reply; she took the proffered food with thanks, and retired to the outhouse, where sleep soon comforted her. She rose early the next morning, and recommenced her dreary walk, in the direction of the New Forest, which she knew must be passed on her way to Southampton.

She continued walking at intervals, during the whole day, getting an occasional lift from market carts, but late in the afternoon she had not completed half the journey.

Her heart sank when she thought of the repulses she had met with the night before, and she trembled at the idea of again begging for a lodg-

ing, although she felt that it would kill her to pass the night without shelter or refreshment.

Monica placed her little bundle on the ground, knelt down on a stone at the side of a bank, and implored Almighty God to help her, and move some one to compassion, and to give her shelter for the night. The poor girl's eyes were swollen with weeping, she was wan and pale from hunger and over fatigue, but yet her heart was peaceful and filled with a confident hope that God would protect her, and send the help she so much required.

In the fervour of prayer, she had closed her eyes, and was surprised when she re-opened them to see a young girl standing quite near, and looking at her. She rose instantly, and was about to speak, when the stranger walked away, as if fearful of having disturbed her. The girl carried a basket containing flowers and fruit on her arm, and presently returned, and, addressing Monica, said gently:

"Are you ill? or are you in affliction? Is there anything I can do to help you?"

Monica was quite overcome by these words, the only kind ones she had heard for so long, and she answered in a faltering voice:

"I am weak and faint, and in great distress. I do not know where to find shelter for the night. Last night I slept on straw in a miserable outhouse, I had only a crust of bread for supper. I have had little else this morning, and I dare not beg relief of any one, for all have refused help, and driven me away harshly."

"How sorry I am for you," replied the young country girl, "how much I wish I could help you. I have a little bread and cheese in my basket, the remains of what my grandmother put up for me this morning when I left home to sell my eggs in the neighbourhood of Lymington. Will you try and eat a little? It may be dry, as it was cut in the morning, but it would be better than nothing."

Monica thanked her warmly, and gratefully accepted the refreshment she offered, and she also lifted up her heart to God full of gratitude to Him for His goodness in guiding the steps of this young girl to her aid.

After satisfying her hunger, she turned to the girl and asked her name.

"My name is Teresa Littlehale," she answered, "I am just sixteen; how old are you?"

Monica satisfied the curiosity of her new friend on that head, and they seated themselves on the bank side by side.

These two girls formed a pretty picture seated on the green sward. Monica was tall, slight, and very fair; her new friend was small, plump, and rosy, with dark brown hair. Her eyes were bright and sparkling, and she looked like a young country girl, full of health and spirits, who had never known a care or trouble. She was dressed neatly, but there was nothing showy in her attire except a little scarlet cloak thrown over her shoulders.

Monica was preparing to depart, when Teresa took her hand, and said gently:

"You shall not leave me without first telling me where you are going, and what you intend to do, that I may help you if I can."

On hearing these kind words Monica looked at

Teresa with such gratitude and delight, that the latter immediately exclaimed :

"Do not continue your journey alone to-night, but come with me ; my home is not far off, and I am quite sure that if I ask my father to give you a night's lodging he will not refuse ; and you will be quite delighted with our cottage," added the young girl enthusiastically, "it is thatched, and a beautiful sweet honeysuckle grows round the porch, and there is a climbing rose-tree, and lots of sweet briar in the garden, and I will give you some."

The cheerful young peasant would have continued talking for some time, for she herself had never known anything but happiness ; the death of a pet bird, or the loss of a favourite flower was almost the greatest sorrow she had ever experienced. Suddenly she remembered that as Monica did not know her father she might feel doubtful as to how she would be received, so she again took the poor girl's hand, and said gently :

"You will come with me, will you not, dear ? I am quite sure that my father will be pleased to give you a night's lodging, and that he will be really angry with me if I let you go away alone."

Monica pressed Teresa's hand, and raising her eyes to heaven, exclaimed.

"I thank Thee, oh, my God ! for hearing and granting my prayer, and sending me a friend to show me that kindness which I so much needed. The only return I can make to you," she said, again addressing Teresa, "is to pray for you, and to beg of Our Lord to bless you and yours. But are you certain that your father will not be displeased ?"

"Oh ! quite certain," said the girl with a bright smile. "I can make daddy do as just I please, even when he does not like, and I am sure that when he sees you," she added archly, "that he will quite fall in love with you, as I have done, so come along, or it will soon be dark, and he will be angry with me for staying out so late."

The two girls walked on together. Teresa carried Monica's little bundle, and gave her the basket which was light. They soon came in sight of the cottage, and picturesque it certainly looked, although not many flowers were to be seen, as it was late in the season, but the few that remained gave the whole a cheerful appearance.

The garden was surrounded by a rustic paling, and there was a neat gate opposite the door which Teresa immediately opened. Monica begged to remain outside until she had seen her father, and obtained his permission for her to enter the house.

Monica had some time to wait, for Teresa did not find her father in the house as she expected ; he was in the far meadow superintending the digging up of the potatoes.

Monica had therefore, time for much reflection during Teresa's absence, and she thought upon the goodness of God in thus sending her a friend at the moment when everything seemed hopeless ; she felt that she could not thank and bless Him sufficiently, and resolved mentally that nothing should ever make her lose confidence in His paternal care.

Teresa alarmed the cocks and hens as she ran through the farm-yard. From the orchard she saw her father standing at the end of the potato-field. She reached him, but was breathless, and

could not speak for some moments. Her father looked at her, and smiled as he said :

"Well, where's the bustle, my little maid ; what do you wish for in such a hurry ?"

"Oh, daddy ! I met such a nice girl in the forest ; she has no home to go to for the night, and she had scarcely tasted food all day. I told her I was certain you would let her sleep in our cottage, and I have brought her home with me."

"How very imprudent, my dear ; of course she is a tramp, and it would not be at all safe to admit such a girl. The poultry-yard was robbed last week. She may, perhaps, belong to that gang, and would open the door and let people in to rob the house at night. I could not even think of letting her sleep in my cottage. If she is hungry give her a good meal, my dear ; let her take it away, and be off quickly."

"Oh, daddy, that is very hard of you ! I told her that you were so good and kind, that you would be certain to give her shelter for the night."

"But what do you know about the girl that you should wish to take her in more than the other tramps you constantly meet."

Teresa told the story of her meeting with Monica, and entreated her father so earnestly only to see her when she was sure he would pity her, that the good farmer, now that his potatoes were all dug up, consented to go home and see this "wonderful young person," adding that it was possible he might see the feathers of some of his lost poultry sticking out of her pocket.

Teresa was rather annoyed at her father's incredulity ; but she said no more on the subject, feeling certain in her mind that the honest and truthful expression of Monica's countenance would convince her father that it would be right, and not imprudent, to take her in for the night.

(To be continued.)

---

### THE ROSE.\*

---

ONCE a boy beheld a bright

Rose in dingle growing ;  
Far, far off it pleased his sight ;  
Near he viewed it with delight :  
Soft it seemed and glowing.  
Lo ! the rose, the rose so bright,  
Rose so brightly blowing !

Spake the boy, "I'll pluck thee, grand  
Rose all wildly blowing."  
Spake the rose, "I'll wound thy hand,  
Thus the scheme thy wit hath planned,  
Deftly overthrowing."

Oh ! the rose, the rose so grand,  
Rose so grandly glowing.

But the stripling plucked the red  
Rose in glory growing,  
And the thorn his flesh hath bled,  
And the rose's pride is fled,  
And her beauty's going.  
Woe ! the rose, the rose once red—  
Rose once redly glowing.

\* From the German of Goethe, by James Clarence Mangan.

## SMOKING AND SNUFF-TAKING.



**SMOKERS** abound in every clime—Christians, Jews, Mahometans; followers of Bramah and worshippers of the Grand Lama; New Zealanders and Chinese; Samoeids and Africans;

Americans of every sect and race; red men and white; aborigines and settlers; quakers, shakers, jumpers, lumpers, loafers, and loco-focos; Yankees and buck-eyes; master and man; Esquimaux and Patagonians; Mexicans, Peruvians, and Brazilians; Creoles, Mestezoes, and Samboes; how-  
ever they may differ in colour, speech, manners, and opinions, all concur in the love of tobacco. A practice which obtains so universal a sanction that we fear, be easily written down, however audacious the attempt; but the greater the industry, the greater the energy required to overcome it; and we cheerfully lend a helping hand to promote that object.

In a medical point of view, the use of tobacco is unequivocally and unexceptionally injurious. The weed is a poison, and those unaccustomed to smoking who indulge in it for the first time, are troubled with the most distressing symptoms; in some instances, death has ensued from a first excess. We might ourselves give many instances of the deplorable condition we have seen some of our young friends brought to through their first cigar. With pleasure we have to record that one or two were wise enough to consider the practice not sufficiently pleasurable to attempt perseverance, and so gave it up.

The fate of almost nine out of every ten moderate smokers is to fall a victim to a more potent tyrant—alcohol. This is through the excretion of the salivary fluid which they make requiring to be replaced by drink. The thirst produced by a high dried throat is a strong invitation to the bottle and the glass, and habitual smoking is too often the precursor of habitual drunkenness. Smoking is so nearly allied to drinking that it can scarcely be indulged in by us without our appearing to sanction the drinking habits of the present day, the pipe and the bowl being looked upon as inseparable companions.

Probably we observe that smoking is always an attendant upon strong drink; it forms one of the chief enjoyments of the pot-house and the tavern, and not unfrequently acts as the parent of intemperance. Within the range of our own knowledge, several promising young men have first entered the precincts of a public-house to quench the thirst engendered by smoking a pipe. The glass of ale or brandy and water ordered for this purpose has sown the seeds—these glasses and cigars have nourished them—they have sprung up—drunkenness has been the temporal and eternal misery the fruits.

It is well known that smoking has been prescribed to the corpulent as a means of reducing their bulk; and in this respect it is doubtless an admirable specific, because it destroys the digestive powers, and thus denies the system the nutriment of the food taken into the stomach. But to have the remedy in perfection, tobacco should be chewed. A gentleman, of good constitution,

and fond of exercise, but who, notwithstanding all his toils, became exceedingly corpulent, was advised to chew tobacco, according to the directions of a person in whom he confided; and certainly he grew thin, and in time got rid of an almost lethargic drowsiness, with an unwieldy *corporation*, which had stuck to him for a considerable time; but the effect did not stop where he desired; his digestion was quite destroyed, his flesh continued to waste, he became subject to terrible bilious vomitings, and died in spite of all assistance, after having been reduced to a skeleton.

It is erroneously supposed by some smokers that the habit promotes rather than retards digestion. This fallacy is ably refuted in the *Anti-Smoker*. "The dietetic mischief, and consequent paleness of complexion and emaciation of muscle, which are attributable to the use of cigars, belong, no doubt, to an injury inflicted, perhaps in more ways than one, upon the aids and organs of digestion; nor is that hypothesis at all inconsistent with what we hear from so many cigar-smokers, namely, that their cigar is their *dependence* for digestion! That, after having impaired the organ, or weakened its tone, or dried up the salivary fluids, a stimulant is wanted, even in the very form of the bane which injures them, is only of a piece with all that has been said of drinking, and especially of dram-drinking, with which latter debauch the debauch of cigar-smoking has the closest possible alliance.

Physiologically, the effects of smoking are very much the same as those produced by intoxicating fluids. The action may be first on the mouth, but it all tends to the brain, and deranges the nervous energy. In truth, smoking causes a lulling or intoxicating effect to the most confirmed in the practice. This may be pleasing at the time, and, like a dram, may dispel momentary care, or satisfy a craving. The poor will tell you that a smoke is almost a meal; but, in reality, this is a meal of nothing. Not a particle of sustenance is imparted to the system. A mouthful of bread would do more substantial good to the hungry stomach than the smoking of a hog'shead of tobacco.

If the effects of indulgence in this vile drug were simply useless, no other harm than that of throwing money away foolishly would ensue; but the effects are positively deteriorating, and like all transgressions of nature's simple law, they recoil on the heads of the perpetrators. Tobacco, in any shape, deadens the nerves of taste, and takes a narcotic and paralysing effect upon the *par vagum*, a wandering pair of nerves which proceed directly from the base of the brain and branch off to the lungs, the heart, the stomach, and the large muscle called the diaphragm, which, dividing the chest from the abdomen, is a principal agent in breathing. Thus tobacco causes torpor, diminishes the pulsation of the heart, and, by its paralysing effect on the brain, puts the entire nervous system out of order; for into the composition of tobacco two active chemical agents enter—nicotine and essential oil; one attacking the heart, the other the brain. Lastly, the constant use of tobacco blackens the teeth, ulcerates the gums, infects the

breath, produces flatulence, and discolours the complexion.

It has been represented that smoking is a preservative against moisture of climate, and that the Dutch, for example, require this indulgence as a matter of necessity. We need only say that these assertions rest on no solid foundation. The women of Holland do not smoke, and they are as healthful as the men who do. Both in the Netherlands and Germany, smoking is a universal nuisance. In the latter country, where tobacco is generally cultivated and sold at a very cheap rate, the pipe is in everybody's mouth, and, no doubt, helps to produce that dreamy, do-nothing quality which is so peculiar to many of that country.

And now for a word to snuff-takers. According to the testimony of eminent medical men, snuff is even a more objectionable form of tobacco than "returns" or "pig-tail." As the nerves of the nostrils are more exposed, or thinly covered, than in any other part of the body, they are extremely sensitive, and when snuff is applied to them, all the nervous system becomes affected by sympathy; hence snuff-taking, like tobacco-smoking, has a narcotic effect on the brain, and through the brain on the mind itself, which particularly tends to weaken the memory. The practice infallibly vitiates the smell, consequently must impair the taste, and also blunts the hearing; for as the internal or eustachian tube of the ear opens directly behind the back part of the nostril, particles of the snuff often lodge and accumulate there to a very injurious degree. By stimulating the nerves of the eyes also, it often brings on serious diseases of the sight; so that it appears to be hurtful to all the senses except that of touch. If taken too freely, snuff may fall into the stomach, and produce disorders of digestion; it may also occasion continual and troublesome flatulence; for when the nose is obstructed, the person must breathe chiefly by the mouth, and in this way must swallow large quantities of air, which may extend the stomach doing much injury to the health. An elderly gentleman, some years ago, used to frequent a coffee-house near the Exchange, who could not breathe but with his mouth open, and from whose right nostril there hung the end of a polypus, or fleshy tumour, the remainder of which filled the cavity on that side. This prevented his breathing through that nostril, and he could make very little use of the other from a similar cause. Nothing appeared externally on that side; but he was sensible of the same swelling within. His sufferings were extreme; yet to himself the greatest was, that he could no longer take snuff, to which he was accustomed. Shortly afterwards he scarcely appeared to be the same person. A surgeon of eminence had undertaken to cure him, after many had declined it; and by attacking, from within, his mouth, which could not be got at by way of the nostrils, he made a perfect cure. The greatest advantage of all was, that his long disuse of snuff, with the sense of the mischief it had done him, prevented his returning to the custom."

Like most other pleasures, that of snuff-taking comes to an end. By excessive indulgence, the stimulus of snuff is lost, and "those who have so totally lost this delicate sensation of flavours, can-

not but have impaired their taste with regard to other things; we do not perceive imperfections which come on slowly, but we should therefore be more upon our guard against them; and it would be worth while for a man to consider in time, whether he shall choose to get into a habit of taking snuff, at the certain price of two out of the five senses? Whether, for the sake of a frivolous indulgence, he shall give up for ever the fragrance of all flowers, and the flavour, and fine taste of fruits, food, and wines?"

A few words in conclusion. There is no harm in smoking or snuff-taking, except that they both lead to bad results.

Smoking leads to drinking; drinking, intoxication; intoxication, bile; bile, indigestion; indigestion, consumption; consumption, death—that is all!

To the young, the effects are most pernicious. What should contribute to the maturity of the bodily constitution is absolutely drained away; the essential elements of manhood are weakened and some of the characteristics of old age ensue ere the youth reaches his prime.

One word more and we have done, and that is on the score of pecuniary loss to the nation by the use of tobacco. It appears that the quantity of this article manufactured and unmanufactured, including snuff, retained for home consumption in the United Kingdom during one year was 23,096,281 lbs., yielding a revenue of £3,525,956 and costing the public, as sold by retail, certainly not less than *five millions of pounds*—a most extraordinary sum to be spent on such a pernicious luxury, and chiefly, as is believed, by the less opulent classes of society.

---

S. JOSEPH AND THE HOLY SOULS.—S. Francis of Sales says: "We do not often enough remember our dead, our faithful departed." The Church, like a good mother, recalls to us the thought of the dead when we have forgotten them, and, therefore, she consecrates the month of November to the memory of the dead. This pious and salutary practice of praying for an entire month for the dead takes its rise from the earliest ages of the Church. The custom of mourning *thirty days* for the dead existed amongst the Jews. The practice of saying thirty Masses for thirty consecutive days was established by Gregory, and Innocent XI. enriched it with indulgences. "God has made known to me," says the venerable Sister Denise Martignat, "that devotion to the death of S. Joseph obtains many graces for those who are agonising, and that S. Joseph did not at once pass into heaven, because Jesus Christ had not opened its gates, he descended into limbo, it is a most useful devotion for the agonising, and for the souls in purgatory to offer to God the resignation of S. Joseph who he was dying and about to leave Jesus and Mary in this world, and to honour the holy patience of this great saint waiting calmly in limbo until Easter-day, when Jesus Christ, risen and glorified, released him." And if S. Joseph consoles the souls in purgatory, none will be so dear to him as those who were devout to him in life, and so in spreading a devotion to him.



HOW THEY MET.

## The True and the False: the Story of an Unselfish Life.

BY ALICE HORLOR.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE COURSE THAT NEVER RUNS SMOOTH.

**W**ELL, Arthur, we have got you back at last. I suppose, from the length of your stay at Beechmere, that it is unnecessary to ask whether you enjoyed your visit?"

This speech comes from the lips of a decidedly pleasant-looking lady, of only middle age, although she calls the tall, stalwart young man whom she addresses, her son.

"Quite," replies Arthur Harvey, with a smile on his handsome mouth, and a certain meditative



look in his dark eyes. "Dear mother, it was only too delightful."

"Indeed!" says Mrs. Harvey, with a slight surprise in her tone. "Now, I thought last time you were at Beechmere that you found it rather dull, and the society of bridegroom and bride rather uninteresting."

"Well, I did say so. Avenell was so perfectly wrapped up in his wife that he could not give me half the company he used."

"Then how was it you enjoyed yourself so much? Are the young couple less absorbed in each other?"

"Not a bit; they are still a perfect pair of turtle doves."

"And yet you stayed with them three weeks?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Harvey smiles.

"I confess, Arthur, you puzzle me. Your host and hostess bored you, yet you thoroughly enjoyed the visit; please explain the riddle if you can."

The young man laughs—outright, but a little nervousness evidently prompts it, as he replies:

"The fact is, this time the Avenells were not alone."

"Oh! Who was with them?"

"Avenell's sister."

There is a pause; Arthur wishes his mother would question further as it would prepare the ground for a communication he has to make; but she keeps silence.

"Mother," his face is averted, his look uneasy. "Mother, I have something to tell you, and you will not like my news I am afraid—in fact I know it will pain you."

She turns her eyes upon his face—that flushed, ingenuous countenance tells her all, but she waits to hear the confirmation of her fears from his lips; and, summoning his courage, he continues:

"I met my fate in Isabel Avenell. I asked her to be my wife, and she has accepted me."

"Oh, Arthur!"

His mother's tone is full of pain.

Arthur knows the reason, and says a little hurriedly:

"I am sorry you are vexed, but I could not follow your wishes in choosing a wife—it is a matter which so nearly concerns my happiness through life."

"But Fay would have made you happy," asserts Mrs. Harvey.

The young man shakes his head.

"She is a dear little girl, and I am very fond of her, but not in that way. Isabel is beautiful, indeed. I am sure, mother, even you must admire her and own her superiority over Fay."

"Not if she has only good looks to recommend her; a pretty face is not everything!"

"Now, mother. You are speaking slightly of beauty, because Fay is plain."

"Plain! with those eyes? It is a question of taste," ejaculates Mrs. Harvey.

"She has nice eyes certainly," grants Arthur; "but in saying that all is done. My intended wife is charming in face and figure."

"Arthur, you exasperate me. Why could you

not have fallen in love with Fay?" cries his mother.

"Is human love the growth of human will?" quotes Arthur.

"Nonsense! I am sure Fay was everything you could have desired in a wife, and I in a daughter-in-law."

"I have nothing to say against her," replies Arthur, a little wearied with his mother's opposition. "I like the little thing thoroughly; but, as I said before, should never think of marrying her. Now, mother dear, please be reconciled to the inevitable; our wedding day is fixed, and grieved as I am to disappoint you, Isabel Avenell, and Isabel Avenell only, will ever become my wife. As to Fay, you must find some other husband for her."

"No difficulty in that," hastily replies Mrs. Harvey. "If men were not blind like yourself they would seek her as a priceless treasure, for I ever there lived a sweet, pure woman, Fay Ather-ton is one!"

"Quite true. She has all the virtues but few of your sex's charms."

"Wait until you have been married a score of years, Arthur; you will know, then, which to esteem the most."

"But don't think that my future wife has nothing but her beauty; of course, her loveliness is the first thing that strikes you; but she is charming altogether, as you will find when you come to know her. Now, mother, let me tell you how we met."

Mrs. Harvey makes no answer, but she evidently listens with a little curiosity, and Arthur proceeds:

"Mrs. Avenell and I had been playing lawn tennis with Avenell and the doctor's wife, when her husband called for the latter. Just as she left, I saw a lady coming down the path, and Mrs. Avenell said, 'Why, here is Isabel! I forgot to tell you my husband's sister was expected.'"

She introduced me. I saw a very fair face looking up to mine, a face with glowing, splendid eyes, and a quantity of light, bright hair, clustering in little curls over the brow, even to the arched eyebrows; and—and—well, mother, I fell in love there and then," he ends, lamely, cutting short his rhapsody as he sees her look.

"But you knew nothing about her. I think, Arthur, you were rash in proposing a first sight."

"Oh, I did not speak to her at once; I had come to know her very well before that."

"In three weeks!"

Arthur smiles.

"Well, it was not a very long time, but we did get very intimate; you see Avenell was always talking to his wife, and so——"

"You talked to his sister?"

"Just so."

"Still Miss Avenell does not seem to have considered long before accepting you."

"She did not wish to give me a decided answer before my departure; but I could not endure the uncertainty," cries the young man, hastily.

"Don't be prejudiced against her, mother, because you intended me to have another!"

"You will grow to love Isabel, I am sure in time, she is such a darling, while Fay——"

"Hush! here she comes."  
A slight, girlish figure glides in as Mrs. Harvey gives this brief warning.

Frances, or Fay Atherton as she is generally named, is twenty years of age, but her appearance is that of a child, for she is small in stature, and her face bears the same innocent, confiding expression. Arthur Harvey has called her plain, and he is right; her features are irregular—her skin quite colourless, only intense emotion brings faint flush to the pale cheek; but there flashes upon you from that insignificant little countenance, magnificent hazel eyes in whose depths is a quaint, shy mirth, mingled with pathetic sadness. Her slender form and agile movements gained for her in childhood the pet name 'Fay;' even now it is so much more appropriate to her than stately Frances that she still calls it.

The girl has a sad history; both parents were ordered in a Sepoy rebellion in India. Her father, a colonel in the army, in vain endeavouring to save his wife from the treacherous natives, was struck down before his child's eyes. She was but six years of age at that time, but the shock to her nervous system was so great that its effects were noticeable all her life, in a certain timidity and diffidence of manner, especially in the presence of strangers.

Fay was almost miraculously rescued from that scene of bloodshed, by a friend of Colonel Atherton, brought to England, and given into Mrs. Harvey's care. This lady, a distant relative, bestowed all a mother's tenderness upon the child. The little orphan was not dependent upon her bounty, for an ample fortune awaited her coming of age.

Arthur, an only child, and Fay thus became playmates. His quick, high spirit formed a great contrast to the little girl's pliant disposition, for even in her early years she possessed a remarkably sweet and unselfish nature. Gentle to all around her, to Arthur she was devotion itself. Being four years her senior, he was not slow to make this attachment contribute to his comfort; he would order her hither and thither, busy her in constant tasks, and so engrossed her small powers for his amusement that the two children were like master and slave. Still it was evident the thralldom was enjoyed by the little creature, for she was never happy save when employed in his service, and would follow him about, silently on the alert for any half expressed want, ready to fly off like the wind to seek the desired article.

Then came the separation, when he went to Stonyhurst; night after night she sobbed herself to sleep, and months passed before she was reconciled to his loss. As the years went by these two lives, which had flowed so evenly side by side, grew inevitably farther apart—the girl remaining in her quiet home, the youth going forth into the world.

Then a desire to bring about a union between these two began to spring up in Mrs. Harvey's breast, and she spared no pains to obtain the accomplishment of her wish. Fay was all unconscious of this design; not so Arthur, for it

had been plainly put before him; but as you have heard, he had chosen to fall in love where his mother had not willed it, and was determined to wed the lady of his choice. I do not blame his resolve. It is useless for parents to try to fetter their children's hearts and lead them where they please. Love comes not for the asking, nor goes it like a chained slave in any fixed direction. Mrs. Harvey felt bitterly the downfall of her castle in the air, which had vanished before Arthur's declaration of his engagement. For Fay's sake also she was deeply grieved, for her motherly heart had divined by many little tokens, that a far stronger feeling than friendship existed within the girl's gentle soul for him who had been her playmate.

## CHAPTER II.

### A SELFISH MAN.

IT had become a habit with Arthur and Fay to take a walk together in the evenings, and this night, as usual, he asks her to come out with him. Dangerously sweet are those strolls to the girl who paces on by Arthur Harvey's side in quiet enjoyment, all unwitting how soon her dreams are to end in a most bitter awaking.

Arthur is burning to make Fay a confidante in his love affairs that he may claim her ready sympathy, for it has failed him never. Once out of sight of the house, without any preface he begins thus:

"Fay, I have something to tell you; something which made me so happy that I want you to know it. I daresay you will be surprised; but, Fay, I am engaged to be married."

It is like an awful blow to the girl, but she speaks no word. Night's kindly shadows are falling round them, and Fay thanks heaven that he cannot see her face, nor guess the secret its emotion reveals. She strives with the fierce pain at her heart, while the whole scene seems to reel before her gaze—the earth to rock beneath her feet. For one dreadful moment she fears she shall faint, and thus disclose her unrequited love, then strength comes back to her, and in a strained, harsh tone, which sounds in her ears like another's voice, she says:

"I hope you will be happy, very happy."

"Thanks. I knew you would be glad for my sake. It will, of course, make a great change in my future life," he adds, musingly.

"Rendering it so much fuller, so much sweeter," she replied.

"Why, child, you speak feelingly!" he ejaculates, with a laugh which jars upon her sick heart like a heavy touch on a bruised nerve. "Is it through sympathy alone, or have you had any experience of the change love makes in an existence?"

She knows he is utterly unconscious of the truth, and can answer by this time quietly enough:

"It does not need personal experience to understand a reciprocal affection is the crown of life."

"Well, I think so; yet how many will say to fall in love is a supreme weakness."

"You do not agree with them!"

"No, indeed; I am the happiest fellow in the world since I was engaged to Isabel."

"That is her name, then?"

"Yes—Isabel Avenell—isn't it pretty?"

"Very."

Arthur turns to look at the girl who answers so laconically.

"If I were talking to any one but you, Fay, I should think she was bored; you do not seem to be a bit interested, and I thought you would be quite anxious to hear all about my intended wife," he remarks, discontentedly.

Fay, rousing herself, tries to speak cheerfully:

"So I am—only to-night I am a little tired."

Ah! so tired, so heart-weary, that she would gratefully then have welcomed death, but to lay down her burden of sorrow and be at rest. At rest! How the thought of that day of peace which shall come to all earth's weary children thrills the heavy heart—the laden soul; but the way is long, the light afar, and till we reach it we must often hide our pain in silence, and keep a brave face above it. Fay makes this effort now—trying to conquer the tremor in her voice, she asks:

"What is Miss Avenell like?"

Arthur brightens at once.

"Isabel is fair, beautifully fair, with sunny hair and splendid eyes. Her face is perfect, so is her figure; she has also exquisitely shaped hands and feet; but all this does not half describe her; altogether, she is the loveliest girl I have ever seen."

"Tall?"

"Of course; tall and very graceful," responds Arthur.

Poor Fay! her small stature is always a sore point to the sensitive girl, and as he says "tall, of course" a bitter pang shoots through her heart. She shivers.

"It has become very cold, I think. Let us go home," she cries.

"Certainly, if you wish," Arthur returns reluctantly, for once started on the theme of Isabel, he would like still to discourse on his love's praises.

Silence falls between them until Arthur says:

"I have a favour to ask of you."

"What is it?"

"I want my mother to give Isabel an invitation, for I am sure when she comes to know her she must like her; but at present she is greatly prejudiced against my choice—will you try to alter this feeling?"

"How am I to do this?" questions Fay. "It is not easy to induce Mrs. Harvey to alter an opinion she has once formed. In this case, though I do not see how she can either like or dislike Miss Avenell, since she is utterly a stranger to her."

"She dislikes the idea of a daughter-in-law at all."

"I think you are mistaken; she often speaks of your future marriage, as though such an event would please her."

"Very likely in the abstract, but I assure you I am right; she does not approve of my engagement."

"But if this be so, how can I help it?" wearily asks the girl.

"You have a great influence over my mother, for you are very dear to her. Don't you remember how often in my boyhood you coaxed her to forgive me, when I had offended in some way? You can easily win her over to love Isabel if you will only try; do, for my sake!"

Fay is quite silent, pondering in her own mind whether she can do this thing he asks. The accomplishment of his wishes has always been a great object in life with her; and now, as of old her self-denying nature rises obedient to his will. But the task that he requires is a hard one. What greater act of abnegation could there be than for a woman to crush down her own love, in order to plead for the rival, who has taken from her her life's crown?

But Fay Atherton is one of those true heroines who can unselfishly endure any suffering to render those happy whom they love. In these few moments under the quiet stars, she fights a desperate battle with her own feelings. Lifting her eyes to those same orbs shining so calmly on her pain, there comes to her soul a whisper as from heaven, the thought of a spirit living once in the world but not of it: "A very little while and all shall be over with thee here." Self is conquered—the sacrifice is accepted. How little guesses Arthur Harvey of the inward struggle! How little he fathoms the depths of that young tortured heart! He is irritated at her silence. It is not thus she has been wont to hear any request of his in the past, and he says sharply:

"You do not speak. Does my request require such long consideration? It is not much I ask of you, Fay!"

(*Not much!* how blind men are!) But she gathers strength at last to answer:

"I will do my best; you may trust me."

"There's a dear girl! You were always brick—Fay," he exclaims heartily, and stooping would have pressed a kiss upon her brow.

But the girl shrinks back—that caress she cannot bear.

"Arthur, remember Miss Avenell," she cries.

"Why, Fay, what is the matter? Isabel would not mind me kissing you; she knows you almost like my sister," he says, regarding her with a look of astonishment, "and that we are old chums, dear."

The boyish term brings the tears to the girl's eyes. Under cover of the darkness, they fall drop by drop to the ground as she walks back to Arthur Harvey's side.

### CHAPTER III.

#### HEARTLESS RATHER THAN ARTLESS.

FAY'S influence was exerted loyally to obtain fulfilment of Arthur's wish. It had won of Mrs. Harvey to the extent of giving an invitation to Isabel Avenell to visit the Grange. It was gracefully accepted in a charming little note whose wording Mrs. Harvey could but acknowledge was quite flattering.

The evening comes when Isabel is to arrive.

and Arthur goes down to the station to meet her. The time of his absence is an anxious one to Mrs. Harvey, still more to poor Fay, as they await their guest. The latter is very silent; she tries to seem interested in Mrs. Harvey's remarks, but the effort is a failure, and sometimes her answers go very wide of the mark. This evening her nervous diffidence is painfully apparent, for the approaching meeting is a great trial. It is so difficult to keep the veil of reserve close drawn about a wounded heart, so that no eye may guess its scars.

Fay has done her best to forget that she loves Arthur; she has told herself that now she has no right to cherish such an attachment. All in vain; the heart which has unconsciously fled to him, comes not back for the calling.

A sound of wheels on the carriage drive below and the girl's heart wildly throbbing. The dreaded moment is come—Isabel Avenell is here!

For one moment she presses her little hands over her panting bosom; the next, white and still, follows Mrs. Harvey from the room. As they reach the hall door, Arthur is helping Isabel to alight, and Fay has a clear view of her face.

How beautiful it is! The loveliness of that exquisite countenance seems to stab her heart. She turns away with a bitter sigh. Arthur leads his betrothed to Mrs. Harvey.

"Love her for my sake," he whispers.

The sweet eyes, like blue hyacinths, are lifted to his mother's in a pleading gaze; a blush like a red-hearted rose steals over the snowy skin. She holds out her hand, but the charm of her beauty has made another slave—the mother is fascinated; her dignity melts away; all her prejudices vanish; she draws the girl to her bosom, and, kissing her warmly, says:

"I shall love her, I am sure, for her own—Welcome to the Grange, my dear."

And Arthur triumphs in the fact that his love has made another conquest.

He looks on well pleased as the two ladies exchange remarks. Fay stands apart, regarding, like that scene in which she has no part, until Mrs. Harvey, calling her forward, says:

"Here is some one else whom you must know; this is Fay Atherton, my dear adopted daughter."

Isabel gives one glance at the girl's patient, pale face, with the large eyes which express varied emotion. She notes the childish figure, the small hand trembling in her own, and an indefinable dislike to Fay takes possession of her mind. A commonplace greeting rises to her lips, but Fay speaks first a few warm welcoming words, which seem to come from a full heart.

When Isabel had removed her travelling attire, and again rejoined the others, Fay withdraws into a corner where the shadows are darkest; and there, taking little part in the conversation, silently watches, with a gentle sadness, Arthur's brilliant betrothed. Brilliant is the one word applicable to Isabel Avenell; her dazzlingly fair skin, with its vivid colour, her large blue eyes, her golden hair, all make a perfect picture of blonde

beauty. Even her dress, which fits to every curve of the superb figure, is of rich lustrous ruby tint, and ornaments of dead gold gleam at her throat and in her ears. In the course of the evening, she displays her accomplishments, being a clever pianist and possessing a melodious voice.

From her quiet nook, Fay beholds the lovers at the piano, Arthur bending to turn the leaves with many an ardent look, while Isabel's white fingers, bearing the gleam of a diamond ring, flash like moonbeams over the ivory keys. It seems to the watcher that she cannot bear to witness their complete absorption in each other; but pride stands her friend and helps her still to hide that secret woe. Hours after midnight, when Isabel sleeps in quiet repose, a little figure kneels by a bedside, and breathes many a sorrowful prayer for strength to bear her heavy cross, strength to conquer.

(To be continued.)

## NOTES OF A VOYAGE IN THE LEVANT.

[CONTINUED.]



OR some years back a splendid road constructed by Count Perthus, a French engineer, leads from Beyruth to Damascus by way of Chtaura. It is said to be the only carriage-road, besides the one from Chtaura to Balbeck, in the country. It is to be feared that it will no longer remain so, the Turkish government having very little rage for improvements, especially in the matter of roads.

They are also constructing a very handsome square, called the Canon's Square, at Beyruth. It will be ornamented with trees and fountains, when it is finished, but that, they say, will not be before the end of the *next* century. It is on this square that the Apostolic Delegate dwells, and here, too, is the seraglio or palace of the governor.

A population of every variety of colour, costume and language throng the streets, the narrow quays, the bazaars, the consular offices, and last of all, the *cafés*, a sort of shed in which crowds of Turks are to be seen seated at tables playing dominoes, or else squatted down, and smoking the *narghill* (a kind of pipe).

The men's costumes here are very varied. The Arabs wear the *tarbouche* on their heads; round their bodies a tight-fitting waistcoat fastened with little buttons of a colour harmonising with it. This waistcoat is covered with a short vest with tight sleeves and rounded at the waist. Their lower garment is a trouser with wide folds like a petticoat, and having two openings to let the feet through. On their feet they wear slippers of red or yellow leather with pointed toes that turn back; and *white* stockings, invariably, which can be seen through the partly open slippers. The whole costume is generally all of the same colour, but plain and gaudy colours are preferred.

The Turks are distinguished by the turban they

wear round the tarbouche, and the long robe instead of the vest. This robe reaches to their feet, crosses the chest, and is fastened at the waist by a belt of the same material. There is a slit about a foot long on each side of the lower end of it. The picturesqueness of this costume has suffered in consequence of the adoption of the European coat, the contrast between which and the tarbouche and petticoat-trousers produces a most ridiculous effect.

The costume of the Oriental women is the most fantastic that could be imagined. Their faces are completely covered up with a dark-coloured veil fixed on the top of their heads, from which hangs a large piece of white stuff which falls over the body, and entirely covers it. All the other clothing of the women is concealed under this sort of shroud. Seeing them pass through the streets with their heavy embarrassed gait, they look like actual phantoms. However, under this grotesque exterior covering, the Turkish women, especially those from the interior of the country, dress in a very rich and elegant costume. On their heads they wear a cap of worked gold or silver, surrounded by a graceful turban, the whole ornamented with little charms of silver or gold with *sequins* hanging from them (a kind of medal-shaped ornament). The body is covered with an embroidered vest opened at the chest; the pantaloons are of silk; round the waist is a bright and varied coloured belt, and on their feet red or yellow boots.

All these must be covered up when the Oriental female appears outside the house, in order, says the Koran, "that she may be recognised as a matron of good repute." To complete my description I have to add that the Turkish women paint their nails yellow, their eyebrows and eyelashes black, their cheeks red and white, and their lips blue. So you see they are somewhat in advance of European women in this respect; but patience: before long, perhaps, the latter will outshine them in the use of paint.

The women of the Druses, more especially, had formerly the custom of wearing on the top of their heads what was called the *tantour* which was a large tube of copper or silver, which was sometimes gilt, and with figures worked on it. This tube or horn was about twelve or fifteen inches long, two and a half inches wide at the bottom, and about one inch at the top. I have seen one of silver at Damascus of these dimensions. It was placed a little in front of the head, to which it was firmly fastened with thongs. From the top of this horn hung a white veil which fell at both sides of the face and covered it if required. The *tantour* was also worn by the Christian women of the Lebanon, but Mgr. Tobias, the Maronite Archbishop of Beyrouth, forbade the women of his rite to wear it under the severest penalties. The Druses, seeing that the Christian women no longer wore it, met together, and interdicted their women also from wearing it. This prohibition of wearing of the *tantour* took place from forty to fifty years ago.

Learned persons ascribe a pagan origin to this strange head-dress, and show ancient medals representing a goddess surmounted with a high tube with the inscription: "*Venus Libanensis*."

On the other other side, historians tell us that amongst several of the nations of antiquity the horn was the symbol of power and of sovereign dignity.\* It is on account of this that we see it often ornamenting the heads of heroes and gods. Must we, therefore, conclude that the *tantour* had its origin in Paganism? It is more probable that it came from the coiffure of the Hebrews, known under the name of mitre, tiara or *cidaris*, and of which it became, in course of time, the ridiculous corruption that we see in our days.

Beyrouth is a most important commercial centre. The greatest portion of what is exported from Syria goes from here, passing first through Damascus before it reaches Beyrouth; and here too arrives for the interior nearly all of what is imported.

The principal imports are linen and cotton goods, colonial produce, tarbouches, steel and iron ware, glass goods, paper, etc. The principal exports are cereals, such as wheat, maize, and barley, cotton, silk, wool, *sesame*, oil, oranges, citron, dried fruit, etc.

The population of Beyrouth is about 70,000, of whom there are 20,000 Mahometans, 3,000 Jews, 16,000 Greeks (schismatics), 7,000 Greek Catholics, 18,500 Maronites, 2,000 Europeans, Armenian and Syrian Catholics 400, Armenian schismatics 300, and of other sects 600.

The civil Governor of Beyrouth is a pasha under the *Wali* of Damascus, who is head of the province of Syria and Palestine. He is aided in his administration by a municipal body elected by the city, consisting of a mayor and councillors. Justice is dispensed by a tribunal whose members are elected. A mixed tribunal of commerce formed of Turks and Europeans settles all disputes in commercial matters independent of the pasha.

The police created by Midhat Pasha, a former *Wali* of Damascus, is in charge of a certain number of the most respected of the Turk and Christian inhabitants, with a force of about 200 men. A garrison of 2,000 soldiers protects the city.

Beyrouth possesses a military school, founded by Rachid Pasha, a former *Wali* of Damascus. All the European nations have consuls here. There are no less than three Catholic bishops at Beyrouth; the Latin Archbishop, who is Vicar Apostolic of Aleppo, and Delegate of the Holy See for all Syria; the Maronite Archbishop; and the Greek (Catholic) Bishop, who is subject to the Patriarch of Damascus. The Schismatic Greeks have also a bishop here. The Maronites have a college with an ecclesiastical seminary connected with it.

The religious communities of men are the Jesuits; the Franciscan Capuchins; the Franciscans of the Holy Land, the Lazarists (O. S. Vincent de Paul); and the Basilians, a Greek Order having charge of the Greek Church. Then there are the Sisters of Charity; the Sisters of S. Joseph of the Apparition; and the Dames de Nazareth. The Jesuits have a college with about 250 students (boarders). This important institution has been erected into a university by Pope Leo XIII.

\* We read in the Psalms: "His horn shall be exalted."

A School of Medicine has recently been opened by the fathers in opposition to the Protestant one here.

The Prefect-Apostolic of the Lazarists' mission in Syria has his residence here, to which a large chapel is attached, which is attended by the Sisters of Charity and the orphans numbering 300 (girls) of whom they have charge. They also teach from seven to eight hundred children. The sisters have charge of a hospital with fifty beds in it. A larger one is being built. The sisters are having an orphan asylum for little boys built also.

The Sister's of S. Joseph teach a middle-class girl's school; and do an immense amount of good amongst the poor.

The Ladies of Nazareth have a magnificent boarding-school with a hundred pupils belonging to the first families in Beyrouth and its neighbourhood. This establishment is built on the highest position of the town, having the proportions of a fortress, and possesses quite an imposing appearance.

The Protestants at Beyrouth display an extraordinary propagandist zeal. They have opened numerous schools for the young, and a school of medicine, which was attended by persons of every religion until the Jesuit one was opened.

Prussian deaconesses keep a large boarding-school, and have charge of S. John's hospital with forty beds in it. Even the Jews have a college and several schools at Beyrouth.

There are no antique monuments here, the only ancient building left being the Mosque of S. John or the Great Mosque, which was once the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer. It stands near the seraglio.

As two-thirds of the population of Beyrouth are Christians belonging to the different rites, it will be interesting to learn of the miraculous event, which accounts for the almost entire conversion of this city to the Christian faith.

It is S. Athanasius himself who records it; and an account of it, with all its details, is to be found in the Acts of the Second Council of Nice, Art. 4. The following is a *resumé* of it: At that time the Jews were very numerous in the city of Beryte. It happened that a Christian who dwelt near the synagogue sold his house to a Jew. The former proprietor (the Christian) had placed a crucifix to the wall near his bed. The Jew, one day, invited some of his friends to take a drink with him; and one of them having removed the image of the Saviour hanging to the wall, sharply reproached his host for having it there; and even went to complain of him to the princes of the priests. A tumult arose among the people; and the princes of the priests and the doctors had to go to the Jew's house. There they took possession of the crucifix, saying: "Our Fathers covered the Crucified One with wounds; let us do the same." They spat upon the sacred emblem, and lacerated its body with a dagger. But, behold! from the pierced side of the Redeemer's image there escaped a quantity of water mingled with blood, which filled the Jews with amazement. They collected it into a vessel, and said to one another: "The Christians pretend that Christ has performed miracles; let us carry

the blood to the synagogue and pour it on the sick; and if what they say of Christ be true, they will be cured." They did as they said; and it worked a great number of wonders on the paralytic, the blind, the leprous, and on all kinds of the sick. On seeing this the Jews asked pardon for their crime; and they all became converted to the Lord. The synagogue was changed into a church called the Church of the Divine Redeemer; but, as we have said, now turned into a mosque by the Turks.

Enquiries were made to know the origin of this miraculous crucifix, and it was ascertained that it was made at Ramleh by the Senator Nicodemus, the same who came during the night to consult Our Lord on the doctrine He taught; and who, together with Joseph of Arimathea, rendered the rights of sepulture to His Sacred Person. The precious crucifix belonged successively to Gamaliel, to S. Paul and S. James.

The anniversary of this miracle, adds S. Athanasius, is celebrated yearly on the 9th of November. The then Bishop of Beyrouth had the miraculous blood placed in several phials which he sent away to various parts. One of them was placed in the Imperial Church at Constantinople, the same which is now at Venice in the Basilica of S. Mark. The crucifix was taken away about the twelfth century to Etmana, a village near Ancona in Italy, where it still is.

There is a painting representing the miracle of the Crucifix of Beryte on the abside of the Church of S. Peter in Chains at Rome.

## A ROYAL VISIT—AND?

UNHAPPY Erin, who can say  
When shall return the genial ray  
Of Peace within thy land:  
And factious hate, and party strife,  
And other ills that mar thy life,  
Depart thine ancient strand?

Can Prince or Princess hope to charm  
The pois'nous pests that do thee harm,  
As Patrick charmed of yore?  
Ah! no, e'en regal power were vain  
To banish all that baneful train  
Of ills beyond thy shore!

But where the Saint, whose potent spell,  
These evils of our day shall quell,  
And win undying fame?  
The power that could thine ills repress,  
The wrongs of centuries redress,  
Is not of mortal name!

Where'er the works of Justice cease,  
Unknown the genial power of peace  
Unseen her glorious train!  
Of Peace, the star will brightly burn,  
If Justice, in her prime return  
To sway the land again!

V. P.



## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINRECK.

### CHAPTER XVI.

**A**LMOST before the lady's cry of alarm had ceased, the door opened and F. Jaques entered the room, accompanied by two dark-looking Mohawks. Van Curler's hand seized the hilt of his sword, and the other guests collected round the terrified woman.

"Do not be alarmed, my friends," began the missionary as he stretched out his arm towards the warlike officer. "My companions will hurt no one. I left them in the shop, and they were uneasy because I did not return. Now I have promised them that I will not go away from them again."

"You will remain with those cannibals?" asked Van Curler in amazement; and he sat down.

"Yes; I have promised them that," replied the missionary.

Then he spoke a word to the Mohawks, who sat down in silence on a bench near the door.

"Then all my preparation of a dinner has been in vain," said Frau Marianne, whose courage had returned, and who felt her honour wounded.

"I hope not," replied the host. "The red-skins will have no objection to M. Jaques dining with us after the usual manner."

"Thank you, Mynheer; I am quite content," replied the guest. "But what I very much wish is that you will supply me with writing materials, that I may fulfil one of my objects in coming here, which is to be able to inform my brothers in New France of what has happened since we left Three Rivers. I long to do this, and when I have written the letter I shall be ready to return to Gandawaga."

"But, man, you will never voluntarily give yourself up again to these savages, who, in their love for bloodshed, may fall upon you at any moment?" cried the pastor.

"My duty requires it; my life is in God's hand," replied the Jesuit, with wonderful composure.

"And who has laid this fearful duty upon you?" asked Frau Marianne, timidly.

"My faith, my calling, my word passed in Gandawaga."

"One must, indeed, be a Catholic to understand that. I cannot get it into my head," said Van Curler.

"Can I pass those men out there?" asked Frau Marianne of her husband with a glance at the Mohawks, and under his protection she left the room.

F. Jaques now turned to his red companions, and assured them that he had not much more to do; and, contrary to his original intention, was ready to return with them to Gandawaga.

"Ondesonk speaks wisely. Assendase cannot say that the black-robe has a crooked tongue when he goes and returns with his red brothers,"

continued one of the warriors, with an eloquent glance at the General. "The chief of the pale faces does not know the Mohawks, or else he would remember that they do not enter the wigwams of their friends like snakes in order to destroy them. The white chief should not touch his long knife, for the calumet of peace has been smoked under this roof and the great spirit knows that his red children have been received by the pale-faces like brothers."

"My brother may feel certain that Ondesonk will now do what he has to do," replied the missionary, "and before the Whip-poor-Will begins his call, he will again be sitting in the canoe to return to the country of the Ongwehonwe."

The Mohawks nodded their approval, and the father now asked his host at once to supply him with writing materials. While he was writing, the Hollanders puzzled themselves as to what had made the Mohawks, who at first were so trusting now full of suspicion. At this moment Renard entered the room.

"You are come just in time," said the pastor. "Now sit down with us and let us hear if you can solve a riddle."

"I will try if it will not take too long," said Renard. "Now let us hear if it is very difficult."

"You must tell us what has made the red-skins so suspicious," said Mynheer Jansen.

"I do not quite know myself. A little while since one of them who had remained with the canoes, ran into the shop and took the tallest of the two men there aside. He talked to him for some time and pointed down towards the river. Then the taller man called the other, spoke to him, and then begged me, after the other man had returned to the canoes, to take them to Ondesonk, as they call F. Jaques. After I had done this, I went down to the river, and there saw one of the savages rowing to the other side. I know no more, and what I surmise I must for the present keep to myself."

"That sounds strange enough," said Van Curler. "The red rogues must have heard some news which has put them on the watch."

"Has Jan been seen lately in these parts?" asked Mynheer Jansen, who had listened in silence.

"I have neither seen nor heard of him for long time," answered Renard; and, turning to the priest, he continued: "If you like, I will go back to Gandawaga with you."

"I should like it much; but I cannot see what your object would be if you have no business there," replied the father looking up from his writing.

"When will you be ready to return, father?"

"Not so soon as I expected. Writing pains my hand, and I have much to communicate. I shall have finished my letter before sunset."

"Then let me ask your companions to delay their return till to-morrow. A little present will make them favourable."

"No, good Renard. I must not keep them back longer than is absolutely necessary."

"But you will not go by night, father?"

"Why not? We must in any case be there nights on the way."

"The time of departure and that you spend on

the way are two different things. Believe me, father, my advice is good; wait till morning."

"Speak with the braves, Renard, but do not press them. I submit."

"We would gladly have a talk with you," began Van Curler, as the hawker went up to the Mohawks.

"I wish it greatly, also," said the pastor, and Mynteer Jansen nodded his agreement with the others.

"And it will be equally pleasant to me," said the missionary, "only I must not awaken the ill-will of my companions. Something of which I am ignorant must have made them suspicious. Let me finish my letter to his excellency, the governor at Three Rivers, and then we may find a little time for conversation."

"Then we will leave you alone for an hour. I will go to the fort. Will you come with me, gentlemen. We will all return presently."

When they had left the room, the hawker came to the priest.

"The red-skins are obstinate," he said. "They say that the way can be found equally well by night, and they are right. The moon shines brightly, but I do not like it. But do as you please."

"We cannot wait till to-morrow, Renard."

"Very well. Then you will next see me in Gandawaga. I must now go away without the red-skins observing me. Be on your guard, father. I wish I could prevent the misfortune I fear."

"What can happen to me, Renard? If these men seek my life I am equally in their power now as to-morrow."

"You have nothing to fear from the Mohawks, father; but, during the voyage, keep an eye upon the banks. That scoundrel Bouffet seems to be lurking in the neighbourhood. I am much deceived if it is not he who has awakened the suspicions of those red-skins."

"That may be, Renard. But I beg of you not to seek him. Do not imperil your life, and the welfare of your soul on my account."

"Do not fear, father. I treasure your words and will do nothing of that kind. Now write on the peace and I will go."

When Peter Bluten returned, the father's letters were completed, and left to the care of the Mohawks. He then returned to the room in which the General was awaiting him, and after a few words with the Mohawks, who returned to the ship and were well taken care of there, F. Jaques sat down to table, and, for the first time for long, dined after the manner of civilized men.

Two hours after, in spite of all dissuasions, he embarked with his Mohawks for Gandawaga. Van Curler ordered a shallop to remain close to the canoes till daybreak, and then to return to Fort Orange.

As the canoes passed Fort Orange, Van Curler's shallop left the bank, and followed them as closely as prudence permitted. The canoes went on quietly till midnight, the full moon shining upon them from a cloudless sky, till they came to a rapid, caused by a large mass of rock, when they steered for the left and woody bank of the

stream, over which it cast a dark shadow. F. Jaques was in the foremost canoe, and helped the rowers. His canoe was about to emerge from the shadows, when a flash was seen, accompanied by the sharp crack of a rifle. The missionary's oar was shot through.

"Uah," broke from the lips of the red-skins. They seized their weapons, and were turning their canoes towards the land. The shallop had remained in the middle of the river, and was about opposite to the place in which the assassin must be concealed. A shot followed from the field piece placed in the bow of the vessel. The ball struck the bank, and splinters flew from the trees.

The Indians were terrified, for there is nothing they fear so greatly as shot, and they did not at first know whence the danger proceeded. They would have sprung overboard, and swam to land if the missionary had not assured them that the Pale-faces had not shot at them, but intended to help them by using their great thunder weapon. He showed them his shivered oar, and asked them to row to the place on the bank from which the shot had come, in order to search for the cowardly assassin.

They willingly followed his advice, for Ondesonk's fearlessness impressed them. Of the ambush of the bushranger, whom F. Jaques suspected of the intended murder, only one trace could be found either by themselves or the Hollanders—it was the impression of a large foot covered with a mocassin. This surprised the father, for whenever he had seen him, the bushranger had worn boots. But the cunning villain could easily have exchanged his European boots for the lighter Indian covering. F. Jaques took good care not to express his suspicion, and wished to continue the journey at once, which his companions willingly agreed to.

Soon after sunrise, the shallop steered back to Fort Orange, after taking a friendly leave of those under its protection.

The voyage of the priest and his companions continued without further interruption till they arrived at Gandawaga, and there the warriors had much to relate as to the great influence possessed by Ondesonk over the Pale-faces at Cahotata, and of the honours with which he was received and escorted back. Nothing was said about the murderous attack.

Wagawalla received her adopted son with more than her usual joy, and her eyes sparkled with a pleasure, the cause of which she did not assign.

Cheriska seemed sad. When the missionary asked her the cause of this, she looked at him with a mournful smile, as she said:

"Ondesonk will soon know all. Then he will go away from Cheriska. Long before the leaves wither he will leave her, and then Cheriska will go to the good Father in heaven, and there wait for Ondesonk. Cheriska dares not say more. When Ondesonk goes to Spotted Snake he will hear much news, and much that is good."

The mysterious speech of the maiden, who was not used to have any secrets from the director of her soul, was not more surprising than Wagawalla's singular behaviour, and he was about to

go and ask a solution from the sagamore, when a messenger called him to him. When he entered the council-hut, he saw some warriors sitting there who belonged to a different race. All rose and gave him an honourable reception, while he placed his hand on his forehead and was silent.

A few words from the sagamore disclosed the secret. The strangers were Sakotis, who had arrived from their distant home on the Connecticut River a few hours after the father's departure for Renselaerswyk. The leader of the embassy was a chief who had some months before been taken prisoner in a fight with the Algonquins. By the interposition of the French, in alliance with the latter people, he had been saved from death at the stake, and taken to the hospital of a sisterhood at Quebec, where his wounds were healed. Then, to his great surprise, he was set at liberty with some presents, under the conditions that he should tell his people of the treatment he received from the Pale-faces, and persuade them to peace, and the conclusion of a treaty; and, besides this, he was to go to the Mohawks, who had been for some time at peace with the Sakotis, and persuade them to set at liberty the French men who had fallen into their hands, and to offer them proposals of peace on the part of the French.

Neither of these proposals were very pleasing to Spotted Snake; but he did not exactly know what might be the strength of his people, and so thought it wise to give no decided answer to the Sakotis, to draw out the matter as long as possible, and to act according to the form things assumed. The return of the father, to whom opportunities for flight must have offered at Renselaerswyk, strengthened the sagamore in the belief that his life in Gandawaga suited the captive Frenchman, and that he no longer thought of returning to his own people. He knew of many instances where captive Indians had in time felt quite at home with their conquerors; and why should not a Pale-face, who was adopted into one of the Mohawk families, feel so content with his new connection as to forget his old home?

After the silent greeting in the council-hut, the conversation began. The Sakoti chief strengthened his proposal by presenting the sagamore with a wampum girdle and the promise of handsome presents from the Pale-faces at the Great Stream if their captive brother were given up by the Mohawks. Except Assendase, who seized every opportunity for opposing the giving up of the missionary, none of the members took much part in the deliberations, but the old mischief-maker's logic prevailed, and instigated Spotted Snake to an irrevocable decision. He could give no reply till the return of the warriors from the war-path; he now could give no answer; and then what would the French say if only Ondesonk was given up when they asked also for the two Oblates? The revenge of the Hollanders was also to be feared if the whole truth as to the treatment of the captive white men should come to light. So much for the malicious old fellow, but to the missionary he pretended good will, and said he would gladly speak for his liberation as soon as Eagle and his braves should return and Ondesonk could be sent

home without any danger. The game could be carried on all the more easily as the missionary did not understand the language of the Sakotis and these people could only speak to the Mohawk through an interpreter who took the part of the latter. After a consultation of some hours the Sakotis were content with the promise that after the return of the war-party, the captive French men—they knew nothing of the fate of Goupil and Couture—should be sent back to New France under safe protection. In the evening there was a mock fight held in their honour by the lads and then they returned to their homes with various presents.

But all was not yet smooth for F. Jaques. The sagamore, who had generally appeared to think kindly of him, altered his conduct. Ondesonk was no longer anything more than a valuable hostage. Should fortune favour the arms of the French and the Mohawk warriors fall into their hands, Ondesonk would be a protection against their anger. Even the Hollanders had entertained a better opinion of the Mohawks since Ondesonk returned so willingly to Gandawaga, and the braves who accompanied him thither were treated in so friendly a manner.

After the departure of the Sakotis, Spotted Snake sent for the missionary and told him that he must not in future leave the village alone, and that he must not give offence by his magical signs; otherwise the sagamore could not answer for his life.

The Jesuit was surprised, for he thought that the enmity which had been entertained against him by a few of the savages had died away. He suspected the cause of the sagamore's change, but said nothing, and declared himself ready to follow the advice given.

But soon the influence of the restless Assendase became more evident. Several of the old men had wonderful dreams in which it was shown to them that Ondesonk was a dangerous magician, and a grey haired Mohawk, who had suffered for years from a bad headache, maintained that he had dreamed that if Ondesonk would join in a certain dance he should be cured. This the missionary decidedly refused, and when some of the fanatics dragged him by force to the village square and tried to make him act as the old Mohawk had dreamed, he fled away, and hid himself for a day and a night in the woods. Then he returned strengthened by prayer, and begged to be allowed to attend to the old man and to try to cure him by his own means. For many weeks he fulfilled his self-imposed duty with heavenly love and patience, and then had the great happiness of seeing the old man cured. He won the affection of the old Mohawk, and was on the way to making him a Christian, when Spotted Snake and some other distinguished persons from Gandawaga, Assenon, and Candagaro decided upon a long planned visit to the villages of the Senecas, and took Ondesonk with them in order to make a show, in the eyes of the alliance, of the captive Pale-face.

Wagawalla now impressed upon her dearly loved adopted son how easily he might escape to Cohotatea and avoid the new dangers of this journey, where he might so easily become the

victim of some angry warrior. Even Cheriska joined in the entreaty, but they produced no effect. The journey was rather a pleasant one. He hoped he might find more captive Christian Hurons in the country of the Senecas, and might have an opportunity of strengthening them in their faith and of comforting them with the Rites of the Church.

He set out happily on the journey, but at the first Seneca village he found that he was not to be treated as an adopted son of the Mohawk people, but to appear before the alliance and be treated as a captive. Whenever the Mohawks came they were received with honour, but he was the mark for the young boys, who sometimes set their dogs upon him, sometimes threw clods of earth and stones at him, and sometimes shot blunt arrows at him. All this he suffered with his wonted patience, and when they began to feast he wandered from wigwam to wigwam seeking for captive Hurons, and he found several who rejoiced to see him and were truly sorry when he went away. In the course of his wanderings he came to a wigwam in which lay a brave mortally sick. He bent compassionately over the poor man, and offered him water from a gourd which hung from his bed. When the Seneca raised his weary eyes, and surprise was expressed on his thin face as he whispered in the Mohawk language:

"How comes Ondesonk hither?"

"Do you know me, brother?" asked the missionary, surprised.

"Does not Ondesonk remember how a warrior of my tribe once freed him when he was bound to the stake and suffering great pain?"

"And do I now find my deliverer? Oh, tell me how I can repay you for what you then did for me. I have often thought of you and wished it might be granted me to reward your compassionate act. Can I do nothing for you?"

The sick man shook his head, but the priest smiled and continued:

"We will see if we can find no means of repaying your humane act."

And then he began to speak to him of the joys of eternity, and gave him some instruction in the true faith.

The Seneca listened attentively, and what his missionary said sank deep into his soul. His compassionate act bore its fruit now that he stood at the gates of eternity, and he was filled with an intense longing after the well of life.

"Can a red man come into the great heaven?" asked anxiously.

"Certainly, and it will cause great joy there," replied the priest, and he explained to his listener the Rite of Baptism as far as he was capable of understanding it.

"Will Ondesonk pour water on my head and lead me to his Great Spirit?" began the sick man as F. Jaques was silent.

"Do you wish to become a Christian? Shall I baptize you?"

"Yes, Ondesonk."

The missionary performed the holy Rite with signs of joy, and the young Christian whispered:

"Ondesonk has made his brother very happy."

The approach of some braves made it advisable that the missionary should leave the hut, and

when he returned, some hours after, this convert had passed away.

The Mohawks did not remain in any village more than a day, and yet it was a month before they returned to Gandawaga, for the Seneca country was extensive. Meanwhile Eagle and his conquering band returned with eleven captive Hurons, and a French soldier, and sent messengers with the joyful news to the sagamore. He was to hasten back that he might be present at the war-feast, for which the warriors, who were thirsting for the blood of their captives, would admit no delay.

The return of the sagamore caused great joy in Gandawaga, and preparations for the horrible war-feast were made as quickly as possible, for in gratitude to Aïrestoi for the victory he had awarded them, and to receive his further support, several captives were to be tortured and burned. F. Jaques himself knew some of the unfortunate Hurons; he had himself baptized seven of them, and the remaining four he received into the bosom of the Church. Although for several days past he had been making fatiguing marches, he remained for the whole night with the prisoners; he heard their confessions, and gave them strength and consolation in spite of the threats of the Mohawk to kill him if he made makon.

The Hurons were most thankful for his spiritual comfort, but the Frenchman received him with curses, declared himself a Huguenot, and knew nothing of the miserable bald-pate.

"You Catholic rogues instigated the red-skins to this war," said the rough man. "If you had let the pack of Hurons alone and not irritated them against the Mohawks who are now about to burn me this would not have happened. Go to the d—, you Catholic hound."

The missionary turned from the lost man and would have gone to his Hurons, when a Mohawk sprang upon him and struck him down with a club. Some braves were happily near who seized the madman as he was about to complete his murderous work, while Koetsioeton hastened to them, and had his white friend carried into Wagawalla's hut, where he remained senseless for hours.

*(To be continued.)*

---

ELLIS'S IRISH EDUCATION DIRECTORY.—Special attention is invited to some of the improvements which have been introduced into the present issue. A copious Alphabetical Index has been added which greatly enhances the value of the book and facilitates reference to its contents. One part of the book relating to National Education is a complete guide to the National System, and most useful to National Schoolmasters and others connected with the Board. The "Irish Educational Guide and Scholastic Directory" has now been incorporated with "Ellis's Irish Education Directory," and it will be observed that the present publication bears traces of having concentrated upon it the management hitherto bestowed upon the two separate books. The work has been printed at the University Press, and is published by E. Ponsonby, Dublin.

## POSTMEN AND STAGE-COACHES.

**I** LIKE to meet a postman; but not, indeed, one of your sharp, punctilious, city postmen who comes up to your door with a step determined and precise, and dropping the letter into your box, simultaneously announces his arrival and departure by as determined a rat-tat. Such a one has nothing about him but the dry, unfeeling punctuality which is common everywhere, and with which the world is filled under the name of business.

But if you were out here with me in the quiet country—where we are not so cut-and-dried, where Nature's voice is loud and man's still, where Creation speaks and creatures listen, and where still the "good old times" hold out a feeble resistance, to the rush and roar, and tear and wear of these days, in the shape of a genuine antiquated coach, that performs the important function of conveying the mails and passengers from the city—then I think you would understand what I mean by the postman I like to meet, and would fully acknowledge the justice of my choice. A country postman seems to be thoroughly identified with his calling, and, as it were, to partake of the nature of his employment, for he is out of sorts when he brings bad news, and rejoices and becomes a man of mark when his tidings are of joy.

I much enjoy watching my hero as he marches, from the little post-office, down through the village crossing from side to side, now at the squire's lodge and again at the labourer's cottage, and so on before him. Eager faces peep out in nervous expectation. See him now as he delivers that letter with the black edge to the man at that door, how his eyes speak what his lips dare not, and how sorrowful he looks till he comes down to that blushing maiden, all radiant in her cotton dress, whose hand has been half-stretched-out for the expected letter since he first issued on his rounds; what a merry, knowing look he gives her as he glances at the bold round characters on her letter; well he knows that handwriting, and often it comes in his way; then he passes over to the lawyer's office with an imposing-looking bundle of blue-enveloped missives. Look at him as he moves down to where that pale young woman stands patiently awaiting his arrival; he has a kind word for her too; and from the post-cards that he now hands the burly landlord he has thought it no harm to learn who may be expected to visit the village inn.

I especially like to meet my postman about the yule-tide, for then his ruddy face seems twice as ruddy and cheerful, perhaps from the weight of the Christmas cards, and his red-piped coat still more becoming when it is relieved here and there with the white flakes of snow. At this time, and on S. Valentine's Day, the postman is in greatest demand; I have seen him at such times stand, the centre of a group of young children, bewildered with their chorus of "letter for me," incapable of moving on, or giving to any their respective property.

Ah, postman, postman, how many a tale you

have borne in that honest sympathising hag yours! In what a chaos of loves, of hopes, friendships, of sorrows, and of joys are you the principal motor, the inveterate agent of the Year after year, harmless, good-natured, that you be, how many wish that they had never your face, and can scarcely look at you without pang of that heart into which you first cast dart! Yet there are many others to whom a button on your coat is dear; methinks that a der maiden would rather see you at her door in morning than the greatest noble in the land. In thy way, thou unconscious philosopher, that I not know when he hurls a thunderbolt, and plays with hearts as he might with half-pence, yes, go thy way, and don't forget to sympathize with those to whom you bring sad news; perhaps your kind word or look will not be much valued at first, but believe me it will afterwards be remembered, and will not be in vain; still remember when you bring good news for your cheerful is the best introduction to a coming joy.

"A letter for you, sir." I started up from seat at the window; I had fallen into a day-dream and had not noticed that the postman had reached my trellised door; it was a blue mail that I took from the hand of my "chapman" and glanced carelessly at the seal till I noticed it: "The National Loan and Security Limited." Ah, me! well, I remembered the bank, but what could they want me with? I, who was expiating down here, away from the world I hate, that—but 'tis years ago now I broke the seal, and read:

141, Exchange, London, 24th March, 1864.

DEAR SIR.—Would you, if convenient, come up to our branch in 'Change on the 25th inst. A special meeting of directors has been convened consequent upon my receipt of a letter from New York which is of importance to you, and its contents will be explained at that meeting.

I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant  
J. L. RAMBAULT (S)

A letter from New York of importance to me. What could it be. To-day was the 25th, and I had no time to lose. After swallowing a hasty breakfast, I walked down to the inn where the horn of the before mentioned coach was always sounding its brazen notes of departure.

A group of pensioners, whose services to the state, under a red, blue, or black jacket, earned for them a sufficient pittance for the rest of their days, stood around to see me get into the coach off; and one of them, considering himself the most competent, was reading out *pro publico* what news that day's paper contained. I mounted the coach, for it was a beautiful one, the horn again rang out, the driver cracked his whip, and attended by the innkeeper's wishes for a safe journey and the suspicious attention of the group of idlers about, we were off to the quiet village.

Whatever may be said as to the undoubted advantages of railway travelling, the improvement, like most others, has been the desire of some genuine pleasure; there was in stage-travelling, in summer at least, a certain sensuous enjoyment and hilarity, perhaps the result of the fresh, scented breeze, or the picturesque

the country through which you passed at just the proper rate for a general survey, which is missing to the traveller at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour. There is not much of that sociable easy, and delightful jocularly either which caused many peals of laughter to accompany the swinging rumble of the coach, and challenge the notes of the wayside songsters, to be found in a railway carriage; sociability there seems to be infected by the rate of travelling, and is generally as compact, precise, and done-up as a first class compartment. "Fine day this." "Yes, indeed; have a look at the 'Times';" and the probability is that not another word passes between the occupants of the same compartment till the journey's end.

Contrast to the jovial heartiness of the stage-coach; how different was the cheerful "Up here, give's your hand" of a traveller who helps you to the best seat on top, and cracks a joke at the driver's expense, or the cross of a gentleman with the spectacles; and you have plenty of harmless repartee and wit, and laughter to the journey's end. But, perhaps, with Lamb in it, too, we are but half-Januses, and cannot get those pleasures, in the present, which are at their best when viewed through the glass of time, at which, in the distant future, some traveller, at an electrical rate of twenty miles a minute, may be able to discover in the slow coaching of steam engine.

But to return. During the journey to town, my mind was naturally taken up with speculations as to the nature of this letter from New York; and when, after five hours travelling, I arrived in the city, I made all haste to the bank I knew so

I had no need to introduce myself, I was well-known to the manager, and he received me with, at I thought, effusive manifestations of friend-

Leading me into a private room, he told me to sit there until I would be called before the directors, who were assembled in the board room. I did not long to wait. The manager introduced me to them and the chairman, bowing graciously, handed me a letter. It was "The dying declaration of George Hengedon formerly clerk in the National Loan and Security Bank;" my hands as I read, for that name brought back to me many things I thought I had forgotten long ago.

To be brief: the document declared its author guilty of the robbery of that bank, to the amount of £50,000. It was in fact a full confession of a crime, for which I was unjustly condemned fourteen years ago. Hengedon confessed the manner of the robbery. Being very poor, he had got master keys made to suit the lock of the strong room and safe, which he had had many opportunities of observing; and, one evening, being sent there with some documents, he had opened the safe and extracted the money, which he concealed on his person. Next morning, the city was startled by the news of the robbery. At that time, I was teller in the bank and I had previously placed the missing money in bags and in notes, in the safe, and delivered up the keys, suspicion fell on me alone. I was brought to trial. Ample evidence given of the

money being last seen in my hands; and, regardless of my protestations of innocence, I was condemned, and my sentence, through interest used in favour, mitigated to two years penal servitude. Having passed through that period, I had lived down in the country since, hoping for the day that would clear my name, and it had now come. At last, at last! but who would now recognize in the silver-haired, old-looking man, the young teller of twenty-two that used to stand behind the counter of the National Loan and Security Bank? Yet, I doubt not, but it is all for the best—

There is a Providence which shapes our ends,

and which does all for our good. As reparation the directors now offered me a managership, which I accepted, and held until an ample competency enabled me to retire. And, I must say, that those fourteen years have been compensated for beyond what would serve to repay their trials, in the peace and happiness of these later days; still, when my letters arrive, they are always brought by a country postman of the genuine sort, and when I go to the city I always travel by the stage-coach.

JOANNES.

## A MYSTERY IN THE OLD TOWN OF WINCHESTER.

BY K. M. WELD,

Author of "*Lily the Lost One*," "*Bessy*," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### AN UNEXPECTED PROPOSAL.

**T**HERESA and her father soon reached the cottage where they found Monica still standing in the garden, feeling very much afraid at the sight of the stern-looking farmer.

"What brings you to these parts, young woman?" he asked, "and why are you out at a time when every respectable person should be at home?"

Poor Monica's face became crimson. She replied in a faltering voice that she had travelled on foot all the way from Dorchester, and that she was on her way to rejoin her sick father at Southampton.

"I am alone," she added, "because I am friendless, and I am out so late because I have been spoken to so unkindly when I have asked for relief, that I have felt afraid again to beg for shelter for the night. The first kind words I have heard were those of your daughter; she told me that your heart was as good as her own, so I ventured to come with her to ask for a night's rest."

These words, joined to the open expression of her face and manner, quite removed the suspicions of the farmer, and he replied kindly:

"Well, my good girl, if my daughter has promised you shelter for the night, you shall not



be disappointed; and you shall have a good hot supper into the bargain. But what is the name of your father? I may have known him, for, at one time, I used to go often to Southampton."

"My father's name is Temple."

"Temple? that name is familiar to me; what was he?"

"A carpenter by trade; but during the last two or three years he has been unable to work from ill-health caused by a bad fall. Before that he was in comfortable circumstances, for he was a good workman and had constant employment; but the expenses of his illness soon used up all his savings, and the state of destitution to which we were reduced forced me to leave home in hopes of at least supporting myself, and of being, in the end, able to assist my dear parents."

"Is your father's name Joseph?"

"Yes; he had one brother who was called John; he died about ten years ago, and his only sister named Jane, lives in Dorchester; she has an income which was left to her by her grandmother."

"Could not she assist your father?"

"She could do so doubtless, but she quarrelled with my dear mother when she first married my father. I believe he took the part of his wife, which made my aunt so angry that she would never hear his name mentioned again. When my parents were in great distress about a year ago and I summoned courage to go to Dorchester, and implore her to assist us, or at least to get me into some situation; she engaged me as her own servant, but I was turned out of the house the other day, on a false accusation of dishonesty."

"Enough, my dear child; come in at once, and seat yourself comfortably by our fire, whilst Teresa prepares supper. After supper you can tell us a little more about yourself."

Teresa was delighted at hearing these words; she kissed Monica affectionately and exclaimed with girlish glee:

"I took a fancy to you the moment I saw you, and when you spoke I said to myself: 'Should not I like to have such a friend as that; and now I have you for a friend, I am certain, for father never does anything by halves; that you may depend upon. He will do all he can for you, and your poor father likewise; see if he does not.'"

The farmer re-entered the cottage first, as he wished to tell his own old mother, who was seated in her arm-chair by the log fire, about the stranger he was bringing in to supper.

The mother was a venerable looking old dame, her hair white as snow, and neatly arranged under the large, high, white cap. Her dress was dark and thick, and she wore besides a pretty checked apron, and a warm shawl round her shoulders. You could see at a glance that she was well-cared for, for a species of canopy was erected over her chair to keep off the draught caused by the frequent opening of the cottage door. Her countenance was benevolent, and she held out her hand in such a kindly manner to Monica when she entered, that the poor girl was quite re-assured, and sat down quickly on the chair to which she pointed, near to herself, in a very snug corner.

"Now, warm yourself, and make your comfortable, my little lass," said the farmer as he left the room, "for you look as tired; worn out as our old horse when he has been driven to Southampton with a loaded cart behind him. After supper you shall tell us all you please about your parents, and aunt."

Monica was indeed delighted at being allowed to sit thus quietly, but although her tongue was silent, yet her heart was raised to God in thankfulness for the protection and help He had sent her when she was almost tempted to despair. She was charmed with the appearance of everything in the house; all was clean and tidily arranged. Teresa was the cook, and she speedily prepared the repast, which consisted of a big piece of boiled pork, surrounded with potatoes and cabbage. There was a small covered dish on one side of the table, which Teresa placed there, after whispering something to her grandmother, to which she nodded approval.

"Now, Terry," said the grandmother, "tell your father, for he must want his supper for he has been working about in the farm, since his past five this morning, and only took a glass of beer, and some bread and cheese in the middle of the day. Call Jimmie too, for he is sure to be with his daddy."

Teresa ran out, and soon returned with her father and little Jimmie. They all sat down, and Monica was placed on a comfortable chair near the fire. The little extra dish was placed before her, and when opened proved to be some mutton chops which Teresa had cooked especially for her, thinking that boiled pork would not be good for her after having been almost without food for three days. Monica looked gratefully at Teresa and thanked her for the kind thought.

After supper they all sat round the fire, and laughed and talked. At last the farmer exclaimed:

"Well, now, I think our guest must give us some account of her being turned out of her aunt's house. How was it that your aunt suspected you of having robbed her?"

Monica related all that had happened from the first day she entered her aunt's house. She told them of the caution given to her by Catherine, she spoke of how she discovered the dishonesty and duplicity of Rebecca, and ended by expressing a firm conviction that she disliked her, and had said things to make her aunt suspect her without cause."

"But are you certain that the grocer gave you the right change?" asked the farmer.

"I am quite certain," replied Monica, "for I counted it out in my hand; I would not let him wrap it up in paper because I was in such a hurry. I fear I must have dropped the half-sovereign in the street, or perhaps—" and she stopped.

"Perhaps old Becky took it out of the bag before your aunt counted it," said the farmer archly, "and took the ring likewise. But now my good girl, put the whole affair out of your mind, think no more of it; you must remain here a few days, and write to your parents to-morrow, and when you are quite rested I will drive you over to Southampton. For the present I have put up a little bed for you in my daughter's room."

"How very kind, I cannot thank you enough."

Monica remained with her new friends three or four days, and at the end of that time the farmer asked her if she would like to remain with them altogether.

"Teresa is not strong enough to do every thing required in the farm house, the dairy, and the poultry yard," he said, "besides waiting upon your poor old grandmother; I have therefore made up my mind to look out for some one to help her, and you seem to have come here just at the right time. I will give you good wages, so as to enable you to assist your parents, and above all things I should like you to be Teresa's companion, for it would please me much, if your example made her a little more religious. But she lost her mother when she was a mere infant, and has had no one to teach her much."

"I am quite certain," said Monica, "that Teresa is good; she promised me this morning that she would never again miss her night prayers, not even when she is very tired."

"Indeed," replied the farmer with a smile, "I hope she will keep her word. But you have not answered my questions. Are you willing to remain here?"

"I should be delighted to do so, but I must of course write to my parents first, to ask their consent; and if I receive it, I should like to go and spend a few days with them before settling down permanently."

"You certainly shall; I will drive you over to Southampton next week in my cart."

Farmer Littlehale kept his word, and the following week took Monica home, and she spent a week with her fond parents. She then returned to them with a light and happy heart, and returned to the farm. All were glad to see her again, and she resolved to do her utmost to give satisfaction to Farmer Littlehale.

The autumn and the winter passed by quickly, and spring began. The old grandmother had died of the cold of the winter much more than usual, and did not seem to revive either in strength or spirits when the fine spring weather set in; it was evident that she was breaking fast. She came daily more and more weak, and required constant nursing and attendance. Monica was an excellent nurse, and most kind and thoughtful. The old dame never seemed so happy as when she had her by her side. She died in the beginning of May, regretted by all, and Monica found her death quite as much as did her own grandchild Teresa.

The summer, however, brought Monica a still deeper grief, the sudden death of her own dear father. He was found one morning dead in his bed; his heart had been diseased ever since the accident of which we have spoken, and the fever consequent on that fall hastened the end.

Farmer Littlehale and Teresa went to the funeral, and when the sad duties were over, he told Monica to try and persuade her mother to leave Southampton, and to come and live with her, in his farm house. He said she might install herself in "poor granny's bedroom."

Mrs. Temple accepted this kind offer most willingly, and before a month was over she had become an inmate of the comfortable farm house.

Every one tried to make her happy and to console her, but she did not survive her husband more than a few months. The fatigue of waiting on him during his long illness, and the shock of his sudden death had been more than her feeble constitution could support; she became weaker each day, and at last the doctor pronounced her to be sinking fast. She received the last Sacraments with the greatest devotion, and then begged to speak to Farmer Littlehale. She thanked him most gratefully for his great kindness to her and to Monica, she entreated him to continue to be a friend to her child when she had no longer a mother, and told the poor weeping girl that she was henceforth to obey the good farmer as if he was indeed her father.

Monica knelt by her dying mother, held her hand, and received her last breath.

The winter passed somewhat drearily, for these deaths caused a blank which was felt by all; but when the spring reappeared the spirits of all seemed to revive, and Farmer Littlehale became very busy, as there was much to be done in the farm.

He began work very early in the morning, and did not cease until it was almost dark. But when the shades of night came on, right glad was he to return to his comfortable fireside in the farm house, to establish himself in his easy chair, and to do justice to the excellent supper which soon smoked on the table, and which he relished the more, as it was cooked and served up by Monica and Teresa who accompanied it with hearty smiles of welcome.

One day he chanced to return rather earlier than usual, but his supper was soon on the table; and when he had finished he sat down by the wood fire to smoke a pipe. He was speedily joined by Teresa and Monica, who brought their needle-work, that they might enjoy his company and the warm fire at the same time. Teresa was making some shirts for her father, and Monica knitting stockings for the family. They had been very busy all day, and were therefore delighted to be able to chat together in the evening. They listened, and laughed in turns, and the farmer told all his best stories, embellishing them to such a degree, that even little Jimmie exclaimed every now and then:

"Oh, Dad! is that *really* true?"

The trusty sheep-dog too had worked hard, and after a good repast stretched himself out full length before the fire, without fear of having his feet trodden on, now that all the family were seated. Puss, too, sat opposite the fire, with her two kittens, and looked as happy as possible, having a nice saucer of milk by her side.

Suddenly a loud hammering was heard at the door, the dog jumped up and began to bark, the cat ceased purring, put up her back, and prepared to pounce on any thing in the form of a strange dog, which might enter and endanger the safety of her little family.

The two girls looked at one another and wondered who could have given such a tremendous bang at the door.

The farmer said nothing, but quickly went to the door, followed by little Jimmie, who was very

curious to know who had knocked, although he would not have dared approach the entrance alone.

A tall handsome gentleman now entered. He saluted the farmer in a friendly manner and began to apologize for the noise he had made at the door; but he excused himself by saying that he had knocked several times before, but without attracting their attention, so merry and happy did they all seem to be. At last he found an old spade, he said, and with the handle of it gave the loud knock they had heard.

"I came here," he continued, "on a little matter of business which concerns you all. You may remember my speaking to you of an intimate friend of mine, Colonel Clayton, who lost his wife in decline, when his little daughter was only seven years old."

"Yes, Mr. Fullerton," replied the farmer, "I remember well your speaking of him frequently, and telling us how intensely he felt the death of his wife, and that his only remaining tie in this world seemed to be his child."

"Yes," said Mr. Fullerton, "he made a perfect idol of this child; he thought of nothing else in the world. He gave her a first rate education in regard to accomplishments, but he thought of nothing else, and consequently found, to his great disappointment, when her education was finished and she returned home, that she cared for nothing but amusement; that instead of being an agreeable companion like her mother, she was never happy at home, but required the excitement of endless parties, scarcely showing him any attention or affection. She would coax a little if she wished to persuade him to take her to some grand entertainment, but she had not an idea of devoting any of her time to making him comfortable. She was careless about everything religious, although at times feelings of remorse seemed to force themselves into her heart; but they were quickly banished by some exciting amusement. About six months ago she had a severe illness, and was at the point of death. She did not however die, but recovered some degree of health, and her poor father says that he is certain there is a great improvement in her character, that there is a consciousness of her faults, and a wish to correct them, only she does not seem to know how to set about it. She has no really Catholic friends, as she never would make acquaintance with any but the most frivolous and fashion-loving young ladies. She is now weak and often suffering; but so irritable that she has exhausted the patience of all her attendants. Her maid has given notice and leaves at the end of the month; she has not found another, and I promised Colonel Clayton to look out and try to find a suitable person. I thought of your daughter and of her young friend Monica. Would either of them feel inclined for this situation?"

Monica looked at Teresa, Teresa looked at her father, but neither spoke.

"This situation," continued Mr. Fullerton, "will of course be a difficult and trying one; any person who undertakes it must make up her mind beforehand to exercise much patience; it cannot be otherwise under the circumstances."

"I am quite certain then," exclaimed Teresa quickly, "that I should not be sufficiently good and patient to get on with her; she would have look out for another maid before the end of week. I should be sure to quarrel with her."

"Then the place will not do for you. If a maid must expect to meet with many annoyances and must be willing to suffer something for the sake of benefiting the soul of a fellow-creature for I think in her present depressed state the young lady might easily be led to good. But it must be done as much by example as by words."

Monica blushed crimson as she said in a low voice:

"I should be so glad to prove my gratitude to God for all his goodness to me, which I think more than anyone else has ever received, and would do all in my power to scatter some of that good seed, which has been sown in my heart, hearts which have not been so highly favoured. Now that Teresa's grandmother is dead, as all my own dear mother, there is not too much to be done here. Teresa has ample time for a task. Therefore, if Farmer Littlehale approves, I will at once apply for the situation, or at least request you to do so in my name."

Mr. Fullerton turned to the farmer and said:

"Have I your sanction, my good friend, for acting upon Monica's wishes?"

"I cannot say no," replied the farmer, "as I should not like to prevent the good she may do, but in truth I am mortal sorry to part with her. She is the life of the whole house, and in her gentle way has done us all good. But of course the engagement will be only for a time, and she will return to her home here when the period expires. Therefore, dear Monica, do what you please with regard to Miss Clayton."

Mr. Fullerton then conversed with the farmer for a short time on agricultural matters, after which he bade the family good evening, promising to call again, and departed.

No sooner had he left the house, than Teresa seized Monica's hand and burst into tears.

"Why do you weep, dearest Teresa?" asked Monica, gently.

"Oh, Monica! what shall I do without you? You shall miss you so sadly?"

"Thank you, dear Teresa," answered Monica affectionately. "I grieve much at leaving you, but you would not, I am sure, have me reject the opportunity of perhaps doing good, which God offers. I have often been told that if God plans a good work in our hands without our seeking it, that He is sure to give us the necessary grace to perform it properly; therefore I hope and trust that I may benefit Miss Clayton."

"But," said Farmer Littlehale, "you must always remember that my house is your home, and that you can return whenever you please."

Monica thanked him gratefully. It was getting late, they joined in evening prayer, and separated for the night.

(To be continued.)

WASN'T Cleopatra's needle intended to thread the river Nile? Answer that, an' Nile give you a harder one.



# "IT SAVED MY LIFE"

"For the Fever had obtained a strong hold on me. In a few days I was quite well."—Extract from letter of C. Fitzgerald, formerly Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian in Albania, referring to

## LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.

WHICH IS EFFERVESCING AND TASTELESS, FORMING A MOST INVIGORATING VITALISING, AND REFRESHING DRAUGHT.

DR. PROUT, MORGAN, TURLEY, GIBBON, SPARKS, DOWSING, STEVEN CARR JACKSON, and many other Medical Gentlemen, have given unqualified testimony to the importance of the discovery and the immense value of

# THIS GREAT REMEDY



as possessing elements most essential for the restoration and maintenance of Health, with perfect Vigour of Body and Mind.

It gives instant relief in HEADACHE, SEA or BILIOUS SICKNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, LASSITUDE, HEARTBURN, and FEVERISH COLDS; prevents and quickly cures the worst form of TYPHUS, SCARLET, and other FEVERS, SMALLPOX, MEASLES, and ERUPTIVE SKIN COMPLAINTS, and various other altered conditions of the blood. It is the cure for CHOLERA.

**CAUTION!**—Beware of Spurious Salines and Effervescing Salts containing injurious elements put forward by unprincipled persons as the same or better thing.

PYRETIC SALINE is warranted not to contain Magnesia or any substance likely to produce gall-stones or calculous formations.

In Patent Glass-Stoppered Bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 21s. each.

## LAMPLOUGH'S CONCENTRATED LIME JUICE SYRUP

Perfect Luxury. Taken effervescing with Pyretic Saline a most agreeable Summer Drink. Sold by all Chemists in Patent Glass-stoppered Bottles at 2s. and 4s. 6d. each.

H. LAMPLOUGH, 113, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON, E.C.

## PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS

TO MR. PAGE D. WOODCOCK, LINCOLN.

SIR,—I have found your Pills an excellent preparation for the Constipation and Flatulency common in both sexes. They possess great advantages over other Pills. Their uniformity in strength, smallness of the dose, and the certainty of their action, commend them to those who require a tonic to assist digestion, relieve Wind in the Stomach, exert a special influence on the Liver, and also the peristaltic motion of the Bowels, resulting from Chronic Indigestion and lack of Assimilation. The more my experience in their varied applicability extends, the more their beneficial effects appear, and many households have found a great friend in your preparation for the promotion of a healthy digestion. Their favourable action is all that could be wished for.

I am, faithfully yours,

Manchester, June 13th 1877.

THOS. FOSTER KER, SURGEON.

Of all Medicine Vendors at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.

# Hop Bitters

Are THE PUREST, CHEAPEST, & BEST BITTERS EVER MADE.

They are compounded from HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, PODOPHYLLIN, and DANDELION, the oldest, best, and most valuable medicine in the world. Contains all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, being the greatest BLOOD PURIFIER, LIVER REGULATOR, and Life and Health Restoring agent on earth.

## No Disease or Ill Health

Can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

TRY HOP BITTERS TO-DAY.

May be had of all Chemists throughout the World.



# BEETHAM'S Glycerine & Cucumber

Soon renders the Skin **SOFT, SMOOTH, & WHITE**, entirely removes and prevents all **ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, SUNBURN, TAN, &c.**, and preserves the Skin from the effects of exposure to the **SUN, WIND, or HARD WATER** more effectually than any other known preparation. No Lady who values her **COMPLEXION** should ever be without it. It is perfectly harmless, and may be applied to the Skin of the tenderest Infant. Bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Any size free for 3d. extra, by the Sole Makers, **M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.**



## VELVETEEN

**GENOA FACE. FAST WOVEN FILL.**

Every Yard of the Genuine bears the Name "LOUIS" and the Wear of

**EVERY YARD GUARANTEED.**

**Patterns Post Free.**

**THOS. WALLIS & CO., HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.**

*"The CAMBRICS of ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."*—The Queen.

## IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

**SAMPLES and PRICE LISTS** of every description of Linen Goods, &c. (at lowest Wholesale Prices to the Public direct), are also forwarded post free.

Samples post free. All pure Flax, hemmed for use. Per dozen: Children's, 1s. 5d.; Ladies', 2s. 6d.; Gents', 3s. 8d. Hem-stitched, per dozen: Ladies', 3s. 11d.; Gents', 6s. 9d.

## ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

(By Special Appointments to H.M. The Queen, and H.I. and R.H. The Crown Prince of Germany)

# JOSEPH KIRKMAN & SON,

*INVENTORS AND PATENTEES OF THE*

## New Over-Strung Steel-Framed Pianos, 3 & 9, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

**MANUFACTORY: Bradmore Works, Hammersmith.**

## PURIFY THE BLOOD



**B**AD BLOOD, SCROFULOUS, Inherited and Contagious Humors, with Loss of Hair, Glandular Swellings, Ulcerous Patches in the Throat and Mouth, Abscesses, Tumors, Carbuncles, Blotches, Sores, Scurvy, Wasting of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Dropsy, Enæmia, Debility, Chronic Rheumatism, Constipation and Piles, and most diseases arising from an Impure or Impoverished Condition of the Blood, are speedily cured by the **CUTICURA RESOLVENT**, the new Blood Purifier, internally, assisted by **CUTICURA**, the great Skin Cure, and **CUTICURA SOAP**, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, exter-

nally. **CUTICURA RESOLVENT** is the only blood purifier that for ever eradicates the virus of Inherited and Contagious Blood Poisons.

Sold by all Chemists, and Francis Newbery & Sons, 1, King Edward Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C. Price: **CUTICURA**, 2s. 3d.; **RESOLVENT**, 4s. 6d.; **SOAP**, 1s. 1½d. Prepared by the **POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A.**

✉ Write F. Newbery & Sons for "How to Cure Blood Humors."





# THE LAMP.

*Established Half a Century.*

## CONTENTS:

PAGE	PAGE
THE TRUE AND THE FALSE; THE STORY OF AN UN- S-LEIGH LIFE (Illus.) 273.	ADVANTAGES OF TRAVEL- LING ..... 304
FACTS ABOUT FUNERALS 277	HOW TO FIND OUT THE ENGLISH IN GERMANY... 311
	ECONOMY ..... 325
	THE KOB-I-N-OOR ..... 328

### OFFICES:

LONDON.—25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, E.C.  
DUBLIN.—SMITH & SON, MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.  
M. H. GILL & SON, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE  
STREET.  
LIVERPOOL.—SMITH & SON, CASTLE STREET.  
MANCHESTER.—J. HEYWOOD, DRANGATE.  
SMITH & SON, 1, NEW BROWN STREET.



HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1884, HIGHEST AWARD, TWO GOLD MEDALS

## BRADFORD'S "VOWEL" WASHING MACHINE



BRADFORD'S HAND LAUNDRY.

Have for many years proved their superiority over all others made.  
Price from £2 15s. See Catalogue. Special Discount for C  
**Laundry Machinery. Dairy Machinery**  
**DOMESTIC MACHINERY.**

HORTICULTURAL MACHINERY of every description.  
*Plans and Estimates of Hand or Steam Power Laundries for*  
*application. Illustrated Catalogue free by post.*

**THOS. BRADFORD & CO., LAUNDRY ENGINEERS**  
140, 141, 142, 143, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON,  
And at MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL.

## OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBI (ESTABLISHED SIXTY YEARS.)



THE BEST and ONLY CERTAIN REMEDY ever discovered for  
serving, strengthening, beautifying, or restoring the HAIR  
WHISKERS, or MOUSTACHES, and preventing them turning grey.  
Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s.

**C. & A. OLDRIDGE,**  
22, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON  
AND ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS.

For children it is invaluable, as it forms a basis of a magnificent  
of hair, prevents baldness in mature age, and obviates the use of dyes  
poisonous restoratives.

No more Nauseous Medicine.  
**DR. LIEB'S**

## EDIBLE FRUIT PILLS

*For CONSTIPATION, BILE, LIVER COMPLAINTS, and all*  
*Ailments of the Stomach.*

THE ONLY EATABLE PILLS: TAKEN EAGERLY BY CHILDREN  
They Purify the Blood, and cure all Diseases of the Skin. A thorough specific against Sea Sickness. Of all Chemists, at  
1s. 10d., 2s. 6d., &c., or of the Sole Consignees,

61, MANSELL STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND.

## GEORGE MASON'S ESSENCE OF BEEF CONCENTRATED BEEF TEA, SAVOURY MEAT LOZENGES, &c.

ESSENCE OF BEEF VERSUS ALCOHOL.—In all cases of Debility, Weariness, or Depression, GEORGE  
MASON'S ESSENCE OF BEEF is a far better stimulant than Alcohol. Its effects are immediate and lasting.

*Shippers, the Trade, and others, should apply to*

GEORGE MASON, 417, KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA, S.W.



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

## The True and the False: the Story of an Unselfish Life.

BY ALICE HORLOR.

### CHAPTER IV.

WHERE THE ART IS HEARTLESSLY SHOWN.

Alas, that clouds should ever steal  
O'er Love's delicious sky!



SABEL quite gains Mrs. Harvey's heart by her winning manner; and even strangers are pleasantly impressed by

her charming demeanour. For many days she appears simply perfection, but alas! there comes an hour when the common failings of humanity proclaim their presence in Isabel Avenell. There is a ball at a neighbouring mansion, to which the Harveys with their guest are invited. Isabel is radiant this night; her dress of filmy pale blue floats like soft clouds round her delicate neck and arms;

her hair drawn up to the top of her shapely head falls into little rippling curls of gold which shadow the smooth brow. White roses are at her bosom, and a falling spray twined in her tresses just touches her neck almost as fair as their snowy petals. With all a lover's rapture Arthur gazes at her entering the ball-room, he hears a murmur of admiration from the assembled guests. He looks forward to several hours' pleasure, and never dreams that he is before that night is past to be made aware of the one fault in her which is like the canker in the heart of a rose. Isabel is an acknowledged belle in society. She has been accustomed ever since her *debut*, two years ago, to open admiration, and Arthur Harvey is not the first who has sued for her hand. Since her engagement she has been engrossed by his devotion, but now it seems not sufficient unless supplemented by others'. She is besieged by partners, and greets them with such sweet smiles and looks, that Arthur's heart burns hotly with jealousy at the sight. Fay sees the state of things. Her own loyal nature is fired with indignation to behold Isabel completely oblivious of her plighted lover. To her the tie of an engagement is almost as sacred as the marriage vow. While Isabel, who quite intends to be an exemplary wife, thinks it no crime while still unwedded to amuse herself with flirtations, as she supposes, harmless.

The evident admiration which the spoilt beauty sees she excites, seems to arouse the old spirit of coquettishness which has only been dormant in Isabel's breast, and the anger which Arthur's face evinces only serves to make her more frivolous. At last he sternly makes his way through her crowd of admirers.

"Isabel, this is our waltz!" he says.

"Dear me! I am going to dance it with Mr. Langley," (indicating a gentleman standing near), "I quite forgot I had promised it to you; but of course you will not mind, will you?"

"I should mind very much if I had to relinquish this dance with you; but, Langley, I am sure you will not dispute my right?" replies Arthur, gravely.

"Not I, old fellow!" returned Mr. Langley, with well-bred good-humour, for Arthur and he are friends. "Of course I am sorry to relinquish Miss Avenell, but I must yield to your prior claim. Perhaps later on she may favour me?"

"I'll favour you now, Mr. Langley, by keeping my promise to dance this with you," says Isabel, audaciously, as she sees Arthur's frown.

"But Harvey?" he urges, not wishing to be a cause of disagreement between the lovers.

"Oh, never mind about Arthur; I will give him some other."

She rises, takes Mr. Langley's proffered arm, and in another moment is floating down the room. For an instant Arthur stands gazing after her, a scowl of hot wrath upon his face, then abruptly wheeling round, he crosses to where Fay is seated.

"Come with me into the conservatory," he says.

And the girl goes with him, knowing that he is anxious to get away from the sight of Isabel. Once out of the ball-room she waits not for him to speak, but sets herself to soothe his vexation as far as lies within her power. She succeeds. Fay is

essentially a quiet woman; strangers are apt to think her singularly silent, for she speaks little but to those she loves. But her voice is soft and musical, like a gliding river, and those who listen to its tones are inevitably calmed. It has this effect on Arthur now. Like gentle summer rain the dew of her sympathy descends upon his troubled soul; his anger subsides into sadness.

"Fay," he says presently, "you are veritably a good Samaritan—oil and wine you have metaphorically poured into my wounds."

"If those wounds exist I am glad to have soothed them," is her response.

"You know they do. Is it possible for me not to be hurt at Isabel's conduct?"

"I see that she likes to tease you."

"Likes to tease me! Oh, Fay, is it no more than that?"

"I think not. She perceives you are inclined to be jealous, and delights in fanning the flame."

"If I could believe she acts thus merely from a spirit of mischief, I should not be so utterly wretched; but her evident preference for others' attention makes me fear that accepting me in haste she did not know her own mind."

"I would not dwell upon that thought," replies Fay. "If Miss Avenell did not still love you, why does she continue the engagement?"

"She may not like to admit herself so fickle," cries the young man.

Easily now could Fay have fanned the smouldering fire of jealousy within his breast until the conflagration thus kindled might have swept away for ever his love and confidence in his promised wife. Full many a troth-plight has been thus broken by a treacherous tongue. But Fay is a noble woman and too generous to even slightly censure Isabel's heartless folly; the girl is no snake in the grass; she is true to the heart's core. Perceiving that it wants but a few words to open a gulf between the lovers which neither might cross to reconciliation again, her self-denying love urges her to secure *his* happiness above all, and at any cost; and she determines to stamp out at once the spark of evil. What a contrast between the girls at that moment,

When handsome was that handsome did!

"Arthur," she cries, turning and clasping in her eagerness both her little hands upon his arm. "Arthur, ask her for the truth. Tell her your fears at once rather than let such a thought as that rankle in your heart, for jealous fancies are the death of love."

Standing thus together, her hands on his arm and her beautiful eyes pleadingly uplifted to his face, Isabel sees them as she too enters the conservatory. Her lip curls. She quite mistakes the scene before her.

"I beg your pardon for my unwelcome intrusion on such a charming *tête à tête*," she cries haughtily, turning back to retace her steps.

But Fay who knows lost opportunities are often never recovered, is before her, and seizing her hand, cries:

"Don't go, Miss Avenell."

Isabel looks down from her stately height at the little figure barring the way.



"Pray let me pass, Miss Atherton. I would not interrupt such an interesting conversation for the world!" she returns with a sarcastic smile.

Fay drops the other's hand as though it stung her.

"You will misunderstand me," she says very sadly.

"On the contrary I understand you perfectly," comes the sneering reply.

The girl answers not; wounded to the heart, she turns away, leaving the lovers together. Isabel makes another effort, but this time it is Arthur, who says:

"Say Isabel, there is something to be said between us twain."

She steals a guilty look at his face and knows her hour is come; this evening's folly must now be expiated. She is well aware what cause of offence is his, but conscious also of her power over him she does not fear his anger much, being certain his deep love will soon efface it and bring him once more to her feet. In spite of his just wrath, the young man's soul is unwittingly softened by the lovely picture she makes against the soft, green background of flowering plants, which heightens the vivid bloom of her face, and the pearly whiteness of neck and arms. Her cheeks are crimsoned by the warm air, her wavy hair curls in crisp rings about her temples, her blue eyes droop, her foot impatiently taps the ground, while her fingers nervously toy with the fan she holds in her hand.

"Isabel, is it your intention to toy with me like a poor fan?"

No answer.

"What have I done to cause you to be so cruel?"

Her head erects itself haughtily.

"What do you mean?" she enquires.

"You promised to be my wife; you said you loved me, yet you reject and slight my attentions like those of others. Isabel, are you tired of our engagement?"

"Arthur, you are so absurdly jealous."

"I should be less than a man if such behaviour towards me did not make me jealous. Heaven knows I have driven me nearly mad this night!" he exclaims angrily.

"Once more I ask is our engagement to end?"

"Just as you like," cries Isabel, outwardly calm, but within just a little frightened at the events are taking.

A bitter reply rises to his lips; anger drives him to take her answer as final, and thus end all between them; but he loves her in spite of all and cannot thus relinquish the hopes so cherished. Clapping her hands like a drowning man clutching the shore, he looked into her eyes with a passionate, entreating gaze, which touches her man's heart.

"For heaven's sake tell me the truth, are you indifferent as your words denote to that which makes my life's happiness? Is it nothing to you we part for ever?"

"I thought you wished it," she says, mechanically.

"I wish it? You know too well how dear you are to me. I have not changed. But Isabel can you say the same? Have you not found out you

love me no longer? Oh, tell me the truth. I can bear the blow, but if it is to come, in mercy let it be speedy!"

His touch disarms her petulance—his words of manly affection conquer her pride. With a little sob she murmurs:

"Arthur, forgive my folly. I own I have flirted to-night, but you, Arthur, and you only possess my heart."

Then the cloud which has arisen between them bursts in a few tears, and Love's unshadowed blue sky beams forth again.

And Fay seeing them re-enter the ballroom, knows by Arthur's untroubled brow that the reconciliation is accomplished, and a sweeter calmness seems to dwell upon that gentle, pale face, for "blessed are the peacemakers."

## CHAPTER V.

### DISILLUSIONED.

"FAY, here's a button off again. Will you sew it on, please, and mend this rip in the thumb?" says Arthur, holding out a glove for Fay's inspection.

"Yes, certainly," is her ready answer, and she repairs it deftly while he looks on.

"Thanks. I do not know what I should do without your nimble fingers, little one," he remarks, as she returns him the glove.

"Go buttonless, perhaps," laughs the girl.

Neither of them thought harm of the slight service asked and rendered, as a matter of course, but Isabel's blue eyes are dark with anger as she casts a baleful glance in their direction.

Poor Fay's heart swells high at that look.

"Even this little thing I have done for him, as I have always done, she grudges me," she says to herself, and it seems as though the cross she carries grows heavier as time drags slowly along.

Very weighty is the pressure on her slight shoulders for all that day. She tries to be resigned, but the task is hard for poor humanity, and, at last, when the twilight shadows are falling, she flies away from all eyes into the cool darkness of the outside air. She wanders out of the garden into a little wood which skirts it. Here she will be alone and free to give vent, all unseen, to the secret grief which gnaws her soul. Her head is aching intensely, the temples racked by that numbing pain which partly stupefies. Almost unconsciously she clasps her arms round a tree stem, and presses her throbbing forehead against the bark.

With closed eyes she stands thus, her thoughts drifting far away, until the sound of low voices near breaks in upon her dreams. Arthur and Isabel have come out also, and are seated on a rustic bench just on the edge of the wood. Irresolute what to do for a moment, for she cannot pass them to return, Fay stands still, and these words come distinctly on the night air to her ears, falling like fiery drops into her already overburdened heart.

"Why do you ask Miss Atherton to do everything? It seems to me very strange you should prefer her help to mine!"

"What do you mean, Isabel? How have I shown any preference for Fay?"

"You come to her for every little trifle; even a glove must be mended by her."

"Isabel dear, do you not know Fay has done all those little things for me since I was a boy; the child has been like a devoted sister of my own."

"She is a child no longer, and it is quite time she learnt that all that is ended. Any work you want done, I will do for you."

"Delighted, I am sure, if you do not mind the trouble."

"And you will not let her come between us again?" (with a coaxing accent on the question.)

"Come between us!" echoed Arthur. "Isabel, tell me—are you really jealous of Fay?"

Dead silence.

"My dear girl, what nonsense! I am fond of Fay as I might be of a sister. You know we have lived together nearly all our lives; but as to any warmer feeling for her than brotherly regard, the thought is absurd! If I had not met you, I should never have dreamt of marrying Fay Atherton."

(Of course, Fay must regard the question in the same light; or possibly her individual feeling is of no consequence to this lord of creation.)

The hard words, cruelly distinct, seem to rudely break the spell on the listener's senses.

Within the gloom cast by the clustering trees, she fights the battle once again with her own tortured heart, in its involuntary but peace-destroying weakness.

An hour after, when the garden is deserted, she creeps slowly into the house to shelter her loneliness in the solitude of her own room. It was bitter to know she had never had more than Arthur's regard, so coldly contrasting with her own devotion; but to hear from his own lips the utter cold rejection of even the thought of a marriage with her is indeed "the sorrow's crown of sorrow."

"Oh, why," she cries, turning her tear-stained face to heaven, "why must this miserable fate be mine? What right has Isabel Avenell to be sheltered in his heart, while I— But, stay, how unjust I am to him! Then," she says, "have I not heard him this night declare he could never marry me—would I doom him, then, to a lonely empty lot like mine? No, no! Great and merciful Father forbid it! Shower down Thy choicest blessings on his head; give him all that is sweet, and holy, and joyful. Let the bitterness of life be mine alone."

## CHAPTER VI.

### CHANGE OF SCENE: PARTS UNCHANGED.

It is with a poor little wan face that Fay appears at the breakfast table next morning.

"Is your head still aching, my dear?" kindly enquires Mrs. Harvey. "You are looking far from well."

Fay lifts her languid eyes, striving to look cheerful as she answers:

"It is better, thank you, but I did not get much sleep last night."

"That is a bad sign; young people should sleep soundly."

"And I used to," says Fay with a sigh.

Mrs. Harvey looks steadily at the girl's downcast face, at her trembling hands and languid demeanour. She makes no further remark, but determines to despatch a note to the family physician directly after breakfast.

So, in the course of the morning, when Mr. Harvey and Fay are seated together, the latter listlessly engaged in needlework, Doctor Elliot announced. Fay looks up in some surprise.

"Is any one ill?" she enquires.

"Yes, my dear, you are," quietly returns Mr. Harvey.

After a few words, Doctor Elliot takes patient in hand.

"Well, Miss Atherton, what am I to do you?"

"Indeed," she says, "there was no need call you in, doctor; I am only feeling a little tired."

He examines her appearance critically ere answers:

"I can see you are suffering from great debility. A change of air would do you more good than much medicine; a mild tonic with plenty of sea breezes and baths is what I recommend."

"I should so much like to go to the seaside," eagerly exclaims Fay, feeling she would give world to go away.

"And it will be just the thing to put a new colour into those pale cheeks of yours. A few weeks in fresh scenery will do wonders for you, Miss Atherton."

"Then, I am sure she shall go at once," agrees Mrs. Harvey.

The doctor's tone has been a light one; when Mrs. Harvey accompanies him out of room, and drawing him into her boudoir, asks for real opinion on the girl's state of health, asks the question point blank:

"Has Miss Atherton anything preying on her mind?"

"I do not know," sighs Mrs. Harvey, "but she has feared some secret trouble is causing languor and weakness."

"Is it one impossible to remove?"

"Yes, I am afraid so."

"Poor girl!" says the doctor compassionately. He is an old man, and he keenly and dispassionately divines from his knowledge of human nature that this is some unhappy affair of the heart. What else could it be to one in Fay's position in life?

"Well, if we cannot remedy the trouble, we must try and lead her to forget it. Take her entirely away from her present surroundings, engage her mind, this is the best thing to do."

So the question is settled—Fay is to go for change of air. After some discussion various seaside resorts Lynmouth is suggested as a pleasant place, upon which Arthur acquiesces:

"Why should we not all go there in a party?" Fay starts nervously at this unexpected proposal; fate does indeed seem to forbid her peace. But Mrs. Harvey likes the idea, and turning to Isabel, asks:

"Would you like it, my dear?"

"I should enjoy going immensely, but that would lengthen my visit, and I have already stayed so long that you must be growing quite tired of me."

"Not at all, my dear," cries Mrs. Harvey. "Never think you have worn out your welcome, for the longer you remain the better I shall be pleased, and I need not answer for Arthur," with a meaning look at the young man's glowing face.

"Thank you, Mrs. Harvey, you are very kind," sweetly replies Isabel.

"Do you know Lynmouth at all?" asks Mrs. Harvey.

"No."

"Then I must give you fair warning of what you have to expect. It is the most primitive little place in the world. Scarcely any shops; no promenade; no pier; no band; two machines only for the accommodation for bathers; but in the height of the summer, when visitors are plentiful, a solitary tent is added, beneath which I suppose people are sometimes induced to venture, but it always conveyed to my mind a certainty of absolute insecurity, as I feel certain a good puff of wind might overturn it."

"Fancy such a predicament!" laughs Isabel. "I scarcely think I should care to intrust myself to its shelter."

"Then with regard to eatables you can get delicious cream and butter, but meat is only to be purchased before eleven o'clock in the morning, after that hour the sole butcher has disposed of his stock. This always consists of mutton, for beef is required it has to be ordered two days before it is wanted as it comes from Barnstaple by coach."

"Primitive indeed!"

"Quite so. In Lynmouth you feel as though you were back to a hundred years ago. Yet with all drawbacks we spent a very pleasant month there some years back, for the air is singularly pure, and the scenery charming from all points."

"I like your description," remarks Isabel. "I have seen so many fashionable watering-places that I have grown tired of them. A little place by the sea without any elaborate toilettes and less being necessary will be just charming."

"We will decide then to go early next week."

"Oh, gracious! Fay, what is the matter? You are pale as death!"

"The heat," murmurs the poor girl faintly, as in failing steps she goes out through the open doors into the garden. Once out of sight she seats herself despairingly on a seat.

The effort to get away is useless; she must continue to suffer with the happiness of others constantly before her eyes.

(To be continued.)

## FACTS ABOUT FUNERALS.



HERE are few we should say who have not read Addison's exquisite "Reflections in Westminster Abbey," and there are as few who have not felt an interest in the condition which gave rise to them, the most certain of all certainties—the state of death. There are some nations—the Chinese, for instance—where a man's burial is considered to be the most important event of all those consequent upon his existence. Death itself is in the eyes of a Celestial, a mere trifle; but the qualities of his coffin, the ceremonies of his funeral, and the choice of his burying-place, are objects of his most anxious solicitude. The Abbé Huc tells us, that in that country they keep their dead for one year after decease, in order to do them justice in funeral observances; and Confucius, the great philosopher of the Chinese, enjoined his countrymen to spend as much as half their fortune on the interment of their dead. But although the inhabitants of other countries are less extravagant in their ceremonial for the dead, it will, we have no doubt, be interesting to our readers to con with us the varied observance upon such occasion in ancient and modern times, and in different nations.

Amongst the Hebrews the mode of burial was an important duty. The deceased, immediately after death, was placed upon a cloth on the ground, and the face was covered, as it was no longer lawful to behold the human countenance. The body was then bathed in warm water, after which, being carefully dried, perfumed oils and tinctures were rubbed over it, and it was robed, often in a very sumptuous manner. After this it was sometimes customary to burn wood and sweet spices over the corpse. Of Asa, King of Judah, it is said, "that they laid him on a bed which was filled with sweet odours and divers kinds of spices prepared by the apothecaries' art, and they made a very great burning for him." In the East this practice is still continued; but in Italy the Jews only mingle the water with which they bathe the dead with dried roses and camomile. For some time before burial the body was wont to be exposed, and a candle lighted near its head, to ridicule an assertion of the sorcerers that a lighted candle near the dead body caused violent pain to the parted spirit.

The Jews used no coffin for the dead. The body was placed on a bier or narrow bed, consisting of a plain wooden frame, upon which it was carried to the tomb. The coffin was used only in Babylon and Egypt.

Funeral processions amongst the Orientals in the far-off ages were on a grand scale. In the account of the funeral of Jacob we read:—"And Joseph went up to bury his father: and with him went up all the servants of Pharaoh, the elders of his house and all the elders of the land of Egypt; and all the house of Joseph, and his brethren, and his father's house; only their little ones, and their flocks and their herds, they left in the land of Goshen. And there went up with him both chariots and horsemen, and it was a very great company." It appears to have been a practice

A WOULD-BE school-teacher in Toledo recently replied to a question by one of the examiners: "Do you think the world is round or flat?" by saying: "Well, some people think one way and some another, and I'll teach round or flat, just as the parents please." He did not pass.



amongst many nations at the period to throw pieces of gold and silver along with other precious articles into the grave immediately after the body was deposited there.

In very early times the dead were buried in caves or in recesses amongst cliffs: but from the difficulty in most places of finding suitable caverns, the more humble classes were buried in pits dug in the earth, and the rich were laid in subterranean vaults. The entrance into the latter burial places was by a descent of a number of steps, which led to several apartments. Niches were apportioned along the walls, and the bodies were placed in them. Curious it is to relate, that the family tombs of the Jews were generally near their houses, and often in their gardens. At Jerusalem there was a separate burying-place for the Jewish kings, and it was a great insult to exclude any of the monarchs from this appointed and final resting-place.

In ancient Egypt the inhabitants, believed in the metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls—that is, that after death the soul of the deceased, having performed a certain cycle of life in bodies of the animal kingdom, would re-enter and animate again the human body in which it first had existence, if it were preserved free from decay and in its entirety. Such believers naturally sought to conserve the human remains from corruption. They embalmed them, and built catacombs, tumuli, and mausoleums in which to deposit them. This practice of embalming was common in most oriental nations, and has been found even among the North American Indians. The red men of North America were accustomed to deck the bodies of their dead in the richest costume; they painted their faces and limbs with different colours, and laid aside provisions for them in their tombs. An old traveller gives a very interesting account of the manner in which the native inhabitants of Virginia were in the habit of embalming their chiefs; the details show the excellence which they attained in the art.

The Greeks of ancient times considered it a most sacred duty to bury the dead. If a dead body was found unburied, any individual who might pass was accustomed to cover it with earth. If a relative was left without interment, those who neglected his burial were considered to be guilty of a most heinous crime, and the earlier that arrangements were made for consigning the dead to the tomb the greater the honour paid to the departed. In some of the Argive cities the funeral took place on the day following the decease; but it was the most usual custom to follow the law of Solon, which decreed that the dead should be carried out for burial early on the morning of the third day before sunrise. Hired mourners accompanied the funeral procession, playing melancholy airs upon musical instruments. The corpse was preceded by the men and followed by the women. Arrived at the place of interment, although bodies were buried sometimes, yet they were more usually consumed by fire. If the latter mode was that adopted, the corpse was placed on the top of a pile of wood, and a torch being applied, it was consumed to ashes. Animals, and even captives or slaves, were sometimes buried along with the dead, where special respect was designed to be

shown them. When the pile was burned down the fire was quenched by pouring wine upon it after which the bones were carefully gathered by the relatives of the dead, and having been washed with wine and oil, were deposited in urns, which were of marble, alabaster, or annealed clay. In some instances even the more costly material of gold was used for this purpose. If the body were not burned it was placed in a coffin, which was constructed of baked clay, and borne to the place of interment outside the town, where sometimes a simple mound of earth, or a cairn of stones marked the place of burial. After the close of the funeral ceremony a feast was held at the house of the nearest relative.

In Rome all funerals took place at night, for a period of many hundred years; afterwards the practice prevailed only in the case of the poor. Eight days were usually allowed to elapse between decease and burial. In the funerals of the wealthy a conductor usually arranged the order of the procession. In front marched musicians, who played plaintive strains of music, and behind those followed female mourners, who sang a funeral hymn called *nenia*, in praise of the deceased. The came mimes, one of whom imitated the actions and even the gestures of the deceased. Lastly came the slaves who had been liberated by the dead, each of them wearing a cap of liberty. In the instances of the poor the body was carried on a bier or placed in a coffin. When the deceased was a person of rank and opulence, the corpse was placed upon an ivory couch, covered with gold and purple, and borne to the tomb on the shoulders of relatives or freedmen. The other friends of the deceased followed immediately behind the body uttering loud wailings, and offering every demonstration of grief. All the sons of the deceased walked in procession with their heads veiled, and the daughters wore their heads bare, and their hair dishevelled. It was an ancient custom to bear the body into the forum where the funeral cortege halted for a time, and in case the departed man was of note, a funeral oration was pronounced above his remains. When this ceremony was over the procession wended its way to the place of interment outside the city walls. The practice of burning the bodies of the dead was abolished by the spread of Christianity, and ceased about the fourth century.

Under the impulses of the Christian religion the ordinary ceremonial of respect towards the dead attained a newer and more graceful development. There was a solemn procession, at which the relatives and friends of the deceased officiated as mourners. Palm and olive branches were carried before the coffin in token of victory. Earlier even was the practice of bearing lamps and tapers in sign of a future resurrection. Every symbol of mourning was rejected, and the grave was strewn with flowers. It was customary to deliver a funeral oration over the dead, and the corpse was laid down with the face toward the east as if to watch the light of morning.

Amongst the Mahomedans the dead are always buried about twelve hours after decease. Before interment takes place the body is carefully washed, then it is swathed in cerements and placed on a bier covered with a shawl. Coffins are not used

by the followers of the prophet. The procession to the grave is generally headed by six blind men, who march at a slow pace, intoning the Mohammedan profession of faith. Next in order come the male friends of the deceased, with a number of dervishes, who carry the flags of their order, then advance some boys, who bear the Koran and chant a poem in reference to the day of judgment. The bier is borne next with the head of the corpse foremost, the bearers being the relatives of the deceased—behind come the female relatives and mourners, wailing and shrieking loudly. The female friends have their heads bound round with a strip of linen or muslin, usually coloured blue, tied behind in a knot, and the ends hanging down a few inches. At the head of the wealthy several camels laden with provisions precede the cortège, and at the tomb the provisions which they carry are distributed to the poor who gather to such places.

In China the dead are enclosed in air-tight coffins, and in some instances kept above ground for several years. The burial places are made upon barren hills and mountain sides; in many cases the dead are placed in vaults. Deceased members of the same family may be sometimes even laid side by side in open sheds to the extent of twenty. The chief mourners among the Chinese are the women, and it has been described by European travellers in that country as most affecting, to see them kneeling and weeping in the lone and silent places where their husbands and children are buried.

Dying persons in Japan express their wish to be burned or buried after death, and it is in accordance with their desire that either mode is adopted. After death the body is washed by a female servant. The head is shaven and the body is clothed, according to the state of the father, in its best apparel, as in life. The only exception made is that the sash which girds the body around the waist is fastened by two knots, to indicate that it will never be loosened more. It is then covered with a piece of linen folded in a peculiar manner, and is placed on a mat in the middle of the hall, with the head towards the right. Food is prepared and offered to the deceased as in life, and all the family lament. After being exposed thus for forty-eight hours, the body is placed on its knees in a tub-shaped coffin, which is again enclosed in a square oblong box called a *quan*. Two slabs bearing the inscriptions relative to the character of the deceased are placed within it. Then the body is borne with lanterns, and mournful insignia to a neighbouring temple, whence, after formal ceremonies, it is borne to the place of interment. The body is then taken out of the *quan* and laid in the grave, which is filled up with earth, and covered with a flat stone, over which more earth is heaped, and above the whole is placed the *quan*. At the end of seven weeks the *quan* is removed for the purpose of making room for the tombstone, and this ceremonial concludes the funeral rites of the Japanese.

Perhaps the most stern of all funeral forms were those of the old Northern warriors. "When a hero or chief," as Mallet tells us in his book of Northern antiquities, "fell gloriously in battle,

his funeral obsequies were honoured with all possible magnificence. His arms, his gold and silver, his war-horse, and whatever else he held most dear, were placed with him on the pile. His dependents and friends made it frequently a point of honour to die with their leader, in order to attend on his shade in the palace of Odin. Nothing, in fact, seemed to them more grand and noble, than to enter Valhalla with a numerous retinue, all in their finest armour and richest apparel. The princes and nobles never failed of such attendants. His arms, and the bones of the horse on which Childeric I. supposed he should be presented to this warrior god, have been found in his tomb. They did in reality firmly believe, and Odin himself had assured them, that whatever was buried or consumed with the dead, accompanied them to his palace. The poorer people, from the same persuasion, carried at least their most necessary utensils, and a little money with them in case of death, not to be entirely destitute in the other world. From a like motive the Greeks and Romans put a piece of silver into the dead man's mouth, to pay his passage over the Styx. The Laplanders to this day provide their dead with a flint, and everything necessary for lighting them along the dark passage they have to traverse after death."

In Western Africa funerals are carried on with strange ceremonies. Mr. Wilson, in his relation of the customs of that region, gives a full description of the treatment of the dead. The corpse is washed, painted, and clad in the handsomest clothes. The greatest profusion of beads, which can be procured, is placed around him; he is then put into a rude coffin in some conspicuous place, while the ordinary funeral ceremonies are being performed. The character and pomp of these ceremonies depend upon the rank and age of the deceased. If he has been a person of importance in the community, his friends and townspeople assemble, at an early hour, in front of the house where the corpse reposes, and form themselves into a circle enclosing a large open space. A live bullock, tied by the four feet, is placed in the centre of the circle, and is to be slaughtered at the proper time, nominally for the dead, but really for the visitors who come to participate in the ceremonies. Every visitor is expected to bring some kind of present for the dead, which may be a string of beads, a knife, a plate, a pipe, or a looking-glass; all of which are laid in the coffin or by its side to be taken to the grave. Most of the men are expected to bring with them a good supply of powder, and testify their respect for the dead by the number of times they fire their guns in the open square, and the amount of ammunition with which they are loaded. Sometimes fifty or a hundred men are discharging their muskets at the same time, not only stunning the ears of all around, but enveloping themselves so completely with the smoke as not to be seen except by the flash from the fire-pan. The only precaution observed is merely to elevate the muzzles of their guns above the heads of those in the circus with themselves.

When those ceremonies are concluded, two persons take up the coffin, which is usually the section of a canoe boxed up at the two ends, to carry it to

the graveyard. Sometimes the dead refuses to leave the town, and the bearers are driven hither and thither by a power which they affect not to be able to withstand. They go forward for a few moments, and then are suddenly whirled around and carried back at the top of their speed. The head man of the family then approaches the bier, and talks plaintively and soothingly to the corpse; inquires why he is unwilling to go to the graveyard, reminds him that many of his kindred and his friends are there, and assures him that every attention will be given by his surviving friends to his future wants.

Under the influence of this persuasion, the restraints which were imposed upon the bearers are relaxed, and they set out once more to the place of burial. They have not gone far, however, when they are thrown violently against some man's house, which is tantamount to an accusation that the proprietor, or some other member of the household, has been the cause of the death. The suspected person is at once arrested, and must undergo the "red-water ordeal."

The corpse, after this, is borne quietly to its resting-place, when the bearers undergo a thorough ablution before they are permitted to return to the town. Guns are fired, morning and evening, for some months afterwards, in honour of the dead, provided he has been a man of prominence and influence in the community. Food is occasionally taken to the place of burial for months and years afterwards, where a small house is built over the grave, furnished with a chair or a mat, a jug to hold water, a staff to use when he walks abroad, a looking-glass, and almost every article of furniture or dress that a living man would need. All blood relatives are required to shave their heads, and wear none but the poorest and most tattered garments for one month. The wives are required to come together every morning and evening, and spend an hour in bewailing their husbands.

Such is an account, collected from many sources, of some of the customs with which the human race, all over the world, pay the last duties to the dead, and make that final deposition of the worn-out relics of their fellows, whose observance is a testimony of affection or respect towards the lost and gone. We have only touched here on the funeral forms observed amongst the principal races or nations, and have not exhausted all the interest of the subject, because the space at our command would not permit any fuller detail.

---

**DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S WILL.**—When the blanks of Dr. Samuel Johnson's last will were filling up by a gentleman at the doctor's request, he asked what he should leave his honest old black servant that had lived with him about forty years. He was informed that a man of the first quality usually bequeathed no more to a faithful servant than an annuity of £50. "Why, then," said the doctor "tell Frank [meaning his negro] that I will be above a lord, for I will leave him £70 a year." Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. Scott, of the Commons, were appointed his executors.

## A MYSTERY IN THE OLD TOWN OF WINCHESTER.

By K. M. WELD,

*Author of "Lily the Lost One," "Bessy," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER V.

COLONEL CLAYTON.



HE gentleman of whom Mr. Fullerton spoke was the owner of a large property in Essex. He left the army when he was about thirty, and married. He was fortunate in his choice of a partner, as the lady whom he selected was not only handsome, but possessed every quality which could render married life happy. They had two children; the elder was a girl, whom they named Isabel, the second a boy, who died when only three years old. The grief caused by this loss, added to the fatigue and anxiety of nursing the child through a long illness, first developed the seeds of decline which Mrs. Clayton had inherited from her lately deceased mother.

As is frequently the case, Mrs. Clayton's husband was one of the last persons to perceive how fast she was failing, not from want of affection, as he loved her devotedly, but from the well-known fact that when we live in constant intercourse with persons we do not remark the changes which are clearly seen by casual acquaintance. Mrs. Clayton was so uncomplaining and unselfish that she seldom spoke or thought of herself. The hectic flush which so often appeared on her cheek was considered by her husband an indication of health, and it made her look so pretty that he rejoiced when he saw it. Her cough was so low that he hardly remarked it; it disturbed no one but herself.

Colonel Clayton's eyes were, however, at last opened by an acquaintance, who enquired in a tone of condolence after Mrs. Clayton.

"Quite well!" was the reply; "she never was better."

The friend expressed his satisfaction, for he said he had been told she was in a decline. He then bustled off, leaving Colonel Clayton in a state of great anxiety, for though he feigned not to believe a word that the old gossip had said, yet the more he reflected the more strong became the thought that there was cause for alarm. He returned home without delay.

Mrs. Clayton was reclining on the sofa when he entered the room; she looked very pale and languid, but when he went up and spoke her colour mounted rapidly, and her eyes shone so brightly that he was quite charmed and almost reassured. He stood by the side of the sofa for some time looking at her affectionately, and then said:

"What a lovely morning, Maggie! Have you been out in the garden?"

"No, dearest; I felt a little tired, so I preferred remaining in the house."

"But what had you done to tire yourself, Maggie, dear? Did you take too long a walk yesterday?"

"No; I only went into the garden to gather a

few violets. There is no cause for uneasiness," and she looked up with a cheerful reassuring smile.

But his fears were excited, and he insisted on her seeing a good doctor at once.

She called him a dear old fidget, and asked who had been putting that nonsense into his head. She thought doctors were generally great terrors.

He then told her seriously that he had been told that she was threatened with decline, and asked what doctor she would prefer.

She named two—Dr. Lyddle and Dr. Wadi; he was to make his choice.

Colonel Clayton went at once to Dr. Lyddle, and requested him to call early the next day to see his wife.

Dr. Lyddle did so, and examined Maggie carefully; he sounded her lungs and heart, asked a few questions, but said little. He had promised to see Colonel Clayton before leaving the house, and was therefore ushered into his private sitting-room after leaving Mrs. Clayton.

The colonel met him at the door, and said, eagerly:

"Well, Dr. Lyddle, there is not much amiss in Mrs. Clayton I hope."

"I regret to say that I consider her in a critical state. Medical advice ought to have been called in earlier; one lung is much diseased, and the other slightly affected; the action of the heart is weak, and there is very little strength in her constitution. I fear it is a bad case."

Colonel Clayton was for a few seconds speechless from astonishment and emotion; he looked at Dr. Lyddle, and at length said, in a trembling voice:

"If I had only been aware of her danger, I should have called you in long ago; she did not think herself so ill."

"Probably not, my dear sir. Consumption is a most deceiving complaint; the danger is not perceived, or proper measures taken, in thousands of cases until it is too late."

"What do you recommend now?"

"Great care as to diet, no exposure to the influence of the air, and to avoid all anxiety or exertance as far as possible. This is for the present. I will send her some medicine to take, and in the autumn, before the cold winds begin, you must take her to the south of France."

The spring passed, and the summer too, and there was no improvement in Mrs. Clayton's health. The end of September came, and Colonel Clayton became more and more anxious about her, and he asked Dr. Lyddle whether it was not now full time to make arrangements for taking his wife to some mild climate for the winter.

Dr. Lyddle was a plain spoken, candid person, and replied:

"My dear sir, I will not deceive you, or let you have all the expense and trouble of going abroad for nothing. A winter in a mild climate would, I regret to say, benefit Mrs. Clayton so little in her present precarious state, that I quite advise you not to think of making any change, or letting her give up the comforts of her own home for the discomforts she might, and probably would, find in even a very good lodging abroad. The advantages

of climate would not make up for these disadvantages."

So going abroad was given up, and they remained at home.

At times Mrs. Clayton seemed better, and hope revived in her husband's heart; but she herself was conscious of daily increasing weakness.

Colonel Clayton was from home one day when Dr. Lyddle called, and she determined to ask him his real opinion of her case.

He felt her pulse, and said, cheerfully:

"It is stronger to-day, this fine weather seems to suit you."

"Yes, I feel rather better to-day; but I must ask you one question, Dr. Lyddle, which I beg you to answer candidly. Is my case quite hopeless? Do you think I shall see the spring?"

The doctor was one of those men who *think*, and now he thought it wrong to deceive a hopeless case, and the expression of his patient's countenance, when he told her the sad truth, gave him great pain.

Poor Mrs. Clayton buried her face in her hands, and hot tears trickled down fast; she had hoped against hope that the doctor might have at least some expectation of her recovery, but his words had undeceived her, and convinced her, that she had but a few months longer to live, and must then leave both husband and child. Her heart seemed ready to break at this thought, and she wept bitterly and silently.

Her deep religious feelings, however, soon obtained the mastery, and her mind became once more calm and peaceful. She remembered how often, in moments of fervour, she had implored our Lord to give her some opportunity of proving her love for Him, "and now," she mentally exclaimed, "that He gives me this opportunity, shall I reject it and turn away from the trial he sends. No; He who sends it will give me the grace and strength necessary to carry it, and I will do my best to be resigned and cheerful."

She kept her word. She no longer thought of recovery, but was only anxious to prepare well for her last home.

She grieved the more at leaving her little Isabel; then she thought her husband would marry again, and though he was a good man, he was not very earnest about religion, she did not know into what hands the training of her dear child's soul would fall. That was her one anxiety. She made the little Isabel repeat till she knew it perfectly:

"God has put me into this world to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him; if I love and serve Him I shall, after I die, be happy for ever in heaven, but if I do not love Him and serve Him, I shall go to hell for eternity."

Isabel was bright and clever; her father doted upon her, and so spoiled her that she became very headstrong; but she loved, and was obedient to, her mother.

But the last sad moments came. Colonel Clayton was a mourning widower, and Isabel a motherless child.

The love of Colonel Clayton for his motherless child was excessive; she was his one thought in life. He determined she should receive a first

rate education, and for this purpose sent her to a very fashionable school in Paris.

He thought little about the religious part of her training; and, unfortunately, the ladies in whose charge he placed her were very worldly-minded; and, under their tuition, little Isabel soon forgot every good lesson that had been inculcated by her pious mother, and became a mere frivolous, pleasure-loving butterfly, like those around her.

Those parents who really looked after their children when they were at home for the holidays, discovered the pernicious effects of such an education, and removed them to other schools before the evil had taken too deep a root, but Colonel Clayton remarked nothing in his daughter but the rapid progress she made each year in accomplishments. He was proud of her, and looked forward with delight to the happy day when she would leave school, and return home to keep house for him, and be his companion. He felt annoyed at times when she gave way to temper, and he could not help remarking how excessively careless she was in the performance of her religious duties; but he fancied these faults were merely incidental to youth and good spirits; that religious feelings would be sure to develope after a time, as he supposed they did in other women, from their natural tenderness of heart.

When Isabel was eighteen, her education was finished, and she returned to her father's house to be the mistress of his large establishment.

A joyful day it was, both to father and daughter, she was enchanted at being liberated from the thralldom of school life, and he rejoiced at the prospect of having her, his dear child, as his constant companion.

But he soon found that he had looked forward to happiness which was not to be his, for that Isabel, instead of being a highly educated amiable person like her mother, was a mere frivolous, pleasure-loving woman of the world, with no thought save a love of display, and with scarce any affection for himself. As for submitting to his wishes when they were contrary to her own, she never even thought of such a thing.

She quite laughed at the idea of being his companion at any time, or giving up an evening party to remain at home with him, or doing anything for his amusement. She loved dissipation and excitement, and excitement she would have at any cost.

She was very extravagant, and seemed to consider her father's means as quite inexhaustible.

Bitterly, very bitterly, did Colonel Clayton deplore his mistake in Isabel's education; he wished a thousand times that he had sent her to some convent school, where, if the education had been less brilliant, it would have been more solid, and where she would have been taught to occupy herself usefully, instead of spending the whole of her time in paltry, empty amusements. And the good nuns would, likewise, have impressed her with a feeling of reverence for paternal authority, and she might, perhaps, have felt some gratitude and affection for himself.

He felt almost broken hearted at the disappointment of all his hopes; he one day spoke to an old friend on the matter, and deplored the differ-

ence between his daughter and her dear mother, who was so good and amiable, where he could not see that Isabel possessed a single virtue.

His friend consoled him by telling him that his judgment of Isabel's character was more favourable than his own; that there was much good in her, and many excellent qualities. That the time might come when some great shock would arouse her better nature, and that God in His mercy might send this in one or another form.

The father shook his head, and said he hoped this might be the case.

A short time after this, Isabel came to her father and told him she should like to give a great ball. She reminded him that she had never had this pleasure, and should like to astonish all London.

"But I have not the slightest wish to astonish London, my dear."

"Nonsense, nonsense, papa! I must, and I will, give a ball."

He remonstrated, representing the immense expense and inconvenience it would entail; but she silenced every objection, and continued to argue, sometimes in a coaxing tone, and then complaining of his want of kindness.

At last, Colonel Clayton made a movement to leave the room, and Isabel called out just as he was shutting the door.

"Very well, papa. I shall send out my invitations at once."

As he did not answer, she said no more, but began writing the notes. She asked every person she could think of, and to her delight there was scarcely a refusal.

Time slipped by, and when she was within a few days of the grand *fête*, many things were still wanting. She had sent every servant in the house in different directions, and determined to go herself to enquire why the new chandelier, which had been ordered, had not arrived. She rang the bell to order the carriage, but found, to her great vexation, that Colonel Clayton was gone out in it, to visit a friend who lived some miles from London. She, therefore, determined to walk to the shop, and set out for it accompanied by her maid. On enquiring after it, she found it had been sent; she returned home greatly fatigued and exhausted by the heat, but she thought of nothing save her grand chandelier, and where she should have it put up. She pulled off her hat and jacket, and as both windows as well as the door were open, she was in a complete draught; but the cool air felt delightful, and she thought not of consequences.

The large chandelier, and some other lamps had been arranged to her satisfaction, when Colonel Clayton entered the room, and exclaimed:

"My dear Isabel, you are standing in a terrible draught, you will catch a bad cold."

"Oh, no, papa! I never catch cold, you know. I was so hot when I came in that I left the windows open to cool myself."

"Very dangerous, indeed, my dear; but I will shut them now."

"Oh, papa, what a coddle you are! I have a great mind to open them again; however, I will cool now. Look at my beautiful chandelier, what a grand effect it has."

"Yes, it looks well enough," said Colonel Clayton, hurriedly; "but what is the matter with you, child, you look as pale as a ghost, and you tremble so?"

"I am only a little tired; I was obliged to walk all the way to the shop, because you had taken the carriage."

"Yes, I drove out of town to call on my old friend Mr. Whitgrave. But do put on a shawl, Isabel, and come and sit by the fire, you look positively frozen."

For once, Isabel obeyed the wishes of her father, and put on the shawl, for she was really beginning to feel as if the draught had given her a cold; she followed him into the study, and placed herself in an arm chair by the fire. But, do what she would, she could not get warm, and when dinner time came she was unable to eat anything.

She determined, at length, to go to bed, and let her maid prepare a warm bath; she left the room assuring her father that she should be quite well the next day.

He shook his head, and said he was certain she was in for a very bad cold, but that she owed it to her own imprudence.

Very early next morning Colonel Clayton heard a knock at his door, he opened it, and saw Isabel's maid standing there. She entreated him to come immediately to his daughter's bedroom, as she was very ill indeed.

"I have had no rest all night," she said. "Miss Clayton would not let me leave the room for a moment; she talked incessantly, declared that all the windows were open, and the roof of the house broken over her bed. First she said she was perishing with cold, and then that I was throwing hot coals over her. Next she tried to get out of bed, and run out of the room, but fell on the floor, and I had the greatest difficulty in lifting her into bed again. Do come at once to see her sir, I am certain the doctor ought to be fetched without delay."

Colonel Clayton hurried on his dressing gown, and followed the maid to Isabel's room.

He saw at a glance that she was in a high fever, and perfectly delirious. She did not recognise him in the least, and he sent for the doctor at once.

The doctor looked very grave when he saw her, and asked how long she had been ill, and whether she had done anything rash and likely to take a bad chill.

Colonel Clayton told him of Isabel's imprudence in standing in a draught when heated from her long walk.

"That is the cause of all," replied the doctor, "and I fear much, that Miss Clayton will long have cause to rue her imprudence, the chill has produced fever, which will probably be very difficult to subdue."

And he was right, for although he did all in his power to relieve the poor sufferer, yet the fever continued gradually to increase for three days. At the end of that time it abated, and she recovered consciousness, although her weakness was very great.

"Have you not some hope now that the fever has decreased, of saving my daughter?" said the anxious father to the doctor.

"I do not like to hold out false hopes," he replied, "for the violent fever that has been upon her during the last seven days has caused such exhaustion, that it will be difficult to restore her strength. I will, however, administer a cordial, and she must then be left alone, and perfectly quiet. She has not slept for five days and nights, but now that the fever is lessened, and the excitement abated, she may perhaps slumber, and if she sleeps quietly for a time, I shall entertain some slight hope of her recovery. I do not, however, raise your hopes too high, dear sir, for her case is, I very much fear, far beyond the power of medicine."

Colonel Clayton followed the doctor out of the room, casting as he passed a despairing look on poor Isabel, whom he loved with devoted affection notwithstanding her faults; and he thought how desolate he should feel, if he lost her, his only child.

He desired the maid to sit at a little distance from the bed, quite out of sight, and not to speak to her mistress on any account, as the doctor said there was still much feverish excitement, which nothing but complete quiet could calm. The maid seated herself in an arm-chair, covered her head with a shawl, and overcome by fatigue soon slept soundly.

*(To be continued.)*

## A CRAB'S-EYE VIEW.



MOST birds have their eyes placed so that in order to see what is directly over them they must turn their heads on one side and use only one eye at a time. Ducks, and some other water-birds, like certain land amphibians, have the eyes so placed in a skull so formed that, without moving their heads, they can use both eyes at once in an upward direction. What is known as "a bird's-eye view" is rather that of the birds of prey, from whose concentrated, close, deep-set eye, protected by overhanging brow from glare above, nothing below can escape.

While these superior beings are mostly engaged in looking down upon their inferiors, a crab is condemned to be everlastingly looking up toward those above him; for he has not, I think, the power so mercifully granted to man under similar conditions, of ever closing his prominent knob-like eyes. The crab certainly sees nearly as well out of the water as at the bottom of it: where, as he lies buried in weed, mud, or sand, even the pale under-sides of the flattest of flat fish, as they skim above him, are exposed to "a crab's-eye view;" though, for that matter, flat fish also spend much of their time buried in sand or mud up to their eyes. Unlike the eyes of a bird, or even of some fishes, the crab's eyes are not at all sparkling; and when he lies among sand or seaweed they attract no attention to his hiding-place, as the eye of a woodcock sometimes does. At the same time, a crab's weed-coloured armour makes him in other respects quite as invisible as the woodcock is in his dead bracken-tinted plumage. There are certain times when a crab is more than



usually anxious to escape notice—namely, just after he has got out of his old shell, and before his new one is hard enough to make him rather indigestible for those big-headed, prickly, tadpole-shaped little fish, which can swallow a crab half as big as their own heads, shell, claws, and all. Like many men of unfortunate proportions, a crab sees but little of his own toes; but he has a good view of his two big claws, as, carrying them extended and ready for defence, offence, or the purveying of food, he tacks from side to side. Crabs are game to the last; and, unless they can make a good retreat, either fight like bulldogs or, shutting up their claws and legs, feign death. This ruse is always the first defence of the small swimming crabs; but the moment a finger touches them, they up claw and at it at once; while, even when he is turned upon his back and unable to do anything more, the crab continues to foam and bubble at the mouth with rage. It may be that "a crab's-eye view," the continued contemplation of pleasant things beyond one's grasp, is not conducive to a good temper.

Crabs, however, have the advantage of usually seeing two ways at least out of a difficulty; which makes them hard to deal with, even on shore. On the other hand, they suffer much occasionally from an over-grasping disposition; which, though it enables them to pick up a living where other creatures would starve, sometimes gets them into trouble, through a greedy trick of clinging to rubbish which nothing else would touch with a pair of tongs. In this way many small long-shore crabs come to a bad end—strung up as bait for whelk-catchers. But all fish like a soft bit of crab, and those crabs which, having no shell of their own, take lodgings in empty whelk-shells are much prized by fishermen as bait. In a general way, in fact, crabs and whelks are associated in the fisherman's mind as interchangeable sources of profit. The nice brown and fawn coloured edible crab is seldom found far above low-water mark, and is as delicate and particular in his choice of food as he is himself choice eating. The seaweeds he lives among are mostly of a warmer or reddish brown colour than those nearer high-water mark.

Any edible crab, who may be clever enough to escape capture among the low-tide rocks or pools near a fashionable watering-place, has a chance of "a crab's-eye view" of seaside life, unknown to those that remain in deep water near such places as the Start. But here "a crab's-eye view" of one of our large ocean steamers, passing a few yards, fathoms, or feet, above a favourite walk among groves of sea-plants bent and torn by the whirling eddy of her screw, must be more terrific than our view of the blackest of thunder-clouds or waterspouts; while, when such a mass chances to take the ground, or, foundering after a collision, comes suddenly down upon a quiet crab colony, there must be a panic-stricken rush and scramble, like that among the dwellers in an Alpine village overwhelmed by an avalanche. Yet after a while the foundered monster becomes a refuge and home for hundreds of surviving relatives; generation after generation living and thriving there, just as the Neapolitans build and cluster about Vesuvius.

Both crabs and prawns see well in what we should call the dark, and have a dislike to bright daylight. Out of their native element they have a quick eye for a dark corner: so much so that, when they are turned out of a net upon the trawldock of a boat, they will, if left alone or lost sight of for a minute, one and all vanish. Considering their total ignorance of the ins and outs of the boat, and the short time they are about it, it is surprising how cleverly they find cover. At such times they never waste a moment in unfriendly dispute, numbers clustering together under every available shelter; so that to find the stowaways, one has to seek for them under every little overhanging ledge or corner about the boat. If one be left, it will move again after dark, and, finding its way below among the timbers and damp ballast, live for days; while after his decease he will, alone and single-handed, make a boat's cuddy all but undurable.

It may be only fancy; but I often think that sailors, especially longshore men, grow more and more crab-like as they get old; looking much up to the sky and clouds above them, or to the tops of ships' masts, or, wanting these, even at the nearest chimney-pots; while their backs grow broader and broader, and their long arms and big hands acquire crab-like proportions. Maybe, too, it was while pacing to and fro in front of his own "crab," or capstan, that, taking "a crab's-eye view" of some sea-bird as it gained an offing against the wind by tacking from side to side, the idea first occurred to a very early salt of working his way at sea to windward by the same method.

As a crab lies upon a fishmonger's slab upon his back helplessly clawing the air, and keeping himself, so to say, fresh without ice, his view is very limited indeed; and not more to his taste, perhaps, than that he lately had of some old fisherman's crabby paw dodging round the bottom of a crab-pot, or the iron-barred shovel with which he was selected for market from his fellow-prisoners out of a huge corve, or floating crab-box. This reflection leads me to remark that the choice of a crab that will boil well is not a certain matter at times, even with experts. The male or king crabs are the best; and weight, with a hard dark-coloured shell and big claws decorated with cases of the sea-worm, show that the crab inside has not too recently changed his shell; after which process crabs are sick and watery for some time. The hen crab is known from the male by her much wider waistcoat; and it is these which are mostly hawked about the streets, lying in state among green ferns upon a costermonger's donkey-truck. In summer a she-crab is often as good as a he-crab; while even the small green wild crabs, which boil red, may be eaten with relish by such epicures as love winkles, whelks, and cockles.

R. L.

---

"WHAT a fine head your boy has!" said a admiring friend. "Yes," said the father, "he's a chip of the old block: ain't you, my boy?" "Yes, father," replied the boy, "teacher said yesterday that I was a young blockhead."

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINBECK.

### CHAPTER XVII.

**C**HEN F. Jaques again opened his eyes Cheriska was kneeling by his bed, and Wagawalla was cooling his head with moist leaves.

"Help me to go to the square that I may be with my brothers," he begged, with dry lips and feverish glow.

"Ondesonk's brothers are in heaven," whispered Cheriska.

"Then the poor creatures were tortured and burned without my being able to be with them," lamented the missionary and, sobbing, he hid his face.

"Ondesonk must be calm that he may get strong and be able to escape," said Wagawalla, weeping. "Red Hand is here, and has been speaking a great deal to Assendase. The bad Pale-face came here, but Wagawalla would not let him enter the hut."

"Is Red Hand in Gandawaga?" asked the Jesuit, surprised.

"Yes; Red Hand came this morning, before Ondesonk was struck down," added Cheriska.

"What does the man want here?" murmured the wounded man. "Do the Mohawks again trust him? I can hardly believe it, for they know how often he has lied to and deceived them."

Cheriska sprang up with a terrified cry, for there stood the bushranger, who had for a while been listening outside. He looked at the priest with eyes sparkling with rage. His right hand was on his knife, his left grasped his rifle.

Behind him appeared the face of old Assendase with a scornful grin.

"Crush the black snake before it can hiss," he said, loud enough for those in the hut to hear.

"Yes, I will, old man. Now, away with you, Jesuit! You can hear either your dear angel singing in heaven or the demons in hell rejoicing."

As the bushranger said, this, he drew his knife from the sheath, and would have rushed upon the missionary had not Cheriska, quick as lightning, rushed towards him and seized the arm raised for the stroke.

With a loud curse he tried to shake off the girl, who clung to him with the strength of despair.

"Let me go, you cursed cat!" he cried.

"Strike him!" said Assendase.

But at the same moment he fell back with a bleeding head, for Wagawalla had seized a spade which was in the corner, and had struck down the old man as he tried to take it from her. Now, with a loud cry, she swung her weapon over the head of the bushranger, who had freed his arm from the grip of the maiden. A heavy blow lamed the murderous hand for the moment, and the now enraged woman was preparing another for him, when help came from without.

Wagawalla's husband arrived at the scene of

conflict just as the bushranger was raising his gun for a fatal shot.

"Red Hand!" cried the Mohawk, seizing the tomahawk in his girdle, but the blow which his wife had prepared for her enemy reached him instead, and as he fell back stunned, the wretched man disappeared.

F. Jaques sat upon his bed as if paralysed, and gazed on the fearful conflict which lasted but a few minutes. But he soon recovered himself, and rising, hastened to Cheriska, who had sunk down at the foot of his bed.

"Mary!" he cried, raising the motionless girl, from whose breast flowed a stream of blood, "Mary! Do you not hear me? Mary!"

The sorrowful cry of her beloved teacher and friend recalled the senseless girl to life. She opened her eyes, looked at the missionary with a look of happiness and asked in a whisper:

"Has Red Hand—not struck—Ondesonk?"

"No, Mary; but you are wounded. He has struck you. Call on the Holy Name, and think of eternity, Mary!"

The prayer came slowly from the lips of the dying child. She again looked with a smile on him she had saved, and sank down lifeless.

"How did all this happen?" asked the missionary, who felt as if he had been in a dream.

"Where is Wagawalla?"

"Wagawalla is here," answered the heroic woman. "Red Hand has not hurt her. Oh, Cheriska, my poor Cheriska!"

She threw herself upon the corpse.

The Jesuit drew her gently back, and pointing heavenwards:

"Cheriska is with the good God," he said, "where she will pray for us till we also come there. Kneel down with me, Wagawalla and we will pray."

Wagawalla's husband had only been stunned by the blow he received, and before Ondesonk began to speak he was in full pursuit of the murderer, and had alarmed the village by his cries. Men, women, and children rushed from the huts howling and screaming.

"Red Hand has stabbed Cheriska. Red Hand is in the village!" cried the enraged man, who had only seen how the girl had sunk down bleeding, while he in vain tried to regain strength to go to Wagawalla's help.

The pursuer rushed on, swinging his tomahawk and spreading alarm around. Some warriors joined him, and some chiefs brought system and order into the search for the murderer. No hut, no forest path, no bush, no rocky shelter, no hollow, for miles around, was left unsearched. During the whole of the day men, either alone or in little bands, scoured the neighbourhood of the village, but excepting a short trace, which first led towards the stream and was then lost on stony ground, not a sign of the bushranger was to be found. He had disappeared, and yet he hardly had the advantage of Wagawalla's husband in his flight by the distance of two bow-shots.

The unsuccessful chase was not given up till the approach of night, and the Indians went home in lively talk about the events of the day. Red Hand must practice magic and have made himself invisible, or have fled away through the air; in no

other way could the Mohawks account for his escape.

On the declivity of the hill were several old oak trees hollowed by time, and one of these served as a place of concealment to the murderer. To deceive his pursuers he had gone towards the river, and then returned by a stony way that would leave no trace.

When he thought himself safe he left his narrow place of refuge, carefully prepared his rifle, and looking around, took his way towards a bushy part of the bank where his canoe was concealed. He pushed the light boat from the shore into the middle of the stream, then he seized with his left hand a bast rope which was fastened to the canoe, and swam till he was far enough from the village no longer to fear discovery; then reaching a shallow place he swung himself into it, and plying both his oars, he darted like an arrow down the stream.

While the braves joined with Wagawalla's husband in the pursuit of the murderer, the squaws hastened in troops to the wigwam in which the terrible deed had been committed, and looked with curious timidity upon the dead body, and the father, yet engaged in prayer.

"Ondesonk makes makon," said an aged squaw to her neighbour, and the word passed from mouth to mouth.

"Ondesonk makes makon, and Wagawalla helps him. Bad demons have killed Cheriska," murmured the women.

And in a short time one of them was in such a state of excitement that she was instigating the others to stone the praying father.

Then the sagamore and other members of the council appeared, and required Wagawalla to relate all particulars. This she did very exactly, and with great calmness. When she told them how Assendase had excited the bushranger to the murder of her adopted son, and that she had then struck him with the spade, there was a general expression of surprise, and the sagamore at once sent a messenger for the old man, who returned with the information that he was not in his hut.

Spotted Snake looked very thoughtful after he had received this news. He told the women and children to return to their wigwams, or go to their day's work in the streets, and then went with his companions to the council-hut, to which Assendase was to be sent as soon as he returned to the village.

What there was elicited fully proved the falsehood of the old mischief-maker. When confronted with Wagawalla and Ondesonk he denied any participation in the deed of blood.

"If this woman says that Assendase came to the wigwam with Red Hand, Ondesonk who is a mighty magician, caused her to see it, for Assendase was then in his field, and fell over the root of a tree upon a stone which cut his forehead. He was not in the village when Red Hand came to Wagawalla. Ondesonk hates Assendase, and would destroy him. Did the brave warrior who is Wagawalla's master see Assendase in his wigwam? If Assendase was with Red Hand in his wigwam the brave warrior must have seen him."

Who could convict the old fellow of untruth?

The word of a squaw went for nothing, and Ondesonk had become too cautious to interfere. So the examination was put off till the return of the braves who had followed the bushranger, and as Wagawalla's husband then declared that he had not seen Assendase in his hut, the wickedness of the old man gained a fresh triumph.

The terrible intelligence was fatal to Cheriska's foster-father. He had long been suffering, and he now lay down upon his bed never more to rise from it. The next morning a large litter was prepared, which was supported by four stakes nine feet high, upon which the dead body was laid in spite of the earnest entreaties of the missionary that he might be permitted to bury the dear deceased. And hardly a week later the old man rested by the side of his adopted daughter.

And now the life of the priest was not safe for a single day, and as some families were soon going on a fishing expedition near to Cohotatea, Wagawalla persuaded her husband to join them and to take Ondesonk with him, so that he might remain away from Gandawaga till the feeling against him had subsided.

On the anniversary of his captivity F. Jaques was in Renselaerswyk with Wagawalla's husband and two other warriors. While his companions were making purchases here he wrote to the Provincial of his Order a detailed account of his further experiences with the Mohawks, which still exists. He was about seven miles from the fishing place, where other Mohawk families from Gandawaga had encamped for the remainder of the summer very near to the Dutch settlement, and were pleasantly received. He had taken up his quarters with the pastor Dominicus Megapolensis, for his companions wished to remain for a few days in the neighbourhood of Renselaerswyk in order to seek out an old hunting place not now frequented by the Indians.

By Renard's wish the father had not said anything about the bushranger, and was, therefore, not a little surprised when his friendly host informed him that, shortly before his arrival, two Mohawk chiefs and about a dozen warriors had come to Renselaerswyk in search of him, and required him to be given up to them on account of the murder of a young girl. Van Curler, who came to the house of the pastor to welcome the father, confirmed this, and said that Jan had not for a long time been seen in this place, and that he acted very wisely to keep out of sight as he would very soon have been put under bars and bolts.

After this communication the missionary could not but tell all that had passed in regard to the murder in answer to the questions of the commandant. He said he was unable to guess why this man sought his life. He could almost believe that when he rushed into Wagawalla's hut he was not in his right mind.

Megapolensis shook his head; he believed that the bushranger was incited by the Mohawks to the murder of Jaques, and that the savages only wanted Jan to be given up to them that they might protect him from the revenge of the Hollanders.

Van Curler declared that devils were devils: "if I catch the fellow," he growled, "he shall

about any ceremony make an immediate marriage with the rope-maker's daughter; and if the Indians want him they must cut down the gal-  
lows, hang themselves, and do what they will with the bear. The fellow will not escape from my hands if once he gets into them. Renard has a plan to pluck with this Jan, though he is so obstinately silent about it."

"If Jan is taken you will bring a regular action against him?" asked the father.

"Yes, he shall be judged according to our court-martial. We do not delay much with scoundrels. I have now come to the conclusion that he deceived me last autumn when I sent him to Gandawaga on your account. I will get to the bottom of his villainy before we are a day older—of that you may be quite sure."

The priest pursued the subject no further. Father Jacob Jansen and Peter Bluten soon came to bid him welcome, and the conversation turned on a different turn. The missionary had to tell his experience among the savages.

The next day he returned with his Indian companions to the fishing-place, and though Wagawalla at first would not allow him to drag the nets, he applied himself bravely to the work. A good understanding prevailed in the camp, and as the catch was very abundant the superstitious fear of Ondesonk entirely disappeared, and he was treated as if indeed a member of the tribe.

The calm was not to last long, for a courier arrived with the news that another band of Indians had returned with some captive Hurons, and that a war feast with human sacrifices was being celebrated in Gandawaga. F. Jaques received the fearful announcement with terror, and his troubled soul, there was no echo to the joy of his wild companions. Hurons, and among them probably young Christians, were to be offered under fearful tortures to the gods of the heathen, and they would have no comfort, no spiritual help to aid their endurance. Many of the captives would not yet have been baptized, and would in their last moments bless the hands that made them children of God's Church. He would do this, and he would. He was free; and when Wagawalla and her husband returned to Gandawaga with their adopted son, he could do for his conscience directed and his heart longed.

But there was not an hour to be lost, for the savages were not accustomed to defer these "versions" for any length of time.

With speedy decision, the father at once went to his foster parents, and told them of his heart's desire. They listened in silence, and then the husband declared that Wagawalla had adopted Ondesonk, and it was for her to decide. But he perceived that the passions of the warriors would be inflamed by the arrival of these new captives, and that Ondesonk would run a risk by returning to Gandawaga uncalled for, in order to show his sympathy with the enemies of his people, and to comfort them; and then Assendase and his other enemies would find it easy to satisfy their thirst for revenge, in one or another manner. The warrior, who had a cordial feeling of good will towards the missionary, thus concluded his speech: "Ondesonk would go into the cave of the strong

bear, that he may comfort a savage whom the bear has taken, and will strangle. Can Ondesonk escape from the bear when he holds fast the prey which he fears Ondesonk will deprive him of? The bear will growl at Ondesonk, and strike him down with his claws, and Ondesonk will not be able to say: 'Bear, you are doing wrong.' The bear will not suffer him to be friendly with his captives. He who is his enemies friend must be his enemy. Ondesonk is wise; he will know what to do."

Wagawalla thought with her husband; but she was a Christian, and, therefore, knew the motive which led Ondesonk into this danger well enough to be able, at least in some degree, to appreciate it. She did not, therefore, press him to give up his intention, she only said with a stream of tears:

"If Ondesonk will go to Gandawaga he must; but he hears what awaits him there. Wagawalla is a simple squaw; she cannot say to Ondesonk: 'Do this, and do not do that.' Ondesonk knows best what the good God requires of him, and that he will do. Wagawalla will put everything into Ondesonk's canoe that he requires for the journey, and she will beg her master to take him to the village of the Pale-faces. Wagawalla's heart is dark, and it is full of sorrow. If Ondesonk would listen to her words, she would say to him: 'My son ought not to return to Gandawaga.'"

"I ought; I must do what my duty requires," replied the missionary, earnestly; and he went out to make what preparations were necessary for his return.

Wagawalla's husband was quite ready to accompany the missionary without any delay, and set out the following morning. A heavy storm had arisen in the evening, and was at its height during the night. The rain fell in torrents, and the fishermen were obliged to leave the river side and take refuge on the high ground near; branches were torn from the trees, which sometime fell with a loud crash to the ground. Added to this, the lightning flamed from the heavens, and the thunder pealed, while the swelling flood rushed with loud murmur through its narrow bed. When the two men entered their bark canoe, it seemed hardly possible that they should be able to stem the torrent; but Renselaerswyk was only to be reached in this way on account of the torrents pouring from the heights, and the example of the white man, who rowed with his utmost strength, encouraged his Indian companion to exertion.

It was evening before they reached the settlement. As they were both quite exhausted by their hard work, F. Jaques asked his fosterfather to accept with him the repeated offers of hospitality made by Peter Bluten, and the warrior was ready to do this. Only a sleepy watcher had seen their approach to the landing place, and he let them go on their way when the priest mentioned his name, but when they arrived at Peter Bluten's shop they found the lights already extinguished, excepting one small oil lamp. Morris, the factotum of the master of the house, rubbed his sleepy eyes when he perceived the late visitors.

"Does everyone here go to bed with the chickens?" asked the priest, smiling.

"Not exactly, but we have had to work hard in consequence of the storm."

The guardian of the shop stared at the missionary full of surprise.

"It is the gentleman from Gandawaga! Sit down. Mynheer will be with you directly. I will go and call him."

The tired men had hardly seated themselves upon a bench when Peter was in the shop.

"God be thanked that you escaped those blood-hounds," he cried, hurrying up to the missionary in great excitement.

"What do you mean?" asked the priest.

"The Mohawks have sworn your death. A great band of red-skins came at noon to-day in search of you; they ran here on foot, for their canoes had become leaky. Do you not come from the feasting place further on by the Mority River?" (now the Hudson).

"Yes, we come from thence, but we have seen no Mohawks in search of me. We were a long time upon the water in coming here."

"Morris, what are you standing there staring at? Go as fast as you can to the commandant, and tell him that M. Jaques is here, and knows not a word of the disturbance in Gandawaga! Quick, I say."

The factotum obeyed, and Peter Bluten walked up and down and among his chests and bales in great excitement.

"Now solve this riddle for me, my friend," begged the priest after a short pause.

After he had in some measure composed himself, the good man began:

"I do not rightly know all the circumstances myself. The Mohawks—there were about a dozen of them—came here very much excited. They thought they should find you here, and as I could give them no account of you they went off to the General. I heard afterwards that a band of savages had gone from Gandawaga some time since towards the S. Lawrence, and that one of them had had some writing from you, which he was to give to the Frenchmen. This man was a Huron, had been long a captive, and was taken into the tribe. He went at once to the new fort which the French have erected at the confluence of some river with the S. Lawrence. The Mohawks had already had a pleasant welcome there."

"That must be the new Fort Richelieu," remarked the priest.

"I think the General gave it that name," continued the merchant. "The Huron went in to deliver your letter, but as he remained absent for some time, his comrades began to be suspicious, and went in after him. Then one of the soldiers fired at them, and other soldiers did the same, and before the Mohawks could recover from their surprise, the cannon were fired from the fort, and lead and iron fell like snow flakes. The red-skins fled back to Gandawaga and raised a terrible alarm. They swear by all their gods that you were guilty of this misfortune, and that you should pay for it with your life."

"What a dreadful misunderstanding!" cried the Jesuit, shocked. "My letter contained an account of the plans for the war that had come to my ears; and I also begged that the bearer of it and his companions might be kindly treated, and

I then might hope to be able to make a treaty with the Mohawks."

"Well, thank God that you are here. Do your companion understand what we say?"

"No, my friend; he only understands as speaks his own language. But he must know everything, for he is well inclined towards me, and I can trust him like a brother. Let me tell him what is most necessary. He seems to be getting impatient."

"Do as you please, sir. In your place I would not enter into any explanation, but only think my own safety, and trust no red-skin. warned."

"Be easy, good Bluten! I must speak to man," repeated the missionary, and then he related what had happened to his fosterfather.

Wagawalla's husband was full of alarm when he heard the unexpected intelligence, and he declared that under no circumstances could Ondesonk return to Gandawaga, for he would die with certain death, and it would be useless.

"Ondesonk must fly," he said; "he has many enemies among the Mohawks, who require him for that of the warriors who have been at Ondesonk is a good man, but the red men do not understand him."

The missionary sat in deep thought. The event crossed all his plans. He would come to Gandawaga too late to be of any use to the natives; and his own life would not be spared. Could he forsake these people to whom God's Providence had brought him? Some of the savages had been secretly won over to Christianity, and others had begun to listen. Could he let the seed to perish which had fallen into a fruitful soil? And that must happen if he decided to flight. On the other hand, he had to consider that he could never more hope to work as a missionary among these angry savages. The Mohawks believed him to be the instigator of the misfortune which had befallen their warrior Fort Richelieu; and Assendase, who thirsted for blood, would not let the opportunity slip. He fled there would still be the possibility of his winning for God's honour and the salvation of the Indians. He thought how singular it was that now, in such circumstances, he should have come to see the Hollanders. The Providence of God was plainly visible in this.

*(To be continued.)*

TRAVELLERS out on the red hills, says a California paper, have often shuddered at the sight of horned toads, which are as numerous as black-birds. The ugly creatures are as much dreaded as rattlesnakes, but a Chinaman spends all the summer and fall gathering them. Recently he made a shipment of two thousand of the toads to San Francisco, from which place they will be sent to China. The toads are the converted into various kinds of medicines, which sell very high. For the cure of chills and fever they are said to be the finest thing known. A toad is placed in a flask of whisky for several weeks, and then the stuff is sold as a tonic.



ISABEL ENGAGES BRANDON'S SYMPATHIES.

## The True and the False: the Story of an Unselfish Life.

By ALICE HORLOR.

### CHAPTER VII.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

**T**HERE was never a spot more suited to lovers than Lynmouth. This little romantic village of North Devon is

so secluded, so rural, so thoroughly unspoilt by the hand of man. Beauty meets the eye wherever you wander, whether through the valley, by the side of the gliding East Lyn, which now bounds over mossgrown boulders in sparkling foam, now



steals along in deep placid pools where the shy trout disport themselves in fancied security from the angler's line; or climb the surrounding "Tors" to obtain the glorious view which there bursts upon the sight. It seems, indeed, a paradise to Arthur and Isabel. All things are made fair by Love's rose-hued tints, and even the dreariest aspect takes colour and form beneath his spell; but when Nature's sweetest scenery is added to his charms what greater dream of happy hours can be imagined? Those days will never fade out of Arthur and Isabel's mind which were passed in Lynmouth's delightful scenes; life for them within its sylvan solitudes became a deeper joy, for in only a few months time they were to be together never again to part, bound by the mystic circle of shining gold.

And to Fay also, the victim of unrequited affection, excluded from the happiness around, Lynmouth brings some consolation and oblivion. She half conquers the secret sorrow which is destroying her life. Long hours she passes within sound of the sea's slumberous murmurs, or straying through the Lyn's deep valley, and her youth asserts itself once more, for a faint pink tinges her cheeks and her step grows light, while the calm of Nature's beauty lays a soothing touch upon her soul and bids it rest. Mrs. Harvey rejoices in the change. Fay is too reserved for there to be any confidence between them; she would have had things otherwise, as we know; and her motherly heart has realised only too well how matters are with her adopted daughter, and has secretly mourned the misfortune which she could not avert. Now she sees a return of Fay's smiles, and sometimes her low sweet laugh rings out, and Mrs. Harvey flatters herself with the hope that Fay will forget her "love's young dream" and perchance find a happier love in a brighter future.

She does not witness the secret tears, nor know of the dreary night watches which the girl passes in bitter struggles with her still troubled heart. It is so hard to see the cup of life filled to the brim with choicest nectar for some, while to others the bitterness of gall is in the draught; but as a true poet writes:

Till death the weary spirit free,  
Thy God has said 'tis good for thee  
To live by faith and not by sight.  
Take it on trust a little while,  
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right,  
In the full sunshine of His smile.

And perhaps Fay is to learn some day why such a fate is meted out to her. Now she lifts her cross with difficulty. Meek under the load, but dragging it so heavily. Poor child! suffer on. One knows the burden Who has borne a more poignant anguish, and yet did not disdain to utter a human cry in His desolation, and when His own good wisdom sees it well, He will loose thy bruised shoulders from the load.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

And in that town a dog there was,  
As many dogs there be.

"PUT down that stick! How dare you strike the poor dog in that brutal manner?" exclaims

Arthur Harvey, as when strolling with Isabel towards Countisbury, at a turn of the road they encounter this scene. A boy, ragged and dirty with his back turned towards them cruelly beating a wiry terrier which lies helplessly at his feet uttering sharp moans of pain.

At Arthur's fierce exclamation, the lad lifts a ugly face over his shoulder, and with a look once malicious and imbecile upon it, responds defiantly:

"It be my own dog."

"That is no reason for you to ill-use it."

An insolent grin is the boy's only answer to the protest while another heavy blow from the knotted stick descends on the poor terrier, stretching apparently lifeless on the ground. Arthur enraged at the brutal act, impulsively springs forward, wrests the cudgel from the boy's hand, and lays it right well about his shoulders. Kicking and writhing the lad's limbs twist round his assailant trying to throw him, but Arthur's strong never relaxes until a good thrashing having been administered, he breaks the stick in twain and throws it from him, crying:

"There, you cowardly scoundrel! let that be a lesson to you for the future."

Slowly rubbing his bruised shoulders, the ragged creature shakes his fist in the air, eyes flashing with rage.

"I'll pay thee out for this some day, see I don't," he mutters, with a look of fierce cunning, and shambles away.

"Oh, Arthur," cries Isabel, as the boy gets out of hearing, "did you see his face? it was like a demon in its look of hate. I wish you had not struck him."

"I could not help it; his cruelty to that poor animal set my blood on fire; and after all I am glad the fellow felt a few good blows, for he thoroughly deserved a thrashing."

"Yes, he did; but I wish you had not been the one to give it. That boy is half an idiot and well known for his bitter revengeful nature. His mother was a gipsy, and died a violent death in some scuffle with her tribe. I shall never forget his savage look at you—there was murder in his eyes," says Isabel, with a nervous shiver.

"I have no doubt of that, if his power was equal to his will," quietly replies the young man stooping to examine the prostrate dog; but as he touches it, the stunning effect of the last blow seems to pass off; it gets up, shakes itself, and trots off in the same direction taken by its ruffianly master.

"Poor little beast!" sighs Arthur, "I am afraid he will suffer still more for my championing ship. How did you learn anything about that boy, Isabel?"

"From the woman who keeps the bathing machines. He was loitering about them one day and she ordered him off, saying at the same time quietly to me: 'I must get rid of him, for fear his stealing something from the ladies, but I am almost afraid to speak much to him; he's a main dangerous boy when crossed.' And I have heard from others that the people are afraid of him, for though half-witted he is extremely cunning. He is said never to forgive an injury, but to brood over it until the moment

comes in which he can revenge himself, which he fails not to do. Oh, Arthur, if he should harm you!" and the girl in terror at this thought presses closer to her lover's side.

"Nonsense! my love," responds Arthur, with a tender look into the blue eyes upraised to his. "A good stick will be a pretty safe protection against a boy like that. But his words were most likely an idle threat not likely to be put into execution. Much as he may desire to have revenge he will not care to put himself within reach of the law."

"Perhaps not," returns Isabel doubtfully; "still I do wish you had not beaten him."

Arthur laughs at her fears.

"My dear," he cries, "you are not so fond of animals as some one I know, or you would have spared over that boy's thrashing. Had little Fay been by my side instead of you, she would have rushed to the defence of that poor dog, like a small fury, and if I had not punished him, would, I believe, have done it with her own hands. The only time one learns Fay has a temper is when she comes upon the scene of any cruelty to animals—then it is Donna Quixote to the rescue!"

"I was also glad to see his cruelty chastised, only I am afraid that his malice will wreak itself in harming you. Do be careful if you meet with him."

Oh, yes. But do not encourage wild fancies, or think this half-imbecile lad likely to become a murderer, or anything of that sort; the rural mind, my dear, is too stolid for that!"

Then dismissing the subject they fall into tender converse, which makes them quite oblivious of the mud and dust, ankle deep, beneath their feet, as they climb the hill towards the small hamlet of Mountisbury. On their return Arthur remarks to his mother, entering the room where she and Fay are seated:

"We have had quite a thrilling adventure."

"Indeed! what has happened?"

Arthur recounts the circumstances, ending with a mischievous glance at his companion, as he remarks:

"Isabel was quite alarmed by a mysterious threat he uttered of 'paying me out.'"

Mrs. Harvey smiles.

"A threat is nothing from a boy of that class; he will have forgotten all about it by now. Still, I would not interfere with such people if I see you."

"But mother, I could not let him belabour that poor brute as he was doing without interfering, and in a case of downright wanton cruelty, there is nothing like a good thrashing to teach amendment. But I see if I want praise for 'doughty deeds,'" continues Arthur with a laugh, "I must seek it from Fay."

He crosses over to the girl's side.

"You think I did right, do you not, little Fay?"

Fay's lovely eyes kindle with enthusiastic fire.

"You know I do," she cries, "I could not stand quietly by and see a poor animal tortured."

"No; you would have rushed in to hold the animal for the administration of justice if necessary, eh?"

She blushes as she responds:

"I am afraid I should; I never stop to think when I see any cruelty going on."

"And what became of the dog?" asks Mrs. Harvey.

"After lying stunned for a time, it got up and followed its master."

"I only hope he will treat it better after this," says Mrs. Harvey.

"On the contrary, I fear the vengeance with which he threatened me is most likely to be wreaked upon the poor brute."

"I fancy I have seen an idiotic-looking boy in Lynmouth, is it the same I wonder," remarks Fay.

"He lives at Martinhoe," Isabel says.

"She knows his whole history."

"He is one of a tribe of gipsies. When they camp at Martinhoe, he loiters about here with ferns to sell."

"I have seen him then standing at the entrance to the Valley of Rocks," says Fay.

"Yes; he is often there. I cannot bear to look at him, for he has a singularly repulsive face," replies Isabel.

"I noticed he had a different look to the people about there, a crafty, half-savage expression, I thought it."

"You might have said so, had you seen the glance he bestowed on Arthur to-day when he said he 'would pay him out'—it was positively fiendish."

Fay casts a startled look at Arthur, and her heart cries silently:

"If evil is to come to you, God help me to avert it!"

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

DURING their residence in Lynmouth, Isabel has been all sweetness to Arthur, but now once more the one fatal failing in her character becomes dominant. At Ley Abbey there dwells an old friend of the Harveys, who gladly renews his acquaintance with them. He spends many hours in their society and often invites them to his house. Herbert Brandon is still a handsome man, although his hair is tinged with grey, and forty years or more have passed over his head. He has never married, and his sister is mistress at Ley, but beneath the spell of Isabel's fascinations his heart yields at last to a tender attachment, and he becomes completely her slave. He is aware of her engagement, but she smiles upon him and he falls under her power. He looks not at the future; he reckons not what time shall bring; but only revels in the present bliss of her society, and flutters like a moth about a dazzling light. Like many another charming coquette, Isabel delights in binding captives in her chains, so she encourages his infatuation, all regardless of her plighted troth. Arthur sees it all in silent anger, but the smouldering fire of his wrath breaks not forth at first, until matters come to a climax.

Mr. Brandon invites them all to dine and sleep at Ley Abbey. All through that day Arthur marks the devoted attention their host pays to

Isabel, and her willing acceptance of the same, but he makes no comment upon it, though the girl is fully aware what her lover's silence denotes. A thought comes whether she is trying his patience too far; still her wilful nature urges her on to pay no heed to his evident displeasure. But the next morning dawns and this is the scene which meets Arthur Harvey's eyes as he enters the room where breakfast is laid. The door opens noiselessly, and his entrance is unheard. At the farther end of the long room is a little group of three; Isabel, with handkerchief in hand, is lifting pathetic eyes full of tears to Herbert Brandon's face, who gazes down on her with passionate devotion, while Miss Brandon grasps Isabel's disengaged hand and looks at her with profound sympathy.

"What is the matter?" says a stern voice, and Arthur, whose anger is now at white heat, strides to his betrothed's side.

Isabel starts.

She has been making a letter of sickly sentimentality received from one of her friends, a pretext for engaging Herbert Brandon's sympathies, and has seen how easily her tears can move the bachelor's heart, but she knows in what a light these coquetties of hers must strike upon her lover's eyes, and that at last the fire of jealousy within his breast flames fiercely. She murmurs some incoherent reply to Arthur's question, and her eyes are quickly dried; but Herbert Brandon hovers round her, expressing in gentle words his sorrow for her distress.

"Isabel, will you tell me the cause of these tears?" again sternly demands Arthur, "or am I alone to be kept in the dark?"

Thus adjured, the girl says pettishly:

"I have received a very sad letter from a dear friend of mine, and it has made me so miserable that I was stupid enough to cry, but of course *you* do not sympathize!"

"Not with the *semblance* of grief to attract admiring eyes!" says her lover bitterly, and turns abruptly away.

Not another word passes between them until the visit is over and they once more return home. For a long time Arthur feels hurt and sore at Isabel's conduct, but eventually, her influence over him being so great, she wins him back to forgive her, and once again the course of love runs smoothly.

But the passion she has aroused in Herbert Brandon is not so soon to die out; putting aside all considerations of friendship, and that she is already the promised wife of another, he lays strong siege to her affections, trying by every means in his power to gain her. And the girl, weak as water, is touched by his many proofs of devotion. Her vanity is pleased by his admiration. Arthur is a blunt, outspoken young Englishman, loving her with all the affection of his strong young heart, but like many of his race inapt at turning a compliment, or in expressing in well-worded phrases his sentiments, while this new lover has an oily tongue well versed in pretty nothings which oft to a woman's mind express so much.

Day by day the lovers grow further apart; Arthur Harvey takes moody walks by himself,

and Isabel Avenell begins to wander where she knows Herbert Brandon is lingering to meet her. To Fay this knowledge comes like a pain; Arthur's honour is so dear to her, that she cannot bear that one who is to take his name should so forget her womanly dignity as to roam about Lynmouth by another's side. She considers how to prevent the evil, but cannot see any way in which she can interfere; so sadly she gazes on Arthur's clouded brow, and wishes with all her soul that she could remove the trouble which he is suffering. And Arthur acknowledges to himself that his love has many faults, yet still cannot tear her image from his heart, although she shows so plainly how little his feelings are considered. Time goes on, and the temporary improvement in Fay's health ceases; she becomes once more languid, pale and weak, for she is so bound up in Arthur that his unhappiness impresses more than her own; she can bear her own cross, but it is anguish to know he is also bowed beneath a weight.

She keeps silence. Mrs. Harvey suspects nothing, save a slight disagreement between the lovers, and Isabel's secret meetings with Brandon are unknown save to Fay. Isabel is treading a dangerous path in her folly, but her heart is in no way touched; prone as she is to seek admiration wherever it is to be found, and flattered by the mature bachelor's attention, it is only the excitement of the moment that pleases; she is not false to Arthur. Once remove her from her new lover's locality, and she would easily cease to remember him; but she loves danger and likes to tease Arthur to punish him for his anger at her coquetry.

Late in life Herbert Brandon has fallen a prey to love; it holds him now with a mighty power. He has no thought but for Isabel Avenell. Her beauty intoxicates him heart and soul, and how to win her from her vows to Arthur Harvey is his one dream. He matures his plans slowly and Isabel little thinks how the toils are set for the hunter for his silly, unconscious prey. So she goes forth one fine autumn morning to Wood Bay. She is a good walker, and her light feet carry her quickly over the four miles until she reaches the wood where she stops to rest. She draws forth a book and pretends to read, but under the shade of her long lashes furtive glances wander to the bay here to be seen through the trees. Full well she knows one watches for her coming to whom her presence is like the rising of a star. And he comes. She hears the splash of oars, the faint ripple of the water on the shore. Herbert Brandon's strong arms impel a boat towards her retreat. He lands impatiently, anxious to be by her side. The boat is moored. With quick steps Brandon approaches, every feature expressing his admiration for her.

To the man's dazzled eyes she is fair as the morning with her curly, golden hair, her large luminous eyes, and supple figure deftly rounded in her light summer garb. There is no pretence now with him of friendship; he has thrown aside all disguises; he avows himself her lover, and man's power can win her she shall be his wife. At last the girl appears to perceive that she has gone too far. She rises from her seat, and be-

gins to say that she must return home, but he seizes her hand in his strong grasp :

"Not yet," he cries, "not yet must you leave me, in fact, never again if I can help it. Isabel, my love, be mine ! become my dear and cherished wife !"

Isabel struggles to free her hand, but all in vain ; his hold is like iron.

"How dare you speak such words to me?" she cries. "Am I not the promised wife of Arthur Harvey?"

Bitterly blaming her own folly, she is also cross at his taking advantage of it, and in her secret soul a little afraid of him, for she knows now that playing with fire is a dangerous thing, and an evil light glitters in this man's eyes which daunts her strangely.

"Dare!" he repeats. "Isabel, it is you who have dared to rouse a passion never now to be extinguished—why have you drawn me on?"

"Because I was a fool!" ejaculates Isabel. "I do not love you, I never shall. Let me go."

An expression passes across his face which strikes her with dread.

The words are almost hissed from between his teeth:

"But do you think I also am a fool! Am I to be mocked by a heartless woman, and then cast aside? No, Isabel, you have gone too far to retreat. Let your engagement with Harvey be at an end, and give me back love for love."

"I cannot. I have told you so. You are insulting me by this persistence. I am to be Arthur's wife."

And she tries to be defiant.

Then a whirlwind of passion sweeps across his soul. He seizes her hands and holds them with grip of iron:

"Arthur Harvey's wife you shall never be! By the heavens above us, you are mine and mine alone; no earthly power shall sever us!"

Isabel feels faint, giddy, almost powerless to resist the tide of events which seems to crush her. Suddenly, from among the trees, a small figure glides, a little hand is laid on his arm.

Fay Atherton is here to save.

Dauntless as an Amazon the little child of the old Indian colonel stands in their path, and her eyes are sternly indignant as she turns to Herbert Brandon.

"Is this your honour, Herbert Brandon? Is your friendship to Arthur Harvey? Remember his betrothed from your profaning presence, and thank God that you are saved from perpetrating a foul treachery!"

He tries to defend his conduct, but the pure innocence of this fragile girl calms the wild impulse which has possessed him; he knows that the scheme to carry off Isabel by force has failed utterly. He puts down his burden. She has seemed to him but a feather's weight, but now he is trembling from head to foot.

"You do not know all, Miss Atherton, or perhaps you would not think me so base as I seem," he urges.

"I know enough," cries Fay; "but the blame is not all on your side, I am fully aware. But, Mr. Brandon, a true man should be strong to resist temptation, and his unsullied honour should stand

firm to the death—even before a pretty woman's wiles."

"You argue well, but ah! you do not know what it is to love, or you would have more mercy on me."

A slight contraction of pain passes across Fay's gentle face. How little his weak soul can guess the power of an unselfish love, or that this and this alone has nerved the girl this day to thwart a scheme which would have blighted Arthur's life.

Fay opens her lips to answer, but Isabel overcome by the conflict of many feelings falls fainting on the grass at her feet.

Herbert Brandon would raise her in his arms. He is put aside by Fay.

"Leave her to me," she says. "Linger here no longer. You have failed to accomplish your design. God grant that you and Isabel Avenell may never meet again. If you have any honour left you will arrange matters so, for weak as she is her heart is true to her promised husband, and what right have you to stand between them?"

"Let me, at least, remain till she recovers," he urges.

"Go at once, sir! If you are a gentleman you will go at once."

Herbert Brandon in silence turns away. A few moments more and the splash of oars is heard; Fay has conquered by the might of a love like the gold, pure and unselfish.

*(To be continued.)*

## FLOWERS.

FLOWERS! you must be bright spirits,  
Ye cannot be things of earth,  
But heavenly visitants, taking awhile  
These forms for their mortal birth,

And then going forth with missions of love  
On dewy petals like many-hued wings,  
Cheering the sorrowing, telling the weary  
"The darkest hour daylight brings."

The footsore traveller finds the road  
He has trodden so many hours  
Growing less rugged and steep as he stops  
To gather the wayside flowers.

Ye come "with healing on your wings"  
To the bed of weary pain;  
Sickness is lightened of half its load  
When the violets come again.

And what can we fold in dying hands  
Or lay before dying eyes,  
Bringing sweeter visions of Heaven's own beauty  
Than the flowers of Paradise?

Ministering Spirits! Children of Light!  
Ye have left your radiant bowers  
To live here on earth, as God's angels sent  
To speak to us—in flowers.

## SOME HEROES OF CHARLES DICKENS.

BY R. M. JOHNSTON.\*

**A**MONG those who have written of mankind, Dickens knew best the world around him, especially in that class whom, being a large majority, it is most important to understand. Sprung from almost the lowest stratum, having suffered many of the pains which befall their varied conditions, even when a little child his eyes were ever looking around him, and, though unconsciously then, studying and learning them well, destined never to lose the interest which such knowledge inspired, but to devote a hard-working life in order to impart to others, among other purposes, a compassion that he never ceased to feel. Never a demagogue nor a vulgarian nor a snob, when rich, illustrious, courted by the great he busied himself as when poor, unknown, friendless, and died in the midst of his benign work. The recollection of some accidents of his childhood was always painful—not from shame at the contrast with established prosperity, yet not without some, a shade of bitterness in the reflection that a child so sensitive to hurt should have been subjected, sometimes unnecessarily, to such privations. Before reading the "Biography" of Forster we knew that to him who had written the histories of Tiny Tim and Jo of Tom-All-Alone's early sorrows had come that could not be forgotten.

Such things as these, as was the case with Akenside and Gifford, sometimes make either a satirist or a despiser of those in one's same lot. In minds except the greatest it is not unnatural for both shame and resentment to rise from such humiliating recollections. Even among the greatest, tears must sometimes come in the eyes and a shadow be upon the heart; but these qualify them better for the histories which they are to indite. They are only the greatest also who can become just historians of the poor and humble. Of these Dickens was never an indiscriminating champion. As the best of his creations were taken from their midst, so were his worst. The latter, indeed, had become known right well in the jails and ships of transport to penal colonies. He would make known the former as well—important information in a community such as London city, where, not as in country life, the social positions of the high and the low are so far apart that, passing and repassing each other every day, not only is there little accord of sentiments and feelings, but unhappily often an utter ignorance on the part of the upper of the characters of the lower, their conditions, aims, and possibilities. The poor are known to be poor indeed, and many the charities that are extended. Yet money-charities are far from being the highest. Indeed, money-charities, when not bestowed from a sense of their necessity to the giver, or from a sort of pleasant consciousness in the giver of a condescension from peculiar loftiness of mind, are

sometimes bestowed for the purpose of buying one's self off from those more benignant, seeking acquaintance with the afflicted and oppressed, and visiting them with intent to comfort and relieve. Dickens knew these classes,\* their squalid poverty, their sickness, their hopes and despair, their desires to pull the rich out of their great houses and splendid equipages, and soil their fine garments in the dirt on which their own beds were laid, their children born, and their poor meal spread. But he knew as well their integrity, the fear of God, their unvaunting courage, their lot of wives, parents, children, brothers, sisters, friends, their merry-hearted drolleries, the absurd sentimentalities. He knew all their grief and their frolic, sympathized where sympathy could be afforded, pitied where it could not, and laughed when he could laugh without the petulance that embitters instead of sweetening mirth. It is a rare gift when one who portrays earnest can do as well with the sportive. Scott had done so, and, to a less degree, Miss Edgeworth also; both late, because readers of both had not yet come to be profoundly interested in the multitudes. It was reserved for Dickens to bring in the satyr as he is in his native wilds. To say satyr, for in such condition, between man and beast, the multitudes seemed long to have been regarded. By the hand of Dickens these were shown to be human beings with eyes, ears, and aspirations like those of the gifted and fortunate.

There is something surprising in the rashness with which, when first feeling his mission, went to its work. Yet rashness belongs to the young, and, when it succeeds, its successes are splendid. Witness the Cockney in "Pickwick" in "Barnaby Rudge" the idiot and the rascal the pauper in "Oliver Twist"; the child of sin under a coward schoolmaster's rod in "Nicholas Nickleby"; in "Curiosity Shop" a mother-child with no friend but God; in "Bleak House" another, most unhappy for not being fathered also, and yet another, even nameless, persecuted for the sake of a secret accidentally lodged in simple breast, and dying in neglect, want, and exile; in "Copperfield" a perennial prisoner of the Marshalsea.

What reflections were to be had, what might be deduced, from these histories of the lowly?

\* Forster in his biography says: "That he took from the beginning of this Bayham Street life his first impression of struggling poverty which is nowhere more vividly shown than in the commoner streets of the ordinary London suburb, and which enriched his earliest writings with a freshness of originality and quite unstudied pathos that gave them much of their popularity, there cannot be a doubt. 'I certainly understand it,' he has often said to me, 'quite as well then as I do now.' He was not conscious yet that he did so understand it, or the influence it was exerting on his life even then. It seems almost too much to assert of a child, say at nine or ten years old, that his observation of everything was as close and good, or that he had as much intuitive understanding of the character and weakness of grown up people around him, as when the same keen and wonderful faculty had made him famous among men. But experience of him led me to put implicit faith in the assertion unvaryingly himself made, that he had never seen any cause correct or change what in his boyhood was his own first impression of any boy whom he had had, as a grown man, opportunity of testing in later years."

\* In the New York "Catholic World."

terment of the conditions of poor-houses and mean boarding schools, awakening to the miseries entailed by the endless delays, hinderings, and sellings of Chancery decrees, and fixing regard upon other evils which had shocked him when a child, and now nigh overwhelmed him with horror. The eminent success of his efforts for these superior purposes was due, perhaps, mainly to the humour which he possessed in greater abundance than any novelist of any time. Fortunate for his own being, fortunate for us, that his spirit was so healthy. Bitterness could never rise in the heart of one who could laugh as heartily as he could weep. Not less did he pity the privations of the lowly because he could be amused by their harmless absurdities. What these were he knew not only from observation but experience. His "home," as he styled it, had once been the Marshalsea, its inmates his parents, brothers, sisters, his special friends and acquaintances. Suffering, unmixed, constant, dwelt not here more than pleasure unalloyed among the prosperous. The little joys of the humble how he loved to exaggerate, in order to show how easy it was to multiply and enhance them, and thus conciliate and persuade to this humane purpose! For charity comes from the laughers oftentimes more abounding than from the weepers. The singing girl who in tattered garments stands upon the cold pavement and carols a merry roundelay will often delay some that hasten past her who lifts only the song of wailing that is known to belong to all kind. Often it is that the mirthful man, more readily than the serious, will draw from his pockets and bestow to what has made him laugh yet another time.

It is not contended herein that the mind of Dickens was always bent mainly to the production of beneficent results; though we do believe that these were never wholly absent from it. He was intent upon describing states of existence in all their phases of lights as well as shadows. That the sportive in him predominated over the serious was a special felicity. Whoever has read Forster's "Biography" has been amused as heartily by the real as ever he was by the unreal. Take the following:

"I was such a little fellow, with my poor white little jacket, and corduroy trousers, that frequently, when I went into the bar of a strange public-house for a glass of porter or ale to wash down the savoy and the loaf I had eaten in the street, they did not like to give it me. I remember, one evening (I had been somewhere for my father, and was going back to the borough over Westminster Bridge), that I went into a public-house in Parliament Street—which is still there, though altered—at the corner of the short street leading into the Cannon Row, and said to the landlord behind the bar: 'What is your very best—the very best—ale a glass?' For the occasion was a festive one for some reason; I forget why. It may have been my birthday or somebody else's. 'Twopence,' says he. 'Then,' says I, 'just draw me a glass of that, if you please, with a good head to it.' The landlord looked at me in return, over the bar, from head to foot, with a strange smile on his face, and, instead of draw-

ing the beer, looked round the screen and said something to his wife, who came out from behind it with her work in her hand, and joined him in surveying me. Here we stand, all three, before me now in my study in Devonshire Terrace—the landlord, in his shirt-sleeves, leaning against the bar window-frame; his wife looking over the little half-door; and I, in some confusion, looking up at them from outside the partition. They asked me a good many questions, as what my name was, how old I was, where I lived, how I was employed, etc., etc. To all of which, that I might commit nobody, I invented appropriate answers. They served me with the ale, though I suspect it was not the strongest on the premises; and the landlord's wife, opening the little half-door and bending down, gave me a kiss that was half-admiring and half-compassionate, but all womanly and good, I am sure."

This occurred when he was about nine years of age, living on seven shillings a week, "insufficiently fed." "I know," he says, "that but for the mercy of God I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond."

The man who could thus write about his own childhood's existence showed that the droll was remembered and dwelt upon as often as the sad. It was a pleasure-giving smile with which he contemplated the urchin balancing his economic resources with the importance of producing effect upon the trading world.

The hero of many of the children in the novels of Dickens was himself.\* At one time he was Jo, ever

\* "My father had left a small collection of books in a little room upstairs to which I had access (for it adjoined my own), and which nobody in our house ever troubled. From that blessed little room 'Roderick Random,' 'Peregrine Pickle,' 'Humphrey Clinker,' 'Tom Jones,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Don Quixote,' 'Gil Blas,' and 'Robinson Crusoe' came out, a glorious host, to keep me company. They kept alive my fancy and my hope of something beyond that place and time—they and the 'Arabian Nights' and the 'Tales of the Genii'—and did me no harm; for whatever harm was in some of them was not there for me; I knew not of it. It is astonishing to me now how I found time, in the midst of my porings and blunderings over heavier tomes, to read those books as I did. It is curious to me how I could ever have consoled myself under my small troubles (which were great troubles to me) by impersonating my favourite characters in them. . . . I have been Tom Jones (a child's Tom Jones, a harmless creature) for a week together. I have sustained my own idea of Roderick Random for a month at a stretch, I verily believe. I had a greedy relish for a few volumes of voyages and travels—I forget what now—that were on those shelves; and for days and days I can remember to have gone about my region of our house, armed with the centre piece out of an old set of boot trees, the perfect realization of Captain Somebody, of the Royal Navy, in danger of being beset by savages and resolved to sell his life at a great price. . . . When I think of it the picture always rises in my mind, of a summer evening, the boys at play in the churchyard and I sitting on my bed reading as if for life. Every barn in the neighbourhood, every stone in the church, and every foot of the churchyard had some association of its own, in my mind, connected with these books, and stood for some locality made famous in them. I have seen Tom Pipes go climbing up the church steeple; I have watched Strap, with the knapsack on his back, stopping to rest himself on the wicket gate, and I knew that Commodore Trunnion held that club with Mr. Pickle in the parlour of our little village alehouse." Then the biographer adds: "Every word of this personal recollection had been written down as fact some years before it found its way into 'David Copperfield.'"



moving, ever moving before the pursuant detective; at another he was Paul Dombey looking up with awe to Mrs. Pipchin, and when alone wondering what may be the voices of the sad sea-waves; yet at another Kit honourably bent upon the fulfilment of his promise to lead his younger brother to the knowledge of "what oysters is." Childhood, in its privations, in its innocence, in its ambitions, in its dreams, no man was ever so acquainted withal, and none ever so delighted to portray it. In the case of Little Nell there was danger, for a space, that the judgment of the artist would be swayed by the feeling of the man and fall short of consummation of a creation so felicitously conceived. Convinced by the reasons of a friend, who argued that the survival of sufferings of the kind undergone would not well comport with the ends of fiction, he yielded; and when the picture was finished Jeffrey said there had been nothing to compare with it since Cordelia. It is among these children that we must look for the pathos needed as well by a novel as a tragedy. The story of Jo of Tom-All-Alone's, more brief, is scarcely less touching than that of Little Nell. He whose home had been in the Marshalsea had known Jo long before his story was to be told, and others like him. Homeless, nameless, friendless, and harmless, except that a fatal secret in a great family had been lodged by accident in his simple breast, he moves and moves till the powers of locomotion are exhausted, when a good man appears, too late for any other office than to teach him a little part of one prayer and fold his arms upon his breast. Hereat comes that outburst of indignant remonstrance against a Christian community wherein such things are allowed to exist:

"The light is come upon the dark, benighted way. Dead!

"Dead, your majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, right reverends and wrong reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day."

With self-made men who try not to forget nor conceal their lowly origin there is often the disposition to talk of it much, and exaggerate the hindrances which their extraordinary genius and spirit have overcome. With others the proclivity is to praise their forebears when these are so far removed that praise, not known to the unmerited, will not be ridiculous. From both these infirmities Dickens seemed to have been uncommonly free. He neither ignored nor sought to praise. Foster tells that the original of Micawber was the novelist's own father, and that he was quite vain of the office of amanuensis to his son. We can well believe this of one whose creations so frequently were elaborated from characters whom he had well known. There are few things in literature more humorous than the intimacy between this boy of a man and little Davie. The taste of such a work it is not to the point here to discuss; it is mentioned as another proof of how closely the author had studied human life among its humblest elements, and with what consummate skill he could invest them with unflagging interest.

Fortunate it was, we repeat, that the mind of Dickens was not embittered by the poor life of his childhood. The love and the power to write

satire rise in either an unloving or a disappointed spirit. What might have been done in pleasanter fields by Archilochus of Paros but for the accidents attending his fondest ambition we cannot tell, knowing no more of the antecedents of his youth. But it was his lot to love the beautiful Neobule, daughter of Lycambes. The maid returned his passion, and the father gave his consent to their union, but afterwards withdrew it because, though the youth's father was a man of high consideration, his mother, it had been ascertained, had been born a slave. Whereupon the disappointed lover vented his feelings in such verses (the first of their kind) that Neobule and her sisters were said to have hanged themselves out of shame and despair. Whoever will take the pains to study the lives of the satirists will find, more often than he might expect, transmission of the personal bitterness of the Parian founder through the generations of his successors. The sadness that darkened the young life of Dickens was upon that of all his manhood, often drawing from his eyes floods of tears; but it was of a kind to create compassion for distress such as no English writer has ever evinced, yet a compassion tender loving, sometimes, indeed, changing to indignation not against individuals, nor even against society for acts of positive injustice, but for neglect or tardiness in ascertaining the wants of the destitute multitudes and providing for their betterment. Such a man can look upon the sportive as well as the earnest side of life among these multitudes. The more he compassionated the one the more he could be amused by the other. For, indeed, it would be a hard life for the poor if they had no seasons of fun and frolic, no simulations of sentimental experiences, no harmless exaggerations of their own importance, no attempts of enacting upon their own little stages representations of the doings of the gifted and the great. Therefore merryheartedness is among them as well as privations and sorrows. The poor man's holiday has a relish peculiar to themselves, and their gushing abandon in merrymakings is one of the most pleasing things to witness, and is one of the most interesting themes for the study of the philosopher.

In the portrayal of this side of humble life doubtless all agree that Dickens has never been equalled. From "Pickwick" to "Drood" in the great novels, the novelettes, the "Christmas Stories," the brief sketches, humorous characters come on and on, making us wonder if the list is never to have an end. How many thousands have they made actually weep with laughter!

(To be continued.)

---

HUMANITY.—Humanity is, in regard to the other social affections, what the first lay of colour is in respect to a picture. It is a ground on which are painted the different kinds of love, friendship, and engagement. As the ancients held those places sacred which were blasted with lightning, we ought to pay a tender regard to those persons who are visited with affliction. A general civility is due to all mankind; but an extraordinary humanity and a peculiar delicacy of good breeding is owing to the distressed, that we may not add to their affliction by any seeming neglect.

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS;

OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINBECK.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

**T**HUS thought the missionary, when Van Curler hurried into the shop, and cried out to him:

"You have come at the right moment, sir. A few hours earlier and the red devils would have murdered you. They were quite mad. But there sits one of them!"

"Thank God, General, that man is my friend, a true and constant friend."

"Do not talk to me about constancy among the Red-skins. They are all equally false."

"This warrior is an exception to your rule. He is my fosterfather, and has already done much for me. This is the man who, when the spy Jan would have murdered me, dragged me into his own wigwam."

"Indeed! Then that alters the case, sir. You pointed out this man when you were last here, but I have no memory for Indian faces. One Red-skin looks to me just like another. And now have you determined to turn your back upon the pack of scoundrels? Is that decided?"

"As far as I am concerned, not yet, General."

"Not yet? How are we to understand that?"

"Will you be your own executioner and burn yourself alive?"

"Under certain circumstances we suffer all things, General."

"Then I really do not know what to think of you. Whether you take it amiss or not, sir, I must say that if you hesitate, one can only believe that you do not know what you are doing."

"It may well appear so to you, brave sir, and I could easily show you the reason for my hesitation. Tell me how it could happen, how it happened that the soldiers so immediately fired on the warriors who came with friendly intentions to Richelieu? In my letter, I expressly remarked that the Mohawks had no unfriendly intentions towards them."

"Oh, that is easily understood! The red rogue who brought the letter was an adopted Huron, and when he did not return, the Mohawks suspected that he would remain with the Pale-faces. Then, as they approached the fort, one of the soldiers, believing them to be enemies, fired upon them; others did the same, the savages also fired, the little garrison was alarmed, and before the commandant could come, the gunners were at their post and fired. But how is it that you hear all this first from us here?"

"I did not see any of the Mohawks on their return, and now come from the fishing station down the river. All that we heard there was that the Mohawks had gained another victory over the Hurons, and that a number of prisoners had been brought to Gandawaga, and were to be sacrificed to their god Aïrestoi. I believed that there were some young Christians among the captives, and,

in order to give them some help, I was on my way to the village with my fosterfather. So I came here, and now first hear of this new excitement of the Mohawks."

"Then, be sure that the captives are already in eternity; they no longer require your help."

"I fear it is so."

"Then, return no more to Gandawaga. A certain and useless death awaits you there. To delay is destruction. The savages will, without doubt, return hither in search of you. A vessel is at anchor under the guns of my fort, which will in a few days sail for Manhattan Island, and from thence you will easily find an opportunity for a voyage to Europe. Go on board. I will speak to the captain and answer for your safety."

"That is a most kindly meant offer, but I must think it well over before I either accept or refuse it. Give me till morning, General, and you shall then have my decision."

"And where do you intend to remain to-night?"

"Anywhere. Mynheer Blüten may be in danger if the Mohawks find me with him. I am afraid of injuring the settlement by remaining here long, or by a hasty flight. Let me pass the night in the neighbouring forest, and if the Mohawks return in search of me, I go openly to meet them."

"That shall not be," declared Van Curler, decidedly; and when Peter Blüten, unobserved by the priest, gave signs that he was not to pursue that part of the subject further, he was silent.

"Here with me you would be little less secure from the Mohawks than in the forest," began Blüten, slowly, "and I have also to think of my wife and children. If I were single it would be different, but as the father of a family! You understand, M. Jaques?"

"Certainly, my good mah, and I respect your foresight. At no price would I expose you to anything unpleasant on my account," replied the priest in a friendly manner.

"Well, then, if you neither can nor will remain here with Peter, then go at once with me to the fort, and there is an end of it. I shall not ask the red villains whom I permit to eat, drink and sleep under the flag of the States-General," broke out the commandant.

"Hearty thanks, General. But what will become of my faithful companion?"

"He can come into my place below, and sleep among the packages," cried the merchant; "only speak to him and put the matter in order. Meanwhile, I will go into the house and tell my wife to prepare some refreshment. Do not refuse, sir; it is a settled thing, and the table will be ready before you can say no."

"Then I shall go to our pastor, and tell him that M. Jaques is here, for he takes the deepest interest in your fate. And, besides, he can talk to you better than an old soldier like myself can," said Curler, as he left the shop with Peter Blüten.

F. Jaques explained to his companion the proposal which had been made, which he thought a good one. Then, if the Mohawks should return from the fishing station, he could speak to them before they had learned the missionaries retreat. He hoped to be able so far to appease them that Ondesonk's life should no longer be in danger,

and would communicate the results of his endeavours either at the fort or the house of the white chief.

Van Curler soon returned with the pastor, and, after they had partaken of the quickly prepared meal, the three white men went to the commandant's house, while Wagawalla's husband took his night's rest in the warehouse.

Morning had hardly begun to dawn in the eastern heaven, when Van Curler was rowed to the ship which, as he had said, lay at anchor in the river, in order to confer with the captain about the missionary's escape. As he reached the deck a shot from the fort thundered over the water. The soldier listened with surprise. The sun had not yet risen above the horizon. What could it be?

"Row back and enquire what is meant by that shot," said the General to his adjutant, who had remained in the boat; then he went to speak to the captain, who had not yet risen.

Then came a second shot from the fort; the flag of the States-General was slowly hoisted to the mast's head, and the drums sounded the *reveillé*.

The captain, who had hardly completed his toilet, hastened from his cabin to the quarter-deck, and joined the commandant, who was looking at the fort from the larboard.

"Is that an alarm, General? Are we going to have a tussle with the red-skins?"

"I cannot say, captain. They have now fired the *reveillé*, but why they spent powder before this is not clear to me."

"A canoe with Indians out!" cried the watch in the bow with a stentorian voice.

"Thunder and lightning, there is the troop. Man the jolly-boat, captain, that I may go back to the fort. The deuce! who would have thought of this?" said the General, and urged on the manning of the jolly-boat as quickly as possible.

Meanwhile, the General's returning shallop had, at the appearance of the canoe, changed its course, and, in the middle of the river, awaited the approach of the savages, who held up green boughs as a sign of peace.

"Well done!" said the commandant. "This disobedience to my orders is very wise in the adjutant;" and turning to the captain, he continued: "The matter seems clear enough. It is to give notice to those red villains that they cannot do much when under the flag of the States-General. Now I will remain on board your brigantine, captain, till I see what turn the thing takes. Ah, look there! see with what respect the rogues treat my adjutant. He will not let them enter the town; they must go to the fort, and then we will have a word with them. But now you must let me be rowed to shore, captain. But I had almost forgotten that I came here to speak to you upon an important subject, and now my time must be otherwise occupied. May I then ask you, in case nothing unusual occurs, to come to the commandant's house in the course of an hour? I shall certainly be there."

"I will come, General. Will you have the jolly-boat? it is ready."

"Yes, captain. Then, in an hour? Good morning."

The next moment, the General sat in the stern of the boat, the six rowers took up their oars, and the jolly-boat shot like an arrow to the shore.

F. Jaques had passed the night in prayer, and had slept but little. His dreams gave him subject for thought. In them he saw a town on the spot where Gandawaga stood, over which was inscribed in words of fire, on a back-ground of cloud: "*Laudent nomen Agni*" (praise the name of the Lamb). Goupil also appeared to him and as he would have joyfully embraced this true friend and brother, a great temple suddenly rose from the ground, and the much-loved companion disappeared behind it. Though far from giving these dreams a prophetic meaning, the missionary thought seriously about them. He felt sure that God would not for ever withdraw His Gospel from the Mohawk people, but that the Cross already known among them would one day gain a glorious victory over their gods; but it was also clear to him that the time for the foundation of such a mission had not yet come, but that these people required a preparation for it by the leadings of the All-wise. He saw that it was not at present granted to him to be of use in Gandawaga and the neighbouring villages. On the contrary, his longer abode amongst them, or his probable destruction, far from being of any use to the Christian Hurons living there, would only place their lives in greater danger. And would the Mohawks who were inclined for Christian instruction, go any further and suffer themselves to be baptized when their teacher stood there as a traitor to the people who had adopted him? On the other side, if he escaped, it might be possible that the momentous error might be set right, and with the help of God, more friendly relations established between the French and these Indians; and then he might hope, from his knowledge of their language and their customs, and by means of the friends he had among them, to do them some more real service. Finally, he considered that the offering of the Holy Sacrifice was now rendered impossible for him, in consequence of the mutilation of his right hand, the first joint of the thumb and forefinger having been removed, and that only by the holy father could he be placed in a position again to celebrate the Holy Mysteries.

By break of day, F. Jaques had made up his mind to accept Van Curler's offer and fly. The two shots had frightened him, for he feared that the Mohawks had returned to Rensselaerswyk, and in their blind fury would fall upon the settlers. Deeds of cruelty would then be done, and much blood shed, and he even thought of giving himself up to the Mohawks to avoid worse evils, when there was a knock at his door. He opened it with a beating heart, and the General stood before him.

"Good morning, sir," he said, as he entered the room. "I must first ask how you have passed the night, for you know, as well as we do, the refreshing power of sleep. But I am come much more to bring you important news, and to take leave of you. The shots which, no doubt, alarmed you this morning, were for this cause. When my watchful gunner fired the first, he had observed a strong band of Mohawks, who were

crossing the river in canoes. At first he thought they were enemies, but he was soon better informed. They have come to the conviction in Gandawaga that your senseless pursuer is by secret measures preparing mischief for them, and some of their chief leaders, among whom are Eagle, Spotted Snake, and other chiefs, whose names I do not know, and who wish you well, with about twenty chosen warriors have come away in order to prevent mischief. They are here at the fort, and I have spoken to them through Labadie, our interpreter. Spotted Snake will answer for the safety of your person till you have shown that your letter had nothing to do with the firing at Fort Richelieu, and in reply to his question how much time would be required for this, I have told him that it could not be before the winter. Of course, I consider the conversation a mere formality; I cannot think of again giving you up into the hands of the Red-skins, for you yourself must see that your remaining among the Mohawks is no longer possible."

"Yes, General, I see that; but I also fear that I do not return to the Mohawks I shall place you and the settlers here in a position of great danger. Has my fosterfather spoken with the sagamore and the chiefs? He has great influence."

"No one has yet spoken with the savages, who will not enter the town till my return to the fort. But I should like the man who is sleeping in Peter's warehouse to be informed. You are quite determined to carry out your escape, sir?"

"If my fears are not realized I shall thankfully accept your proposal, and hope to arrive at New Amsterdam with the ship. Tell me candidly, General, do I really expose you to nothing disagreeable or dangerous?"

"Not at all, if you will take my advice."

"And that is?"

"Let me first have a talk with the rogues and persuade them to remain here till to-morrow. Then do you go to them and speak of nothing but our regret at the affair on the S. Lawrence and our innocence. Show your confidence in the word of the chiefs which is passed for your safety. I will then direct that you shall settle for the night with them somewhere near the river, and when night sets in you shall slip away and go on board the boat. Your friend Renard arrived here this morning, after one of his secret excursions, and will come to you. He knows all that has passed here, and looked very much as if he knew more."

"Renard here! That is just what I wish. He is much respected by the Mohawks, and is their real cunning. Send him to me, General, before I go to the Mohawks."

"Certainly. Who could be more useful to you to-night than this brave man? Now wait quietly here till I come to take you to the Mohawks."

Van Curler nodded in a friendly manner, and left the room. F. Jaques fell on his knees and prayed fervently.

While the General was in conference with the Mohawks in the fort, and obtained with difficulty the desired promise of security, the greatest commotion had arisen in Renselaerswyk, for the Mohawks, who were in pursuit of Ondesonk, had

returned to the fishing-place, and had there learned that F. Jaques and Wagawalla's husband had rowed down the stream. They were quite certain that he was concealed in the town, and threatened fire and sword if he was not given up to them. Wagawalla's husband had tried to pacify them, and had assured them that Ondesonk would soon appear; he had not thought of escaping, but had only gone with him on the way to Gandawaga, and was now resting with the chiefs of the Pale-faces after the fatigues of the journey. But the brave man produced little effect upon his angry compatriots, and their blind rage continued.

After being informed of the return of this band, the general, accompanied by the interpreter, Labadie, the hawker, and several officers, appeared at the landing place, where Assendase was impressing upon his companions that they should leave no means unemployed in order to get the mighty and false magician, Ondesonk, again into their power, that they might offer him as a sacrifice to the manes of the braves who had met their death by means of his treachery.

"The Pale-faces are coming to befool my brothers. They have crooked tongues, and are all like Ondesonk. They hate the red men, and are their enemies. The tiger-cat would sooner be in friendship with the young doe than the Pale-face do good to the red children of the good spirit. My brothers must not let themselves be deceived by smooth words. The Pale-faces say what they do not think, and promise what they will not do."

Thus did the old man stir up his companions, and with dark brows did they receive the commandant and his attendants.

Van Curler declared shortly and decidedly to the Mohawks that he knew all about the unfortunate affair at Fort Richelieu, and could assure them that Ondesonk was quite guiltless, and that he would not suffer that a hair of his head should be touched. There were other red men in the fort from Gandawaga, their brothers, who were quiet and reasonable, and they might either go into the fort and speak with them, or choose some other place for a meeting.

Of course the Mohawks were too suspicious to enter the fort, and the proposal of Assendase was accepted by the General that they should remain at the landing place. Van Curler returned to the fort, and took strict measures for curbing the savages, to whom he did not give credit for very peaceful intentions. The little garrison were soon at their posts. The gunner stepped to his guns, a detachment of arquebussiers marched into the village, and the men of Renselaerswyk, organised in a rough manner, assembled in the house of the commandant where weapons were stored. The General's shallop was manned and armed, and a little party of soldiers was sent on board the brigantine with some heavy artillery, the captain of which declared himself ready to assist the plan of escape.

Then Spotted Snake and Eagle with their warriors drew near to the landing-place, and a Pow-wow was held in the open air, which the General and his interpreter attended. Meanwhile Renard had gone to the missionary and had a long con-

versation with him, in which the pastor, Megapolensis, took a part.

There was a very strong feeling among the dwellers in Rensselaerswyk, and some openly spoke their opinion, that it was not fitting that the part of the French priest should be thus taken, and the settlement might be brought into great danger by it. But the brave Jacob Jansen and others spoke strongly on the side of humanity, and showed how they would cover themselves with shame in the eyes of the civilized world if it were known that a white man who sought protection from them had been given up to the barbarians who were thirsting for his blood.

Contrary to expectation the Pow-wow took a very favourable turn. The sagamore spoke very strongly, and Assendase's followers one by one fell off to the peace party. After Van Curler had distributed handsome presents among the chiefs, and declared himself answerable for the priest's innocence, the influence of the old mischief-maker over his fellows was entirely lost, and the General retired with the assurance that F. Jaques might return to the Mohawks without danger.

The priest was much pleased at the turn things had taken, and his determination to fly was a little shaken, till Megapolensis, and still more Renard, reminded him that the enemies he had among the Mohawks were as bent as ever upon his death.

Renard recalled to mind how the faith of the Mohawks had already failed.

"Were you not, in spite of these promises, treated as a captive in Gandawaga instead of being sent back to your own countrymen? Do not forget, father, that it is only from fear and avarice that they have left you alone so long. You were a valuable hostage to them, or you would not have been spared till now."

Megapolensis spoke in the same ways. He knew that there was little to be done among the Mohawks in the furtherance of missionary work.

"To whom could you now be useful in Gandawaga?" he said. "Your truest followers have been murdered, and now that you are looked upon as an enemy you could do nothing for the Hurons who dwell among them. They would avoid you in order to avoid mutual danger. You have taken counsel with God in prayer; abide by your decision and carry it out."

"I will take your advice, my friend, and will use the first opportunity for getting to the ship."

"Very well, I will be there," said Renard.

"The captain is prepared. Once on board you will be hidden," said the General.

And the three men then went to the Mohawks, who saluted Ondesonk with great reserve.

Even Spotted Snake and Eagle seemed to have become less friendly, and Koetsaeton, the avowed friend of the priest, as well as Takuetete saluted him with less cordiality than had been expected.

"Ondesonk will go back with us to Gandawaga," said Spotted Snake, "and then we shall know that he is not a traitor. He has nothing to fear if he can justify himself. We will stay here till the great light has sunk, and return again be-

cause the great chief of the Pale-faces wishes it. But Ondesonk must stay with us and not go away again. His friends may come to him. They are welcome."

The missionary consented to this arrangement. He wished to explain the misadventure at Fort Richelieu, and went with the Mohawks to a spot not far distant which was surrounded by a low paling and filled with logs of woods. Megapolensis remained with the priest, whom he began to love, and other colonists brought him food and drink as well as covering for the night. Renard came and went, and tried to lull the sagamore and the chiefs into serenity. Van Curler had commanded the troops to retire into the fort that they might not awaken suspicion, but his shallop cruised about the water, and kept close watch upon the canoes of the savages.

At the approach of twilight Megapolensis took leave of the Jesuit, who soon retired to rest. A Mohawk, to whom was entrusted the watch over the priest, placed himself before the door, and the savages sank into a deep sleep. F. Jaques waited in anxious expectation for a sign which was to be given him from without, but hour after hour passed and he heard nothing. Renard was always so reliable! At about ten o'clock he thought the signal must have been given without his hearing it. He therefore rose, opened a gate only fastened by a wooden peg, and having ascertained that he was not observed, left the entrance with noiseless step, and hurried onwards. Then a large dog, which he had not before seen, flew upon him, and fixed his teeth in the leg of the fugitive. But this unexpected attack did not deprive him of his composure; he seized the beast by the throat, which he held so firmly that he was compelled to let go his hold, and with a powerful blow from the fist of his antagonist was felled to the ground. At this moment a man sprang over the hedge, and hastened to the help of the missionary.

"Renard!" whispered the missionary, overjoyed.

"Make haste, father," returned the hawk. "There is nothing here to be afraid of but the savages. Go straight to the river, and there lie a boat with rowers. I will cover your person. But you have not been bitten? Then do not lose a moment."

The deliverer helped the priest over the enclosure, and they hurried down to the river. They found a light boat ready, but no efforts would set it afloat. The long oars were a difficulty to the Indians always accustomed to short paddles. The boat remained in sight of the brigantine, and a rope being thrown out from the vessel was made fast to it, and with the help of the captain, who himself lent a hand, was towed to the ship.

*(To be continued.)*

---

It rather reduces the heartiness of a laugh at a story you've just related when a wheezy old man in the corner pipes out, "That's good; but it isn't the way I heard it fifty years ago."

## WOMAN'S EDUCATION.

**T**HE following extracts from a letter by Dr. Burgon, Dean of Chichester, on the question of the admission of women to competition for honours at Oxford, are well worthy of deep consideration; they are equally applicable to the woman question in its other phases.

Woman's present lofty position, says the dean, is the result of a variety of religious and social influences with any one of which it is mere perilous to interfere. We pay her such unbounded deference because she has no power to exact any at our hands. Her strength is in her weakness. She is at this hour what "in the beginning" the great Creator designed her to be—*viz.*, man's "help;" not his rival but his *help*. Sheltered, especially through her earlier years, from all polluting influences; accustomed from the first to administrations of domestic kindness and the charities of home; removed from the stifling atmosphere in which, perforce, the battle of life has to be fought out by the rougher sex—she is what she was intended to be, the complement of man's being; the one great solace of his life; his chief earthly joy. In return man makes her the object of his unceasing care and solicitude; and he invests her with an influence which amounts to sovereignty over himself.

But all this is brought to an end at once if you teach woman to become man's rival; in other words, if you teach her to be (what she never can become) man's equal, much less man's superior. Henceforth she will have to be kept down. You have done what you could to unsex her. She has henceforth acquired man's faults and has lost woman's graces. By putting the classic writers of antiquity unreservedly into her hands (which you must do if she is to compete successfully with men for "honours") you have contaminated her pure mind with the filth of old-world civilization, and have acquainted her with a hundred things which she would rather a hundred times have been without. Accustom her besides, while she is yet in her flower, to the hardening influences of perpetual rivalry with the stronger sex, and put this unwholesome strain upon her frail constitution at a time when she can least of all endure it—and have you not rendered woman the greatest disservice in your power?

I desire as much as any to see women well educated. Let them study the mechanism of the heavens with Mrs. Somerville by all means, if their taste leads them to soar so high, or let them master Latin, Greek, Hebrew, if they are inclined to make the effort as so many of their countrywomen have done and are doing daily, but the proposed legislation (that for the admission of women to university honours) would interfere greatly with what is properly woman's education, and would really give her in exchange nothing to compensate her for what it would take away.

## A MYSTERY IN THE OLD TOWN OF WINCHESTER.

BY K. M. WELD,

*Author of "Lily the Lost One," "Bessy," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER VI.

## ISABEL'S ILLNESS.

**A**FTER Colonel Clayton had left the room, Isabel lay motionless for a time; her thoughts were confused, and she recollected nothing that had happened during the last five or six days.

The events of the previous weeks seemed likewise almost obliterated from her mind. She had a kind of impression of having been very ill, but it was only by slow degrees that she remembered the great ball she was to have given. Even then, all seemed dim and indistinct events of the past, of which she could not, without difficulty, recall any circumstances.

She did not in the least understand why she felt so ill and powerless, or why she was quite alone. She hoped it was night, and that she was dreaming a frightful dream.

But her father's sad look as he left the room startled her, and she heard, too, words uttered by a strange voice: "Beyond the power of medicine." What could that mean? Did they apply to herself?

The bed on which she lay was soft and luxurious, but it gave no rest to her aching limbs. Her head was burning; she wished to reach the bell to summon her maid, but she fell back exhausted. Her mind was confused; strange thoughts rushed rapidly through it, and for a time she thought she was dying. The idea was terrible. She tried to realize it and to think of her condition. Those words must have applied to herself. She began to think what it would be to be separated from all she loved, and to be shut up in a narrow coffin and placed in the cold churchyard, and to go whither she knew not. She had an obscure idea of eternity, but she knew not what it could be.

Then her thoughts reverted to her love for the world, for praise and admiration, all which now availed her nothing; and with these thoughts came phantoms of the days when, as a child, she listened to her mother's lessons while seated on her knee; but there was the bitter thought that these lessons had been entirely disregarded.

She could not pray; the thought of an eternity of pain tormented her. She thought how impatiently she bore suffering; she remembered, too, that she had never done a single action with the desire to please God.

Then like a gleam of light the words of a saintly archbishop, whom she had once heard preach, sounded in her ears: "Return, return, oh, sinner, to the Lord your God, for if your sins are innumerable His mercy is inexhaustible." But she knew not how to return; she had long ceased to pray, and who would pray for her? She could only remember how she had once been moved to compassion by the tears of a poor Irish woman,

QUILLS are the pinions of one goose, and are sometimes used to spread the o-pinions of another.



and had given her all she had in her purse to purchase necessities for herself and her starving children; she remembered, too, how the poor woman implored heaven to reward her, and the Blessed Mother to look on her with love, and to intercede for her.

She little thought, at that time, that she should ever be powerless, unable to move or to raise her head—even to pray. She thought the prayer of that poor woman for her might have been heard, and implored the Lord of heaven and earth to grant it, and to bestow upon her a few years longer of life that she might do better.

She could think no more, but lay so still that the maid who returned to the room thought she had passed away. She called Colonel Clayton, who, perceiving that she breathed, gave her a medicine the doctor had ordered, and she soon revived. Her father took her hand, and the slight pressure he felt filled him with hope. It seemed a sign of returning strength.

The maid arranged her pillows, and she fell into a calm sleep. Her father watched her features and though he could perceive but little change, that change was for the better.

When the doctor returned in the afternoon, he gladdened the heart of the anxious father by the assurance that he found a decided improvement in the patient, although, at the same time, he did not hold out strong hopes. He said it was impossible to give a decided opinion until five or six days had elapsed.

The day glided by slowly, as did the following likewise; the improvement was scarcely perceptible, but she was not worse.

On the fourth day, however, when the doctor felt her pulse, he delighted Colonel Clayton by the assurance that he found it so much stronger, that danger might now be considered at an end, as the crisis had passed over favourably.

The happy father immediately informed Isabel of the favourable opinion of the doctor, and she replied:

"Thank God," in so earnest a tone that she quite startled Colonel Clayton, who looked at her fancying the effects of the fever had not quite passed away.

She herself was almost astonished when she had uttered the words, for although she had often before made a like exclamation, yet never before had she done so with a real intention of thanking God for blessings received, or for trials averted, for never before had she fully appreciated the mercies with which she was surrounded. She had been accustomed to every thing pleasant from childhood, and had never been taught to reflect from whose hands she received them.

Now, however, her feelings were quite changed, she looked at her kind father with delight, pressed the loving hand which held hers, and without pronouncing a word, blessed and thanked God from her heart for His mercy, and renewed the promise she had made of making every effort to serve Him better in future.

Many weeks, however, elapsed before she was allowed to leave her bed, even for a few hours, and a trying time it was for herself and attendants. She had never been accustomed to contradiction on any point, she missed the frivolous amuse-

ments in which she had hitherto passed her day; time seemed long, and she was irritable and cross almost beyond endurance; she never seemed to think that enough was done to promote her comfort and amusement; even the patience of her good father was almost exhausted.

And yet, she was quite in earnest in her desire to keep the promise she had made of trying to love and obey God in future; but she had no idea how she must show her love; she fancied the service of God consisted merely in the observance of a few outward acts, she had never been taught by the worldly-minded ladies who had educated her, that mere exterior religious practices are worth little in the sight of God, and that it is by prayer alone that we can obtain the grace necessary to correct our faults, and to sanctify our souls.

She was perfectly conscious that up to the present time she had never found anything approaching to real happiness; there was in her heart a constant longing desire for something better; for that peace of soul, which she felt sure was enjoyed by some other people.

She had two or three times visited a friend who boarded in a convent, and she had become slightly acquainted with a few of the nuns. The peaceful and happy expression of their countenances had made a great impression on her, and she mentally exclaimed:

"What can make them so happy? What can give them such peace? I really think there must be something in religion, which I do not understand!"

These thoughts were soon obliterated by the life of excitement which she led, but they returned when she was ill, and to all appearance dying. She then made her first humble prayer for an extension of life. God in His goodness granted it, and during her convalescence she often prayed fervently that God would send some one to tell her what she ought to do.

"Only think," exclaimed Isabel one morning when Colonel Clayton entered her room, "only think, Lizzy has actually told me that she has determined to leave me, and that I must look out for another maid. Can you believe it, father? I did all I could to persuade her to change her mind, I reminded her of your kindness in paying for her education, and apprenticing her to a dress-maker in Paris, in order that I might have a maid to suit me when I came out; I almost cried, but she only replied:

"'Very true, Miss Clayton.'

"'But it is very ungrateful of you, Lizzy,' I said, 'to leave me, now that I am so weak and poorly. Do you wish for higher wages? I am quite sure papa would raise you at once, rather than let you leave me now.'

"'No, miss. I do not wish for higher wages.'

"'Then, why do you think of leaving me?'

"'I have my reasons, madam, but I do not wish to give them.'

"'What nonsense, Lizzy; tell me your reasons at once; I insist upon knowing them.'

"'If you insist upon knowing them, madam, you must not be displeased if I tell you the truth. My health will not stand the fatigue of sitting up so constantly at night to attend you when you

cannot sleep, and when you are wakeful it makes you so irritable and exacting that I do not believe even a saint could keep her temper and remain with you; and you know very well that I am no more of a saint than you are yourself," she added pertly.

"Her words, of course, made me very angry, and I asked what she supposed she was kept and paid for, if not to do her duty and wait on me, and that after all I only scolded her when she was stupid and inattentive. She, however, paid little heed to my reproof, but merely replied:

"I shall leave you this day month."

"I was in despair; I tried coaxing, and tears, and entreated her, at least, not to leave me whilst I was so weak and nervous; I promised that she should only sit up occasionally, and that I would try not to be impatient; but she replied coldly:

"I have made up my mind to leave, Miss Clayton, and I shall do so; I will not remain a single day over the month."

"And so she will go, papa; what shall I do? I hate the idea of having a new maid, and Lizzy made my dresses so well, and she knows exactly what suits me. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do? What can I do, papa? do tell me."

Colonel Clayton felt for his daughter, but the only advice he could give was to look out for another maid without delay; but he told her, at the same time, that he thought she had been a great trial to Lizzy, and that he had often wondered that she had not given notice long before.

"And," he added, "that he thought she had better look out for a respectable girl who would come to her as a kind and patient nurse, till she had quite recovered her health, than for a lady's maid only fit to dress her for a ball."

Isabel acceded to this plan. As her father left her, he gave her, in gentle terms, his advice as to her treatment of her maid.

"For," he said, "even I, who am your father, and who loves you so affectionately, often feel tempted to leave you to settle things for yourself on account of the irritability of your temper. Try to obtain the love of your dependents by kindness, and your maid will not then give you notice for a trifle."

These words of Colonel Clayton filled Isabel with remorse, as she could not but remember the unkind words she had said to Lizzy, when the poor girl must have been quite tired out with nursing her night and day. This feeling of remorse showed that there was already some improvement in her character, for, had her father ventured to address even these gentle words of reproof to her before her illness, she would have answered him pertly, and denied being in fault at all; but now she looked at him sorrowfully, and said:

"If you will look out, dear father, and get me a good maid, I will try to follow your advice, and treat her with kindness, so that she may not wish to leave me."

Colonel Clayton kissed her affectionately, and promised to do his best to find a suitable person.

Colonel Clayton retired to his study and began to think how it would be best to proceed. He soon made up his mind, ordered his carriage, and proceeded to visit some friends living at a little distance, who were, he thought, likely to help him in his search. Mr. and Mrs. Fullerton received

him with their usual cordiality. They had been longing to hear about Isabel, but had been prevented from calling to make enquiries.

Colonel Clayton gave them the particulars of his daughter's illness. His views as to her ultimate recovery were gloomy, the more so as she might inherit her mother's constitution; but Mrs. Fullerton was able to cheer him up, and showed him how her recovery when at the point of death proved her internal power.

Then came the question of the maid. Mrs. Fullerton at once went to her desk, and brought out a long list of servants out of place, for the girls, and the boys, and the young women in the neighbourhood always applied to her if in want of situations, as she had a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

The list was soon read; but although it seemed at first that there must be some one out of them all to suit Isabel's requirements; yet, in the end, it was decided that not one would do.

At last Mr. Fullerton exclaimed:

"I have it; I think I know the person to suit Miss Clayton exactly."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Fullerton, smiling. "Who can you mean, Fully?"—the pet name by which she usually designated her husband—"I thought I had named every possible likely person."

"But, do not you remember," responded Mr. Fullerton, "our going into Farmer Littlehale's cottage about six months ago, and your being much struck by the appearance and manners of a young girl, whom they told us they had taken in from charity, and kept to help their own daughter in the household and dairy work?"

"Yes, I perfectly remember the young girl now you mention it, but I should much doubt her wishing to go as a servant, even if she were likely to suit Miss Clayton which also must be a chance, as she can know but little of the duties of a lady's maid."

"We will make some enquiries, for as I often go to that farm-house I have had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and she seems to be very neat and industrious, and her gentle, unassuming ways would be a great comfort to an invalid lady like Miss Clayton."

"That is true; did you ask Farmer Littlehale much about her?"

"Yes, dear, and he told me that she is the most pious and well conducted young person he has ever met with; charitable in the extreme, and never finding fault with any one without necessity. And yet her silent good example has improved them all, more especially his own merry, giddy girl, who both admires and loves her young friend. I have not the slightest doubt that this girl would suit Miss Clayton; the only question seems to me, whether she would be willing to take a situation, and leave the farm-house where she is so happy. Perhaps, too, they may object to parting with her."

"Very true; but we must try our best to obtain their consent, for from what you say I really think she must be just what Miss Clayton requires."

"I shall be very grateful to you," said the colonel; "if you can persuade Farmer Littlehale to let me engage her for a few months at least, for what you say concerning her good and reli-

gious feelings, makes me the more anxious to secure her. Her good example might impress my daughter, who is not, I must own, inclined to be religious. I trusted her youth too much to worldly people."

Mr. Fullerton promised that he would call at the farmhouse that day, and we have seen how he kept his word, and succeeded in persuading Monica to accept Colonel Clayton's offer, provided Isabel was satisfied with her father's account of her.

Colonel Clayton sent for Monica the next morning, and took her to Isabel at once. She was delighted with the appearance and gentle manners of the girl, whom she engaged, after thanking her father very warmly for the trouble he had taken in the matter."

Monica was much pleased with her kind reception, and agreed to enter Miss Clayton's service directly Lizzy left.

The month passed by quickly, and Monica left her kind friends at the farm with the happy feeling that they all regretted her.

Isabel quite determined to try to follow Colonel Clayton's advice concerning endeavouring to gain the love of her maid.

But bad habits long indulged in are not easily broken, and Monica soon discovered that the task she had undertaken was no easy one, for Isabel never seemed to think of any person but herself.

She would keep her maid standing about the greatest part of the day, and never remember that she must be thoroughly tired out at night, and therefore ought not to be disturbed for mere whims.

Lizzy had frequently looked cross, and even refused to get up for Isabel's fancies during the night, but as Monica arose without a complaint, she frequently called her only to say that she could not sleep herself.

At times, too, she was so irritable that no one could please her; she found fault with everything, and contradicted anyone who spoke. One morning she asked for a basin of soup, and when it was brought she took it so impatiently, that the tray on which it stood slipped down, and the basin was broken into a thousand pieces.

Monica endeavoured in vain to catch it, and then to wipe up the soup which had fallen on the carpet, but Isabel became so furious, declared that the fall was entirely Monica's fault, who had held the tray so awkwardly, and desired her to leave the room and not to return.

Monica made no reply, but left the room at once. She could not help feeling amazed by Isabel's injustice, but having long accustomed herself to restrain her temper under small trials, the angry feeling lasted but a few moments, and she sat down to her needlework in peace, thanking God inwardly for the opportunity of thus pleasing Him, by accepting the small trial.

The effort she made in doing this had its reward, for her heart was soon filled to overflowing with peace and happiness, such peace as none but God can give.

She felt the greatest compassion for her mistress, for she saw how totally devoid she was of the love of God, and that this was simply the effect of her worldly education.

She longed to implant some of the love with

which her own heart was overflowing in that of Isabel. She knew that her mistress had in reality warm feelings and a grateful heart, but that these feelings had never been directed into the proper channel. She wished over and over again that her poor mistress might meet with some pious and sensible friend to teach her to know and to love God.

She was naturally so unassuming that it was with the greatest difficulty she expressed a different opinion on any point from that of her talented and accomplished young lady, whom she admired so much, but yet she resolved if any opportunity offered to try and say something, and she earnestly begged God to assist her in the important task. It seemed to have placed in her hands.

*(To be continued.)*

## ADVANTAGES OF TRAVELLING

**I**T is surprising how a little knowledge about in steamboats and railways, and diligences, and schnell-posts of all sorts, and hotels with every variety of perfumes, shakes a man out of his sluggish thoughts and opaque humours. It is the best of all constitutional remedies for mind and body. It invigorates the imagination; loosens the blood, and makes it leap through the veins; dispels the nebulous mass of the stay-at-home animal; and liberating the spirit from its drowsy weight of prejudices, sends it rebounding back, lighter and brighter than ever, with the fresh morning beat throbbing in its pulses. There is nothing in the levelling world of ours which so effectually annihilates conventional respectability as travelling. All our staid, solemn properties, that beset and check us at every hand's turn like inaugurated mysteries, as if we were entering upon some esoteric novitiate every day of our lives—all our family pride and class instincts—our local importance and stately caution—paddocks and lawns—liveried revenues, and ceremonials—all go for nothing the swirl and roar of the living tide. A granded gentleman cannot bring his ten-foot wall his deer-park, or his parish church with its time-honoured slabs and monuments, in the palm of his hand to the continent; he cannot stick his vicar and the overseer, and the bench of justice in his hat-band; he cannot impress everybody abroad as he can at home, with the awful majesty of his gate-house, and the lump of plush that slumbers in the padded arm-chair; he has passed out of the artificial medium by which he has hitherto been so egregiously magnified, and is forced, for once in his life, to depend solely on himself for whatever amount of respect, or of attention, he can attract. This is a wholesome and healthy ordeal, very good for the moral as well as biliary ducts. It sets a new and unexpected value upon whatever little sense or self-reliance one may really possess, and makes a man understand his manhood better in a moment than he could have done in twenty years through the mirage of a false position.



"ARTHUR GRAVELY LIFTS HIS HAT."

## The True and the False: the Story of an Unselfish Life.

BY ALICE HORLOR.

### CHAPTER X.

#### STILL IN TROUBLED WATERS.

**W**HEN Isabel recovers consciousness, she casts a frightened look around, and is relieved to find Herbert Brandon has departed.

"Oh, Fay," she says, "that is a dreadful man. How was it that you chanced to come this way?"

Fay blushes hotly as she replies:

"I followed you. I was sure something was amiss, and I felt Mr. Brandon was not to be



trifled with, so for Arthur's sake I came to try if my poor presence could avert the evil that I feared."

"But why suspect evil?"

Fay, gentle as she is, is roused at this; she turns on Isabel Avenell with flashing eyes:

"When a girl troth-plighted to one goes secretly to meet another, it is easy to know that evil is to come."

Isabel tosses her head.

"At any rate you are not the judge of my actions. I have done no wrong. It is not my fault if a man falls in love and tries to carry me off."

"But it is your fault if that man has been drawn on by much encouragement," said Fay, significantly.

"Oh, you are ready enough to side against me," cries Isabel, annoyed at Fay being aware of her delinquencies. "A pretty tale about this, I suppose, you are prepared to tell Arthur?"

"My lips are sealed," replies Fay, gravely, to this sneer. "It would be much better for there to be full confidence between you, and you ought to tell him, but I shall sow no dissension."

"And a nice fuss he would make. He is jealous enough already."

"With good cause," impulsively remarks Fay; and then she turns to this girl, whose face draws all men to love her, and says a few impassioned words:

"Oh, how can you, who have won that noble heart, so torture it? What is it to win the admiration of all the world if you wound a love so true? How can you play the coquette when he is yours for ever, loving you with such devotion as few women ever get?"

For once in her life Isabel's light nature is touched.

"Fay, you are a little saint, I believe," she cries. "But, alas! dear, I am a sinner, and shall be always one, I fear, to the end of the chapter."

"For Arthur's sake, I hope not."

"Arthur has a strong champion in you," laughs Isabel, but there is a tinge of jealousy in her tone.

"An earnest one, at least. I would give my life to secure his happiness."

"It is rather a pity he did not choose you, then, for a wife," returns Isabel, drily.

Fay shivers as with cold under this cruel thrust, then turns bravely upon the other:

"You know he never loved me; that we have not been, and never shall be, more than true friends, why, then, dare to taunt me with such words as those? Had I won the treasure you hold so lightly, I would not jeopardise it by seeking the admiration of others."

To hide the tears which were well up to her eyes, Fay speeds with swift feet away from her companion, who proceeds soberly homewards, wondering how much of her late escapade will reach Arthur's ears, and whether she will still be able to win him back to her side. At a turn of the path she suddenly comes upon the object of her thoughts walking moodily along, a gun in his hand, but evidently in little mood for sport. He sees her, gravely lifts his hat, which courtesy she

returns by a stately bend and mocking smile. Something unwonted in her expression seems to strike him, and he stops suddenly.

"Isabel, this state of things can go on no longer; it is time there should be a mutual understanding between us."

A secret exultation is in Isabel's soul; he has stooped to seek a reconciliation before any inkling of her late interview with Mr. Brandon can have reached him; she has the game now in her own hands.

"This 'state of things' is of your own choosing," she says, scornfully. "It has pleased you to neglect me thoroughly."

"And have I no cause for anger? Isabel! a man must be made of stone to bear with you!"

"Indeed! Pray what have I done?" she enquires, opening her blue eyes, innocently.

"What have you not done!" he says, with sternness. "You have proved yourself a finished coquette, ready to sacrifice all to your thirst for admiration, and heedless what torture you inflict on others, so that you bring men to your feet."

"What a nice thing for *you*, my affianced lover, to say of me!" sarcastically replies the girl.

"It is the truth. Heaven knows how bitter is the knowledge that I speak truly. Oh, Isabel! Isabel! would that I had never loved you! would that your lovely face had never lured me on to give into your keeping a heart which now is lightly cast aside."

Stung with the knowledge that his reproaches are but too well deserved, Isabel makes a bitter retort. She flings prudence to the winds, and, making no effort to soothe his righteous anger, utters a few cruel words which go to her lover's soul.

White to the lips, he cries: "Cease, Isabel, you have said enough. God forgive you for such heartlessness!" and he leaves her without another word.

And the girl left to herself, bitterly now regretting her folly, sits down on the grass and wildly weeps.

What demon is it that urges women on so frequently to wound their heart's dearest by scathing words?

But the tempest of her grief over, Isabel goes into the house as outwardly calm as though no storm had swept across her soul, as though her own hand had not extinguished that light of love in which she had securely dwelt.

Arthur has not returned. Spurred on by fierce emotion, he fled out into the open country to struggle there with his pain.

Isabel looks round the room in vain for the familiar presence, but makes no comment on his absence. Mrs. Harvey remarks that Arthur is late, and hopes he has had a good day's sport while a bitter smile moves Isabel's red lips as she thinks of the true sport which has been his that day. They have commenced dinner when Arthur makes his appearance.

"No, mother, I have shot no game," he says to Mrs. Harvey's enquiries, then sits moody and silent, scarcely eating anything.

Fay's heart is very sore for him. She guesses by intuition that an open quarrel has taken the

place of the silent misunderstanding between the lovers. Is her self-denying love to be all in vain, since Isabel Avenell alone has the power to make him happy, and uses it so fatally to his peace. The evening advances; sunset lights are on the sea, and tingeing the rocky "Tors" with a golden glory. Through the open window Fay sees Arthur striding up and down outside, striving to find solace in a cigar, while a furtive glance is sent often in Isabel's direction, but, apparently deeply engaged in reading a novel, she seems utterly unconscious of his scrutiny.

Presently the cigar is sent spinning into the air, and leaning over the window-sill, he says:

"Fay, it is a beautiful evening, will you come for a walk?"

The question recalls old days so thoroughly that Fay springs up in answer, a glad affirmative rising from her lips; then she remembers how things are changed, and, re-seating herself, gives a gesture in Isabel's direction to remind him of her presence. He answers the dumb action thus:

"She does not care for my society; she is tired of me and of my 'jealous fancies,'" bitterly noting, as Fay guesses, from past words which Isabel had used to him.

The girl hesitates, knowing that Isabel is jealous of the old friendship which has existed between Arthur and herself. He sees her reluctance to answer, and, with all his old irritability, says, quickly:

"Never mind, if you do not care to go; but, Fay, I did not think *you* would change!"

That speech touches her tender heart. She glances at Isabel, who remains quite still—her face uplifted—her blue eyes cast down upon her book.

Why should she, for this girl's sake, who so highly values the treasure of his love, give up this fleeting happiness which lies within her grasp?

She turns eagerly to the young man.

"Arthur, I will go with pleasure."

Smiling down into her plain, yet sweet face, lit with those glorious eyes, he lays a kind hand upon her hair, and smoothing it gently, says:

"Good little Fay, always kind as in the old times. Make haste, dear, and put on your hat. You will find me outside."

Fay goes to the door, stops, then comes back to Isabel's side.

"You do not object?" she asks in a low tone.

Isabel Avenell proudly raises her beautiful head.

"Object! Why should I?"

That cold, haughty reply decides the question; in five minutes more, Arthur and Fay have left the house.

And when they are out of sight, Isabel clasps her hands over her eyes, while one or two scalding tears trickle down upon the printed page before her. The day of reckoning has come at last, and in bitter contrition, she is expiating her folly. Is Arthur lost beyond recalling?

Who can tell! The arrow once sent on its flight may wound unto death, and words once breathed may slay for ever the love that might have been a woman's firm shield through life.

## CHAPTER XI.

### FOR LOVE OF HIM.

Complain not that the way is long—  
What road is weary that leads there?  
But let the angel take thy hand,  
And lead thee up the misty stair,  
And then with beating heart await  
The opening of the Golden Gate.

LEAVING the cottage near the beach where they are lodging, Arthur and his companion slowly climb the steep hill above it, until they enter a narrow path cut in the face of the cliffs, guarded on one side by a rugged pile of rock named the Castle, while on the other, many feet below, there stretches forth the vast blue sea, on whose breast the white sails of the fishing boats gleam like pearls, or the undulating track of vanished ships lies like a shining serpent.

No words pass between the pair. Arthur leans over the rail here fixed to render the path less dangerous, and looks moodily over the heaving water. The girl notes the signs of pain on his face—the set brow—the compressed lips, and silently her soul cries:

"Why should Isabel Avenell have the power to render him so miserable, while I, who would die for him, can only stand uselessly by!"

But she underrates her powers; sympathy has a potent charm, and her mesmeric influence exerts itself not in vain. Her soft low tones fall like balm on Arthur's chafed mind, in time she even by a quaint speech provokes a laugh from him. The ice of his reserve is broken; his sorrow must find voice.

"Fay, tell me, why is life such misery?"

She does not pretend to misunderstand him, but replies:

"Your life will soon be bright again—this is but a passing cloud. Isabel is only amusing herself."

"At my expense! Could you treat a man thus who loved you with all his soul?"

The impassioned words, the dark eyes of the speaker make Fay shiver from head to foot as she dimly dreams an unspoken answer; but Fay has now schooled her wayward heart too well into subjection to yield to its first impulse. She answers calmly:

"I am not like Isabel Avenell. Remember, she has no mother to guide her. Her beauty attracts admiration, and she thoroughly enjoys its triumph. She is volatile and careless, but she does not intentionally wound you."

"Do you really think, Fay, she still loves me? I ask you, my dear old friend, because as a woman you can judge of another woman's heart."

"I am quite sure that you have the first place there. Have patience with her faults. Tell her how deeply her conduct grieves you, and for your sake she will amend. I feel confident she is sorry even now for the unkind words she has said; speak gently to her, and she will own it."

"What a little peacemaker you are Fay."

"There is no happiness without peace, so, Arthur, I would fain bring it into your love," the girl's sweet voice responds.

He takes her little hand in his pressing them warmly. She knows well at that moment that



she is very near to his heart. And the soft sunset colours begin to fade into evening's grey veil; the distant horizon grows more misty, and shadows fall upon the heaving breast of the wide sea, as they stand thus hand enclasped, with a grasp only of life-long friendship.

She lifts her eyes to heaven in gratitude.

What is it comes between them and the darkening sky?

A cruel, weird face peering out stealthily from a hiding place in the rock above. Two long lean hands tearing madly at a mass of stone wedged in amongst the earth and grass. It gives way; it trembles on the edge.

There is no time to warn Arthur, no time to ward off the blow, but with a sudden spring she pushes him aside, and stands in his place. . . .

A crash! the sound of a fall, and the devoted girl is prostrate on the ground, with Arthur kneeling by her side. The idiot boy flies madly in the distance away from the scene of his crime. She has saved Arthur's life, but at the cost of her own; the descending stone has struck her on the head, causing terrible injury.

He raises the poor girl, tenderly wiping away some heavy drops of blood which trickle slowly from the wound. The livid hue on her face tells him that no human power can do aught availing, and in bitter regret he cries:

"Oh, Fay, dear Fay, you have saved my life by the sacrifice of your own!" while his tears rain down upon her white wan face.

"Don't weep, Arthur," she says feebly; "don't grieve for me. I am—so glad—I was in time!"

"Dear, you were always the most noble and unselfish of creatures! Is there nothing that I can do for you, oh! tell me?"

No word she speaks, but her large pathetic eyes turn to his own and linger there, while in that last moment, with the veil of death blotting out their beauty for ever, they reveal to Arthur Harvey the secret of her life's devotion.

The chivalrous tenderness of the man's soul responds to that mute appeal; bending over the dying girl he reverently presses one soft kiss on her pallid quivering lips. The act is prompted only by truest compassion for the pure heart which has loved literally even unto death.

A radiant light comes into her failing eyes.

"Tell Isabel. She will—not—grudge—it me now!" she murmurs.

And the sweet spirit of Fay Atherton flies back to the God Who gave it..

In Lynton churchyard they laid her down to rest in peace at last. The soft winds sweep across her grave; the murmuring sea ebbs and flows in gentle whispers beneath, and the aching heart is still, for the bitterness of life is past; the toil is over—the battle won.

And here when twilight is darkening over land and sea, when the crescent moon is faintly glimmering, while the evening star looks down on the soothing scene, Arthur brings Isabel and tells her the story of Fay's life with its silent devoted love and heroic negation of self.

With hands locked together, with eyes fixed downcast, the girl listens quietly; but as Fay's

last words were uttered she falls into bitter weeping. At last the frivolous heart is touched, the worldly nature awakened to the knowledge of deeper things in life than idle coquetry and the thirst for admiration, and when the veneer of selfishness is stripped off there lies revealed the real womanly worth beneath, in which Fay had believed when she spoke so assuredly of Isabel's love being true to the man she had chosen.

Guessing somewhat of the tumult of feeling—the remorse and regret struggling within her breast, Arthur draws her to his bosom in an unspoken reconciliation.

All vanquished now she leans confidently upon his shoulder, and lifting her tearful eyes in piteous pleading, she cries:

"Oh, Arthur, I disliked her so, and she was so good, so kind!"

"Fay was a pearl amongst women. Such a devoted, self-forgetting heart as hers we may never hope to meet again upon this earth," answers, sadly.

A few short days ago how such words as these would have aroused Isabel's jealousy, now she only replies:

"I know it. Would that I had understood her ere it was too late; but I feared her influence over you; this made me bitter and cruel."

"Poor Fay! I never loved her save with a brotherly affection, nor had I the slightest suspicion that she nourished any warmer feeling for me. You can scarcely realize, Isabel, how I reproached myself when I read the sad truth in her dying eyes. She had kept her secret with all womanly reserve until death tore down the veil. You are not jealous, Isabel?"

"Jealous!" she exclaims. "Ah! never again fear that! All my past folly is buried in her grave. My great grief is now that I added unkindness to the already too heavy burden which she bore. I, who am to be your wife—who possess your love, can tell what Fay missed. Her death has taught me many lessons. Arthur, I am not half so worthy of you as she was, but keeping in view her example, I will try to become a better woman. Will you trust me, and forgive all the past?"

Her eyes yet dewy with tears, she lays humbly her hand on his.

He presses it fondly to his lips as he cries:

"Yes, my darling, for whatever may be your failings I love you, and know that you are my own. Fay's memory shall teach us both true unselfishness. The one effort of her life was to render us happy in mutual good faith and truest love; let it not have been lived in vain!"

In answer, Isabel falls on her knees, and kissing the marble cross above the grave, whispers the solemn invocation to the dead:

"Pardon, Fay, and bless me from your home in heaven!"

Then hand in hand, as though renewing their vows, they leave the silent graveyard, and the tiny mound beside the sea.

It seems as though the benediction from Fay's sweet spirit which Isabel had invoked, descended truly upon her, for she became an exemplary wife—a tender and faithful helpmate, while her married life bore witness how completely the coquette

had been eradicated from her nature. Years have passed, but the loyal young heart which so early left the world is not forgotten; it seems to husband and wife a golden link which binds them together, and lifts them upwards: and a little child climbs on their knees, with sweet pathetic eyes which shyly seek her parents' glances; tears often dim their own as they gaze lovingly on this other little Fay.

THE END.

## SOME HEROES OF CHARLES DICKENS.

BY R. M. JOHNSTON.

[CONTINUED.]

**T**HE prodigious success of these works was almost as surprising to the English public as was the genius to construct them. Let us reflect somewhat upon this success. How was it that the man who presented characters taken from the lowly exhibited them so that we looked and listened with an interest beyond that ever felt in contemplation of the great lords and dames in fiction heretofore? How is it that these uncultured, poorly-fed, often homeless waifs on the ocean of society, persons with whom ourselves had no previous acquaintance, delay us as much as, even more than, Montrose, Leicester, Osbaldiston, Bradwardine, even kings and queens of English or Scottish story? It is because the historian of those, better than any other knew how to wake the cords of human sympathy, the emotion which when exalted to its utmost is our most powerful, our most benign, our fondest and dearest. This world is far more sympathetic than generally it seems to be. No man can live without sympathy of some sort. Even old Timon was put to shame by the philosopher pointing to his eagerness that the indifference which he pretended should be known and observed. They are few, and they not of the best, on whom neither a sad nor a humorous story can make an impression and prompt to a charitable action. One may claim to despise this world, yet he will linger and mingle in it as long as he can, and, when about to depart from it, indulge the hope that he will not be forgotten except for the evil he has done. Even the gossip, as Carlyle says, is a lover of mankind, and backbites because the standard she has fixed for her victims they persist in refusing to attain. Dickens was almost the first who was really great to attempt, not indeed, a diversion of sympathy from any of those to whom heretofore it had been extended, but to include within its sweet influences those who needed it most. It seems like an anomaly that the course of pity should so long have been mainly upward. The tragic poets made mankind weep over the sufferings of Prometheus, Orestes, (Edipus, Medea, Lear, the Prince of Denmark; and it was beautiful how even the humblest pitied the misfortunes of the great. The multitudes who

constitute nations, who make up the world, who build cities and highways, who fight wars and uphold kings and governments—these had small space in books or upon the stage. In the fulness of time Richardson, a commoner, gave representations from among them, and the prosperous and titled, notwithstanding the weak sentimentality of these new endeavours, felt how abundant and refreshing were the tears that came to their eyes. Then Fielding, of the blood of the Denbighs, laughed his laugh at the misdirected feeling, and Tom Jones made ashamed those who had wept with Pamela and Clarissa. Scott came on, a scion of the stock of the Buccleughs, and he dwelt mainly on the sorrows of Montrose, Amy Robsart, and others of noble and gentle blood. But he was a man with a heart in his breast that could feel for men and women less than these. The most pathetic, the most admired recital that he ever made was that, in "The Heart of Midlothian," of the sorrows and struggles of the daughters of Deans, the cow-feeder. The success of these few tentative endeavours in sympathies of the cheapest was prophetic of what was to be when a man born and reared amid the scum of mankind should have the heart, and the genius, and the opportunities to represent life therein in such forms as to enlist men's attention to all the purposes that he had in view. At first he was thought to be interested only in the sportive side of that humble existence, and would only lead men of leisure to laugh at what was baldly ludicrous and nothing more. But when he had exposed their levities, lest men should conclude that they had been created only to be ridiculed, he proceeded to show the serious and the respectable among those who, even as the prosperous, reflected the image of the Creator. It is very pleasing to contemplate how he strove to exhibit in some of his very humblest characters loyalty to every behest of honourable manhood. Take the nameless Jo, for whom what might not have been done but for the want of examples and opportunities? Let us hear the words of the dying little exile when they have at last driven him where he can "lie down and get a thorough good dose of sleep." They had asked him if he knew any prayers.

"No, sir, nothink at all. Mr. Chadsbands he was a-prayin' wunst at Mr. Snagsby's, and I heerd him, but he sounded as if he was a-speakin' to hisself and not to me. He prayed a lot, but I couldn't make out nothink on it. Different times there was other gen'l'men come down Tom-All-Alone's a-prayin', but they all mostly said as the t'other ones prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a-talkin' to their selves, or a-passin' blame on the t'others, and not a-talkin' to us. We never knowed nothink. I never knowed what it was all about."

Yet he begged them to put in his will his message to Mr. Snagsby that "Jo, what he knowed once, is a-moving on right for'ards with his duty, and I'll be wery thankful." Or let us take Jo Gargery. What a limited volume of understanding! What a blundering giant of a booby! blundering the more ridiculously when specially striving with the proprieties of deportment and conversation! How humbly triumphant at his

one great essay at elegiac verse! These make us laugh until we cannot sit longer in our chairs, but must go lie down and rest our heads upon pillows. Yet how loyal was Joe—to his shrew of a wife, always making prominent her one great distinction, she being "a fine figger of a woman": to his ungrateful and rather worthless brother-in-law, even while, with the delicacy of the best society-man, keeping himself aloof when his presence was embarrassing to one who had risen so far above his beginnings. Courageous as simple, manlike as humble, Joe Gargery merited the name that a true man likes most to be given him. He was a gentleman.

To interest justly in these multitudes required pre-eminent genius and the spirit of an apostle. Dickens had both. A patriot, his love of country radiated from its central point, warming most his familiars with whom he had freely shed tears both of sorrow and of joy, and, when become renowned and powerful, striving to draw closer together the widely-separated constituents that made up the people of his native country. Faithful to the demands of fiction, he taught more continuously than any novelist that neither the greatest good nor the most despicable evil is peculiar to any class, and that among the very humblest were characters equal to the best and equally to be respected by all mankind.

It is not difficult to account for some of the adverse criticism of Dickens (especially of late) on the ground that his characters were so much overdrawn, and therefore less faithful representatives of real life than those of Thackeray, George Eliot, and more particularly some recent novelists. The characters of Thackeray are indeed natural, often painfully so; and if the purpose of fiction were to represent life just as it is, he would be at the head of the list of artists of all times. Many women are like Rebecca Sharp, and many men like Barnes Newcome. Many doubtless are the quarrels among the genteel in the privacy of home, and the disputants come forth with smiling faces and deceitful words. But is the purpose of fiction to represent this life just as it is, and worse than it is—to exhibit birds in their cages at seasons when in their most revolting uncleanness? It is to put before our eyes men and women, boys and girls, and tearing away the evils with which they try to hide their deformities, show us that these husbands and wives, ostensibly discharging relative duties with reasonable fidelity, are all perfidious to solemnest obligations, accustomed in secret to quarrellings and abusings; and that these boys and girls, even the best, apparently pliant to sweet domestic control, long to see their parents dead, and then, while clothed thickly in black and subdued to demureness in walk and conversation, chuckling in secret at the removal of constraints and the fulfilment of *post-obit* expectations? More than these, when such things are shown in the strongest as the weakest, must we be reminded that we are no better, we nor our children, but that we, like all gone before, and all to come after us, reek with ingratitude and perfidy? No. This is not the purpose of fiction. It is to represent human life, indeed, but, in the most elaborate endeavours, to represent the extremes of good and evil and to lead each to its

appropriate consequences. The poet (and for this end the novelist is a poet) makes new concretes out of the discordant elements of the lower world. He paints virtue with as little blemish as is possible to a fallen estate, and vice irredeemable except by repentance and abandonment. The struggle between these combatants may be fierce, sometimes appearing doubtful even to the most valiant; yet in time either victory or deliverance must come to the upright who refused to despair—whether present triumph, like that of Nicholas Nickleby over the reprobate Ralph, or translation, like that of Little Nell or Jo of Tom-all-Alone's? It is easy, therefore, to understand why many of the great poets have been unhappy. From their efforts to rescue themselves from despair by means of the creation of better worlds than this have we gotten some of our most important lessons and sweetest consolations.

For what end did God impart to a few of those fashioned in his image a portion of this his peculiar attribute—this power to create worlds wherein the virtuous man is more surely and highly exalted, and the vicious more surely and condignly punished, than at the bar of this world's tribunals? Partly that we may get the benefit of examples always more efficacious than the most studied precepts of the wise, and partly that we may be kept from despondence, from the jarring discords around us. It is a wholesome thought that the good are better than really they be. It is hurtful to believe them to be worse. For our human hearts take on other forms of ambition than to surpass in goodness the best of those around us. The multitudes of mankind are not only more capable, but they prefer to follow than to lead. There is a certain degree, if not of self-praise, of self-gratulation when we sincerely point to one whom we admit to be superior not only to what we are, but what it is possible for us to become. We often assuage our remorse for failing in the practice of virtue by the hearty praise we bestow upon those whom we acknowledge it to be not possible for us to imitate, and such praise often rescues one who otherwise might lapse into despair. Let the artist, therefore—the artist who is not a mere painter of portraits—bestow, if he will, upon his pictures a touch here and there to render more attractive the beauty we love to admire. Even the painter of portraits does a very graceless thing when he lifts the hair or tears away the kerchief of his original, merely to show a ghastly scar whose existence we would rather have ignored. So of the sportive. When the time comes for us to laugh, let us laugh with breasts healthy, full of mirth that is as harmless as exuberant. Such as these are imparted by the characterizations of Dickens. The best things and the worst are ever in contrast and conflict. We see the saddest and the gayest, and for both tears come to our eyes, bringing the sweetest relief that the human heart ever gets from a surfeit whether of sorrow or of gladness. In reading the "Biography" these tears, so like and yet so dissimilar, will often flow as they flowed from his own eyes in contemplation of the varying conditions of mankind. With him humour was an antidote to the sadness which, if he had yielded to it, would have overwhelmed him. In one of his

le ters he tells of a strange dream that he had in Italy, wherein a lately separated relative seemed to have appeared before him and advised him to seek refuge from his religious doubts in the Catholic faith. It is painful to contemplate how a mind in which the serious predominated could never find the assurance which it sought. There was some bitterness mingled with the tenderness in inditing the will of poor Jo; and herein we can tell some of the thoughts of the great writer when putting into the mouth of a dying child words humbly complaining of the insufficiency of those who undertook to guide in the Way of Life. A man so beset must often turn for relief from the severe to the lively; and the more profound has been his sadness, so the higher in hilarity will he rebound.

Another cause for the relegation of Dickens from the position he once occupied has grown out of a change in the tastes of the reading public that has led to preference for the delicate and the fine in art, literary as well as pictorial. It is the miniature rather than the life-size that pleases now, or, if the life-size, with curious, elaborate dexterity. Favourite is the mosaic, compounded, like the melancholy of Jaques, of many simples, and conjoined with microscopic painstaking and accuracy. The analyst of a hero's or heroine's motives for conduct more and less important, especially in genteeler circles, finds now more admirers than not only Dickens but Thackeray and George Eliot. Even the Becky Sharps and Maggie Tullivers are postponed to opulent ladies with trains sweeping with pleasant rustling over costly carpets, jewelled hands plying fragrant fans, and tongues chattering with exquisite modulation on somethings, and on nothings also. But such a taste will be, as its likes have ever been, of temporary duration. Genuine art will ever endure, however often it may be passed by for a brief space by those who are beguiled by new ornamentations in unimportant particulars. We remember how Cowley was for a time preferred to Milton, and the poets of the Restoration to those of the period of Elizabeth, and how dramatic poetry in general declined with the rise of scenic decoration. The bonanza kings, their wives and daughters; the *nouveaux riches*, removed from East to West End, are pleased, or believe themselves to be pleased, with witty sayings, bright dinner and tea-parties among the gentility, cunning analyses of human motives in varying positions, and just enough of pathos and humour as may effect a pleasing sigh or an unexpected brief smile. As in the time of Richardson, even thoughtful minds have become somewhat wearied of being stirred by the thrillingly earnest and comic, and ask for repose. Writers of ability notice this condition of things in the reading public, and more or less reluctantly conform to their demands. How often does history repeat itself! In his twenty years of exile Charles II. grew to be not only not a patriot, but not even an Englishman. Restored to the throne of his ancestors, he brought to his court those tastes which the French men of letters had been forced to adopt by the lack of rhythm and melody in their language. Lord Orrery, a time-serving courtier, was the first to begin with the use of rhyme in dramatic com-

position. An interesting chapter is that which tells of the struggles of Dryden in these degenerate times. If otherwise he could have gotten his bread, "The Indian Emperor" and "The Conquest of Grenada" would never have been put into rhyme. Even as it was he turned at length from the pursuit of things foreign to his native country, and languished in poor old Soho, with what consolation was to be had in the thought of being again faithful to the behests of patriotism.

It was always curious what various and often what trifling and unsubstantial causes may divert art from its legitimate purposes, and with what little complaining artists themselves—real artists, with genius and feeling—will work in conformity with tastes which they know and feel to be not only untrue but vicious, and prefer to an enduring fame a capricious favour whose end they cannot foresee. It is so with pictorial art, as those most versed in such matters tell us. It is less sincere, less genuine than it was a score or two of years ago. But they tell us also that it is bound to return to its native simplicity and integrity. So it will be with fictitious narrative. So will it ever be with contending forces. The fittest will survive.

---

HOW TO FIND OUT THE ENGLISH IN GERMANY.—An American gentleman gave us the following curious example of German slowness. We were embarking on the Danube at Linz, for Vienna. The steamer had not been able to get up to Linz from the lowness of the water. It lay at the distance of twenty English miles further down, and we must be conveyed thither in a common Danube boat. The company had known this fact for three days, yet, till the very morning, not a stroke had been struck in order to put this boat in a fitting condition to carry down at least a hundred people of all ranks, and in very wet weather. Seats had to be hurried up at the last hour. As we went on board, they were still busy with them. On the plank down which the passengers had to descend into the boat, moreover, stood up, a couple of inches, a stout ten-penny nail. This nail caught the skirts of every lady that went down, tore several of them, and over it several gentlemen stumbled. The American was standing to see how long it would be before any one would conceive the idea that this nail must be knocked down. He said, he expected if they were all Germans, from what he had seen of them from a year's residence among them, it would go on to the very end of the chapter. And, in truth, so it appeared probable. One after another caught on the nail. Gown after gown went crash; but they were lifted off again, and the parties went forward. Gentlemen stumbled against the nail, and cursed it, and went on. At length Mrs. Howitt's gown caught: I disengaged it, and called to a man to bring his hammer and knock it down. Though I said this in German, the American soon after came to me, and said, "Sir, excuse my freedom, but I know you are an Englishman." I asked him how he discovered that. He replied, "By the very simple fact of your having immediately ordered the driving down of that nail." And he then related what I have stated above.

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINRECK.

### CHAPTER XIX.

**Q**UICK below, sir! I must hide you from the crew as long as we are here," whispered the captain, and he took the fugitive to a part of the vessel which he had prepared as a hiding place with sails, and ropes and ships' gear. "I will put a chest before the door," he said, as the Jesuit crouched down in the narrow space. "Keep quite quiet. I will look after you from time to time."

When the door had been barricaded, the captain went up to the deck and awaited the return of the sailors who had been sent for something in the cabin. Then he told the helmsman that he was going back to the fort.

"Let no one leave the ship while I am absent," he said; "I have some important business with the commandant. I shall soon be back. Keep your eyes open and I shall not be sparing of a few piastres. Do you understand? No person is to be on deck as long as I am absent."

Van Curler had been for some time waiting anxiously for news; he was, therefore, very glad to hear that the missionary had escaped the savages and was safe on board.

"The Red-skins will be in terrible alarm when they find that the black-robe has gone off without saying good-bye," he said, laughing, as he placed a bottle of geneva and two glasses on the table. "Now, sit down, captain, and listen to my further plans."

"I must not remain long away from my ship," replied the sailor; "no one knows what may happen. Bloodshed is very probable."

"If that is all," said Van Curler. "I know very well how to manage the red-skins, but I think our share in the business should appear as little as possible. I will, therefore, give the savages, if they behave well, every opportunity for catching their bird on land; then we send the Frenchman on shore, and let the Red-skins hunt over the empty nest on board. If they find nothing there they must be content be it with good or evil. What do you think of this plan?"

"Very good," replied the captain. "If we can come to terms with the red rogues without a conflict so much the better; but the scoundrels can make it unpleasant if they bring their full force against you in revenge for this trick."

After the General had explained the whole of his well considered plan, he threw himself, without undressing, upon a couch, as soon as the captain had left him, that he might be ready on the expected alarm. He had ordered that after midnight a patrol should go through Rensselaerswyk every half hour, and the whole garrison of the fort be under arms.

Everything remained quiet till the morning dawned; then the Mohawks, awakened by the unaccustomed crowing of the cocks, discovered

that Ondesonk was not there. A few moments, and they were sure that he had fled and then their rage knew no bounds. Even Eagle was beside himself with anger. Only Kortsaeton and Wagawalla's husband made some feeble attempts to appease their comrades; they were not listened to, but the other Mohawks rushed about the settlement in search of the runaway.

The alarm-drum rattled in the fort, and soon, Van Curler, at the head of his troops, came down to the village. He took up his post at the landing place, planted a field piece there, but let the sagamore understand that this show would not be followed by any action.

"Why this uproar?" asked the commandant, when Spotted Snake and some chiefs appeared before him.

"Ondesonk has gone away. He has spoken to his red brothers with a crooked tongue," replied the sagamore, sharply.

"Then seek him, but do not make such a fearful noise," replied Van Curler. "You must not forget that this place is not Gandawaga."

"No; we are with the Pale-faces at Cahotah; who are all as false as snakes," croaked Assendase, who had heard the interpreter's last words.

The soldiers' veins swelled when Labadie interpreted this remark of the old man. He pointed to the fort and to the gun planted at the landing place.

"Beware of the black snakes which spit fire," he said. "They will hurt no one but the old man who yells like a trodden on cat but is himself a poisonous worm."

Assendase gnashed his teeth. Then Eagle stepped forward and said in a dignified manner:

"The great chief of the Pale-faces must not forget that we are here in our own right. We seek Ondesonk, and desire that he should be given up to us if he is concealed by the Pale-faces. He is a war captive, and adopted into the tribe. He belongs to us and not to the Pale-faces; and, therefore, Eagle says to the great chief: 'Give us Ondesonk, or show us that he is not here. The red men will prove to Ondesonk that they can keep their word better than he has done. They will do him no harm if he returns to them.'"

"We will not contend about that. Your Ondesonk is not in Rensselaerswyk, nor is he in the fort. Choose some quiet and reasonable men, and, in company with one of my soldiers, they shall make a search and be convinced that I do not speak with a double tongue."

An approving murmur told the sagamore that his companions understood this proposal, and it was at once carried into effect. A shrill cry from Eagle called the Mohawks who were straying about, to the spot; and, then, Eagle, Takasette, and an experienced warrior, after withdrawing for a short council, accompanied by the General's adjutant and a small guard, proceeded to the search, which, of course, proved that Van Curler had spoken the truth.

The adjutant prolonged the search as much as possible, so that it was not completed before sunset, and Van Curler proposed to the sagamore and the chiefs that they should surround the settlement with posts, and resume the search in the morning. If they caught the fugitive, and

kept their word that they would not ill-treat him, he would take no notice; but they must impress upon their warriors that any disturbance on their side would be followed by immediate punishment.

"Not many of you will return to Gandawaga if you do not behave well and be peaceable. Remember that, and act accordingly," he said in concluding his short speech, to which the Mohawks assented with evident dissatisfaction.

Then the General took the necessary precautions for the night. He placed guards in different places, who were to patrol the streets at regular intervals; the garrison was to be prepared for action at any moment, and the shallop was put in readiness. He caused the brigantine to be brought nearer to the land, to enable the missionary to leave it a little later; and then he was to be concealed in the warehouse of a tradesman, which could be easily reached and had been already searched.

Meanwhile, terrible things had been going on on board the brigantine. The captain had been for some time seeking a substitute for a sick sailor, and on this day a man had come on board who had offered his services and had been engaged. Late in the afternoon, Renard came on board and for some time talking to the captain, to whom he was well known, in his cabin. As the twilight came on, they were both going to tell the concealed priest how things were proceeding, when Renard caught sight of the new sailor, and looking at him with surprise, stood still before the cabin door.

The man turned away quickly, and busied himself with the attempt to drag a coil of rope on to the deck; but the hawker, who was certain what his business there was, stepped up to him and spoke in an ironical tone:

"So now you will play the sailor?"

"Yes, Thomas Renard, but you shall not talk about it," he replied, as he seized a handspike which lay near, and raised it for a mortal blow.

"Bouffet, murderer, at last we are come to a reckoning," cried the hawker, cleverly avoiding the threatened blow, and seizing his long sought foe with his muscular arms.

A terrible struggle ensued, in which life was at stake. Neither of the combatants spoke a word. Each, with his powerful muscles developed to the utmost, endeavoured to throw the other to the ground. The bushranger was taller and more strongly built than his opponent, but the skill of the hawker was worth more than the other's rough strength and after a few minutes he fell to the ground. Renard's left hand had seized his enemy's throat, who lay struggling beneath him; when he seized the knife which glittered in the hand of his opponent, and plunged it into his breast. The fight was won.

The captain had looked on in mute amazement, and there was no interference from several sailors who were standing by. And now the hawker rose, held out the reeking knife to the captain, and pointing to the mortally wounded bushranger:

"You can give me up to justice, captain; I can defend what I have done. There lies the murderer of my sister and of my father."

No hand was stretched out to seize the hawker.

"I am not a magistrate, and cannot arrest you," said the captain shuddering.

"It would be needless," groaned the wounded man; "the evil one has him, and he will go where I go. Do not gape at me as if I were a wild beast. That knife has struck deeply, and it is almost over with me. Lay me a little more comfortably—place me upon a bench and put a block of wood under my head. Then I shall die easier."

The sailors lifted up the unhappy man, and carried him into the cabin, where they laid him upon some cushions and placed a many folded quilt, which the captain gave them, under his head.

"You are kinder than I thought. Now let the Jesuit come out of his rat hole, and call him here. Then you shall hear a confession that will make your hair stand on end."

"Who tells you that the priest is on board?" asked the captain.

"My good sea-bear, call him at once, or I shall close my lips for ever, and you will lose the pretty story."

"Can that be done?" asked Renard of the captain in a whisper.

"I can bring him by a back way," was the answer.

The captain went away and presently returned with the priest, whom he had shortly informed of what had happened. At that moment, the steward announced the General.

"What is going on here?" he asked, full of amazement.

"Ah, General, you are come just when wanted," said the captain, and in a few words he related what had taken place.

"I am your prisoner," said Renard. "I have stabbed this man whom you call Jan, the Mohawks, Red Hand, and who is also called Jean Bouffet, a death blow. Hear him, hear the others, and hear me, and then treat me according to right and law."

"That shall be, Renard," replied Van Curler, and sank down upon a seat that the hawker had pushed to the bed of the wounded man.

"Is the priest there?" asked the bushranger, for the missionary had not yet come into sight, and when he came forward he cried out with a fearful laugh: "Jesuit, you have given me much amusement. I can see you, now, when you were parading the village, and the Red-skins caressed you after their cat-like manner."

"Jean Bouffet, you now stand at the gates of eternity," replied the priest to this rough outbreak of the poor reprobate.

"You do not frighten me with that priests'-talk. It is my affair where I am going;" and he asked the captain for a glass of spirits to keep up the flame of life.

This was given him, and he began his confession. He had, some years ago, married Renard's sister Louise for the sake of her money. But as the old Renard, whose house Louise kept, did not give out the gold so freely as his son-in-law desired, he one day, during his absence, struck down his own wife with a poker, and took possession of the chest in which the gold was kept. When the old man returned to the house, the robber struck him down also. Hearing his



father's cry for help, Thomas hastened to him, and fell upon the murderer like a madman; but he was felled to the ground with the poker, and the murderer fled, leaving him for dead. Thomas soon recovered his senses, and upon his accusation Bouffet was arrested and proceeded against. He, however, managed to escape to the savages, with whom he felt quite at home.

Then he went on to tell how he had betrayed F. Jaques into the hands of the Mohawks, on the island in S. Peter's Lake, and got a double reward for this; how he had bribed the makonnen, stabbed Cheriska, and fallen upon Renard. Then he asked for more drink.

The hearers of the fearful story had been quite silent. There was no sign that they took any deep interest in the tale, for on no countenance that the priest observed was there a trace of sorrow or compassion. The captain exhibited an iron calmness, the General looked gloomily upon the clever scoundrel who had swindled him, and Renard seemed quite hard. But the face of the Jesuit expressed the deepest sorrow for the fate of the soul hastening to destruction. He said nothing to the poor man, he only prayed incessantly from the depths of his heart that, if it were possible this soul might not be lost.

Again the wounded man emptied the glass offered by the captain and then continued:

"Now you shall know why I remained here. It was a dangerous game, and I have lost it at the very moment when I thought myself sure to win. When you lost my trail a week ago," he said, as he doubled his fist at Renard. "I was close to you, you blind blockhead. I was in the water where you found my canoe in the sand, dived and crept from the water into a high tree that stood near. You sat down upon a stone not ten steps off, and I saw you take the last crumb of bread from your pocket. When I saw Renard go away I crept from my uncomfortable position, waded a little way in the stream, and then took a northerly direction, because I wanted to get another sight of the bald-pate. The fishing-station of the Mohawks was not much out of my way, so thither I went, but I did not show myself to the Red-skins, whom I found in a state of great excitement, because the death of that girl was still too recent. After remaining there for a short time and seeing nothing of the priest, I returned here to visit the Mynheers, and then to follow the bald-pate, to whom I had long sworn destruction, to Gandawaga. You must know, bald-pate, that the bullet which shattered your oar, would have deprived you of life if my gun had not become damp and missed its aim. And to you growling landmen I can pay the compliment that your lads with their cannon were within ten steps of me. If they had aimed rightly perhaps my last hour would have been booked, and also if they had seen the smoke from my gun. But you did not find me. Both you and the Mohawks were blind as moles, and while you were hunting in the bushes I was off. Then I returned to the fishing station where I found old Assendase, who had arrived with a band of warriors, storming like a madman and increasing the excitement in the camp. He gave me the history of the firing from the party on the S. Lawrence, and I also learned from him that

Ondesonk had left that place and that he meant to follow him and have his life. Then it came into my head that the cunning Jesuit meant to escape, and that I was determined to prevent. I know the way higher better than the Red-skins do so I got here before them. A good friend, whose name I will not name, helped me to trace him. I know how the priest went from the part to the enclosed place with the Mohawks, and if you, cunning Renard, had not interfered with the dog which brought to that place, it would have been all up with the confounded Jesuit. I saw his escape from this ship from a place where I was hidden, but could do nothing because Thomas came in my way. That is all."

"And why did you hire yourself to me?" asked the captain.

"Do you want to be told that?" asked the dying man with a demoniacal grin. "It would have been then, if Thomas—oh, the burning pain in my breast! Water, water!"

As the missionary gave the wild man the desired refreshment, and fixed a look on his face of sorrow and pity, he threw back the glass and taking a draught, and cried out:

"Do not look at me in that manner, miserable Jesuit! You have to be thankful to the powers of hell that I am lying here instead of having got the Mohawks on board this night, and given you into their hands. You may believe, that but for the cursed state your death-warrant would have been sealed. Now you have heard everything, and now go to the d—, that I may not have your face before my eyes to disturb my rest here."

"Has a bandage been applied?" asked the missionary.

"No, it would be useless."

"The fellow is not worth caring for or I would send for the surgeon from the fort," growled Van Curler.

"Do so," begged the priest.

"Let me alone I say," growled the bushranger who was swelling with pain. "Let me alone. I do not want any plaisterer. This wound burns fearfully and something torments me, I know what to call it. Out of my sight, priest! Your eyes glow like fire, and I am miserable when I see you."

"It is conscience which torments you, Bouffet. God shews you great mercy, do not repulse Him. Think of your youth, think of the time when you used to pray," said the father.

But his gentle words only poured oil upon the fire. The bushranger raised himself up and foaming with anger:

"Go to the d—. Sing your songs to the savages who are more stupid than wild Jan. I do not believe in your swindle. Your folly enrages me. Come here, bald-pate, that I may strangle you."

In his endeavour to reach the priest who stood near him, the unhappy man lost his balance, and rolled from the bunk to the ground, against which his head struck violently. The priest and Renard raised the insensible man and laid him again upon his couch. His face had assumed an ashy paleness, his eyes were closed, and when he was again laid upon the pillows, a stream of blood suddenly flowed from his right temple.

"He is dead," said the captain, who kneeling by his side, was feeling the head and pulse.

"Then there is one bloodhound less in the world," said the General, and turning to Renard he continued: "You deserve a reward for having rid the world of this bandit. For the sake of the people we must have a kind of trial; but this will be only in appearance; there is nothing to judge in this case."

"If the General pleases we will go on deck, and the corpse shall be taken away before we return," said the captain, looking doubtfully at F. Jacques.

"Certainly, captain. The priest may now shew himself openly to the crew, for we must at once take him to land," said Van Curler, and he then explained to the captain what had passed at Renselaerswyk and unfolded his further plans which the captain quite approved, only he wished himself to be the protector of the priest in case of need.

The General shook his head energetically when Jacques interfered and declared he would have more dangers incurred on his account.

"Let me return to the Mohawks," he said, "and go with them to Gandawaga; my life is in God's hands, and may His holy will be done!"

"Amen, I say to that," exclaimed Van Curler, "and will be equally fulfilled whether we do this or that. You have yourself been striving to know God's will, and you arrived at the conclusion that you ought to fly. If you go back to the savages you have no right over you, and who are only guided by their own word, you give them an opportunity for adding to their guilty bloodshed. I am not a learned man, sir, and in theology I only know A from B, but my common sense tells me that I dare not give you up to your orderers. In no case will I do so, but I will expedite your voyage to the coast. If you will go back to Gandawaga to be ill-treated by the Redskins and at last burned, that is not my affair. At the present I am your watcher. Hallo, captain, what if we put monsieur into a tar's net, and so smuggle him ashore?"

"It would be easier to take him direct to the fort, where we can easily find a place of concealment," said the captain. "The sailor's dress on Jacques' person would be easily recognized as red-skin as not belonging to him."

"And what shall we do with the dead body?" said the captain. "We give it up to the savages? They hated him."

"No, captain. The corpse shall be buried by the campers behind the fort to-morrow."

And then the two men went away to conclude their arrangements.

When the hawker was alone with the father:

"May I hope," he said, "that I am not a murderer?"

"That I cannot decide Renard," said the priest. "God alone knows whether you shed innocent blood willingly, or committed the act in self-defence."

"God sees my heart and may He be a merciful Judge."

The long boat was manned and the priest was taken safely to the fort where he was placed in concealment. The general after giving some well-meant advice returned to the commandant's

house, and the captain again went on board his ship. Renard entered his canoe and floated down the stream, for he longed for solitude. The voice of conscience did not pronounce him quite free from guilt, and he would speak to God in the stillness of the night.

The next morning the Mohawks were brought on board the brigantine. When they had made a thorough search they returned to their companions, whom the general had in some degree, appeased by presents. The principal band then went back to Gandawaga, while Assendase with some of his followers joined his countrymen at the fishing station below Renselaerswyk.

*(To be continued.)*

## STRAY LEAVES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

BY S. HUBERT BURKE.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE ASSASSINATION OF DAVID RIZZIO.



PLOTTED against by her brother, on whom the Queen of Scots bestowed so many favours, shamed and impeded by her vicious husband, it is not to be wondered, under the circumstances, that the queen made the most of the honesty of her secretary, who was entrusted with the secret political correspondence which the circumstances of the times forced upon her. She may not have been wise in the expression of her appreciation of Rizzio's talents and devotion. The gross-minded Scotch nobles could not comprehend the meaning of platonic friendship existing between men and women of high culture and pure minds. It is no wonder that Rizzio soon incurred the deadly hatred of the nobles and chiefs. Sir James Melville, in his "Memoirs," relates many narratives of the conduct of the nobles and gentlemen towards the queen's Italian secretary. "The lords frowned fiercely upon Rizzio, and others would thrust him boldly aside, muttering some gross expressions." \*

In a letter of Sir George Douglas to his friend Andrew Kerr, he boasts how he "stood upon Maister Rizzio's lame foot, and made him yell out for his brother Joe." Kerr often spoke of the dagger in relation to the secretary.

Darnley was quite ready to fall in with the murderous designs of Lords Morton, Ruthven, and Douglas; he had a personal feeling against Rizzio—not that of jealousy, for such would have been absurd. Rizzio had honestly and wisely advised the queen not to confer upon Darnley the "crown-matrimonial." This judicious advice won the enmity of Darnley, who soon became the tool of those who had far more extensive designs to accomplish than the assassination of Rizzio. It was also said that Rizzio had lent sums of money to Darnley and Douglas, and "both repudiated their bills." Darnley was heavily in debt, "without the queen's knowledge"; and Sir George Douglas had the character of rarely paying his

\* Sir James Melville's Account of the Murder of Rizzio.

debts. In the negotiations for murdering Cardinal Beaton he expected to have as much money from the English Council as would "square all his difficulties"; but the negotiations were broken off under extraordinary and disgraceful circumstances.

The work of death, according to the arrangements made, was not to be confined to David Rizzio, for a wholesale slaughter was contemplated. Those members of the queen's council who had showed themselves opposed to her deposition by refusing to concur in granting the crown-matrimonial to the queen's ungrateful husband, became marked men. The intended victims were the Lords Bothwell, Huntley, Atholl, Fleming, Livingstone, and Sir James Balfour—the last was, for some unexplained reason, *to be hanged at the queen's chamber door*.

A selection was also made of the court ladies who were to suffer. Six of the queen's most confidential maids of honour *were to be tied up in sacks and drowned*. The queen herself, if she survived the horrors of the tragedy proposed to be acted in her presence, was either to be slain or imprisoned in Stirling Castle till she consented to acknowledge her husband's usurpation.\*

The amount of dissimulation with which so young a man, yet of a bent so reckless and utterly unprincipled as Darnley, concealed these atrocious designs appears far more remarkable than the readiness with which his lost honour, his want of common sense, not to mention conscience, urged him to adopt many schemes in order to avert suspicion as to his deadly plans. Darnley challenged Rizzio to play a game of tennis with him, and was actually thus engaged with his victim the very day preceding that appointed for the assassination.† On this occasion the conspirators suggested that it was "a good opportunity to despatch 'Auld Davie.'"

"No," replied Darnley; "the best time to select is when he is at supper with the queen and her ladies; and then we can strike terror or blows, as required."

The accounts concerning this tragic narrative are somewhat contradictory. The statements furnished by such men as Randolph and Lord Bedford must be received with caution, for they were aware of the entire conspiracy for many weeks. Did these agents of the Queen of England do anything to avert the murder? According to their own despatches—still extant—they undoubtedly did much to promote the assassinations which quickly followed.

My narrative now almost arrives at the fatal moment of this savage butchery—a scene which some Scotch nobles may still look back on with shame and downcast eyes.

On Saturday evening, the 9th of March, 1566, about seven of the clock, when quite dark, the Earls of Morton and Lindsay, with one hundred and fifty men bearing torches and deadly weapons, occupied the court of the palace of Holyrood, seized the gates without resistance, and closed them against all but their own companions. At this moment the queen was at supper in a small room, or cabinet, which opened from her bed-

chamber. She was attended by three of her ladies, four gentlemen in waiting, the captain of the guard, and her recently-appointed secretary David Rizzio, who, accompanied by two pages stood behind the queen's chair.\* The bed-chamber communicated by a secret staircase with the king's apartment behind, to which the assassin had been admitted. Darnley, ascending the stair, threw up the arras which concealed the opening in the wall, entered the little apartment where the queen sat, and, with apparent affection, kissed his wife. A mysterious silence ensued and in about five minutes a change of scene took place, when Lord Ruthven, clad in complete armour, rushed into the room. He had just risen from a sick-bed; his features were sunken, a pale from disease, his voice hollow, his whole appearance haggard and weary; yet murder in its direst form was traceable upon his countenance. In the words of one of the ladies present, he appeared like a vampire thirsting for more blood. The queen became terror-stricken; still she had the courage to tell Ruthven to retire from her presence—a command returned by a look of silent scorn.

"Are there no true Scots present," exclaimed one of the ladies, "who would strike down this coward ruffian who styles himself *the Lord Ruthven*?"

The young lady's interrogatory was received with a coarse laugh by the men who stood outside the door. In another moment torches flamed in the outer chamber, and the clash of arms was heard amidst ferocious shouts from the followers of the chief assassins.

"Mother of God!" exclaimed the queen, her hands uplifted to heaven, "what is all this about?"

A momentary silence, and then a shout "Forward!" was heard.

George Douglas bounded into the room like an uncaged tiger. Dagger in hand, he looked every inch a murderer to whom pity or mercy was unknown. He was followed by Kerr, of Faudenside, and the other assassins.† Lord Ruthven sheathed his dagger and called out that the business was with David Rizzio, and made no effort to seize him.

"If my secretary has been guilty of any crimes," said the queen, "his case shall be investigated; and if he has done wrong to any of my subjects the law shall punish him to the utmost extent. The laws make no distinction between the lord and the peasant when they have done evil. I wish you all, however, to understand that I will not permit any man to take the law into his own hands."

This short speech of the queen, which was delivered with firmness and dignity, excited an ironical laugh from Sir George Douglas.

"Here is the means of justice," exclaimed one of the assassins, producing a rope.

\* Sectarian and party writers allege that Rizzio was seated beside the queen at the supper-table; but such was not the fact. The secretary and pages partook of their meals in another apartment.

† See Queen Mary's Despatches to the Archbishop of Glasgow; Keith; "Queens of Scotland," vol. iv.; Fraser Tytler, vol. v.

\* Reports to Cardinal de Lorraine in Teulet.

† Italian Memorial in Labanoff's Appendix, vol. vii.

"Oh, good queen!" said Rizzio, "I am a dead man."

"Fear not," said her highness in a firm voice. "The king, my husband, will never suffer you to be slain in my presence; neither can my husband forget your faithful services."\*

At this stage of the proceedings Darnley looked quite bewildered. He trembled from head to foot, whilst the assassins uttered another ironical laugh and pointed at him with scorn. Ruthven, in an urgent tone, told Darnley "to take charge of the wife, and hold the woman tight till—" the savage slogan yell, "A Douglas! a Douglas!" now resounded through the palace. Morrice and his eighty followers, impatient of delay, rushed forward to the scene of slaughter, and were disappointed that several of those whom they were to murder were absent. Rizzio, bleeding freely, again caught the queen's robe. His exclamations were: "*Mercy! mercy! for the love of Jesus Christ!*" A scene of horror ensued; the queen cried and supplicated; the candles and lights were overturned.

"Drag Auld Davie out," exclaimed several voices.

"I must plunge my dagger in him again," were the words of George Douglas.

The end of the tragic scene was now at hand. The cold-blooded and coward husband of the queen came forward to play his part and fulfil his pledge to the conspirators whose miserable nature he had become. He succeeded in *untwisting the death-grasp with which the unhappy victim clung to the queen's robe, and then laid his outraged wife into a chair and stood over it, holding her tightly that she might arise.*

*Marcel's "Diary"; Adam Blackwood; "Queens of Scotland" vol. iv.; "Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty," &c.*

(To be continued.)

## THE WAY HOME.

There no nearer road home, no other way

But this rough hill?

I have been toiling up all night, longing for day.

It is dark still.

They told me when I started, I should meet

One by the way,

Who would through all the darkness guide my

Till it was day. [feet

Scarcely through the thickness of the gloom I

A little light, [see

Sometimes in fitful gleams it shines on me,

Then dies in night.

Am I quite safe; is this the right way Home?

When shall I see

That One they told me would be sure to come

With help to me?

Patience! the light you saw was from your Home,  
It is growing late;

But day is breaking. You will see Him when you  
Up to yonder gate. [come

## A MYSTERY IN THE OLD TOWN OF WINCHESTER.

BY K. M. WELD,

Author of "*Lily the Lost One*," "*Bessy*," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE MELANCHOLY TALE.



ISABEL generally slept late, but was always called at seven o'clock. One fine morning in May, soon after the overturn of the soup, Monica saw as she entered her room that Miss Clayton was sleeping. The expression of her face was unusually sad, and she looked pale, and as if she had been weeping. This was no unusual occurrence, for a feeling of extreme depression was one of the most trying effects of her late illness. When in this state, she gave way to temper, found fault with every thing and every one, and was afterwards angry with herself for having been cross, and cried, and had a headache. Monica looked at her mistress with great pity and wished she could teach her where she might find true peace.

As Isabel seemed to be sleeping soundly, Monica kneeled down quietly at a little distance from the bed and began her morning prayers.

Isabel, however, awoke very soon after she entered the room, but would not speak as she felt some curiosity to see whether the girl would be as quiet and recollected in prayer when supposing herself alone, as when in church.

She watched for some time, and was much touched by the pious and earnest expression of her countenance. She was evidently asking some great favour, for tears were trickling down her cheeks.

"I do wonder what she can be praying for so earnestly," thought Isabel. "Perhaps she is in love with some one whom her father will not allow her to marry. She never could pray so hard for anything else! and yet she looks quite calm and happy, she cannot be crossed in love, for that always sours the temper. This girl is a mystery to me; she is poor, she has had many trials, and yet says that she has always been quite happy! How different from me. I must ask her a few questions. I may learn something, although she is only a simple country girl. In truth, I never remember feeling quite happy in my life. I thought I should be so if papa took me to Paris, but I soon got tired of being there. And then I fancied that perhaps I had a wish to be married, but I got plenty of offers and accepted none; therefore, my wish could not have been real, or I should have been less particular. The only person I did fancy at all, was the Marquis of Everdale; but he did not love me, although I once fancied he did. He gave up calling only because he heard me speaking a little sharply to papa. However, I do not believe he would have suited me long, for he was so terribly pious, and I detest saints, they are always so prim and ill-natured. And yet Monica is really very pious, and I like her, but she is different from most religious peo-

ple. But she has prayed long enough now; I must rouse her."

Isabel coughed slightly. Monica heard her instantly, arose at once and approached the bedside of her mistress.

"How glad I am that you have had such a nice long sleep, madam. I hope you feel stronger; but you look pale."

"I slept little, I was dosing at the moment you entered the room, and I awoke almost immediately."

"But why did you not call me? I was only waiting to ask if you would have a cup of tea."

"I lay as quietly as possible, that you might not know that I was awake, as I did not wish to interrupt your prayer."

"How good and kind of you."

"I did not remain quiet from kindness, but from curiosity; I liked to watch you, you looked so happy."

"And I felt so—I generally do—I feel as if I was talking to a good kind Father; I tell Him I love Him, and speak to Him of all my joys, or sorrows."

"How very odd! I never even think of talking to God in my prayers; in fact, I seldom think about Him at all. I never used to do anything but just go to church on Sundays, and when there I liked to look at the dresses of the congregation. If there chanced to be a fine preacher, I listened that I might be able to talk over his sermon afterwards, and to criticize his delivery and appearance; but, otherwise, I did not take the trouble to listen at all, but tried to sleep, or amused myself by thinking over my last ball. But I must own that, when I was so ill the other day, I was terribly frightened, and I resolved, if I recovered, to try and be more religious, and I have kept my resolution. I almost always say some night prayers, but it is very fatiguing to do so, for I am generally tired; and, as for my morning prayers, I feel so low and wretched that I shut up my book as quickly as possible. How is it that you can take pleasure in prayers? You are young and pretty, and I shall do my best to find you a good husband; therefore, you may look forward to many years of joy and happiness."

"Yes, dear madam; but, supposing I do obtain all this happiness, how long would it last?"

"Oh, many years, I have no doubt, unless any accident caused you to die sooner."

"And when these many years were ended, what would come next?"

"Of course, you must die at last; every one does."

"And, when I die after all these years of happiness, what must I expect if I have forgotten God Who created me? What excuse shall I make when summoned to give an account of my life?"

"I have no doubt that you would be good, and not do much harm, and I should think that was quite enough to get to heaven, even without saying many prayers."

"I fear not; how can we serve God if we never think of Him, or try to please and love Him?"

"But how terribly dull to be saying prayers all day; it would be simply impossible!"

"And very wrong into the bargain, madam;

but I have always been told that God does not require such a thing, that all He asks of us is to love Him, to be grateful for what He has given us, and to try to do everything to please Him. That will gain us heaven; but if, on the contrary, we indulge our evil passions, we must lose our souls, of course."

"Oh, Monica! how much your words remind me of those of my dear mother. I forgot the for years, but they came into my mind, and filled me with terror, when I was so ill, and believed myself dying."

"Many persons die quite suddenly, madam; have known numbers of cases of death without any warning; surely it is but prudent to live constantly prepared for such a contingency?"

"Oh, I hope I shall not die unexpectedly. I always try to banish such a horrible idea from my mind; and yet I have known many sudden deaths. There was one in particular, which made such an impression on me, that I could not banish the thought of it for months. It happened to a friend of about my own age, with whom I had been intimate from childhood; we went into society a good deal together, for we were relatives, and our parents were near neighbours. She loved the waltz and its varieties, and so did I; she hated the cotillon, and so did I. We neither of us thought of anything but amusement, and the whole of our time was engrossed by balls and other entertainments."

"The Duke of S. Pierre once gave a great ball, and we succeeded in obtaining invitations. From that moment, we thought of nothing, day and night, but preparing our dresses; and when the grand day came, we actually began to dress before four o'clock in the afternoon, that we might have time to make any changes or improvements in our attire."

"Papa wished me to take a walk with him, but I refused. He sighed deeply, but I did not care. And, as soon as I had put on my dress, ran to show it to my friend. She scarcely looked at it, but said:

"'I am not well; I have such a pain near my heart that I can scarcely breathe.'

"I saw that she looked very pale, and offered to send for a doctor, but she replied quickly:

"'Oh, dear no, I shall be better presently. I would not give up going to this ball for anything!'

"She was very long dressing, for the pain near her heart did not decrease; but at last we started, and soon reached the house where the ball was to take place."

"We went into the ball-room: I was instantly asked to dance, and was walking away with a partner when I chanced to look at my friend, and was struck by her extreme paleness. She whispered:

"'The pain near my heart is so terrible that I cannot bear it; take me home without delay.'

"My father left the room instantly, to try and procure a carriage, and I remained with her."

"My father soon brought a carriage, and she got into it. I had felt terribly alarmed at first, but as she seemed a little better before leaving, my fears vanished; and, as she was contented to return home with my father, I went back to the

ball-room, and began dancing with the greatest glee.

"At the end of three or four hours, I was surprised that my father had not returned, and I watched the door anxiously. At length, he entered the room, and I exclaimed:

"What has kept you so long, father?"

"We were obliged to wait some time for the doctor; and, when at last he came, Sibyl was suffering terribly, and I could not possibly leave her."

"Indeed! But what does the doctor say? Can he not relieve her pain?"

"He has tried many remedies, but none seem to have had much effect. He fears something wrong about the heart. She was a trifle better when I left."

"How strange! She was quite well this morning, and in excellent spirits."

"True; but Dr. Smith says that some heart complaints show themselves suddenly. You must, however, return home at once now, she cannot be left alone, and she has asked for you several times."

"I left immediately; and, when we reached home, found that they had not been able to take my poor friend upstairs; she was on a sofa in the dining-room, still in her ball dress."

"The pain sometimes abated for a few minutes and then returned. I took her hand, and sat near her; but she scarcely noticed me, and her looks of pain affected me so much that I soon left the room, and lay down on my bed. I tried to sleep, but scarce closed my eyes."

"My friend was even worse the next day, and the doctor said that if there was not some improvement soon she would certainly die."

"I suppose you sent for a priest at once?"

"Oh, no, indeed; we feared alarming her, and likewise we did not know who to send for, as she had never had much to do with priests. She was at a pious girl, quite the contrary; she always said that gay young girls had something better to do than to mutter prayers."

"The most extraordinary thing, however, was this: that, although she did not speak to any of us, yet she was always trying to repeat the words of a song that we had been accustomed to sing together. Over and over again she whispered: 'Too late, too late, you cannot enter now!'"

"She became decidedly worse as the night advanced—the remedy seemed to give relief. Suddenly we heard a gentle tap at the door; I opened it, and, to my surprise, saw the parish priest—a venerable old man—standing there."

"I have been told," he said, "that Miss Symes is very ill, and probably dying; would she not like to see me, to prepare for death?"

"I started in astonishment, for, as I said before, we had not thought of sending for him. I heard afterwards, that an Irish servant girl, seeing that my poor friend was dying, had gone of her own accord to beg him to come and see what he could do for her."

"I made the good priest a sign to come in. He approached the bedside of my poor suffering friend, and endeavoured to attract her attention, but all his efforts were vain; she only continued to repeat the words of our song—'Too late, too

late!'—and then the pain returned with redoubled force, and she shrieked with agony."

"The compassionate old priest attempted to speak to her, but she seemed not to hear, and continued to repeat mournfully, 'Too late, too late.' Was not that extraordinary?"

"It was, indeed, very sad, for I fear that the thought in her mind which she tried to express, was that, as she had neglected God all her life, it was *too late* then to do anything."

"Oh, Monica! Do you really think she could mean this? It is far too dreadful."

"What else could she mean at such a moment? she would not think of singing."

"Oh, no! indeed, she would not; I well remember, as I told you just now, how fearfully frightened I was when I thought I was dying, and how fervently I promised that if God granted me a few years longer of life I would try to make a better use of my time than I had done hitherto."

"If you really made such a promise, madam, I am sure you intend to keep it."

"Oh, dear, yes! I quite intend to do so, I assure you; and, as I said before, I try a little to improve each day. But I am so weak and nervous that I dread long prayers, and could toss my book into the fire."

"But why do you try to say long prayers now that you are weak and ill?"

"Why do I try? Because I promised to be more religious."

"I have been told that when persons are ill, they must say few prayers and only try to be very patient, and that patience and submission will please God far more than long prayers. But do tell me a little more about your friend—did she live many days?"

"She died on the following evening, seeming scarcely to recognise any of us. The priest would not leave the room, but continued to pray by her bedside. He could never attract her attention, and the only words we could ever really distinguish were, 'Too late, too late;' and if these words really meant what you fear, they were indeed sad. The doctor said that her disease was a decay of an artery near the heart, which is a thing that might happen to any one. Oh, dear me, Monica, talking about it has made me feel quite as if my heart was diseased; what should I do if I became suddenly ill like that; I must really begin in earnest to try and improve. How shall I begin?"

"I advise you to begin by letting me fetch you some breakfast, for you have taken nothing at all to-day."

"But I am not in the least inclined to eat, I prefer lying still, perhaps I may go to sleep."

"Do you not remember that the doctor said that you ought never to be long without taking food, and your father wished you so much to try and eat something. If any good priest were here he would say: 'Obey your father, and the doctor, in order to please God.'"

"But God cannot care whether I eat or not."

"God has ordered you to obey your father, and he wishes you to follow the directions of the doctor; therefore, in obeying them, you obey Him."

"Well, then, Monica, fetch me some break-



fast, and I will try to eat it, if you think it will please God."

"I am quite sure it will."

Monica brought the breakfast, and spread it before her mistress, who did her best to eat something, although she had scarce any appetite. But the little she took did her good, and she felt quite happy at the thought of having made the effort to please God.

Her father entered the room, and was delighted to find that she had taken some breakfast, and she answered him so affectionately, that tears came into his eyes, for he felt that his dear child was really improving in character, as well as in health and strength, and fervently did he thank God for this happy change, as also for restoring her to him when all hopes of recovery seemed gone. He came then to say that he had, by the advice of the doctor, made arrangements for a visit to Brighton, as that would, he hoped, bring back a little colour to her pale thin cheeks.

She was pleased at hearing this, and replied that she should be ready to go as soon as he pleased, and he settled that, on the following Monday, they should start.

More than three years had elapsed since Isabel's illness, and her health had continued gradually to improve. She was no longer a delicate girl; the colour had returned to her cheeks, and she could take long walks without fatigue; but what was most to be observed was the changed expression of her countenance, the sweet and calm dignity which had taken the place of the frivolous manner and excited spirits which were once her characteristics when in society, and the listless depression which had so pained her father when she was not in society had disappeared. She attended to her religious duties, and her face lighted up with gratitude and love if conversation chanced to turn on the goodness of God or His mercy to sinners. She was always ready to do a kind act to any of her fellow creatures, and, in a word, she gave general edification when her conduct had formerly had quite a contrary effect. It was plain that her Lord had now full possession of her heart.

But what were the means of which He made use to produce this wonderful change? It began during the illness which brought her to the brink of the grave, and the good thoughts which then arose were encouraged and strengthened by Monica's example, and helped by the prayers of that humble and devout servant of God. The seeds now sown were brought to maturity by the instruction and advice of a learned and exemplary ecclesiastic with whom she became acquainted, and from whom she had frequent visits. He supplied her with books, he encouraged her to persevere, and by degrees her character was completely changed.

Then she first knew what true happiness is, and blessed and thanked God for arousing her from the useless and worldly life in which she had wasted her early life. She knew that she owed much to Monica, and often tried to express her gratitude, but the girl referred all merit to the goodness of God, who had in childhood given her such an instructor as her friend the abbé.

But it was Colonel Clayton who most rejoiced in the visible improvement in the character of his daughter, who now really reminded him of his mother, for to her great amiability was united a high tone and feeling of a well educated woman. She made it her study to be her father's companion as far as possible, and his solace in anxiety. She seldom went out in the evening, preferring to remain at home with him. He read aloud for hours, as his eyes were beginning to fail, and this afforded him great pleasure as was a literary man.

But willing as his daughter was to go, going out for his sake, Colonel Clayton did not wish her entirely to relinquish society, so he had a house in Paris for a few months to give her opportunity of seeing and being seen, and perhaps, making a suitable marriage.

After the visit to Paris, he returned to London and took a house in Berkeley Square. She liked the situation, and having many acquaintances and being a general favourite, she could go out constantly had she not preferred remaining with her father, whose happiness was her thought in life. He seemed in good health, although she sometimes thought his strength was beginning to fail, and she endeavoured to persuade him to take a little extra care of himself, and not accompany her to early church services always went herself, but was careful to return home speedily in order that he might not be obliged to wait for breakfast when he entered his bed-room.

One morning she was detained longer than usual, and was quite annoyed on entering her house to find how late it was. But there was no help for it, so she took off her bonnet and hurried to the dining-room, where she found her father already seated there, and was waiting for her return with some impatience.

To her surprise, however, he was not angry, so she sat down, made the tea, and waited. Supposing he had been longer than usual in dressing, and rejoicing to find that he had not been inconvenienced by her delay.

A quarter of an hour passed by, and still he did not appear; she became alarmed, left the room, ran up stairs, and knocked at his bed-room door, but receiving no answer, she opened the door and entered. But who can describe her feelings at the sight which met her eyes, for on the floor, not far from the bed, lay her father, apparently dead.

She sprang to his side, she tried to raise him, but was unable to do so, although she saw he was not dead. She called for assistance, and the servants rushed up stairs.

They lifted the poor man from the floor, and placed him on the bed. Isabel sent for a doctor, and in the meantime loosened the band round his throat, and applied ice water to his head.

*(To be continued.)*

"YOUR meal is ready, sir," said the waiter to Hayseed, just from the rural districts. "Meal!" exclaimed Hayseed with contempt. "D'ye think I'm a hoss. Give me some corn beef and cabbage."



"BEFORE LONG CLOUDS OF SMOKE FILLED THE AIR."

## Sherborne; or, the House at the Four Ways.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems," "Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER I.

**I**T was during the Autumn of 1869, that a railway fly, conveying myself, Reginald Moreton, a portmanteau, a gun-case, and a bundle of heterogeneous literature, drew up under the archway of the White Hart Hotel, in the country town of Lyneham.

The day was "cold, and dark, and dreary," as Longfellow says; but the next line, "It rains, and the wind is never weary," did not hold good: on the contrary, the wind appeared to have been thoroughly tired by some previous effort, and to

have sunk to quiescence, as if through sheer want of vigour, or what the doctors call tone. The atmosphere was in that state which, Homer tells us, is bad for shepherds but good for thieves. A chilly, thin, whitish grey mist, made the tip of my nose feel a sort of unenlivening tingle, such as one's inner self experiences when exposed to the pride, pomp, and circumstance of some ponderously unprofound criticism. It dimmed the outline of the policeman's hat at a hundred yards distance, and made the approximate gutter an important object by reason of its

comparative distinctness. It caused all sounds to strike clearly on the tympanum, and aroused the ears of the mind into a sort of prospective attention. Tennyson says that

In the spring a young man's fancy  
Lightly turns to thoughts of love.

But I believe that in the country the abstract idea of good, sturdy British matrimony—shy, home-growing, and often unconsciously heroic—is most practically busy on grey November days, when the air is chilly but not actually cold, and the sheep-bells tinkle softly in the folded turnip fields.

I evolved a theory out of my inner consciousness about that, but I won't inflict it on the reader now, at any rate; and as my own fancy was not turning to thoughts of love, either lightly or heavily, we will exchange the æsthetics of the sheepfold for a sitting-room on the ground floor of the hotel, containing two window-blinds of brown wire, a horse-hair sofa, a metal urn, and a wine-glass of tooth-picks on a low mahogany sideboard, a coloured print of a yeomanry review opposite the window, a round gilt looking-glass over the sofa, a money-box for the British and Foreign Bible Society on a small side table, and a voting card of the Conservative candidate for the northern division of the county on the chimney-piece.

I drew up one of the brown blinds, and looked out into the street, which contained a large puddle, an unattached navvy, leaning against the wall, with his hands in his pockets, and a book-seller's shop opposite, decorated, as to its window, with engravings of open-mouthed chorister-boys, Newfoundland dogs, a popular preacher or two, and Garibaldi.

I had not been in that neighbourhood for many years, but it had once been familiar to me; so that I began making speculative comparisons in my own mind as I looked out of the window with the brown blind.

I was staring at that puddle as a dull visitor stares at a photographic album, or a strong-minded woman at the outside of Mill's Logic, when a voice made its way straight into my ear, uttering these very applicable words—

"Are you looking for bygone days in the puddle?"

Within the next four-and-twenty hours I had thought of several appropriate replies to this address, and had pictured to myself the effect theoretically produced thereby; but for the life of me I could invent none of them at the time; nay, during the next few seconds even surprise was quiescent, having been fairly elbowed away by the suddenness of the immediate demand on my powers of extempore reply—powers which (as the pantomimes always say of the police) are not to be found when they are wanted.

"There is a wonderful force in suddenness," said I at last, not to the speaker, but apologetically to myself, "a wonderful force."

"There is, for the purpose of lending an artificial superiority where nature has not given it," answered my unknown companion.

This speech caused me to regain the power of feeling surprised more quickly than I had lost it.

"I thought," said I, hesitating, yet much in-

clined to converse without restraint—"I thought that to derogate from one's own superiority was considered to be a proof of weakness in these days, when a great thought-maker of the day wishes Christian humility to be codicilled by pagan self-assertion. Anyhow, I thank you for your originality—an old-fashioned thing that struggled hard against Burke's favourite aversion, the sophists, economists, and calculators, and went out finally with post-horses."

"To be henceforth a term of archæology, like Italian singing and good cooks," said he.

"I don't like that juxtaposition," said I, "though it is true, perhaps, of both. I wonder now, why they ran in couples through your brain. But, I was going to say that you were overrating me just now."

"Two men bowing over self-derogation, in the middle of the nineteenth century," said he, looking to himself, drawing nearer to the window, and directing his eyes to the puddle—my particular puddle.

"But what are you looking for in the puddle, my puddle?" said I, feeling that I had acquired a right to the monopoly of contemplative stargazing at that lowly work of nature.

"I think I must have been looking to see how much I was altered, that you shouldn't recognize me," he replied, while a ready-made smile stayed rather than rested, at the corners of his mouth, and stiffened them as it went.

"How much you were altered! why, who are you, then?" I asked, turning round, and looking very hard at him, without being any wiser as to who he was.

"Your uncle," he answered, after a rapid, corroborative glance at my features. "Don't you remember me? Well, I suppose not."

I thought of the African magician's address to Aladdin, and carefully scrutinized the exterior of him who had made this sensational announcement. He was a strongly built, middle-sized man, whose age it was difficult to guess. He had thick dark hair, a well-chiselled mouth, with a twofold and unsatisfied expression, thick, downy rolling whiskers, and neutral-coloured eyes that opened wearily.

"Won't an aunt's husband's brother do for an uncle?" said he, with a short laugh. "I feel old enough to be the grandfather of the oldest inhabitant."

"George Sherborne?" said I, half-interrogatively. "But how did you find out who I was?"

"Partly by your voice and manner, which are as unchanged as the eternal laws of self-repeating history and the ever-flowering freshness of your own convictions and practice, partly by the circumstantial evidence of the brass plate on your portmanteau," said he, mimicking the said voice and manner so well that I could not fail to see myself mirrored in the imitation.

But the caricature was not genial, and the looking-glass had a crack in it. I told him so with great readiness some time afterwards. I think he felt that I had perceived this as soon as the words were spoken, for he added quickly:

"I am living the life of a hermit without the hard fare, the praying, or the peace. I mean that

one is so bothered with one thing and another—I lamed my best hunter last Monday, and the parson of the parish lectures on botany in the national schoolroom to-morrow. I am fast qualifying for the character of Democritus Junior, and I can't amuse myself like the man who wrote the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' by standing on a bridge and listening to bargees slanging each other. But do come and stay with me; you are coming into the country, I hear. Haven't you bought a property the other side of Colesmore?"

"A hundred acres, and a square brick house that probably held a sturdy yeoman three or four years back," I replied. "I haven't seen it yet, but I had a chance of buying it advantageously, at least as much so as one can now-a-days, and so I closed with the offer at once. It was as much of a place as I could pay for. I should be very glad to come and see you at Hazelebury, but I am going to stay with Sir Roger Hazelebury."

"So am I; that is, to dine and sleep, and shoot to-morrow. I am off afterwards to Gorseford, to be to the meet there the next day. I tell you what we will do, if you like. I had to drive in this morning: now my dog-cart shall take my luggage, and we can walk across country to Ramscombe—it's only four miles and a half across Wroxley Common."

I acceded to this proposal gladly, for a walk along the by-paths and crooked ways of a picturesque and well-remembered country, with a companion who left the weather alone, and was not bounded as to his thoughts by the Highways Act, or the advisability of keeping down rabbits, was one of those pleasures whose value rises like the price of corn, from scarcity. I assented then to the proposal, but with a reservation which I expressed forthwith.

"I have travelled," said I, "from grey morning till now—it is half-past three—and experienced the magnificent deception of the railway refreshment rooms."

"Inasmuch that you require the traditional mutton-chop of the British inn," said he. "I have got to look at a horse close by, and I will call for you in half an hour."

Accordingly he went off to transact that kind of business in which scepticism is necessary for self-defence. A pity it is that the friendly animal who gives us so much pleasure, and keeps off the doctor, should be made the subject of boundless veracity; but so it is. Whilst he was horse-dealing, I occupied myself with speculations touching him and others who lived, or had lived, in that neighbourhood; or, rather, they occupied me—occupied my mind as a large family does a small house, by filling every corner of it.

The traditional mutton-chop arrived, and I did justice to the same, as a Chancery suit does justice to a property contended for, by eating it up; for I had breakfasted scantily at five o'clock, driven twelve miles over cross-country roads to a station, changed trains a bewildering number of times, and in short, been jolted about from seven o'clock till past two, with occasional intervals of waiting on platforms, where the wind blew from the four quarters of the earth, and placards in large blue letters informed me that the "Daily

Telegraph" had the largest circulation in the world.

Then, being left alone, exposed to the silent influences of local recollection, I fell by degrees into what may be called intentional dreaming; I mean that state of mind wherein, by an act of the will, we think in a series of pictures with no outlines. That little room, dingy in colour, rather deficient in fresh air, and smelling of soot, referred my memory to some of its archives, dating back from ten to twenty-two years—I am now twenty-seven. And so did the oval looking-glass, and the horsehair sofa, and the bookseller's shop; ay, and even the puddle in the road.

All these commonplace and intrinsically uninteresting things were a sort of *memoria technica* to me: they brought into my mind by association the plotless life-drama of childhood and boyhood, and—what shall I call it?—neutral age, when life is fresh, and consequences seem open to persuasion.

How often, when a child, had I been taken to that old country town, and examined all the little commonplace objects in it with an inexhaustible interest that stood its ground even at home among the primroses, and the favourite playthings, and the loved old corners in dark passages, and the little garden, five feet square, filled with mustard and cress, or blue-bells planted without roots. For was there not a mysterious connection between the local interests of home and that old country town? The favourite playthings had been chosen at the old toyshop, where, in an upper room, a queer little old man, who impressed me with the idea that he had always been the same age, used to cut my hair. That little upper room, with shells on the chimney-piece and odd numbers of the "Penny Sunday Reader" in a green baize bookcase, looked out upon a bookseller's window—even now associated in my mind with "Mother Hubbard," "Jack the Giant Killer," and other sensational literature of my childhood. From that well-remembered window, or from shelves behind the staircase—dark shelves indefinitely mysterious, even more so than the subterranean receptacle for bacon and yellow soap in the village shop—the favourite playthings had first caught my eye. From the bookseller's shop opposite the favourite story-books had been bought; at the ironmonger's round the corner I had chosen the little spade with which I was continually digging up the rootless flowers I had planted, and the watering-pot from which I usually poured water over my own shoes. Then, again, when older, I used to ride into Lyneham, and buy bullfinches or guinea-pigs from barbers in back streets and cads in difficulties; and later I came there for powder and shot, just before my first shooting season; and later still, when I had reached the neutral age of undefined expectation, I came there, on the eve of entering upon the world's perilous ocean. There used I, at the cricket matches, fiercely to despair of cutting out some pompous young squireen in the good graces of Miss Virginia Shale, daughter of a neighbouring rector given to geology. There used I to look small in my own eyes when, at the hunt ball, the temporary heroine of my creative fancy sat down in a corner with a heavy dragoon (they existed in those remote times, and were com-



monly called plungers) instead of dancing with me. There I came, with all my worldly goods, to start by railway for the long ceaseless battle of life, when I left the home of my childhood, to see it no more save as a stranger.

But in the meantime I have eaten the mutton-chop, and George Sherborne has returned from his horse-dealing expedition to find me without my coat enjoying a cigar at the open window of the stuffy little room of mine inn. I pointed to a chair, and before long clouds of smoke filled the air around us.

"Have you bought the horse?" I asked.

"Yes; and have not been included in the selling process, I think," he answered. "I fancy I have made a good purchase."

"You are a good judge of a horse, if I remember right."

"Pretty good. I have been lucky in horse-dealing, certainly. I think it generally goes with ill-success in important things. There is that dulllest of prozers, Sir Thomas Grubhedge, a model of mediocrity, who believes in himself so hard that he has made other people believe in him. He never bought a horse that he didn't pay half as much again for as he ought, and he never had a horse worth a ten-pound note; but he causes himself to be considered an authority in agriculture, because he takes everybody to see his steam-plough, and he may safely be backed against the field for his county at the election, whenever he is opposed. In fact, he has succeeded in everything within the scope of his narrow ambition; and I—well! I have been lucky in horse-dealing, but I lost my election at Shipton Clayford through his influence. Yes! A man who is lucky in horse-dealing isn't the man to turn an election by inert force; and the man who can do *that* will never win fair lady, though he may obtain her; and, in short, life is full of incompatibilities. Horse-dealing is a low object of success, but more respectable than betting, and more useful than croquet; yet it isn't a very practical success—it doesn't save one from loss by accidents. Old Grubhedge, who never rode over a stick, saves that way. I lose nearly as much by accidents as he does by paying too much."

At that moment the waiter came into the room, and the subject went out of our heads like an out-voted ministry, by being turned out. But it was not the waiter who interrupted us; it was the unexpected entrance of no less a personage than that uncompromising foe to trees and popery, Sir Thomas Grubhedge himself.

He was a small, compact man, with a bald head rising high at the back, stiff whiskers of a grizzled sandy colour, an outstretching aquiline nose, cold grey eyes, round and rude, a large angular mouth with an immense upper lip; finally, a general expression that is best described as depreciatory. The moment I saw him I felt the secret of his success in impressing the weight of his mediocrity on others. "What a fine fellow he must be if he thinks so little of us all!" is what people in general are apt to feel without being aware of it, in the presence of a stiff, pompous-hearted man, who esteems the measurement of his own self-esteem to be objectively true.

He came forward, or rather placed himself near

to where Sherborne stood, and said, in a prolonged monotone:

"Mr. Sherborne, a—a—I think. How do you do? I am happy to see you again. You have been absent some time from—a—oh! ah! by the bye" (here his memory seemed refreshed, and his stiffness unbent backwards into condescension), "you are at Hazeley now, of course. A fine country this, but wants opening out, and better farming altogether. I have just come from my great-nephew, Bertram Fyfields: he drove me over here, and I have ordered a fly to take me on to Bramscote."

"Does Fyfield still go in for theoretical radicalism after his tenth cigar?" asked Sherborne, in a tone that suggested a sneer without exactly expressing it.

The door opened, and a tall, sallow-faced young man, with limp light hair and moustaches, walked in. He wore the last new thing in driving-coats, held a yet unlighted cigar in his mouth, and, like Ossian's heroes, hummed a surly song.

"Good-bye," he said to Sir Thomas, with a joyless laugh. "Don't forget to read the essay on negative religion, and the 'Hymn to the Devil,' too. It's rather startling, perhaps; but then, it's only aimed against the priests, you see. '*Hai vinto il Feova dei Sacerdoti*,' it says, which means that he is a successful Whalley. He won't interfere with the religion of Laud and Hoadly, of Cumming, Stanley, Mackonochie, and Spurgeon, because it would be more impossible to find out what it is than to learn the Basque language, which he tried at for twenty years, and couldn't manage. Good-bye, I'll give you fifteen pounds for that cob; and look here—there's a trades-union lecturer, Mr. Cincinnatus Ratten, who wants your vote and interest for Shipton Clayford."

He disappeared through the half-open door, whilst Sir Thomas Grubhedge was muttering an inarticulate remonstrance, in a fat but somewhat unquiet voice. The latter took two or three short turns up and down the room, buttoned the top button of his coat with a jerk of the whole right arm, faced us, stood fixedly, with his legs wide apart, and said, in a sententious voice:

"You mustn't take all that seriously. He has plenty of common sense at bottom, and good abilities, too. It's a foolish way the young men of the day have got into—this chaff, as they call it, and making themselves (*he* makes himself out) a—you know, a—quite different from what he is."

"It is a fashion just now," answered Sherborne dryly.

"Yes—a—" said Sir Thomas; "and—a—the real fact is, you know, he is a Roman Catholic."

This was said in a very fat tone of apology, and the *o*, in Roman sonorously circumflexed in token of the speaker's contempt for Popery.

"I never knew that Catholics were more given to chaff than other people," said Sherborne, abstracting all expression from his eyes.

"No. I don't mean that," answered Sir Thomas, placidly believing that the question had been put in earnest. "You see, he is too intelligent to believe all the priests tell him, but his mother, you know—Oh! I forgot—"

What it was that he had forgotten did not

directly appear; but Sherborne turned rather abruptly, and said:

"Allow me introduce Mr. Moreton."

And tacitly impressing on us both his desire that we should do the talking till further notice, left the room to give orders about sending the horse he had just bought—at least, so he said.

Sir Thomas, taking this move for a sign that I should be a congenial listener, approached with visible alacrity, and said, in a voice yet fatter than before:

"Bertram's father was a very old friend of mine, although some years younger than myself. He was a Protestant, and so was she. She was my niece, and I was her sole guardian after her mother died. Well, poor William Fyfield, this young fellow's father, had gone in for reading *The Tracts of the Times*, and all that sort of thing; and a year or two after they married she was got hold of, and went over to Rome. I had rather have seen her in her coffin. He died when this boy was only six years of age, and they pretended that he, too, had become a Romanist at the last. I don't believe *that*; but he had been weak enough to let the boy be brought up one, and it gave us a lot of trouble. I was one of the guardians, and Linus Jones, the rector of Fernham, who had been a friend of his at Oxford, was another—for she wanted to keep him in the hands of the priests; but we were determined to—that is, I was, for Jones would have given in; and he was sent to Oxford, which has improved him; and mixing among young men of the world since has done something for him."

"I see it has," said I.

The ambiguity of my answer appeared to strike him; at least, his eyes opened roundly, and he waited a few moments before he added:

"A fine property, Dredgemere, and he came into it quite clear. You know the place?"

"I was there once as a boy," said I; "but I have hardly been in this country for the last ten years, from the time when I joined the army. If I remember right, it might be ten miles from here on the Middleford side."

"Ah! yes," said he, "of course; Linus Jones succeeded your father, to be sure. I remember your father well."

He took two or three turns up and down the room, and said:

"You remember Sherborne's mother, then, of course?"

"Very well, indeed," said I; "she died since I left England."

"He's unsettled, Sherborne is," said he.

"With good abilities and all that, he does nothing. I often wish I had acted differently, and then, perhaps, my niece Isabel (Lady Fyfield) would have been different—mightn't have turned Papist. You know Sherborne wanted to marry her; but he was a second son then, and I didn't feel justified, as her guardian, in allowing it. If I had been her father it would have been another thing, and so— Well, well! it can't be helped; but he can't get over it, I can see; and he thinks I prevented his getting in for Shipton Clayford, which I really didn't do."

"Yes, it is, as you were saying just now, the fashion to pretend to be what one is not," said

Sherborne, reappearing at that moment. "I heard a man say last night he hadn't a rap, before young ladies who had a poetical ideal of that financial condition, whilst his rent-roll, present or future, was a silent guarantee for the production of—what shall I call it?—the material support of romance."

"Yes exactly," answered Sir Thomas, not perceiving the transformation his former remark had undergone in the process of being agreed to by Sherborne. "It is just what I said," he asserted didactically: "you musn't construe their words literally."

"Nor their feelings," added Sherborne.

"To be sure—that's what I said. They *don't* mean what they say."

"No, no more than the atheists and debauchees of the last century meant the French Revolution, which, what they *did* intend, approximately caused."

"H'm—h'm—h'm—h'm—I hope—yes—very bad, very bad."

"And no more than a man would expect, that an after-dinner speech at a non-political meeting will lose him an election two years afterwards."

The red blood came suddenly into Sir Thomas's neatly-whiskered cheeks, and went with no less rapidity, as if afraid of betraying itself by remaining there. Evidently Sherborne had, by chance or design, touched one sore place in his memory. He coloured then, and the red blood seemed to sting the roots of his whiskers; but the instinct of self-respect, which is often a substitute for tact, a bridle on temper, and a finger-post to the external amenities, effaced that and every other sign of annoyance, except, perhaps, a certain looseness about the corners of his mouth.

"You are gaining more than you lost, in the way of comparative dignity," thought I to myself when I saw this, and heard him follow it up by saying, in a kindly tone—

"Ah! you—you are alluding to when you stood for Shipton Clayford. I have often thought it was a pity you didn't stand for some other place. Your speech was beyond the people there."

"Well, we shall meet again at Bramscote by-and-by," said Sherborne rather abruptly. "We are going to walk there by a short way, across the fields, and it's half-past three now."

(*To be continued.*)

---

INWARD BLINDNESS.—Coleridge says: Talk to a blind man—he knows he wants the sense of sight, and willingly makes the proper allowances. But there are certain internal senses which a man may want, and yet be wholly ignorant that he wants them. It is most unpleasant to converse with such persons on subjects of taste, philosophy, or religion. Of course there is no *reasoning* with them, for they do not possess the facts on which the reasoning must be grounded. Nothing is possible, but a naked dissent, which implies a sort of unsocial contempt; or, what a man of kind disposition is very likely to fall into, a heartless tacit acquiescence, which borders too nearly on duplicity.



## STRAY LEAVES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

BY S. HUBERT BURKE.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE ASSASSINATION OF DAVID RIZZIO.—[CONTINUED.]

**T**HE murder scene extinguished Mary Stuart's fast-fading love for her cruel and profligate consort; and, perhaps for the first time in her life, she felt what species of resentment gives birth to hatred. All further obstruction to the murderers was now removed. They plunged their daggers in the body of the dying man, each blow accompanied by fearful oaths and words of demoniac triumph. The body was mangled by fifty-six wounds and left in a pool of blood. Kerr and Douglas returned to the scene and further disfigured the reeking corpse, tied it up with a rope, and flung it into the street. During the struggle Andrew Kerr, the most sanguinary of the blood-stained men present, placed a pistol to the queen's breast, and, with a terrible imprecation, assured her he would shoot her dead if she offered resistance. The queen stood undaunted. The assassin pulled the trigger, but the pistol accidentally hung fire. Nor was this the only attempt made on the life of the defenceless Mary Stuart during that dreadful night, when a set of miscreants, reckoned amongst those who were called "the Scottish nobles," covered themselves with infamy. James Bellenden, brother of the lord justice clerk, aimed a murderous blow at the queen under cover of the tumultuous attack on unfortunate Rizzio; but his purpose was observed by one of the pages in attendance upon the queen, who, with equal courage and presence of mind, parried the blow by striking the rapier aside with the torch he had been holding. The name of the page was Anthony Standen, a handsome young English gentleman. When an old man, and residing in Rome, Mr. Standen related many particulars of the terrible scenes that occurred on the night of Rizzio's murder. He had a personal knowledge of the principal actors.

When the murder had ended, Lord Ruthven returned to the royal presence to make himself, if possible, more hateful to the queen, who became dreadfully excited upon beholding the bloody hands of Ruthven uplifted in thanks to heaven for what had just occurred. As the excitement caused by Ruthven's presence had somewhat calmed, the queen stood still with clasped hands, in prayer, evidently expecting that her own life was the next to be sacrificed. After his blasphemous thanksgiving for a barbarous murder, Ruthven indulged in gross allusions to the queen's ladies. He threw himself upon a seat and called out for a goblet of wine. "Wine, wine I must have quickly." Then, addressing himself to the queen, he said: "Good queen, you are in no danger. But your favourite is done for; and my dagger and my hand aided in *sending him down to hell*. So perish every man or woman who are enemies to our *holy religion* of

*the reformed gospel!*"\* Ruthven not only attempted to vindicate himself and his associates, but he added enduring poignancy to the queen's feelings when he assured her that the conspiracy and the murder were all planned with the express approval of her own husband, who actually led them into her private apartment, and "held her down whilst they were plunging their steel into the body of Maister Davie. What think you of your husband now?"

The queen, starting from her seat, intensely excited, uttered the following words: "*My husband; my husband! Then farewell tears! We must now think of revenge.*"

Mary Stuart's high spirit quailed not a moment before Ruthven. With renewed energy of mind and spirit she continued her address to Ruthven, who sat opposite with rude and undignified bearing. "I trust," said the queen, "my Lord Ruthven, that the Almighty God, who beholds this scene from the highest heavens, will avenge my wrongs and move that which shall be born of me to root out you and your treacherous posterity."† The prophetic denunciation of the Queen of Scots as to Ruthven was fully accomplished by her son (King James) on the house of the "red-handed Ruthven." "That poltroon and vile knave, 'Auld Davie,' was justly punished on the 9th day of March, in the year of God, 1565-6, for abusing the commonwealth, and for his other villainy, which we list not to express, by the counsel and hands of Sir George Douglas, the Earl of Morton, Patrick Lord Lindsay, and the Lord Ruthven, with other assisters in their company, who all, for their just act, and most worthy of all praise, are now unworthily reft of their brethren and suffer the bitterness of punishment and exile."‡ The above remarkable passage was written by Knox during the exile of Morton and the other assassins of Rizzio. Knox adds a " fervent prayer that God will restore them to their country, and punish the 'head and tail' that now trouble the just and maintain impiety." The marginal note explains that Knox was then predicting the fate of his queen and her ministers. "The head," he observes, "is known; the tail has two branches—the temporal lords that maintain her abominations, and her flattering court-sellers, blasphemous Balfour, now called Clerk of Register, and upon whom God shortly took vengeance."§ Andrew Kerr was Lord Ruthven's nephew.¶ Many years subsequent to the death of Rizzio, Kerr married the still young and handsome widow of John Knox. This poor lady became the wife of another bad husband. A cruel,

\* Anthony Standen's "Narrative" (Antwerp edition).

† Notes of Anthony Standen, who was present and stood behind the queen throughout this terrible scene; also the statements in corroboration of the ladies in waiting; Ruthven and Morton's Narrative; Kith's Appendix; Spottiswood and Tytler. The statement put forward by Ruthven and Morton must be considered as the allegations of the principal assassins. Anthony Standen and the ladies who were witnesses to the whole proceeding must be accepted as the genuine evidence of what occurred.

‡ "History of the Reformation in Scotland," by John Knox, vol. i., p. 335.

§ Lord Ruthven did not live to see the result of his evil deeds. A sudden and a violent death closed his career; and history ranks him amongst the worst of his order.

licentious, drunken creature was this daggerman. Yet, strange as it may appear, Sir Andrew Kerr ranks amongst the "saints of the Kirk of Scotland."

On the night of the murder of Rizzio the queen was made a prisoner in her own palace. The excitement was immense; the assassins took to drink freely, to pray, and to fight amongst themselves. The dagger was again in use. On Sunday the rebel lords, with Moray at their head, returned to Edinburgh, where they were received by Darnley, who cordially welcomed his cousin Moray. Let it be remembered that Moray and his companions were fully aware of the assassination on the previous night. Moray had an interview with the queen, when "she flung herself in his arms and wept bitterly, exclaiming, 'If my dear brother was here poor Rizzio would not have suffered the terrible death he received last night.'" Moray "cried heartily, and assured his sister that he would protect her and *shed the last drop of his blood in her defence.*" Only a few hours after this scene Lord Moray assembled the "enterprising" of the late murder, and several of the disaffected who had returned to Edinburgh with him. The questions Moray submitted for the consideration of this band of assassins was "whether it was expedient to imprison the queen at Stirling Castle or put her to death at once" remarking that "delays were dangerous." Lord Lennox, the father of Darnley, was present at this council as the friend of Moray, who, at the same time, was secretly pledged to have his (Lennox's) son "*murdered as soon as possible.*" A "more secret meeting" was held at Lord Morton's house, where the fate of the queen was again discussed. The conspirators desired particularly to know what course Lord Moray would recommend. He replied, without hesitation, "*that they should put the queen to death quickly.*" "Put to death quickly" that trusting sister whose tears had so lately commingled with his own—they had wept together, as we have seen—as she clung to him in her agonizing welcome of trusting confidence, the confiding dependence of a sister who had neither husband nor friend to shield her. This unparalleled brother concluded his address by telling his audience that *it was for the good and the security of their holy religion that the queen should die.* And again he impressed upon his followers that "delays were dangerous."

Within a few hours the most extraordinary incidents occurred, and the queen's faith in human nature and its professions of loyalty and love was tested to the utmost. The conspirators in the case of Rizzio had quarrelled amongst themselves and suddenly laid the whole plot before the queen, and in the most distinct and positive manner accused Darnley of being the "instigator and contriver of the murder." To prove this they laid "the bonds or covenants before her highness," and the dreadful truth broke upon her in all its horrors.† Mary now understood for the first time, but from a hostile source, that "her hus-

band was the principal conspirator against her, the defamer of her honour, the plotter against her liberty and her crown, the almost murderer of herself and her infant child." Darnley stood convicted as traitor and a perjurer, false to every principle of honour, false to his wife, false to his sovereign, and, like the basest of criminals, false to his associates in crime.\*

The queen was reduced almost to despair, not knowing in whom to confide. Up to this time Mary did not believe in the reports of her husband's treachery to herself and his desire to dethrone her. Seeing the results of his own conduct, Darnley made a confession to the queen implicating his accomplices in conspiracy and murder. When too late he ascertained that his own life was in as much if not more danger than his wife's at this very period. Then, subordinating all to the "principle" of self-preservation, he besought pardon and obtained it. But the conspiracy of the red-handed "nobles" made flight necessary. Many plans were arranged for the escape of the royal couple from Holyrood; but all proved hazardous. Mary's spirits rose with the excitement of the adventure. At last a scheme was devised which proved successful. In order to avoid suspicion the king and queen retired early, but rose two hours after midnight; the queen being only attended by one faithful maid, Margaret Cawood. The party stealthily descended a secret stair to a postern leading through the cemetery of the royal chapel. The night was dark, which added to the difficulties of the fugitives, but the guards were asleep or intoxicated. At the outer gate of the cemetery the faithful young Standen was waiting with a horse for Darnley, who seemed to feel his situation much, for he sobbed and cried; next came the queen. Her doctor stated that there was danger in lifting a woman in her delicate condition to a pillion; however, after some fear and excitement, Queen Mary was seated behind brave Arthur Erskine. Traquair took charge of Margaret Cawood, and Anthony Standen and Bastian rode singly, accompanied by three young ladies, who were well muffled and played their part courageously. The party cleared the precincts of the palace without alarm being raised, and after a sharp gallop arrived safely at the residence of Lord Seton. Seton, with two hundred armed cavaliers, was in readiness to receive his queen and to escort her to Dunbar.† Invigorated by the sharp air and exercise, Queen Mary insisted on taking a horse to herself, and was not only able to support herself in the saddle, but performed the last twelve miles of the journey with such speed that she and her chivalrous body-guard arrived at Dunbar before sunrise and demanded admittance to her royal fortress. The warder's challenge was answered by the startling announcement, "Your queen!" Four-and-twenty hours had scarcely elapsed since Lord Moray and his rebel con-

\* "Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty," vol. iv.

† Prince Labanoff's Appendix; Lord Herries' "History of the Queen of Scots." Jane Kennedy states that Herries, then very young, was present at many of these adventures. Randolph's letters to Cecil at this period correctly describe the extraordinary scenes which were passing, and the courage and perseverance of the Queen of Scots.

\* Adam Blackwood's "Life of Queen Mary," Maitland Club edition; Tytler, vol. v.

† Italian Memorial in Labanoff's "Queens of Scotland," vol. iv.; MS. letter, State Papers; Thomas Randolph to Sir William Cecil.

federates had swept past the fortress on their triumphant return to Edinburgh, escorted by one thousand spearmen, proclaiming as they marched along the tidings that "Holyrood Abbey was occupied by the followers of Lord Moray, that wicked little Rizzio was served out as he deserved, and the queen a prisoner in Darnley's hands, who meant to destroy her for the public good."

Such had been the current reports. Now it turned out that the royal couple—Mary and her handsome, worthless husband—had eloped together, and were riding, side by side like romantic lovers, in the gray light of morning. The whole thing appeared so strange to the warder in command that he ventured not to raise the portcullis till he had ascertained how the châtelain stood affected. The suspense was quickly over; the governor of the castle hastened to offer homage to the queen and her husband. Darnley received a cold reception from the more devoted loyalists. But when the base part he had taken in the murder of Rizzio became known a feeling of horror possessed every right-minded person. Having been duly admitted to the Castle of Dunbar, the first thing the queen did was to order a fire to be made to warm herself. "I am cold and hungry," said her highness; "I want some new-laid eggs and a warm drink." The queen cooked the eggs herself, which caused Archibald Makenzie, a chivalrous old follower of the Stuart family to burst into tears. "My royal mistress to be allowed to cook eggs for her breakfast! Oh! has Scotland lost her pride?"

On this occasion the queen walked through a crowd of her supporters, the majority of whom belonged to the Kirk congregations, and she said something kindly to each, and thanked them for the devotion they evinced for her cause that morning. Darnley, who was present at "this interviewing" of the queen by a crowd of some hundreds, remained silent, and was perfectly unnoticed.

This scene in the hall of Dunbar over, Mary Stuart sat down and wrote letters to her French relatives, detailing her recent troubles. In a letter to her uncle, the Cardinal de Lorraine, she subscribed herself "your niece, Marie, *queen without a kingdom*." Mary was mistaken when she signed herself a queen without a kingdom, for the hearts of the people of Scotland were undoubtedly with her at that period. In a few days thousands flocked round the royal standard. Men sixty and seventy years of age came from remote districts with their sons and grandsons, ready and willing to defend their queen—the granddaughter of their "beloved Bonnie King Jamie."

The rebel league now began to split, and the dagger-men were quite willing to betray one another. The principal men amongst the assassins of Rizzio fled to England, where they were entertained by the agents of Queen Elizabeth till their evil services were again required.

A distinguished writer of the present day, and sometimes reasonless defamer of Mary Stuart, describes her at this crisis of her eventful history: "Whatever credit is due to iron fortitude and intellectual address must be given without stint to this extraordinary woman. Her energy grew with exertion. The terrible agitation of the three

\* "Memorials of the Royal Flight to Dunbar."

preceding days, the wild escape, and a *midnight gallop of more than twenty miles within a few weeks of her confinement* would have shaken the least fragile of human frames; but Mary Stuart seemed not to know the meaning of the word *exhaustion*. She had scarcely alighted from her horse than couriers were flying east, west, north and south to call the Catholic nobles to her side. She wrote her own story to her minister at Paris bidding the archbishop in a postscript to anticipate the false rumours which would be spread against her honour. . . . To Elizabeth Mary wrote on this occasion with her own hand—fierce, dauntless, and haughty as in the days of her prosperity.\* Queen Mary demanded to know whether the Queen of England intended to support the traitors who had slain her most faithful servant in her presence."†

In eight days after her flight from Edinburgh the queen returned to her capital, when the habitants, young and old, came out to meet. Lords, chiefs, and knights crowded around the sovereign, who was at the head of an army of nearly twelve thousand men. The queen's popularity was immense, whilst her husband was detested by the people of every party in the state. He seemed to have been deserted by the Presbyterians, with whom he had sought an alliance. Darnley's father (Lord Lennox), who was connected with the conspiracy to murder Rizzio, was ordered by the queen to leave the country. Moray, whom Mary had never ceased to trust, was once more pardoned and recalled. On the very day he received his sister's letter restoring him to his place he was actually corresponding with Morton and Randolph, the deadly enemies of his queen. About this time a fresh conspiracy, and one which subsequently proved fatal to Mary, was formed. The principal actors in the late plot and murder were all united as to what should be the fate of Darnley, and his assassination became merely a matter of time. In the new conspiracy were Lords Morton, Moray, and Lethington. Lord Ruthven, George Douglas, and Andrew Kerr were "ready for action when called upon."

A few words more in reference to Marie Stuart about the period of her marriage with the French Dauphin. "Love, or even poetry," according to Brantôme, were powerless to depict Marie at this still progressive period of her life; to paint that beauty which consisted less in her form than in her fascinating grace; youth, heart, genius, passion still shaded by the deep melancholy of a farewell; the tall and slender shape, the harmonious movement, the round and flexible throat, the oval face, the fire of her look, the grace of her lip, her Saxon fairness, the pale beauty of her hair, the light she shed around her wherever she went; the night, the void, the desert she left behind when no longer present; the attraction,

\* The letter of the queen of Scots above alluded to is to be seen amongst the State Papers of Elizabeth's reign. This letter, viewed in many forms, and considering the circumstances under which it was written, is a marvellous document. The strokes are thick and slightly uneven from excitement, but strong, firm, and without sign of tremulousness. When the queen wrote this note she had just ridden twenty miles without any refreshment save a *goblet of water from a ditch on the highway*.

† Froude's "History of England," vol viii.

resembling witchcraft, which unconsciously emanated from her, and which drew towards her, as it were, a current of admiring eyes and hearts; and the tone of her voice, which, once heard, resounded for ever in the ear of the listener. Such was Marie Stuart when the bride of the short-lived and lovable Dauphin of France.

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINBECK.

### CHAPTER XX.

THE Indians departed the next day, but they were not nearly so trusting as the Hollanders believed, and for several weeks Mohawks were continually in Renselaerswyk, under one or another pretext. So the removal of the missionary to the brigantine, upon which the Red-skins kept a sharp look out, was delayed from day to day, till at last the captain found himself obliged to sail without his protégé. Now the Jesuit must wait six weeks for another ship, and during this time was unable to leave the concealment in which he had much to endure.

The Dutchman in whose place he was concealed, had an Indian wife, and was very avaricious. His house was the place to which the Red-skins resorted when they came to Renselaerswyk, and Van Curler had chosen it as a place of refuge for F. Jaques because it was little likely to be searched by the Mohawks. Although the pastor Megapolensis, the general and Peter Bluten sent him a supply of food and drink, little did it reach him, for the niggard host took possession of everything, and sought as much as possible to attract Indians to his warehouse in order to make flight impossible, and to get his advantage out of the prisoner. Even Renard who came frequently to visit him was, under a pretence of hypocritical foresight, seldom admitted, and when he was he heard no complaint of his cruel treatment from the brave sufferer. But as the wound in his leg began to inflame, it rendered him unable to move without pain, and the missionary was obliged to complain. At this time F. Jaques wrote a letter to F. Lallimant, his superior at the Huron mission at Lake Nipissing, dated August 30th, 1643, which still exists.

Meanwhile, Van Curler, encouraged by the pastor Megapolensis, wrote to the kind hearted governor, William Kieft. He drew a vivid picture of the Jesuit's position, and said that he had done enough to protect the colony against the ravages in case of need, and asked for permission to send the poor sufferer to Manhattan Island by the next opportunity. At last the much desired opportunity came from New Amsterdam, and the General informed his protégé that he was at liberty to send him eastwards by the same ship which brought the governor's letter. F. Jaques was highly pleased; he was at once removed to the commandant's house, where a comfortable room had been prepared for him.

The Mohawks never knew how near he had been to them after their fruitless search; a few presents restored their good humour.

Dominicus Megapolensis showed his joy by declaring that he would accompany F. Jaques to New Amsterdam, and provide for his comfort; a proposal highly approved by the General.

And now the parting hour has come. Megapolensis is on board. Renard has had a private interview, and the General gives himself the pleasure of taking the missionary to the ship in his own boat.

Peter Bluten and his wife took leave of the father with a thousand good wishes, while the priest expressed his warmest thanks and promised always to remember them as his benefactors.

But the parting from the hawker, with whom he remained for a quarter of an hour alone, was a painful trial. When they reappeared, and the father was told that he must make all haste, the appearance of the hawker was greatly altered. With deep emotion, but with a countenance which expressed a joyful peace, he took leave of his priest and friend.

"Think of my words, Renard!" said the missionary to his true friend and helper. "Think of my words. We have to give an account before God of the ill that we do to any of His creatures, but the sufferings that we endure will be reckoned to us for good, if we bear them for the honour of God and with full resignation to His holy will."

"Bless me, father," begged the Lorraine, as he knelt down.

The missionary complied, and then gave him his hand in silence.

For a moment the men looked at each other with moistened eyes, then the General who had been an involuntary witness to this affecting parting stepped up.

"*Au revoir*, my true friend!" said the Jesuit to Renard.

When they reached the ship at anchor under the cannon of the fort, the French flag was hoisted, the fort sent a thundering salute, and the sailors received the new arrival, to whom the captain offered a friendly hand, with deafening cheers. Then the anchor was raised, the sails unfurled, the missionary stood upon the quarter deck of the cutter, with Van Curler and Megapolensis, and gave friendly salutations to many of those he knew among the crowd which stood on the landing place. A favourable breeze had sprung up, and the vessel was soon hidden from sight by a turn in the river. Van Curler's shallop which was in tow of the cutter returned in about an hour to the fort with the commandant who had taken leave of the Jesuit with a hearty pressure of the hand and a short "God be praised."

The good Dominicus Megapolensis had rightly estimated the missionary while he was in Renselaerswyk. His heroism and self-denial had filled him with admiration, and he was never tired of telling the captain and the ship's company what a remarkable and great man they had on board. With his quiet and unpretending manners, the Jesuit appeared at first sight but an insignificant person, and his almost excess of modesty gave him in the eyes of cursory observers even an appearance of weakness and timidity.

But if any subject of interest was broached, this feeling speedily gave place to the impression that he was a man of remarkable gifts, rare strength of will, and still more rare self-command. Without the pastor's praises F. Jaques's gentleness, affability, and kindness of heart, would soon gain him the good will of the officers and crew of the cutter, and they did him honour in a way that was really painful to him.

Governor Kieft gave the fugitive a cordial reception, and did the little that was in his power to make his residence in New Amsterdam agreeable; but this place was then only a village with a fort and about five hundred inhabitants. F. Jaques arrived there in October, and on the 5th of November, he was able to continue his voyage across the ocean in a Dutch merchant vessel, which, after many dangers, was happily concluded. Severe storms, tossed about the heavily laden vessel, as if it had been a nutshell, till at last it reached the English coast and dropped anchor. Here the Jesuit was robbed of the little clothing which the brave Kieft had been able to supply him with, by some plunderers who entered the ship during the absence of the captain and crew. As, on the same day, he met with a French Catholic, who was in the coal trade, he accepted the proposal of this man to take him to France, and soon very gladly espied the coast of Brittany.

On the eve of the holy festival of Christmas, he disembarked on his native shore. He was received in a very friendly manner by the poor fishermen, and soon found an opportunity for Penance and Holy Communion, after which he had longed for sixteen months. The good men, who themselves lived in great poverty, helped him as much as they could, and pressed him to accept their little earnings for the expenses of his journey. But before long a tradesman arrived, who took him to Reimes, where he was soon able to knock at the door of the famous Jesuit college there, the rector of which had been formerly his novice master.

Long since had the story of his fearful fate and his Christian heroism found its way from Three Rivers and Quebec across the sea, and the news that he had returned to France spread like wildfire. It even reached the court, and the queen mother, Anne of Austria, would hear from his own lips a confirmation of what the sufferer had endured, and see herself and express to him her admiration of his glorious wounds. The honours of the world were, however, painful to his heart, and whenever he could avoid them he was only too happy.

"My services, if I have rendered any—which I very much doubt—are little enough," he said to his provincial, F. Bartholomew Jaquenot. "Yet men exalt them so much, forgetting that for past troubles an everlasting reward is in store, and that suffering was borne in compliance with His holy Will and for the honour of God. It is pain and anguish to me to live among these people who, with their for ever and ever repeated questions, really stretch me upon the rack. Undeserved praise pains me yet more, and I already see that I should do best by returning at once to the New World, where the fulfilment of my poor duty will not be so greatly over-estimated."

F. Jaquenot saw clearly that F. Jaques would pine

away in France, and that it might be his calling to preach the Cross again to the North American savages, and to take up the mission already begun among the Mohawk tribes when the opportunity should offer. He wrote to this effect to the general of the company, F. Mucius Vitteleschi, who entirely agreed with him.

So the return of the missionary was determined upon that winter, but before he went to Rochelle from which port he was to sail early in the year 1644 with his companion, a brother of the Order of Ducreux, a pleasure was in store for him, which not only made him forget all his former suffering, but filled him with such enthusiasm that he more than ever burned with the desire to suffer more hardships in the services of the Church. He had applied to the Holy Father with the request that the maimed state of his fingers might not hinder his offering the Holy Sacrifice, and Pope Urban VIII. granted the permission in a letter written with his own hand, in which he remarked: "*dignum esse Christi martyrem Christi bibere sanguinem* (It is only right that a man for Christ even to blood, should enjoy the Blood of Christ)."

On the 16th of May, 1644, F. Jaques and his faithful companion Ducreux stepped upon the soil of New France, and he who had been so long sorely missed by his colleagues, had a reception which pen cannot describe. The talk soon turned upon the Huron mission and upon events of which F. Jaques knew nothing, and he learned that during his absence much evil had arisen. For two years the missionaries at Lake Nipissing had been without the vestments, books, vessels and other things so much required, and then, since Jaques's captivity, all communication between French at the settlement and the country of the Hurons had been interrupted, and even the building of Fort Richelieu had done little towards securing the safety of the passage of the Lawrence. The tribes of the Iroquois alliance, and particularly the Mohawks, had gained a victory after another over their opponents, and on the western side of the confluence of the River Richelieu, they were in possession of every important point, and left such numerous bands to report, that the Huron country was in point of being closed against travellers from the east.

This was all known in Quebec and at Three Rivers, and the needs of the good fathers at Lake Nipissing, though only known through spies, their faithful brothers of the Order to the help. One of them, F. Francis Joseph Bressani, Italian by birth, had heard of the missionary activity of his brother in the Order in the New World, and with the permission of his superior had arrived in Quebec in the summer of 1642, and the determination that he, too, would devote his life to the spreading of the knowledge of the Cross. In consequence, however, of the misfortune which befell F. Jaques's expedition, his hopes were for the present unfulfilled, and in spite of his earnest entreaties that he might be allowed to go to the Hurons, the permission could not be granted as the tribes of hostile savages rendered the communication between the French colony and the settlements further west impossible.

(To be continued.)

## WITH THE SWALLOWS IN CHAMPAGNE.

So unharmed and unafraid  
Sat the swallow still and brooded.

LONGFELLOW.

**T**HE little town of Romilly, with its not very picturesque, but rather important station, was hailed by me with delight, as the termination of my long twenty-six hours travelling from my Midland

journey had been a pleasant one. The land had treated me with the gentlest consolation, as though aware of and appreciating great love for the sea. The run through sandy to Paris, in the early freshness of the morning, had been thoroughly enjoyable. Between high embankments, lined with acacias; now through the bright open country, past farms and villages, standing in the midst of orchards. Every here and there a pretty stage, from which leisurely steps the sentry-man—not man—who, with her stick, short tunic, low-crowned, shiny, black hat, and red closely furled, reminded one irresistably of the stiff little wooden figures in a toy Noah's ark. The Seine, with its many wooded islets, winds on one side and then on the other.

And now Rouen appears, standing so picturesquely on the river, which here has widened considerably, and is divided for some distance into two broad channels, by a large island, crowned with trees.

And above the whole beautiful scene towers the exquisite cathedral.

And now at last Paris is in sight,—we are there. There is just time for a short stroll up the boulevards, and a peep at the Champs Elysée, and then off to the Gare de l'Est. And in the middle of the evening, we steam quietly into the station at Romilly.

Romilly, with its population of 3,000 souls, is a busy, if not a very pretty town. The church, large and heavy-looking, stands in the market place. The principal street, (there are many others branching from it), runs from the market-yard, past the little corn-exchange, bright with oleanders in large green stands; past one or two hotels, shops of every conceivable description, to the market place.

On market-days, the scene is one of bustling activity and merry chatter. The country folk supply their every imaginable need there, and one of the chief of which is apparently a most unsavory, unsavoury, white cheese, in great request, judging from the number of stalls devoted to the sale of it.

A little further on, through a short street, and you may either turn to the left, along the broad road to Condans, lately dignified with a railway station of its own, in direct communication with Amiens; or you may turn to the right, where again a choice of roads awaits you, one leading through Sauvage to S. Just and Anglure, the other to Marcilly.

To arrive at either of these a little bridge has to

be crossed, the scenery around which is charming. The bridge spans a tiny arm of the Seine, which turns the wheel of a mill on the outskirts of Romilly. As one looks to the right, one sees the mill standing at the edge of an avenue of poplars and an undergrowth of shrubs, between which flows the clear emerald water. To the left, the river soon winds out of sight through its grassy shedy banks.

Sauvage is a pretty, straggling village, possessing more old thatched, mop-grown cottages than almost any other village about here. Its gardens are shady with fruit trees, and the tiny arms of the Seine running through it completes the charm of the scene. The surrounding country is well wooded, the trees being chiefly fine branching poplars.

The road to Marcilly, cut apparently through a wood, so thick is the growth of trees on either side, is one of the most delightful of drives at any time. In the heat of the day when its tall poplars, backed by thick woods, make a shade and a coolness most grateful after the burning heat of the open country; in the evening when the long shadows lie across the road; or, best of all, by moonlight, the road itself glimmering like a long silver ribbon between the dark woods, countless glow-worms like golden stars upon its border.

The villages in this part of Champagne are almost all prettily situated; with compact, well-built cottages clustering close together, the purple colour of their tiled roofs having a rich effect in the sunshine.

But Marcilly is the gem of them all. It is situated on the right bank of the Seine, just at the junction with the Aube, which here loses its identity in that of the first-named river.

It has one long street, if anything so charming may be called by such a name, facing the river in almost its entire length, with a thick avenue of limes one side, through whose square-cut tops neither sun nor rain could penetrate. Where the road no longer faces the river, a similar avenue adorns and protects both sides. On the little "quai," as the bank of the river is proudly called, the whole population enjoys the delicious evening breeze, indulges in friendly intercourse, and plays croquet perseveringly.

At the foot of the bridge, which here crosses the river and meets the Romilly road, is a group of acacias, laden with seed-pods, which tell how lonely the spot must have been in spring.

The old Château of Marcilly stood on a slight eminence overlooking the village. It was restored by Lord Bolingbroke, who signed the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, and who, an exile, married the heiress of the lords of Marcilly. It was afterwards sacked during the Revolution of 1792 by the same ruthless band who cut down the avenues of trees at that time lining every country road. There is little now left of the château but the ruined outer walls, and the site is overgrown with nut-trees and carpeted with soft grass.

A little above Marcilly the two rivers flow along their separate channels, the water of each the clearest, purest, deepest emeralds. Not the least attractive of the many charms and pleasures of this sunny clime is boating on a summer's even-



ing. Many of the inhabitants have boats of their own; others hire them. And most delightful it is to take a boat as high up the Aube as it is navigable, not very far it is true, drift, or almost drift, down to the junction; row up the Seine as far as practicable, drift leisurely down again, and land at the quay at Marcilly.

Second only to boating in the eyes of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, if even second to that delightful pastime, is bathing. Bathing parties are formed, and friends meet together, continental fashion, to enjoy the refreshing element. The wooded banks form satisfactory dressing-rooms, whence the moment's run takes them into the gentle-flowing stream.

Bulrushes grow so abundantly on the borders of the Seine, that I fondly hoped to bring a goodly number to England as a trophy. But alas! the pleasure of gathering them was all I had, for they flowered most luxuriantly and provokingly on the voyage home.

Among the many beauties of the neighbourhood the canal must by no means be forgotten.

At Marcilly, where the Seine ceases to be navigable, the canal supplies the needs of the small craft trafficking on its waters as far as Troyes or a little further. Its clear green water flows between moderately high banks shelved on either side by an avenue of trees.

These canal banks form one of the coolest, prettiest and quietest of walks with sunny fields to meet the eye on either side as one looks from this cool retreat upon the scenery beyond. The country is rather undulating than hilly; dotted here and there with villages and small woods. The country roads were once shaded by stately trees, whose former presence is attested by the mounds at regular distances.

They were unhappily all ruthlessly destroyed in the Great Revolution. In the distance, to the north, in a line of hills, on sides of which lie the vine villages and the vineyards. Their summits are crowned with the state forest of La Racoune, where boar-hunting offers its exciting attractions to the sportsman. On the higher slopes and summits of the hills, heather grows abundantly, reminding one of the breezy moors at home.

The view from the hills over the valley of the Seine is very extensive and beautiful, and the two or three châteaux, standing each in its own gardens and vineyards, enjoy a prospect of which one can never tire.

On the land of one, at least, of these estates, numerous and fine specimens of the fossil sea-urchin are found. So that, although the bulrushes proved ungrateful for my admiration, and the wild flowers were, of course, too fragile to hope to carry away, unless pressed and dried, in the fossil I could have a memento that would neither fade nor decay.

The noble owner of one of these châteaux may enjoy to the utmost the advantages of the situation, having, in one of the many spacious rooms of his ancestral home, three large windows, forming glass sides, as it were, from each of which a most extensive and entirely different view is obtained. Another of these delightful abodes is built just under the crest of the hill; vineyards at the back, trees and shrubs on either side, and in

front the sloping vineyards and far-reaching valley.

A drive of twelve or fourteen miles, from one of these châteaux, the road winding down between the vineyards, before reaching the undulating plain; the skies ablaze with stars in such number as we rarely see in our own clime; the summer lightning playing around; the soft air scarce stirring; the lights in the villages on the hill like glowworms in the midst of the vineyards, one of the most delightful of my memories of summer champagne.

Another charming drive, though not equal in beauty to the one from the hills, is through the villages of Saron, Baudemont, Anglure, and Just. The château of Saron, whose gardens and alleys slope down to the Aube, where, by the way, there is excellent fishing, is a wing only of the ancient abode of the lords of that country-side; its walls are so thick, that double doors are everywhere needed, one on each side of the massive inner walls. Baudemont, from its elevated position, commanding a charming view of the windings of the Aube, and the well wooded country towards Romilly, possesses a Roman tumulus in the midst of a little wood. Anglure, almost lost, and important enough to be called a town, has a railway station of its own; a dignity also enjoyed by S. Just.

The road runs along elevated ground, from which, on one side, the scene extends for miles over the open country, in the foreground of which the Domain de —, with its bright, red roofs against a background of dark trees, forms a charming patch of colour in the landscape. In the far distance rise the vine-clad hills.

On the other side winds the Aube, with its wooded banks, a light and pretty bridge in the distance, and park-like scenery stretching towards Sauvage and Romilly. And let no one fancy that because the trees are chiefly poplars, they are scarcely to be described as beautiful, or termed park-like, in our English sense of the word. Groves in great clumps as they do, and branching luxuriantly the effect is as I have described. I have used the term park-like in our meaning of the word, for what is called in champagne a park with us would be styled a wood.

And, then, the swallows, the lovely swallows, the friendly, fearless, beautiful creatures, that hover above and around one, as one roams about the fields; so close that one could almost touch them, that one half fears to tread upon them, as they skim the ground so lightly, so gracefully at one's feet; that accompany one sometimes for long distances across the open country! How glad was I to learn that superstition at least has done them, what I fear their beauty would not have done; that to kill a swallow is considered to be the worst of luck; that for good luck's sake they must be protected and unmolested. And so year after year they lay their eggs securely in the same nests; and year after year their happy number increases, and they beautify with their graceful forms and airy movements the country of the protectors.

And the owls, those comical, but dear friends of mine, whose not very musical cry one hears frequently in the summer nights. The bustard

with their snowy plumage; the curlew, with its melancholy note sounding sadly in the stillness of the evening; the glorious king-fisher, flashing across the river in the sunshine like a living gem. All these, and many more, are part of the sweet memories of Champagne.

The wild flowers remind one of the luxuriance and variety of their sisters in the garden of England. The chalk soil in Kent and Champagne, no doubt accounting for the delightful resemblance.

Gathering wild flowers entrances for almost any one the pleasures of a country ramble, and the inducement meets one on every side. Clematis seizes upon every hedge and shrub, and covers it with snow; the delicate mauve blossoms of the wild chicory abound by every field and roadside, tempting one to gather the fragile flowers that fade so quickly, as to make one regret the gathering. The mauve scabious, and many others which we cultivate and cherish in gardens, abound in wild beauty here. Purple anemones, or saffron, beautify the meadows with their rich, bright colour.

I remember seeing one large patch of ground, uncultivated for a year or two, which was so covered with wild flowers, as to resemble nothing so much as a brilliant pre-Raphaelite picture. To my grief, utility stepped in, and ploughed it!

The days are beautiful in this balmy air, so invigorating that even the fervid heat fails to make one languid, the evenings are most lovely. The atmosphere so clear, the milky-way brilliant, the stars so far exceeding in number what we see on our own starlight nights. And after-glow, that bathes the wide expanse of the golden light fading quietly into the pure moonlight. What charming memories are these, to carry with one to one's own less sunny days!

The peasantry are a dark, handsome race; intelligent, with a pleasant courteous manner. Yet with self-respect and independence; attentive without intrusiveness, and kind in the performance of the small acts of daily intercourse in such a manner that the naturally stiff and angular Briton may admire their hope to imitate in its easy and natural manner. And then their sobriety and unobtrusive industry! They must be seen to be fully satisfied. Their utter disregard of the burning heat of the mid-day sun, as they work in the fields, the women bare-headed as often as I, struck me with amazement, not to say that their apparent complete immunity from danger of sunstroke, reconciled me at last to the apparent danger.

And so, having recalled some of the many pleasant memories which belong to the time I spent in Champagne, I bid that sunny land, for a moment at least, adieu.

J. A.

God may deprive a countenance of charms, a character of loveliness, a mind of brilliant powers, He never deprives the heart of all love, and the power of loving He gives also that of being ever promising to hear us.

## A MYSTERY IN THE OLD TOWN OF WINCHESTER.

BY K. M. WELD,

Author of "*Lily the Lost One*," "*Bessy*," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### A SAD TRIAL.



THE doctor for whom Isabel had sent soon arrived. He gave his opinion that Colonel Clayton would soon revive, but that he had had a stroke, and had lost the use of one side. He was at once to be placed in a warm bath. Isabel understood little of illness, and felt overjoyed when assured that her father would not die; but the doctor's words soon damped her happiness.

"Though your father is in no immediate danger," he said, "yet I cannot conceal from you that he will never recover the use of his side, but will in future require constant care and attention. His mind, too, may be affected, and softening of the brain ensue."

Isabel was much shocked, she could make no reply, and when he was gone she called Monica, and desired her to take a note from her to the Reverend Father Brown, in which she tells him of her father's sudden seizure, and begged him to come to her at once, that his experience of such illnesses might enable him to form some judgment of his case. Father Brown soon appeared, and was much grieved at seeing the melancholy state to which the poor man was reduced. He felt much for Isabel, deprived, as she now was, of the guide and protector she so fondly loved. He looked at her compassionately and told her that she must pray fervently for grace and strength, that she might bear this heavy trial with patience and submission.

"It will," said the priest, "if you make proper use of it, bring into exercise many virtues, and enable you to compensate in some measure, for the pain and anxiety you gave your father at one period of your life. I remember, too, that you have told me how tired you are of a life of gaiety, and how you sigh for a quiet time. Now you will be free to live as quiet a life as you please. In fact, your duty will be to remain at home and take care of him, as he will not be able to go into society."

"That is true, Reverend Father, and yet in the perversity of human nature, I now feel quite grieved at the idea of giving up society and remaining at home to nurse my father. I thought that if I continued to go into society for a few years, I should at last meet with some one I could love, and then settle down quietly to the duties of married life. But if I remain always at home, and see no one, what chance have I? And I have, I candidly confess, a great horror of being an old maid. If I had brothers and sisters, I should not so much mind, but to be unmarried, and without brothers and sisters, seems such a lonely, aimless life."

"Lonely, if you please, my child, but not desolate or aimless, for an unmarried woman has her time at her own disposal, and can, therefore, do much good which the married woman has no leisure for; and if time and talents are employed in the service of God, a life cannot be considered aimless, or desolate. Happiness is in the mind, and may always be found by those who regard everything that happens as ordained by Divine Providence, and accept all peacefully from His hands. But you have been in society a great deal, you have probably had many offers; how is it that you are still unmarried?"

"Because, among the numerous offers I received, I never found a person whom I really loved, and I had an inward conviction that it was not myself that my suitors cared for, but my money and my position; so I refused them all in turn. There was only one person whom I did care for, and should easily have loved, but unfortunately he did not care for me, and never made me an offer. I have not seen him for many years."

"Do you not think that all these matters are in the hands of God, and that He so arranges events as to bring about His Divine Will? Depend upon it, if He wishes you to serve Him in the married state, He will so order circumstances as to give you the opportunity of making a good choice. Try and put the thought of marriage out of your mind for the present; think only of your unmistakable duty—that of nursing your dear and afflicted father."

The good priest left the room, and Isabel returned to her father's side, determined to do her utmost to make him happy. But she soon found, to her sorrow, that the task was not an easy one, and that her life would henceforth be a constant exercise of patience, for Colonel Clayton's intellect had been much shaken, and he was much altered in many respects. He had become wayward and impatient, and not satisfied with Isabel's attempts to satisfy his wishes, though the poor girl entirely devoted her time to his service. But her religious principles helped her to bear up bravely. She became daily more attached to Monica, and felt such confidence in her good sense and judgment that she gave her her complete confidence, and never had reason to regret having done so. Monica was a favourite with her father, and could, therefore, attend him when Isabel was tired out and needed rest.

Isabel had promised Monica that if she remained with her more than six months, she should have a month's holiday at the end of that time, in addition to the little visits she occasionally paid to her friends at the farm. These visits were a great pleasure to her; but, during her last, which took place some months before Colonel Clayton's attack, the pleasure had been a good deal damped by anxiety about her brother Willie—a sailor—who had left England about a year before she went to her aunt, Miss Temple.

He was a bright and affectionate lad, and had been most exact in writing to his parents, and, after their death, to his sister. But his letters suddenly ceased to arrive, and not a line had been received from him for eighteen months.

She became more and more anxious, for there

was war, and she feared lest he should have met with some misfortune. She was sitting, one evening, busily engaged in knitting by the fire in the farmhouse, but with her thoughts far away.

"Dear Willie," she mentally exclaimed, "pray for you daily, though I know not whether you are still living. Perhaps you may be imprisoned in some dark dungeon, fettered and, perhaps starving, and this would be almost worse than death. How well I remember you when you let us, a fine, strong, handsome lad. If you are alive you must be quite a man now. But I cannot believe that you are dead—God must, I am certain, grant my earnest prayer; some day I shall see my darling Willie again."

At this moment, Teresa entered the room, and remarking the mournful expression of Monica's countenance, said with a cheerful smile:

"What ails my dear Monica? Is she grieving over the impending death of yonder white turkey which has been sentenced to die and grace a festive Christmas board?"

"No, indeed! you merry girl," replied Monica smiling, "my thoughts were far away from boards, as you call them! I was thinking of Willie, my dear, missing brother!"

The bright smile vanished from Teresa's face for her heart was gentle and kind, and she replied in a feeling tone:

"Do not fret about him, dear Monica; you have often said that you trust in God, and would not wish your dear brother to live, if God saw it was better for him to die."

But Teresa's words, instead of soothing her friend as she intended, had the contrary effect; they seemed to give certainty to that dreadful fear which had entered her mind that he was dead, and she could not reply—she felt too sad.

Teresa left the room, and Monica buried her head in her hands; she tried to pray, but in vain fear had taken possession of every faculty—she could only weep.

Suddenly the old dog, which she had brought from her home in Southampton, began to whine uneasily. She patted his head, but he continued a species of bark and howl joined.

The outer door opened slowly, a man entered, and the dog rushed forward. It gave a loud yelp and bounded round and round. Monica looked up in surprise, but the stranger did not notice her at the first moment, as she was behind the fire screen. He approached nearer, and then sprang forward, and seized her in his arms, exclaiming:

"Oh, Monica! dear Monica! have you totally forgotten your brother?"

He pressed her in his arms, he kissed her, but she could not speak, she was almost fainting, for she recognised his voice, and, altered as he was, she recognised him, and returned his embrace with equal delight. At length her strength returned, and she exclaimed over and over again, in an ecstasy of delight.

"My Willie returned! Thank God! thank God!"

At this moment, the farmer entered the room, and at first knew not what to think; but the words she was uttering soon explained the mystery.

and the kind hearted farmer shook hands most cordially with Willie, congratulated Monica, and bid her brother welcome home to dear old England.

It was just seven years since Willie and Monica had parted, and he was grown into a fine athletic young man. He looked at Monica in surprise, scarcely believing that she could be the delicate girl whom he left when he first went on board his ship; but the expression of her countenance was not altered, and her joy at his return was as great as he expected. He looked at her with all a father's pride.

Teresa now entered the room, and was introduced by Monica as one of the very best, and dearest friends she had in the world.

Teresa blushed like an opening rose, and exclaimed:

"You naughty girl, why do you say such things!"

"If she is your best friend, Monica, she ought to be mine, too," he said, as he warmly pressed her hand.

Teresa ran out of the room laughing, and Willie remained as the door closed:

"That's a neat little craft, that friend of yours, Johnny; I like her rig, and her build, too, I should like to steer her."

Little Johnny now entered the room, and stared with astonishment at seeing a stranger seated there; he was on the point of running out again, when his father said:

"Come back, Johnny, and see how you like his sailor boy."

Johnny returned slowly and doubtfully, but Willie seized him, mounted him on his knee, and began to recount all kinds of tales about his sea-life, his voyages, and his companions.

The boy listened with eager delight, and the farmer was quite as much entertained as Johnny; the young sailor related his adventures with great spirit and humour.

When there was a pause in the conversation, Monica asked her brother where he had arranged to sleep.

"I shall cast anchor," he replied, "wind, tide, and weather permitting, at that bit of a pot house passed on my way here. I have no doubt they will soon find something of a hammock to stow away in. What say you, Monica?"

"No doubt they will find you a room. I will look with you and see what they have."

But the good farmer would not allow this; he was sure his lasses would make him up a comfortable bed in the lumber room, and he hoped the next morning he would tell them where he had been, that he had so long left his sister without news of him.

"Well, replied the young man, "our ship was taken by treachery, and we were all caged in a vile French dungeon. The greater number of us died from starvation and other hardships; but being young and strong, I battled through it for a year and a half; when the jailors, thinking I was too weak to attempt to make my escape, gave me a trifle more liberty, and by degrees I regained some strength; and, one fine day, when they least expected it, I was off. A hard matter I had to keep free of them, I can assure you; I was

on the point of being recaptured, but now you see me standing here as free and blythe as a lark, ready to fight again for my country any day."

The farmer invited Willie to make the farm his home until Monica's holiday had expired. He accepted the invitation most gratefully, and made himself so agreeable during his visit that every inmate of the farmhouse felt sad on his departure to join a new ship, and Monica, too, was to leave on the same day to return to her mistress.

A happy month they had all spent together in truth. Willie, during his years of service, had learned to be so handy, that he could teach his sister and her friend many things; for example, to net; not plain netting only, but all kinds of fancy stitches.

They were apt scholars, and before many weeks had passed the appearance of each window was improved by a tastefully netted curtain; and he could play the flute, having learned on board ship from his companions. And he could tell tales by the hour; sometimes of his own adventures, and then again, those of others, and often they ended their day by a dance in the large kitchen. Willie sometimes formed the sole band, but when he wished to dance, which was pretty often, Monica was content to sit and grind an old organ for hours, while Willie and Teresa jigged to their hearts' content.

Even the farmer joined in the merry dance when he could persuade the two rosy lasses next door to come to them. Much pressing was not required, in truth, for they loved dancing, and frequently brought a brother or a friend or so with them. They were sure of a hearty welcome from the farmer, who always said: "The more, the merrier."

But the happiest days come to an end, and the last evening arrived, and the morning, when they were to part, Willie to join his ship, and Monica to return to her mistress. The farmer accompanied Willie for a short distance.

Poor Teresa was very sad at the idea of being left alone, and when she kissed Monica, she fairly burst into tears, a thing she had never done before on such an occasion, and Willie, too, blew his nose a dozen times, but he said he had caught a cold standing in the draught to let the visitors out when they went home. It seemed strange for a sailor to catch cold so easily, but strange things do happen sometimes.

Teresa remained looking after them until they were quite out of sight, and then walked slowly home, where she arrived just in time to say a last word to Monica, who was already seated in the small cart in which she was to be driven to a neighbouring town, where Miss Clayton's carriage was to meet her.

It was but a few months after Monica's return to her mistress that Colonel Clayton was seized with the sudden illness we have described: to this period we must return.

Although the Colonel was seldom able to drive out, yet he generally tried to go to church on Sundays, and went to the same church he had attended when in good health.

It was very difficult to drag him, helpless as he was, all down the church, for it was very crowded,

and especially as he refused to allow the footman to walk with him.

One day, it was Easter Sunday, Isabel had more than usual difficulty in supporting him, as he would not hear of waiting until the crowd had dispersed, he stumbled two or three times, and was just on the point of falling, when a tall, handsome-looking young man came out of his seat, placed his strong arm around the poor old man, and thus saved him, for Isabel was totally unable to sustain his weight a moment longer.

Not content with this, the young stranger kept his arm around the old man, and supported him to the church door, where his servant was waiting as usual to help him into the carriage, and he would not leave until he saw him safely seated.

Isabel had been so much alarmed at her father's narrow escape from falling, that she had thought of nothing else until he was safely seated in his carriage. Then she turned to the stranger to thank him for his assistance, but started with astonishment at recognising her former friend, the Marquis of Everdale. He looked at her with equal surprise, and exclaimed:

"Is it possible? Can this be my old friend Colonel Clayton? He is, alas, sadly altered. Nothing but a severe illness can have made such a change. I had not heard of his being even unwell; he always appeared to have an iron constitution. Do tell me all about it, for you know the love and esteem I have always felt for your good father."

Isabel thanked him for his kind words, but said she should reserve all particulars until she saw him again. He would, of course, call some morning, and see her dear father. She, however, asked where he had been during the last three years since he left Paris.

He replied that he had been in Rome, then in Switzerland, but that he had been in London during the last six months, and he expressed his surprise at not having met her anywhere.

Isabel looked at her father, and said:

"How could I go out visiting and leave my dear afflicted father alone? He cannot bear me to be absent for a single hour. I have scarcely left him since his illness began."

Lord Everdale looked at her in astonishment:

"Is it possible," he mentally exclaimed, "that this exemplary young lady can be the same frivolous, selfish girl whom I knew formerly, and whom I gave up all idea of marrying on account of her unkind and undutiful behaviour to her father? The expression of her face is quite changed, too. How sweet and gentle she looks."

Lord Everdale's meditations were interrupted by Miss Clayton wishing him good morning, as they must hasten home; but she added:

"I hope you will call to see my father soon."

"I will," responded Lord Everdale, hurriedly, "and my old friend may then recognize me."

He kept his word, called the next day, and was ushered into the morning room, where he found his poor friend reclining in an arm-chair, and Isabel seated by his side.

Lord Everdale took Colonel Clayton's hand, and was recognized at once; indeed the sick man

seemed very much pleased to see him, and after a while bright recollections of days gone by seemed to return, and he laughed more than he had done since the commencement of his illness.

Isabel was delighted at the beneficial effect of Lord Everdale's visit, and after a time, seeing her father so well amused and so happy, left the room to attend to her various duties.

Lord Everdale paid his old friend a long visit, and Isabel did not return until just before he left. She thanked him very much for his kindness to her dear father, and begged he would call again as soon as he could.

The sick man, hearing her words, called out:

"Be sure you come again very soon, do not forget."

Lord Everdale promised to return without fail, and left the room.

He kept his word, and called constantly.

Isabel usually seized the opportunity for taking a short walk, therefore he saw little of her, but he was charmed with what he did see. The affection and attention she showed her father touched him much, and he was delighted with her calm and gentle manner. He marvelled at the contrast with former days.

He had always considered her clever, but that her abilities were rendered disagreeable by self sufficiency. Now all this was gone, but the brightness and cleverness remained; he was a clever man himself, and fully appreciated the justness of Isabel's remarks, to which he listened with surprised attention.

He was acquainted with some of the ecclesiastics in the neighbouring presbytery, and among these was Father Brown, the friend of Colonel and Isabel, and Lord Everdale called on him one morning, and asked whether he was acquainted with the invalid Colonel Clayton.

"Acquainted with him," answered Father Brown; "I know him intimately. I have great esteem for him, and still more so for his daughter."

"Indeed! It was in Paris that I first made acquaintance with them some three years ago; the colonel was then in good health, and a most agreeable person, full of talent and information; it is sad to look at him now, and to think of what he was a few years ago."

"Were you also acquainted with his daughter?" asked Father Brown.

"A little, not much; I rather avoided her. I did not like her character; she seemed to think of nothing but dissipation, and besides her behaviour to her father on one or two occasions perfectly disgusted me. I ceased to call, and never saw her again till we met on Sunday at the church door."

"Poor girl," said Father Brown, kindly; "she was much to excuse her; she lost her mother when quite a child, and was very badly brought up by those who had charge of her education. The change you remark was the consequence of a serious illness."

At this moment Father Brown was called away, and could only promise Lord Everdale that he would tell him about this if he would give him another call.

(To be continued.)



"NOW, THESE PICTURESQUE WALLS ARE PLEASANT AND BEAUTIFUL TO LOOK AT."'

## Sherborne; or, the House at the Four Ways.

By EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems," "Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

SIR THOMAS'S fly was waiting at the door under the archway, and we saw him get into it as we turned down a by-street that led out of the town in the direction of Bramscote. He wore shepherd's plaid trousers and an unruffled hat; he had the last number of the "Quarterly" in his hand, and his servant had an introspective expression of countenance, as if he were in the constant, nay continuous, habit of abstracting his individuality from the notice of his master. I made this remark to Sherborne, as we

were leaving the town by a foot-path across a turnip field.

"Ah, yes," he answered with a short laugh, "that's the regulation pattern—it shows how respectful they are."

"Or rather," said I, "how thoroughly they have got into the way of considering their services as the work of a living machine, exactly balanced by the fulfilment of certain conditions on the part of those whom they serve. The very term now creeping into general use, of employer instead of master, shows that the bare bargain is supreme."



"I don't see that," answered Sherborne, in a tone rather too decided for perfect conviction.

"You protest too much," said I. "I think you have got some shaky theory about this, and want to take care of it, in order to see what it's made of."

He stood still for a minute or two, poked one of the turnips with his stick, laughed the joyless laugh which had once already grated on my ear, and answered slowly:

"You mean that I am a disappointed man, who is trying experiments with unsuccessful theories, like a chess-player trying an imaginary game by himself with the pieces, after he has lost it."

"No," I replied. "That was not what I was thinking; but you have made me suspect that there is both more and less truth in the meaning you put on my words than you imagine."

"You have grown sharp—very sharp."

"Not a bit; but when one looks in the glass, one is apt to see other things besides one's own face; and, as I made myself a special study for several years, I learned something of other people in the process."

"Well, what do you mean by there being both more or less truth in what I said than I imagined?"

"I mean that, if I am not mistaken, your heart is more disappointed, and your head less so, than you tell yourself. I mean, in short, that your mind is untrue to its natural instincts, and follows artificial ones. Here is a case in point; but I am growing prosy—"

"No, no—go on. It refreshes me to hear something that isn't paraphrased from what Ranke used to call 'the Englishman's thinking-machine—the *Thunderer*,' whose thunderings have been irreverently called a big, pompous bow-wow."

I was unable to perceive any originality in what I had said, but I suppose I must have looked as if I assented to the idea that it was better not to have one's thinking done for one, like one's washing; for Sherborne, who was evidently in that state of mind which inclines a man to feel slightly irritated at being agreed to without hesitation, added quickly:

"Yes, or from the 'Civiltà Cattolica.'"

"Very epigrammatic," said I, "but the antithesis reminds me of those rocks which geologists tell us derive their origin from the mechanical force of moving water."

"You mean that the mental act which produced it was forced, washy, and unstable?"

"I do."

"And that, to carry on the geological metaphor, the result is a kind of mental pudding-stone—a conglomeration of shapeless materials?"

"Precisely."

"You mean, in short, that I have a lot of provisional opinions floating about in an ocean of uncertainty, jostling each other."

"Yes, and I might carry on the metaphor further—talk about the process of consolidation, and wonder what it will ever form into; but that would lead me farther than I mean to go."

"That is, it would take some of your pleasantest convictions out of the snug harbour of dogmatism, and expose them to the chopping sea of criticism."

We had just reached a stile; and I forthwith sat upon it, after the manner of my countrymen when they want to be emphatic during a rural walk.

"Now let us make a bargain," I said. "Don't get upon religion, unless you are prepared to give your mind and your conscience fair play; or you may know too much. For, as Dante says:

Non torna tal qual ei si muove  
Chi pesca per lo vero, e non ha l'arte.\*

He made no answer, but walked on, crossing the lane below the stile, and passing through a small wood on the other side, into a cross-country road, rough and rutty. After we had walked along the lane a hundred yards or so, he said suddenly:

"You remarked just now (only you went off moralizing about why I didn't think so), you remarked that, in these days, servants in general, and old Grubhedge's in particular, have a sort of introspective way of looking, as if they desired to abstract their individuality from the notice of the masters; and you said, in other words, that the term 'employer' shows the exclusive supremacy of the money bargain—the bartering of time, attention, and labour for wages. And I said that I didn't see it; but, in fact, I meant something else. I meant, that it's a natural and unavoidable result of civilisation—an inseparable inconvenience."

"Showing the said civilisation to be a sort of Penelope's web, that goes as much backwards as forwards," I replied.

"I never said it wasn't," said he. "But do you remember that house up in the corner, with the chestnuts at the back?"

I looked at it, and seemed to stand on the other side of a period, in a space of time full of vague aspirations and indefinite sentiment. It was the very house where the young lady used to live who preferred the plunger to myself some ten years before. I used to quote poetry to her in the shrubbery, and be cut out by the plunger at the hunt ball.

"Well, you recollect, when you were a youngster, how you used to quote poetry to Miss Shale, and give her bouquets, which she, of course, gave to a heavy dragoon—I forget his name—who married her afterwards, changed into an infantry regiment in India, sold out, and became a bar-rack-master."

"What are you driving at?" said I.

"I am driving at this. As a boy, you of course thought her an embodiment of all the heroines that you read of in Byron and Tennyson during the holidays. I don't at all mean that you were definitely in love with her, but that you surrounded her with an ideal romance, whereas she was about the most commonplace little girl you would have found in a day's journey."

"And because I idealized Miss Shale when I was sixteen," said I, whilst he was hesitating, "it follows that I must talk nonsense about things in general now. You had better say it out, my dear

\* Much more than vainly doth he loose from shore.

Since he returns not such as he so: forth,  
Who fishes for the Truth, and wanteth skill.

PARADISO. Cery's translation.

fellow, at once, for I know what it is you mean. You mean, that I have as little sense now as I had then, and that I have proved it by becoming a Catholic. Now, I tell you, I won't answer that; for I don't want to shove a looking-glass before your eyes unless you mean to look fairly at whatever you may see there, which I don't think you do."

"Non torna tal qual ei si muove,' etc., eh?"

He answered impatiently. "You are very considerate. Perhaps you never heard of exciting people's curiosity by elastic conditions."

"There is nothing elastic in the conditions I named," said I. "They are as stiff as a poker. If you really want to know what the Church teaches, I shall be happy to tell you, so far as my ignorance will serve me; but if you only mean to fool and play the fool, I won't answer you at all. I hope you understand this. If not I will speak plainer."

Of course he evaded the point.

"I didn't mean," he said, "that you intended to entrap me into putting in an appearance as a convert; but the fact is, you know, that unconsciously certain habits of mind—"

"Learnt, of course, from the itinerant Jesuit in disguise," said I, interrupting him, for my patience was becoming the worse for wear.

He laughed, or rather, gruffly chuckled. The word had a joyless self-indulgent quality—no, self-indulgent exactly, but self-relaxing. After a minute he said abruptly:

"What made you turn?"

"I am walking perfectly straight," said I, looking at him in an unintelligent manner.

No, no; I mean, when did you go over?"

"That farmer will go over if he drives like this," said I, as a stout agriculturist went by in a hay cart, steering it in a manner that betokened having done much business at market.

"You are avoiding the question," muttered Sherborne.

"I am; and I mean to do so," I replied, "and this simple reason, that you are not in a frame of mind to understand the answer. But who is coming down the road from Ferry Corner now? He is asking a boy the way somewhere, and doesn't seem much the wiser for what the boy says."

This latter fact became still more apparent as I drew near to where he stood. He was leaning forward to listen, and listening with his upraised shoulders, his bent head, his questioning eyes. It was evidently a foreigner trying to make out the provincial vernacular of the said boy.

"He is a priest," said Sherborne; "a French priest going to Bramscote, I dare say. If he is, I ask him to join us."

"Oho!" thinks I to myself, "what a difference there is between points of view! You look on the Ardens from the genealogical side, and speak of 'old Catholics' in general as of an anachronico-romantic abstraction; but you consider them from the standpoint of the Papal aggression. Catholics are to be patronized, so long as they don't get into Parliament, or want justice for their poor in workhouses and county gaols; but their indulgence must be restricted to certain limits. A certain number is all very well

but they must be kept down, like hares and rabbits."

I found it very difficult not to say this aloud; but, reflecting that I should stultify myself if I did so, when I had declared I would not, and had quoted Dante in illustration, I drew a deep breath, and pondered on the force of controversial obstruction—the most effective, if not the most honest method of verbal warfare.

It was amusing to see the alacrity with which his manner changed as he walked up to the spot where the stranger stood. Evidently he looked upon him from the genealogical point of view, and not from that of the Papal aggression.

Whilst he was bowing and scraping in the most approved fashion of international welcome, I profited by the chance, and took a rapid survey of the privileged Papist. I saw a well-chiselled line of olive-coloured features, illumined by a pair of black eyes, that emitted liquid light when he spoke, and I made up my mind, from various signs, difficult to define and still more so to mistake, that he was of sub-alpine origin. He wore an ill-made great coat, evidently bought off a peg in some ready-made shop on the British coast, and he had a knitted shawl or scarf (comforter I believe is the word), of thick white lamb's wool, round his neck. His "get-up" was certainly not sacerdotal; it bore a general resemblance to the sort of dress often worn by English priests when travelling through their native land, where public opinion respecting them may be rendered thus; "We are extremely—nay, excessively liberal. We have freedom, especially the liberty of the subject, so much at heart that we quite worship it; and that isn't idolatry you know, because—because liberty is an abstract idea. We allow, indeed we insist upon, the utmost personal freedom; but you had better not make yourselves too conspicuous, it might seem—we don't say it would—but it *might* seem aggressive."

## CHAPTER II.

But loyalty—truce! we're on dangerous ground:

Who knows how the fashions may alter?

The doctrine to-day which is loyalty sound,

To-morrow may bring us a halter.

So sang Burns in the year 1786, and Don Pascolini (such was the name of the Italian priest) conveyed the same idea in Italian; for it presently came out in conversation that the Scotch poet's theory about reversible loyalty had been illustrated in practice on divers friends and relations of the abbate's, nominally in favour of the Rè Galantuomo, practically in the interest of revolutionism.

This part of the conversation arose from the fact of his having asked his way. The wherefrom and the whereto soon developed themselves into details under the fostering care of Sherborne, who, looking upon the abbate from the before-mentioned genealogical point of view, seemed to appropriate his interests for the nonce, as a lawyer does those of his client.

Don Pascolini was going to Bramscote. Sherborne told him that we were going there, too, and

hoped to have the honour of his company on the way, and was much distressed that there was no conveyance at the station for his portmanteau.

Being a practical sort of fellow, or, perhaps, only a meddling one, I remarked that this distress might be remedied by stopping Sherborne's dog-cart, which was just coming in sight. Sherborne, with many bows and scrapes, offered to drive the abbate in it to Bramscote; but the latter, being very cold, preferred walking. So the portmanteau was despatched in the dog-cart, and we walked on.

It turned out that Don Pascolini had, for a time at least, left his native place, somewhere in North Italy, where freedom (save the mark!) was manifested by the liberties taken with first principles. His health had broken down with fatigue and hardships of various kinds, and he had been pressed to come to England on a visit to his old friend, the Catholic squire, Sir Roger Arden, who lived between three or four miles from where we were. He intended, as he presently told us, to take the opportunity by the way, of doing a little begging for some poor nuns cast forth from their homes by the ministerial housebreakers of the Revolution.

Sherborne's adjustment of conflicting inclinations, after he had heard this, was, to myself, a curious study, almost amusing, speculatively instructive, perilous to charity, suggestive to imagination, puzzling to judgment, unsettling to conjecture. His undemonstrative excitability formed a very suggestive contrast to the energetic calmness of Don Pascolini.

There was nothing remarkable about the latter, nothing distinctive, as compared with the average men of his calling and country; but, as compared with Sherborne, there was something in him very plainly distinguishable: it was something which commonly distinguishes, more or less, the utterances of a Catholic priest from those of other people, but most especially from those of non-Catholic laymen.

This something has a positive and a negative side: you may look at it either as the absence of an uncertain sound, or the unobtrusive presence of immovable standpoints. Both are an enigma to non-Catholics, and they contribute more than most of us are aware of, towards keeping up in their minds the idea of an indefinable mystery akin to that of a haunted house, which popular literature has retained among a people in whom common sense is a noticeable characteristic.

Of the two, the negative aspect is, perhaps, the most enigmatical, and for this reason—the absence of the accustomed is rather more puzzling than the presence of the unaccustomed; first, because you need only observe the one, but the other forces you to think, and it is harder to think than simply to observe; secondly, because in the one case you have something to lay hold of, whilst in the other you must make the raw material to spin your inductions from.

Now, do people really separate this mysterious *something*? And if so, do they ever in practice look at it from the negative side? I think they do.

I thought of this just then, because the expression of Sherborne's countenance indicated a half-

conscious effort to discover what it was that he missed in Don Pascolini—in short, to find out the trick; and if it be asked what happens to a man's features in such a case, perhaps the most pictorial answer would be that they seem altogether up-raised, and suggest the form of an arch, as if by a shadow hovering just below the line of each cheek-bone.

Nevertheless the sentences which made Sherborne's countenance assume this interrogative form were very simple. They certainly were not obscure, but they were prudently, almost cautiously worded; in fact, they were little more than bare answers to questions.

"Italy is not in a pleasant state now," said Sherborne.

Don Pascolini briefly assented, and then was silent.

"It must be painful," said Sherborne. "States of transition are, and must be so very—"

"I came to England on business," interrupted Don Pascolini, with significant decision of manner; "and Sir Roger Arden, whom I knew many years ago in Rome, invited me to visit him at Bramscote, when he heard that by chance I was in England. That is what brings me here. I have also done a little business of a different kind, as I happened to be in England. I have been begging for the nuns who have been driven out of their convents."

"It is very distressing," said Sherborne. "If there could only be some understanding between—between his Holiness and—"

"The thieves who have stolen most of his territories, and want to steal the rest," interrupted I.

"I was speaking to Don Pascolini," said he.

"Nonsense is public property," said I.

"They are doing by degrees in Italy what was done in England by Henry VIII.," said Don Pascolini.

"Ah!" said Sherborne—by the bye, people always say "ah" when they want to make you think that they sympathise with you, and, at the same time, strongly desire to avoid committing themselves as to principles—"Ah, yes. It's very sad story."

Don Pascolini gave one quick scrutinizing glance at the speaker's eyes, without turning his own head, and remained significantly silent. Sherborne became cautious—cautious of saying too little. He evidently wanted to offer credit a considerable amount of indefinite and elastic sympathy for the pillaged nuns. Whether this desire signified latent appreciation of the heroic element in the religious life, or merely marked a phase of international politeness, or sprang out of an historico-sentimental feeling, who could say? Not he, I think.

Well, then, he became cautious of saying too little, and he showed it by making gestures of disavowal. Gestures, by the bye, never commit one exactly to consequences. I thought that I had better make him say something distinctly uncertain at once, and not let Don Pascolini be kept wondering any longer, whether his wayside companion was a cosmopolitan finder of good in everything, or a "Liberal Catholic"—Sherborne's words and gestures would have done for either;

so I abruptly stated my conviction that the Emperor Napoleon would come to grief for his conduct about Castelfidardo, remarking that his uncle had knocked his head against the Rock of S. Peter, and ended his life on a rock of a very different kind.

Don Pascolini still said nothing. Sherborne tried to do the same, but at length hazarded the remark that the emperor had to steer between shoals and hidden rocks.

"Which is a good reason why he shouldn't try to steer without a compass," said I.

"Yes—but"—and here he appealed to the priest—"must not a man choose the lesser of two evils?"

"Certainly, when there is no other choice," answered Don Pascolini.

"But," added Sherborne, after a few moments of hesitation and mental listening for something to say, "the French wouldn't have been satisfied unless he had given them something to be excited about, both in and out of France. Now the Italian Revolution did for the one, and the glories of Solferino and Magenta for the other; and the one stirred up affairs in readiness for the other."

Don Pascolini was silent for a few seconds, and then said:

"Sed melius est mihi absque opere incidere manus vestras, quam peccare in conspectu Domino. What a beautiful view!"

This was all that had passed between the man of the day and the priest, up to the moment when I noticed that the former was "bothered" by feeling, rather than perceiving, the absence of an uncertain sound in the principles of the latter.

"Are you going to make a long stay at Bramscote?" asked Sherborne, feeling his attempts at reconciling contradictions hopelessly unsuccessful with the courteous but uncompromising priest.

"I hardly know," answered Don Pascolini.

"Sir Roger has been so kind as to invite me to stay as long as I can. I scarcely know yet how long that can be."

Sherborne said nothing, but seemed to be debating within himself. The two natures in him acted, like rival candidates at an election, which should be the representative one. It was an interesting, but not an unusual sight, that battle between the higher and the lower nature, between an instinct of admiration for the heroic, and a cultivated taste for fungous-growths of pseudo-philosophy. The middle way, the tottering standpoint of vested rights based on respectable religiosity, had as yet no place in his mind, or if it had, its place was not on the battle ground of rival feelings, but among the practical conventionalities kept for local use.

I saw the struggle. I saw it in the corners of his mouth, I saw it in the uneasy position of his shoulders as he walked; and then I saw the better nature prevail unobtrusively. He turned aside as he walked along, took out a pocket-book, crumpled a ten-pound note out of it, and said:

"Will you do me the favour to accept this trifle for the nuns? I wish it were a less unworthy offering in every sense."

He thrust the bank-note hurriedly into Don Pascolini's hand, and walked on in silence.

"May God reward you for your charity," said Don Pascolini.

And then we all remained silent, walking on faster, and all, perhaps, thinking of the same thing, but in different ways. I am quite sure that I was theorizing on the nature and durability of the motive which had just actuated Sherborne; I am of opinion that Don Pascolini was comparing Sherborne's words with the specimen he had just given of his actions; and I fancy that Sherborne himself was employed in undoing the effect which an impulse of genuine almsgiving had left on his mind. I can only assert with regard to myself. I read Don Pascolini's thoughts through the medium of an after remark, but Sherborne almost told me what he was doing; and it happened that he did so in this way:

We had just crossed a common, and were descending a steepish hill. Below, at the end of a small valley, formed by a wooded declivity on one side and a gentle slope of meadow land on the other, were the ruins of an old priory. It was at this moment, as it happened, that I took notice of his gift, and thanked him as a Catholic for it.

One should never praise a person for a good action when he is out of sorts. He pointed out the ruins, and replied:

"Ah, well! Want of food and lodging is an ugly thing. Now these picturesque walls, you see, are pleasant and beautiful to be look at; and they don't get in the way of the Social Science Congress, or interfere with an enlightened worship of the Unknown and the Unknowable."

"I don't quite see it," said I, "what you are driving at—whether you have no conviction at all, or whether you take me for a fool, and want to show that you do so. Is this centrifugal fun-poking meant for chaff, or for drawing-room cynicism?"

For neither, as far as I know, most sapient monitor," he replied, while a forced smile played uncomfortably about the corners of his mouth, and he began to walk stiffly.

"Then," said I, "it strikes me that your knowledge in that respect is limited."

"You think I have no convictions," he answered, "because I am not convinced by either of two extremes."

"Namely?" I suggested, and held my tongue in expectation.

"The extreme of scepticism, and the extreme of credulity, if you will have it," said he.

"Which two extremes," I said, "meet in yourself, and make a very aggressive combination, like an ill-assorted marriage, or the duet between an octave flute and a big drum in Meyerbeer's 'Huguenots.'"

He waited a few seconds, looked with a sort of interrogative intelligence at the ground, then waited a little longer, and said:

"Well, don't you see, some of us, I dare say, might think it must be a comfortable sort of thing to be able to know what one's religion really is, instead of making one's own private conjectures, and calling the heterogeneous result a creed. But the institutions of the country, my dear fellow, the principles of the glorious revolution, and then the churchwardens, and the people we meet at the cover side, and the parsons' wives, and the excellent neighbours who sit with us on the

bench of magistrates—think of their collective *vis inertiae* sitting on a man's influence—eh?

The weak attraction of the greater fails,  
We nod awhile, but neighbourhood prevails.

I gave him no answer, which disappointed him evidently. I was sorry for his wasted quotation.

Don Pascolini then addressed some remarks to me, and we entered into a conversation which lasted till we had reached the top of the next hill, when a really beautiful, and thoroughly English scene, opened before us, albeit, the first part of the description may sound prosaic. Meadows richly green and dotted with cattle, turnip-fields dark in the shadow of a November sky, and straight-furrowed ploughland bordered with hedge and ditch of the squire-trap kind, are symbolical, perhaps, of profit, sport, and easy living, rather than any higher thoughts; but then, a winding stream flowed through those meadows; trees, mellow with late autumn tints, appeared at intervals along its banks, and marked the course of a green lane; sheep-bells tinkled in the turnip-fields; the pathway across the straight-furrowed ploughland had a stile that led through a wood, ancient, mossy, and suggestive of primroses; several churches with low towers rose above the thin smoke of stone-built villages; cottage gardens were distinguishable; two or three country houses, with all their appliances and all their records of changeable humanity, were either in sight, or to be traced by a clump of trees; country life was busy in the vale, and the dark blue line of hills in the distance proposed to the imagination a vague sympathy with interests embodied on the other side, beyond the white streak of light that lay along its edge, stretched out under a bank of cloud.

"There is Bramscote down in the hollow, about two miles off," said Sherborne.

"And the grey gables of Hazeley to its left," said I, "on the hill beyond the clump of firs, and Dredgemere out there, between Bramscote and Ledchester. I can see the trees in the park at Bramscote, and there is the old water-mill on this side, and the village of Fernham, and—the Rectory House: the Rectory House of Fernham, where my father and mother lived—where I last saw them."

And then I turned aside, apparently to take a recognizing survey of the vale and its undulations, really to hide my face, for I was doing what the phraseology of false shame would designate "making a fool of myself"—the tears would, yes, they would come into my eyes, in spite of me.

But I might have saved myself the trouble of turning away: Sherborne was fully attending to some thoughts of his own, and Don Pascolini was occupied in taking notice of the country.

(To be continued.)

**A PARENTHETICAL SPEECH.**—Curran was once asked how a member of Parliament had spoken. The answer was, "His speech was a long parenthesis." He was asked to explain. "Why," said he, "don't you know that a parenthesis is a paragraph which may be omitted from beginning to end without loss of meaning?"

## LEGENDS OF THE KINGDOM OF NORTHUMBRIA.



THE Anglican Kingdom of Northumbria, of which York was the capital, presented in the seventh century one almost continuous series of battles and murders, massacres of the people and desolation of the land. Ethelfrid, grandson of Ida, founder of the Kingdom of Bernicia, and Eadwine, son of Ælla, founder of that of Deira, succeeded their father in their respective kingdoms about the same time; but the former, who had married Acca, Eadwine's sister, usurped his brother-in-law's throne and drove him into exile, who afterwards, by the assistance of Redwald, King of the East Angles, in the year 617, defeated and slew Ethelfrid in battle, and became King of Northumberland and eight Bretnwalda, or paramount monarch of Britain. He was converted to Christianity, and Penda, the pagan King of Mercia, in order to extirpate the heretical religion, invaded Northumbria, and defeated Eadwine at Hethfield, who was slain in the fight. This happened in 633, and Penda then went into East Anglia on the same mission, leaving Caldwalla, a Welsh prince, his ally, although Christian, as Governor of Northumbria, who made York his head-quarters, and ruled the people, especially those who had embraced Christianity, and were the most devoted adherents of the faith of Eadwine, with the most ruthless barbarity. At the death of Ethelfrid, his sons, Eanfrid and Oswald, fled into Scotland, along with Osric, son of Ælfrid, King Eadwine's uncle, where they had been converted to Christianity under the preaching of the monks of Iona, or, as Speed puts it, "he bin-secured in Scotland all his (Eadwine's) reign, and among the Redshanks lived as banished men, where they learned the true religion of Christ, and had received the lauer of Baptism." They returned to Northumbria, were welcomed by the people and assumed the crowns—Osric of Deira, and Eanfrid of Bernicia. Caldwalla was still, however, potent in Northumbria, holding York, and tyrannizing over the people, and they were scarcely seated on their thrones when he slew Osric in battle, and caused Eanfrid to be slain when he came before him to sue for peace. Seeing that Christianity was almost extinct in the land, the people having reverted to old faith, they both had deemed expedient to renounce Christianity and restore the worship of Woden, respecting which Bede says, "To the day that year (the year during which he reigned) is looked upon as unhappy and hateful to all good men; as well on account of the apathy of the English kings, who had renounced the faith, as of the outrageous tyranny of the Bretnwalda king. Hence it has been agreed by all who have written about the reigns of the kings to abolish the memory of these perfidious monarchs, and to assign that year to the reign of the following king, Oswald, a man beloved by God."

Oswald was an altogether different man from his brother Eanfrid, a man of genuine faith, who had imbibed the true principles of Christianity, sincere in his devotions, and prepared to undergo

death itself, rather than apostatize from what he was fully convinced was the truth. On the death of his brother he collected around him a small army of devoted followers, and with these advanced to Cadwalla, relying on the justice of his cause, the bravery of his handful of men, and the assistance of God. He set up his standard—a cross—emblematic of his faith, at Denisbourn, near Hagulstad (Hexham), “and this done,” says Bede, “raising his voice, he cried to his army, ‘Let us all kneel and jointly beseech the true and living God Almighty, in His mercy, to defend us from the haughty and fierce enemy, for He knows that we have undertaken a just war for the safety of the nation.’ All did as he commanded, and accordingly, advancing towards the enemy with the first dawn of day, they obtained the victory, as their faith deserved.” He adds: “In that place of prayer very many miraculous cures have been performed, as a token and memorial of the King’s faith, for even to this day many are wont to cut off small chips from the wood of the holy cross, which being put into water, men or cattle drinking thereof or sprinkled with that water are immediately restored to health.” He then gives some instances, one of Bothelme, a brother of the church of Hagulstad, which was afterwards built on the spot, who broke his arm by falling on the ice, causing “a most raging pain,” when he was given a portion of moss from the then old cross, which he placed on his bosom, and went to bed forgetting that he had it, but “awaking in the middle of the night he felt something cold lying by his side, and putting his hand to feel what it was he found his arm and hand as sound as if he had never felt any such pain.”

#### MISSIONARY MONKS.—EASTER CHARITY.

Cadwalla was utterly defeated and slain, and his vast army (vast as compared with Oswald’s small band of heroes) cut to pieces and dispersed. Having thus freed his country from the one disturbing element, he applied himself to its regeneration and restoration from anarchy and dissolution to peace and good order. First and foremost, his object was the reconversion of its people from the paganism into which they had passed to Christianity, and to alight afresh the lamp of truth, which had been almost altogether extinguished through the vigorous zeal of Penda on behalf of his ancestral gods of the North. With this object in view he sent to Iona for missionaries to preach and teach throughout Northumbria, and Aidan was sent at the head of a body of monks, whose headquarters were fixed on the island of Lindisfarne, as resembling that of Iona, from whence they came hoping to make it, like the latter, a centre of evangelical light to the mainland of Northumbria. Here they lived under the rule of Columba, the founder of Iona, in monastic seclusion, when at home, which was but seldom, as they were constantly on foot, staff in hand, tramping about through the forests and moors and wild places of Oswald’s kingdom. The king created a bishopric, to comprehend the whole of his territories, and constituted Aidan the first bishop, who, it is said—such was the zeal of his subaltern monkish priests—baptized 15,000 in seven days. Besides this, the king caused

churches and monasteries to be erected in various parts of his realm, and completed the church which King Eadwine had commenced at York, and which was the forerunner of the magnificent fane which now adorns that city, and is one of the most glorious specimens of Gothic architecture in England. Nor was Oswald less active in civic and secular matters and in promoting the welfare of his people. He governed his kingdom with great wisdom and prudence, and under his peaceful sceptre the land was rapidly recovering from the effects of Cadwalla’s desolating hand. He was the fifth King of Deira, ninth of Bernicia, third of Northumbria, and the ninth of Bretwalda, or supreme king of the island, “at which times the whole island flourished both with peace and plenty, and acknowledged their subjection unto King Oswald.” For, as Bede reporteth, “all the nations of Brittaines, Redshankes, Scots and Englishmen, became subject unto him. And yet, being adapted to so royal majesty, he was, notwithstanding (which is marvellous to be reported), lowly to all; gracious to the poore and bountiful to strangers.”

It was a cold spring day; the sun shone brightly, but imparted little warmth; the trees were leafless, and the early flowers looked sickly and languid, the effect of a long continuance of north-easterly winds, which on this particular day came coursing over the ocean, and were roystering in boisterous glee and in fearful gusts round the towers of Bamborough Castle and through the openings in the walls, which served the purpose of the glazed windows of after times. It was Easter-tide, and here King Oswald had come from York, where he had kept his court, to celebrate this important festival of the Church in the ancestral castle of his race. The feast was laid in the banquet-room, a tolerably large but gloomy and, to nineteenth century eyes, a wretchedly appointed apartment, with but few of the appliances of modern comfort. A fire of wood burnt on the hearth, the smoke at times passing up the wide chimney, at others driven inward by a down current of the wind, and sent in curling wreaths along the vaulted roof. The room was lighted by means of narrow recessed openings and arrow slits, useful in times of siege, but inconveniently narrow for the admission of light, yet wide enough to afford free entrance to the chilling wind. The walls were of bare stones, and the furniture a table of rough planks running down the centre, with a smaller cross table on a sort of dais. At the latter table were seated King Oswald with his queen, Kineburga, daughter of Kingils, the sixth monarch and first Christian King of the West Saxons, on the one hand, and Bishop Aidan on the other. Along on the other table sat some nobles and thegns, three or four of the monks of Lindisfarne, and below these the house carles and outdoor retainers of the king’s household. On the cross table was placed a large silver dish filled with venison, wild boar’s flesh and other dainties; and distributed down the long table were earthen dishes containing meat of various kinds; wooden platters and knives, with drinking horns, and small loaves of barley bread were served round to all; and on the table stood flagons of ale that had been brewed especially for the festival.



At the king's request the bishop pronounced benediction on the food, with special reference to Him in whose memory the festival was celebrated, and who alone could administer the bread of life. He had scarcely finished, and the guests were beginning to handle their knives preparatory to an attack on the smoking viands, which gave forth a most appetizing odour, when a sound as of a multitude of persons outside attracted their notice, and immediately afterwards voices were heard: "In the name of Him who rose from the tomb this blessed morning, give us whereof to eat, that we starve not and die by the wayside." The king sent one of his house carles out to enquire who and what they were, who presently returned, saying that they were a band of some dozen of mendicants, formerly well-to-do husbandmen and their families, whose homes and crops had been destroyed by Caldwalla's followers, and they were utterly destitute, deprived of the means of living and dependent on charity for food until they could find means to replace themselves on their farms.

"Unfortunate creatures," exclaimed the king, "a fearful retribution awaits that so-called Christian prince in that world to which his crimes have sent him through our instrumentality by God's Providence;" and, taking up the large silver dish, continued: "It is better that we celebrate not this festival than that the poor of our realm die of starvation. Take this, Wilfrid, and portion out its contents among the famishing crowd, and when they have eaten cut up the dish and distribute the fragments, that they may have the wherewithal to procure food on the morrow." Aidan, the bishop, who was afterwards canonized, was struck with admiration at the pious and charitable act of the king, which he warmly applauded; and, taking hold of his right arm, prayed that that arm and hand which had passed forth the dish might never become corrupt, but forever remain fresh, in token and remembrance of this pious act of self-abnegation, and instead of feasting, this Easter Day was spent by Oswald, his queen and the bishop in fasting and prayer.

Penda, the pagan King of Mercia, was still living, and still as inveterately hostile to the new heresy as when he made his raid on Northumbria, and trampled it out by the defeat and death of the royal convert of Paulinus; and now, when Oswald had been eight years on the throne, had brought his kingdom, by wisdom, and good government, into a condition of peace and prosperity, and had re-established Christianity on a sure and firm basis, he heard with some dismay that the heathen king was muttering threats against him and gathering his forces together for another invasion, and a second suppression of the religion that sought the dethronement of Woden as the god of heaven. Yet, although he heard these tidings with dismay, he felt assured of the Divine protection, remembering how signally he had defeated Caldwalla by fighting under the standard of the Cross, despite the enormous disparity of numbers. He remembered, too, what miseries were inflicted on the Northumbrians by the marching of hostile bands to and fro, leaving, as they usually did, a desert behind them strewn with the corpses of men, women and children;

and he determined that, rather than allow his people to be subjected again to these sufferings, he would be beforehand with the enemy and carry the war with its resultant ravages into his own land. He therefore hastily assembled his fighting men, and again uplifted the standard of the Cross marched into Mercia, his troops singing psalms and anthems as they passed along. Penda had collected a large army and the hosts met at Maserfield, in modern Shropshire. They rushed towards each other in mortal conflict, the one with shouts of "Hallelujah!" the other with cries of "Aid us, great Woden, thou mighty god of battle!" The fight was long and stubbornly contested, and victory seemed to waver from one side to the other, until, towards evening, when an arrow struck Oswald and he fell to the ground, although not mortally wounded; but a cry arose among his followers that he was slain, and, thinking that their God had deserted them, they were stricken with panic, threw down their arms and fled in every direction, hotly pursued by the Mercians, who mercilessly killed all the fugitives whom they overtook.

Although stricken down and faint from loss of blood, Oswald still lived, and witnessed with anguish of mind the cowardly and ignominious flight of his army. The Mercians came over the field, killing those of the fallen who were merely wounded; but when they came to Oswald they spared him, whom they had recognized, and brought him, with staggering steps and downcast heart, into the presence of the chief.

"Thou art he, then," said Penda, addressing him, "who darest to invade my dominions—the dominions of a descendant of Woden—thou a worshipper of false gods!"

"It is even I," replied Oswald, in a weak voice: "I, Oswald, King of the Northumbrians, successor to the sainted Eadwine, who is now standing by the throne of the one true God, Jehovah, the God whom I worship, on Whose arm I put my trust, and Who, if He, in His inscrutable Providence, hath delivered me up to the cruel behests, will save my soul, that portion of me, my real self, which thou cannot touch, and bring me to dwell with Him for ever, in the heaven which thou canst never reach, unless thou repentest and abandonest thy false demigods, who can only conduct thee to the flames of hell."

"Blaspheming heretic," cried Penda, "I care not for the heaven thou speakest of; sufficient for me will be the halls of Walhalla, where, amid everlasting banqueting, I will use thy skull as my drinking cup. Still, I will give thee one chance of life. Renounce thy false god! restore the worship of Woden in Northumbria and thou shalt be replaced on thy throne as my tributary; whilst I, as monarch of Mercia, Northumbria and East Anglia, extending from the Thames to the North and from sea to sea, shall become the Bretwalda of Britain."

"Never, oh, king," replied Oswald, "will I prove recreant to the truth. Thou mayst read my sceptre from my grasp, thou mayst slay my kindred and massacre my people; thou mayst torture me, and put an end to my temporal existence; but never will I renounce that faith which affords me a secure hope of everlasting blessed-

ness; whilst thou, if thou continuest the instrument of false gods, shalt be weeping and gnashing thy teeth in the torments of the bottomless pit."

"Then," roared out Penda, "thy death be on thy own head. Soldiers, hew the blasphemer to pieces!" And immediately he was stricken by half a dozen swords and fell, exclaiming, "Lord Jesus, into Thy hands I commend my soul." The ferocious pagan, kicking the body with his foot as the last insult, gave directions for it to be cut into fragments, and scattered abroad to be devoured by birds of prey and the wild beasts of the forest; and his behests were at once carried into execution. And the birds and beasts gathered together to the horrible carnival, and there was nothing left but the bare bones, and one arm, which none of them would touch, and it remained entire and perfect as in life.

#### MIRACULOUS RELICS.

Some time after the battle of Masserfield the arm of the king was found, fresh and undecayed, and was conveyed to Northumberland and deposited in a magnificent shrine, where it remained uncorrupted for nine centuries, at first in the chapel of S. Peter, Bamborough Castle, and afterwards, when the Danes began to ravage the coast, in the monastery of Petersborough, whither it was removed, as Ingulphus informs us, for safety. The scattered bones were afterwards collected, by the pious care of Offryd, Oswald's niece, the daughter of Oswy, the illegitimate half brother of Oswald, his successor on the throne of Northumbria, and slayer of Penda in battle. She became Queen of Mercia by her marriage with Ethelfred, son and successor of Penda, who, after his father's death, had embraced Christianity. She placed the relics in the monastery of Bardney, in Lincolnshire, and his "standard of gold and purple over the shrine;" but when the Danes became troublesome in Lindsay they were removed to Gloucester, "and there, in the north side of the upper end of the quire of the cathedral church, continueth a faire monument of the king, with a chappel set betwixt two pillars in the same church." At all these places—Masserfield, afterwards called Oswestry, after the martyr; at the place of burial of the relics, and at the shrine of the uncorrupted arm—throughout those 900 years some most wonderful miracles were performed, which are duly recorded in the pages of Bede and other writers; even a few grains of the relic which settled on the shrine of the arm, when mixed with water and drunk, were a sovereign specific for almost any disease.

Winwick, in Lancashire, disputes with Oswestry the claim of having been the place of S. Oswald's death, as there is S. Oswald's well there; and upon an inscription in the church it appears to have been anciently called Masserfelte; moreover, there is a tradition that he had a palace there, which was within his dominions, although his usual places of residence were Bamborough and, occasionally, York.

The village of Oswaldkirk, near Helmsley, derives its name from him, and there are several churches in Yorkshire and elsewhere dedicated to him.

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINRECK.

### CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

**A**T last, F. Bimant, the temporary provincial of the company in New France, gave way to the entreaties of the young teacher of the heathen; and, on April 27th, 1644, as soon as the ice upon the S. Lawrence had broken up he set out for Three Rivers with six baptized Indians and one Frenchman in three canoes. The brave men were well aware of the death which might overtake them in this dangerous journey, and were prepared for it, but they lived in the dream that there was no fear of the Iroquois so early in the season. Among the baptized Hurons who accompanied F. Bressani, were the chiefs Henry Stonstrats, Michael Atiakwendoron and Bertrand Sotriostan, who, defying all dangers, had come from Nipissing to the colony to "learn to pray." The French had given fire arms to these men, upon whose fidelity they could rely; but their childish joy proved destructive to themselves and the priest whose safety they had at heart, for they could not be satisfied without repeated shots, and so drew upon themselves the observation of a band of Mohawks, who fell upon them and made them prisoners almost without resistance. Only Sotriostan escaped; who, having been struck down was able to get to the bank and conceal himself in a thicket till he was found in a dying condition by a troop sent out from the fort. From him had been learned the sad fate of the expedition, just a week before F. Jaques's arrival, and a few days later it was known that F. Bressani and his companions had been carried off in the direction of the Mohawk village.

A journey to Lake Nipissing was not now to be thought of, and F. Jaques and F. Ducreux remained till winter was over in the newly founded Montreal, then called Marystown, and then wrote at the urgent request of F. Ducreux, a sketch of his imprisonment among the Mohawks.

The next year, 1645, brought a turn of fortune to the Iroquois, who had lately always been conquerors. They had been defeated in several skirmishes with the French and their allies the Algonquins, had lost a great number of prisoners, and among them many chiefs, whom the Governor-General Montmagny treated in a very friendly manner, and then set at liberty, when they were to return to their own people, and to endeavour to induce them to make terms of peace with the French. F. Jaques had given this advice, for he had seen, while in Gandawaga, the peaceful impression made upon the Mohawks by the account given by the Sakoti chiefs of their treatment by the French in Quebec.

Early in July, 1645, F. Jaques received from the rector at Three Rivers a request, couched in a few words, to come thither as soon as possible, and at the same time the pleasant but unexpected

news that the Mohawks were coming to Fort Richelieu, and had signified to the commandant there, that their people were disposed to make peace with the Pale-faces if Onantic (a translation of the governor's name, Montmagny) would receive their chief with them. The governor was quite favourable to this.

"Then the first wish of my heart, to return to the Mohawks, may still be fulfilled," said the hero of the faith, as soon as he had entered the mission-house at Three Rivers and had learned the state of things.

"That may come to pass dear Jaques, but first hear all that I have to tell you, and then judge whether it would be wise to undertake to found a mission among the Mohawks so soon," replied the rector, with a mysterious smile, as he opened the door of an adjoining apartment.

A Jesuit father appeared, hastened to Jaques, and clasped him enthusiastically in his arms.

"Jaques! brother! martyr!" exclaimed the stranger, holding F. Jaques clasped in his embrace.

"F. Bressani has been longing for this meeting," said the rector in explanation. He is just come from Quebec. I sent for him that you might both be here when the peace commission from the Mohawks, which we expect to-morrow, arrives."

"F. Bressani!" exclaimed F. Jaques, surprised. Then his eyes fell upon the maimed hand of his colleague which he had not before observed:

"How happy I am; how good God is to bring my brother to me. Yes, your hand gives eloquent proof that you have suffered! A thousand times welcome!"

"Now compose yourselves, my dear friends, and do not let the short time allowed you pass unemployed. F. Bressani has much to tell about Mohawks-land that must be worth your knowing."

Saying this, the good rector led them to the room prepared for F. Jaques, and left them alone.

After F. Jaques had given a rough sketch of his experience among the Mohawks, Bressani told him how they had mutilated his hand, and then given him to the care of an elderly squaw whose grandfather had just died. They thought that in his maimed condition he would be very burdensome to the old woman, and that she would soon wish to offer him as a sacrifice for her grandfather, the best way of getting rid of him.

"But," continued F. Bressani, "the old woman was very kind-hearted and if she did not attend to me she left me at peace, and this was, under the circumstances, a great boon. When I had been with her two days another squaw came to her who, when she saw me make the Sign of the Cross, folded her hands, and kneeled down to pray in her own language. I did not understand her, but I prayed also. When she rose from her knees she came to me and began to talk in a friendly manner. When I signified that I did not understand her she became sad. Then I recollected that I had formerly been able to make myself understood in the Huron language, and thought she might be able in some measure to comprehend it. Then she went away, and soon returned with a Huron who had been for some

years a captive, and who, though not a proficient in the Mohawk language, knew enough of French for us to speak to each other. She talked very much of you, and told me of the girl who was murdered in her hut by a wicked Pale-face from whom she was defending you."

"The good Wagawalla! Ah, I knew she would never forget Cheriska! Did you see Wagawalla's husband?"

"Yes, and I must own that I never knew more noble creature. During the last weeks of my stay in Gandawaga I baptized him in secret. This was a fruit of the seed you sowed there, dear Jaques; but much more has resulted from it, and could a mission shortly be founded there the Mohawk country would soon become a flourishing off-shoot of Christianity."

"May God grant this, Bressani. I have a greater desire than to return to Gandawaga, as to found a mission there. But how did Spotte Snake behave when they knew that you interested yourself about the Christians? I know something of your work from your letters to the F. Rector, which he sent me copies."

"My work was very little. I could only rescue one Huron into the bosom of the Church while I stood at the stake. With the warriors who have been made captives earlier I could do nothing for most of them opposed me in order to gain favour with the Mohawks. But among the late I found several who wanted me to instruct them in "prayer," and to hear their confessions, all whom had been gained so far by you. But I forgotting part of my chief business, dear brother, a white man, a Frenchman whom you know well, came by chance to Gandawaga from another village where he lives, and sent the most cordial greetings to you. Now guess whom it was?"

"I shall hardly be able to do that, for the person I left there, the faithful Oblate, Couture, long since quitted this world."

"No F. Jaques, Couture, is still living."

"William Couture still living? Oh, tell about him!"

"He lives in a village, the name of which I have forgotten, and was there taken into a Mohawk family. His foster-father, or, as he is more rightly called, his master, brought him to Gandawaga, and there he heard of your escape and of my captivity. Wagawalla brought him secretly one evening to the hut in which I was living. He was beside himself with joy at seeing a priest, confessed, and then spoke of his escape. I learned little about himself, for the time allowed us was short. He did not complain of his treatment, but said he was carefully watched, and never saw a white man. A hawk from the Selawsky once came to his village, and seemed to be in search of him, but the only result was that the man was sent off by the braves. Couture was dispatched to the hunting ground with the young men. He had had a sight of the man in the distance, but he now gave up all hope of rescue, and bore his hard fate with full resignation to God's holy Will. He said he was to leave Gandawaga the next morning, and should probably be sent to another tribe."

"I am moved by your intelligence; I thought his trial was over. I hope his steadfastness

have its reward, but it is exposed to a fearful trial. He is still young, and if the savages do not bring him to a premature end, he may have many years to linger in captivity, and though he will never forsake his religion, he will have continually to fight against the persuasions of the Mohawks, he will be tormented in a thousands ways. His life will be as if he were for ever under the lash."

"A successful mission among the savages is the only thing which could improve his position, procure his liberation; I see that clearly."

"Yes, a successful mission would put an end to his sufferings if, as you seem to think probable, he is not made over to some other tribe. I see bitter enemies in Gandawaga; and now that we cannot reach me they would vent all their rage upon William."

"I know, dear father, that one of the Mohawks in there, a cunning old man, speaks very badly of you, and I, too, in some degree, share his hatred. The old——"

"Assendase is his name."

"Yes; so they call him. Now when the Hollanders purchased my liberty after a few months captivity, this Assendase was wild with rage, and during the few last days which I spent in Gandawaga he tried to instigate a young brave to destroy me."

## CHAPTER XXI.

AS were the two new friends conversing, when the F. Rector called them, and told that the expected Mohawk delegation would arrive at Three Rivers in the evening, and that business would begin the next morning. After having taken counsel with them, he took them to the Governor-General, who, after having questioned them much about the savages, expressed a wish that they should for a while listen to what passed without being seen. There was a place where they could be very well concealed, and yet hear and see everything, and he begged them to tell him whether they knew any of the Mohawks, and what opinion they had of them. The next morning they were comfortably placed where they could hear all that passed, for which they waited with anxious expectation.

About eight o'clock the Governor-General, the chevalier de Montmagny, his suite and the few servants who belonged to the colony, with an interpreter, took their places upon a primitive sort of tribunal hastily constructed of boards. Before the seat of the Governor stood an iron brazier, with glowing charcoal, which represented the council fire, without which a Pow-wow cannot be held. On the opposite side was another triangle, covered with skins, and intended as a place for the Indians. An old man, well acquainted with the customs of the Indians acted as master of the ceremonies.

A quarter of an hour later, the Peace Commission arrived. It consisted of four chiefs who represented the four principal villages of the Mohawks, and was led by Kortsæton. They brought twelve warriors with them as guards. F. Jacques only knew Kortsæton, and three of the braves; to F. Bressani the first alone was known. The savages had put on all their picturesque

ornaments, and looked very imposing after their fashion. Eagles' feathers were stuck into their thick scalp-locks, their well dressed skins and their light coloured woollen garments were ornamented with gay fringes, feathers and glittering shells, and glass beads, and yellow, red and black stripes and spots adorned their faces. The only weapons they carried were the tomahawk and scalping knife. They entered the place now fitted up as a council hall, with a certain degree of dignity, walked round it several times with a monotonous chant, and took their places on the tribune.

The Governor now rose and saluted the delegates in a few words which were translated by the interpreter into Mohawk; then, with his own hand, he lighted a long calumet from a coal brought by one of his attendants from the brazier, blew three clouds of tobacco smoke towards the ceiling of the hall, and then presented the pipe of peace to Kortsæton, who did the same, and gave it back, after which it made the round amid profound silence.

The Pow-wow was now opened with the required ceremonies. Seventeen wampum girdles were given to Kortsæton by one of his people, which he placed one by one at the feet of the Governor with an explanation of its meaning. The first girdle was a sign of the friendly feeling of the Mohawks, and their wish to conclude a lasting peace with the Pale-faces at the Great River; the second signified an assurance that, as a proof that they would keep their promise, the Mohawks would call to account any of their braves who should break the peace; the third girdle signified the wish of the Mohawks that the French would promote a treaty between the tribes who were friendly to them and the Mohawks; the fourth girdle was meant to express the sorrow of the savages over the life, and destruction of property caused by the war. The remainder of the girdles, to fifteen, had each a peaceful signification.

When these fifteen wampum girdles had been laid at the Governor's feet, the eloquent chief was silent, he looked at the two strips of wampum which were still in his hand, and were more ornamented than the others, stroked them lovingly, and, drawing himself up, continued:

"Onantio is the wise sagamore, and great chief of his people. He and the sachems and chiefs around him, who come from the land where dwells the great light that makes the day, shall now hear the one last request of the Ongwehonwe. The great spirit gave two white black-robcs into the hands of his red children, and there was great joy in the village because of this. The sachems, the chiefs, the young men, and the squaws sat listening at the feet of the black-robcs, from whom they heard the wonderful things they know about. But they have both left us, and now there is sorrow in our land. One of the black-robcs, called Ondesonk in Gandawaga, has gone away, and we know not whither. The Pale-faces at Cahotatea have locked him up, and he is perhaps now their prisoner, and suffers great pain. When we sought for Ondesonk, they said he was not with them. The Pale-faces at Cahotatea are not like Onantio and his people. They have crooked and double tongues. The other black-robe also

went to the false men at Cabotatea. He was only in Gandawaga for a short time, and was very kindly treated there. The Mohawks are afraid that a bad fate may also have befallen him. They love the black-robcs, and were glad when they were happy, but were sorry when they saw them sad. The Ongwehonwe long after the good black-robe, and send the Pale-faces at the Great Stream by the hands of Kortsæton, these two wampum girdles that Onantio may say whether he knows where the black-robcs are, and whether the Great Spirit has protected them from harm. And they beg that the black-robcs may again come to them. Places are ready for them in Gandawaga and the fire still burns for them in the wigwams. They may return, and shall be our brothers. We will love and respect them and will listen gladly to their wise words. This is the message which Kortsæton has to bring to the mighty Pale-faces whose great sagamore and chief is Onantio. Kortsæton has spoken."

The missionary could not repress a bitter smile when he heard this chief, whom they both had believed so superior in mind to the mass of his people, tell such perfidious lies with such surprising coolness and courage.

The Governor and his officers were also not a little surprised at the clever savage. Scorn and anger were expressed in their faces, and the Chevalier de Montmagny deliberated as to whether he should call the priests from their concealment and by this means punish the bold deceiver on the spot. But discretion gained the victory over anger, and the Governor rose and said:

"We have heard the request of the red men. We will consider the words of the chief and come to a conclusion. Kortsæton knows that he cannot expect an answer at once. We will speak to the red men when the great light has gone to rest and has risen again. White men think of what they have to promise, and when they have given their word they keep it. We wish to live in peace with Kortsæton and his people, and to-morrow they shall have an answer to their proposal. Then they shall hear what we know of the two black-robcs. Kortsæton and his braves may now return to the house which is prepared for them. They are all welcomed by the white men as guests."

*(To be continued.)*

**ECONOMY.**—Economy is one of the chief duties of a state, as well as of an individual. It is not only a great virtue in itself, but it is the parent of many others. It preserves men and nations from the commission of crime and the endurance of misery. The man that lives within his income can be just, humane, charitable, and independent. He who lives beyond it, becomes, almost necessarily, rapacious, mean, faithless, contemptible. The economist is easy and comfortable; the prodigal harassed with debts, and unable to obtain the necessary means of life. So it is with nations. National character, as well as national happiness, has, from the beginning of the world to the present day, been sacrificed on the altar of profusion.

## THE KOH-I-NOOR, OR MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.



HE origin of this peerless jewel is lost in the mists of legendary antiquity. It had fallen into the hands of the early Turkish invaders of India, and from them it passed into the hands of the Moguls. "My son," says the illustrious Baber, "has a jewel from the Raja which is valued at half the expenses of the world." A century or two later the Persian conqueror, Nadir Shah, seeing glitter in the turban of Baber's conquered descendant, exclaimed with rough humour: "We will be friends; let us exchange turbans." At the exchange, of course, took place.

The Afghan conqueror, Ahmed Shah, wrested it from the feeble hands of Nadir Shah's successor, and so it came into the possession of Shah Sooja, who was the miserable pretext for the first Afghan war. He was relieved of it by money-loving Runjeet Sing, who on his death, at the suggestion of a wily Brahmin, had half disposed to make his peace with the world by sending the beautiful jewel to adorn the idol of Juggernaut. Finally, with other spoils of the Afghan war, it got into the custody of the Punjab Board, then consisting of Sir Henry Lawrence, his brother John, and C. G. Mansel, and was reserved for the ultimate possession of the English Crown. There is an incident of its transfer not generally known, and which the author of the "Life of Lord Lawrence," Mr. Boswell Smith, relates on the best authority.

At one of the early meetings of the board the jewel was by it committed to the care of Lord Lawrence. Perhaps the other members of the board thought he, with his splendid physique, the gnarled knotted stick which he always carried with him, and which the Sikhs considered a mark of familiar spirit, would be the best security for its safe keeping. But here they misjudged the man. How could a man so careless of the conventionalities of life—a man who never wore a jewel on his person till the orders and clasp which he won compelled him to do so, and even then put them remorselessly in the wrong place, was it likely that such a man should realize the value of the jewel entrusted to him? Half unconsciously he thrust it into his waistcoat pocket, wrapped in folds of cloth, and placed in a box. He went on with his work, changed dress for dinner, and threw his waistcoat aside.

About six weeks afterwards a letter came from Lord Dalhousie saying the queen ordered the jewel to be immediately transmitted to her. The subject was mentioned at the board, when Lord Lawrence said quietly: "Send for it at once." "Why you have got it," said Sir Henry. At that moment the fact of his carelessness flashed before him. He was horror-stricken, and, as he endeavored to describe his feelings when telling the story to himself: "Well, this is the worst trouble I have ever yet got into." But he gave no sign of trepidation. "Oh yes, of course; I forgot about it," he said, and went on with business as usual. He soon slipped away to his private room.

and, with his heart in his mouth, sent for his old bearer. "Have you got an old box that was in my waistcoat pocket some time ago?" "Yes, Sahib, I found it, and put it into one of your boxes." "Bring it here," said the Sahib. Upon this the native went to an old broken tin box, and produced a smaller one from it. "Open it, and see what is inside." He watched the man as he fold after fold of the wrapping was removed, and great was his relief when the precious stone appeared. "There is nothing here, Sahib," said the man, "but a bit of glass."

## MYSTERY IN THE OLD TOWN OF WINCHESTER.

BY K. M. WELD,

Author of "*Lily the Lost One*," "*Bessy*," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER IX.

IT was not long before Lord Everdale again knocked at Father Brown's door, for he was impatient to hear more about Isabel.

"The change you remark in Miss Clayton," began the father, after a few casual remarks, "originated in a very severe illness two or three years ago, which brought her to the point of death. She then reflected on the useless worldly life she had led, and determined that if she granted her a few more years, she would endeavour to do better. The fever abated when she seemed almost gone, she recovered strength in slow degrees, and was most anxious to carry out her good resolutions; but she had had so much religious instruction that she scarcely knew where to begin. God, however, in His goodness, sent her the help she required. The first person whose example really made an impression on her, was a young country girl, whom Colonel Clayton engaged as her maid. This girl was the daughter of a respectable carpenter in Southampton, and had been educated by a French abbé, who came to the time of the Revolution. He lodged at the house of her parents, and educated her. She repaid his care, for she was considered by all who knew her as a model of piety and innocence. Colonel Clayton soon discovered and appreciated her valuable qualities; she saw her own inferiority, and made great efforts to improve. A short time after this she was introduced to a learned and exemplary bishop, who gave her much good advice, and supplied her with books calculated to form her mind. She is a general favourite. I fancy you are acquainted with some of her numerous friends. Miss Lushington for instance!"

"Yes, I am acquainted with Miss Lushington. She is very amusing, but then, she is so dreadfully satirical, that I should fear anything like intimacy with her. She is almost, if not quite ill-natured. She puts on a smiling expression, and then comes out with remarks which she must know to be most annoying to those whom she addresses."

"She is not probably aware of this fault,"

answered Father Brown. "Her offensive words may be merely the effect of giddiness and want of thought."

"But she is not so very young now, Father Brown; she is old enough to reflect a little before speaking."

"Do you know Miss Clayton's friend, Miss Fanny Wheeler?"

"Oh, yes, I am well acquainted with little Fanny Wheeler, and a bright merry girl she is, full of fun, and ready to do a good turn to any one. I have not seen her for some time, but I should be delighted to meet her again. But now I must say good morning, and apologize for having taken up so much of your time."

Lord Everdale departed, fully determined to go frequently to call on his poor old sick friend the colonel; this resolution was formed not only from the kind motive of giving pleasure to the invalid, but likewise from a desire to see Isabel, whom he had always admired, although he would not, in former days, allow himself even to think of her as a wife, she so loved pleasure and was utterly indifferent and devoid of religion.

Now, however, that her character was so changed, there was no reason for his not marrying her if he wished.

He determined, nevertheless, to do nothing in a hurry, but to look well before he took the final leap. But the little he did see of her increased his admiration and desire to see more.

He called one morning, and Isabel was about to leave the room, when the door was flung suddenly open, and a merry laughing face appeared.

"Oh! Bell, Bell!" exclaimed little Fanny Wheeler, for she it was, "what do you think has happened to me? I am terribly vexed, and yet I can only laugh. I have actually had my pocket picked, and lost that beautiful purse, given to me by cousin Bob. I never had a good purse before, and I did love that dear purse so much, and I took such care of it too, at least I intended to do so. The worst of the matter is that pa says he does not pity me at all, that it is quite my own fault."

"But, Fanny dear, how did you manage to get your pocket picked with so many police about?"

"There was no policeman near, and a traveller wearing a little cape begged me to point out the way to Hanover Square. Of course I did so and he departed well satisfied. I went feeling quite light-hearted at having helped the poor man, but when I reached the shop in Oxford Street and wished to make a purchase, I found that my pocket was light as well as my heart—my purse was gone! I cannot help laughing now when I think of my dismay! I hoped at first that I had left it at home, and returned to see, but no purse did I find, of course that old rogue of a traveller must have taken it, while I was intent on pointing out the way to Hanover Square. It was really too bad to take advantage of my kindness to rob me; however, it is useless to say more, it cannot be helped now."

Miss Lushington had entered the room while Fanny was speaking, and had heard her tale. She laughed, and said in a satirical tone:

"It served you quite right; the loss of your purse will perhaps teach you to be less careless in



future, for everyone says you cannot be trusted with any thing."

"Every one? Who do you mean by every one? Your own wonderful self is the every one, I have no doubt."

"I have heard your sister say so a dozen times."

"Then my sister was very unkind, that is all I can say. But I must be off. Good-bye, Bell dear. I am quite sure you are sorry that I have lost my purse. Good-bye, Bell. Good-bye, Colonel Clayton," she said, as she took both his hands and looked at him in her merry laughing way.

"Good-bye, you merry little puss," answered he, "come and see me again very soon, for you always do me good."

Fanny skipped out of the room, pretending to forget to say good-bye to Miss Lushington whom she disliked.

"She really ought to be a little more steady," said Miss Lushington primly. "She is nearly twenty, but as giddy as when she was in the school-room. I am quite glad that she has had the lesson of losing her purse, it may improve her."

"I, on the contrary, am very sorry," said Isabel. "She may be a little thoughtless, but that is but a very small fault, and I think it was a great pity to tell her what her sister said, for often words uttered unthinkingly make great mischief if repeated."

"Oh, of course, I am wrong; but you are such a particular old maid. Is she not, Lord Everdale?"

"Miss Clayton appears to me to be quite right in her opinion," he replied. "I have seen great mischief made by ladies repeating words unguardedly uttered."

Miss Lushington coloured, looked angry, and soon after left the room. She was angry, not with herself, but with Isabel, and she was the more put out, because many circumstances had shown her the high estimation in which her friend was held by Lord Everdale, and having decided in her own mind that he would be a good match for herself, she detested anything in the shape of a rival. She determined, now, to call in some friends in the neighbourhood who were great newsmongers, in hopes of hearing something exciting or amusing.

She was not disappointed in her expectations, for the moment she entered the room her friend, Miss Finley, exclaimed:

"Oh, Miss Lushington! have you heard that your friend Lord Everdale is going to be married?"

"To be married? No, indeed. I know thing about it. Whom is he going to marry?"

"Do you really mean that you have not heard such a piece of news? I thought you were intimate."

"I do not believe it is true. Who told you? and whom is he going to marry? Do you know her? Is she young?"

"Yes, young and very pretty, she is the daughter of an Italian count. He saw a great deal of her when they were in Rome together; he fell in love with her, and she is coming over to England to remain with his mother until the marriage takes

place, as her own parents are dead. Her name is Lucia Baldechim. The part which does surprise me, is his liking to marry a foreigner! I thought he was a regular John Bull; but there is no accounting for tastes, and they say she is very beautiful and accomplished."

Had it been a few months earlier, Miss Lushington would have been much put out by this intelligence; but now she felt certain that Lord Everdale preferred Isabel to herself, she fancied her friend wished to catch him; and, therefore, as she felt a kind of malicious pleasure in the thought of her disappointment, she determined to make some excuse for her return, and herself to announce the news to Isabel, that she might enjoy her surprise and annoyance.

When she entered the room, Isabel was seated by her father. Miss Lushington soon entered upon her real business, the first step in which was to ask if Isabel had heard "the news," though she perceived that to her it would probably be news at all.

"Of course, you know that your friend, Lord Everdale is going to be married."

Isabel did not reply; she had just dropped her embroidery needle on the floor, and was hunting diligently for it, as she had no other.

"What a fuss you make about your needle!" said Miss Lushington, impatiently. "There is sticking in the side of your work."

"Thank you," said Isabel, looking up, "I am sorry to have given you the trouble of seeking it."

Her face was much flushed, but that was natural consequence of stooping down to hunt for the needle on the floor.

"Now, Bell, sit down quietly and tell me about it. When did he tell you he was going to be married?"

"I know nothing at all," answered Isabel quietly.

"Nonsense! he must have told you something as he comes here every day."

"Lord Everdale comes here to see my father, and I generally leave them alone during the greatest part of his visit."

"Ah! you want to get out of it; I suppose I told you in confidence; but I promise to be discreet if you will tell me everything; more especially as it is a secret that every one knows."

"If every one knows it, why ask me? I know nothing but what you tell me."

"Well, then, he is going to be married to the daughter of an Italian count; she is handsome, accomplished, and her name is Baldechini. She is just come over to remain with his mother, and they are married after Easter, as her own parents are dead."

"I do not think it is at all likely to be true."

"And why not?"

"I have my own reasons for feeling sure that the report is unfounded."

"Your own reasons! then you are in his confidence after all!" said Miss Lushington in a bantering tone. "You have your own reasons for not believing it."

"True, but I am not bound to give them to you."

"Of course not, of course not, Mrs. Mystery; but I hear the door bell, it may be Lord Everdale

himself; if it is, I will ask him about it at once."

"Do not be so indiscreet," said Isabel, hurriedly, "I know that it is he, for he promised to bring a book to my father."

"But I will. I am not as prim and proper as you! I always speak my mind to every one."

"You do, I know," said Isabel, "but for all that it is not always the right thing to do."

The door opened, and Lord Everdale entered; he saluted the two ladies, and then sat down by his old friend, to whom he gave the book.

"Good morning, Lord Everdale," said Miss Lushington; "I beg to congratulate you."

"To congratulate me, Miss Lushington? You are most kind, but I am not aware at the present moment of any particular subject for congratulation."

"Oh, no, indeed! it is a profound secret! but will be very discreet, and not divulge what every one knows."

"What can you mean, Miss Lushington? That is it that every one knows but myself?"

"Ha! ha! you think you can take me in," said Miss Lushington, in a bantering tone, "but I know about it."

"Indeed! Well, the only thing that I know, which every one else knows, is that you have very gossiping, mischief-making acquaintances!"

Miss Lushington felt annoyed, and replied sharply:

"You need not affect not to know that you are going to be married after Easter!"

"If I ever am married, it will be after Easter; certainly not before."

"But you are going to be married a fortnight after this Easter?"

"Am I, indeed? and who says so?"

"Every one."

"Of course every one knows every one's affairs better than he does himself! I am afraid, Miss Lushington, that you will never gain the thousand pounds promised to the person who minds only his own affairs."

"But is it true, Lord Everdale?"

"Why do you ask me what every one knows, it would be a loss of time to answer."

"Ah, then, I know it is true, for you try to get out of it."

"You are quite right in being satisfied with what every one says, and I advise you to return to your sagacious friends, and to tell them so."

Miss Lushington looked annoyed; but, finding it was useless to ask anything more, left the room.

Lord Everdale laughed heartily when she was gone, and said:

"I know the foundation of this absurd gossip, but I was determined not to gratify Miss Lushington's idle curiosity. The fact is, that an Italian girl, with whom I was acquainted in Italy, named Lucia Baldechini, is come over to England to spend a few months with my mother, previous to her marriage with Count Guiseppe Borgia. That is the whole of the matter. May I ask if you believed the report?"

"I had only just heard of it from Miss Lushington when you came in," replied Isabel. "I enter so little into society, you know."

"All the better; such gossiping is a mere loss of time; but when you heard of it did you think it probable?"

"I did not think it probable, as I have so often heard you say, that if ever you married you should marry an English woman. But, then, persons often change their minds when fascinated by Italian eyes and the sunny expression you have so often described in the young Italian girls!"

"You are right, Miss Clayton, but rest assured that no charms would ever draw me into marrying a foreigner."

At this moment another visitor was announced, and Lord Everdale took leave.

Months passed away, and there was not the least visible improvement in Colonel Clayton's health. His mind became more affected, and he was so irritable that it was utterly impossible for any one to please him.

Isabel did her best, but in vain. If he had no appetite he complained of the food. If she went out for half an hour he accused her of neglect, and if she remained at home, he found something else to grumble about. A hard trial he was indeed to his poor daughter, and to all around him. Had he appreciated and valued her endeavours to give him comfort, Isabel would have found the greatest pleasure in giving up everything for him. But to make so many sacrifices and receive nothing in return save complaints required a good deal of patience. She knew, it is true, that his disease was the cause of all, that he was not aware of any injustice; but, for all that, she could not help being sadly depressed at times, more especially when he complained of her to others, and particularly to Lord Everdale.

Father Brown called one day when she was particularly distressed, and she told him how sad she was, and that she could not even pray now.

He looked at her kindly, and said:

"These things are, of course, very difficult to bear, my dear friend, but your neglect of prayer is like a person suffering from a wound who refuses to make use of the ointment which would heal it. Remember that every grace we require can be obtained by prayer, but that without prayer we can do nothing. Renew each day the acceptance of the cross, which you received with patience in the beginning, and do not struggle now because the weight is a little increased. Continue to say: 'Thy Will be done,' and your troubled mind will soon be calm and peaceful."

"I will do my best, father, indeed I will, and try not to repine."

She kept her word, and although the pettishness and constant discontent of the invalid still tried her much at times, she did not again give way to over depression or discouragement, but endeavoured to accept everything with patience.

A few months passed without much change, but at the end of that time a decided improvement was observed in Colonel Clayton's health.

Isabel was delighted, but her cup of joy was soon, alas! dashed to the ground, for this species of revival was merely the prelude to a second fit, a fit so severe as to deprive him completely of the use of one side, although, strange to say, his in-

tellectual powers were quite restored, and every symptom of irritability or depression vanished.

He seemed like one roused from a deep sleep, but was fully aware that his end was fast approaching, and begged to receive the last Sacraments without delay. His wishes were complied with, and he received the holy consolations of religion with great peace and calmness. Soon after he turned to Isabel, who was kneeling by his side, put his hand on her head, blessed her, and said she would inherit all he possessed. Half an hour after he had breathed his last.

The funeral took place at the end of the week, and Lord Everdale was present at the service in the church. He heard a few days after, that Isabel intended to leave town immediately; therefore, he wrote to beg permission to call on her before her departure.

He had been so kind and attentive to her father that she could not refuse his request. He was delighted at her acquiescence, and determined to take this opportunity of offering her his hand and heart. He felt that it was not quite correct to broach such a subject, so soon after her bereavement; but men in love soon stave over such objections, and as he had a somewhat high opinion of himself, he felt certain that Miss Clayton would accept him at once.

He reached the house at the hour named, and entered her morning room with a palpitating heart. He remarked her paleness and the anxious expression of her eye; but approached, took her hand respectfully, and would have kissed it had she not instantly withdrawn it, and stepped a little back.

"Miss Clayton," he said, "I am come to tell tell you how deeply I sympathise with you, at the present moment, when you must feel the loss of your dear father so deeply."

"You are very good, and I thank you," she replied, rather coldly.

He was quite taken aback, but again spoke.

"My dear Miss Clayton, I cannot easily express how much I have admired your conduct to your poor afflicted father, during the last two years; such a good daughter as you have been would be a perfect treasure to any man. I have sometimes fancied that I had the happiness of being regarded by you with some esteem, may I venture to hope that a little affection is mingled with that esteem?"

"I esteem you much," replied Isabel, "and I am grateful to you for your kindness to my dear father."

"Is that all?"

"What more do you expect?"

"But is the only feeling you have for me simply the gratitude you say you owe me for having been attentive to your dear father during his illness?"

"I feel friendship for all who loved my father."

"And nothing more?"

Isabel made no reply.

"Oh, Miss Clayton," he exclaimed, "I came to tell you that I love you: yes, I love you devotedly, and I conjure you to consent to be my wife."

"It is impossible."

"Impossible! What can you mean?"

"I mean that it is utterly impossible for me to be your wife."

"And why so?"

"I cannot give my reasons, but my words are nevertheless, true."

"Oh, why is it impossible for you to marry me. Do you dislike me?"

"Oh, no, indeed! I both esteem and admire your character."

"You cannot, then, really mean that you utterly refuse to marry me?"

"I never say a thing unless I really mean it, and now I implore you to leave me; and I must say farewell for a long time, as I am going to spend some months, at least, with my cousin in Scotland."

"Will nothing make you relent, my dear Miss Clayton? cannot you give me some hope, some little hope?"

But Isabel made no reply; she merely motioned to him to leave the room; and, as he did not seem inclined to obey, she walked out herself by another door.

Lord Everdale left the house in a state of mind difficult to describe. He was grieved, he was disappointed, he was indignant at being so decidedly refused. He had made certain of being accepted at once, having long fancied that Isabel loved and esteemed him in her heart; so, as he was rich and she had a good fortune, there seemed no possible reason for his want of success. He was mortified, too, at the manner in which she had refused his offer; if she had pleaded pre-engagement, or vocation to the religious state, he would not have been so angry, but a plain, blank refusal! Of course, the only reason of her pressing him to come to the house was for the sake of her father, and now he was dead she cared not whether she ever saw him again.

He was deeply pained. He felt that his hopes of future happiness were dashed. He determined to let his house in London, and pay a long promised visit to a sister in Lisbon, and to set out at once.

*(To be continued.)*

## NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

THE Editor desires to call the attention of Contributors to the following rules regarding MSS.:-

1. Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each contribution must bear on the first page the sender's name and address, and the conditions on which it is forwarded.
3. In no case can the Editor undertake the task of passing an opinion upon the merits or defects of poems or stories submitted to him; nor can he specify the reasons which may influence him in rejecting any contribution.
4. As MSS. are sent voluntarily, the Editor will not hold himself responsible for their safe return; but when an addressed wrapper accompanies the contribution, care will be taken to have such contribution duly posted in the event of its rejection.
5. When a stamped, addressed wrapper is not sent, the MSS. will remain for six months at the office, where they will be obtainable upon application, either personally or by letter enclosing addressed wrapper. Beyond six months no application can be entertained.

# "IT SAVED MY LIFE"

"For the Fever had obtained a strong hold on me. In a few days I was quite well."—Extract from letter of C. Fitzgerald, Esq., formerly Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian in Albania, referring to

## LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE,

WHICH IS EFFERVESCING AND TASTELESS, FORMING A MOST INVIGORATING, VITALISING, AND REFRESHING DRAUGHT.

DR. PROUT, MORGAN, TURLEY, GIBBON, SPARKS, DOWSING, STEVENS, CARR JACKSON, and many other Medical Gentlemen, have given unqualified testimony to the importance of the discovery and the immense value of

## THIS GREAT REMEDY



as possessing elements most essential for the restoration and maintenance of Health, with perfect Vigour of Body and Mind.

It gives instant relief in HEADACHE, SEA or BILIOUS SICKNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, LASSITUDE, HEARTBURN, and FEVERISH COLDS; prevents and quickly cures the worst form of TYPHUS, SCARLET, and other FEVERS, SMALLPOX, MEASLES, and ERUPTIVE or SKIN COMPLAINTS, and various other altered conditions of the blood. It is the cure for CHOLERA.

**CAUTION!**—Dr. Wilson writes; We all know how much rubbish is put into the market in imitation of it.

In Patent Glass-Stoppered Bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 21s. each.

## LAMPLOUGH'S CONCENTRATED LIME JUICE SYRUP.

A perfect Luxury. Taken effervescing with Pyretic Saline a most agreeable Summer Drink. Sold by all Chemists in Patent Glass-stoppered Bottles at 2s. and 4s. 6d. each.

H. LAMPLOUGH, 113, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON, E.C.

PRICE 3s.

## "GATHERED LEAVES,"

FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE REV. DIDYMUS DOL.

A collection of short Stories and Poems,

BY "R. O."

London: BURNS and OATES, Orchard Street, W.

## Hop Bitters

Are THE PUREST, CHEAPEST, & BEST BITTERS EVER MADE.

They are compounded from HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, PODOPHYLLIN, and DANDELION, the oldest, best, and most valuable medicine in the world. Contains all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, being the greatest BLOOD PURIFIER, LIVER REGULATOR, and Life and Health Restoring agent on earth.

## No Disease or Ill Health

Can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

TRY HOP BITTERS TO-DAY.

May be had of all Chemists throughout the World.

Digitized by Google



THE

# Louis

## VELVETEEN

**GENOA FACE. FAST WOVEN PILE.**

Every Yard of the Genuine bears the Name "LOUIS," and the Wear of

EVERY YARD GUARANTEED.

Patterns Post Free.

THOS. WALLIS & CO., HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

# BEETHAM'S

## Glycerine & Cucumber

Soon renders the Skin **SOFT, SMOOTH, & WHITE**, entirely removes and prevents all **ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, SUNBURN, TAN, &c.**, and preserves the Skin from the effects of exposure to the **SUN, WIND, or HARD WATER**, much effectually than any other known preparation. No Lady who values her **COMPLEXION** should ever be without it. It is perfectly harmless, and may be applied to the Skin of the tenderest Infant. Bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Any size free for 3d. extra, by the Sole Makers, **M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.**

# PERRY PEN COMPETITION, 1885.

## 13 GOLD & SILVER WATCHES

TO BE GIVEN AWAY AS PRIZES

FOR THE BEST SPECIMENS OF WRITING AND DRAWING  
WITH PERRY PENS.

PRIZE "A"—For Boys under 12 years of age.

A KEYLESS SILVER WATCH .. Value 30s.

PRIZE "B"—For Girls under 12 years of age.

A KEYLESS SILVER WATCH .. Value 30s.

PRIZE "C"—For Youths aged 12 to 15 inclusive.

A SILVER WATCH .. Value £5 5s.

PRIZE "D"—

For Youths at School under 18 years of age.

FIRST PRIZE — A GOLD WATCH, Value £10 10s.

SECOND " — A SILVER " " £5 5s.

PRIZE "E"—

For Ladies at School under 18 years of age.

FIRST PRIZE — A GOLD WATCH, Value £5.

SECOND " — A SILVER " " £2 10s.

PRIZE "F"—

For Ladies 15 years of age and upwards.

FIRST PRIZE—A GOLD WATCH .. Value £10

SECOND " — " " " " £5

PRIZE "G"—

For Gentlemen 15 years of age and upwards.

FIRST PRIZE—A GOLD WATCH .. Value £10

SECOND " — " " " " £5

PRIZE "H"—

Open to both Ladies and Gentlemen—For the best Specimen of Drawing executed with Perry & Co.'s Crow-quill Pen, No. 600.

FIRST PRIZE—A GOLD WATCH .. Value £10

SECOND " — " " " " £5

Ask your Stationer for the Rules of this Competition, or send Two Penny Stamps to  
**PERRY & CO., LIMITED, STEEL PEN MAKERS, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.**



**F**OR CLEANSING the SKIN and Scalp of Birth Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scall Head, Scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases, CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible. Absolutely pure.

Sold by all Chemists, or post free of Francis Newbery & Sons, 1, King Edward Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C. Price: CUTICURA, 2s. 3d.; RESOLVENT, 4s. 6d.; SOAP, 1s. 1d. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A.

Write F. Newbery & Sons for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."



JULY, 1885.

DIVINE SCIENCE

HUMAN SCIENCE

# THE LAMP.

*Established Half a Century.*

## CONTENTS:

	PAGE		PAGE
SHERBORNE; OR, THE		THE LOVE OF THIS PRE-	
HOUSE AT THE FOUR		SENT WORLD .....	373
WAYS (illus.) 353, 366,		INDOOR GAMES OF THE OLD	
385, 401		TIMES .....	370
CORAL ANIMALCULE;		LABOUR A CONSOLER .....	384
THEIR BUILDINGS AND		THE MODERN SUBURB.....	360
STRUCTURES .....	358	UNTOLD .....	392
A PIONEER OF THE CROSS;		KAURI GUM .....	356
OR, A CAPTIVE AMONG		SHOT OR NOT.....	399
THE MOHAWKS 360, 376,		A GOOD MARRIAGE.....	400
392		FESTO DE TOROS, SEVILLA	406
A CHAT ABOUT PEACOCKS 363		OUR LADIE .....	407
A MYSTERY IN THE OLD		QUEBEC .....	411
TOWN OF WINCHESTER		THE LAST GLADIATORIAL	
365, 382, 397, 408		FIGHT .....	412
AMONG THE WILD FLOWERS 374		ETC., ETC., ETC.	

## OFFICES:

LONDON,—25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, E.C.  
 DUBLIN,—SMITH & SON, MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.  
 M. H. GILL & SON, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE  
 STREET.  
 LIVERPOOL,—SMITH & SON, CASTLE STREET.  
 MANCHESTER,—J. HEYWOOD, DEANS GATE.  
 SMITH & SON, 7, NEW BROWN STREET.

COCAINE—COMFORTING



# BALMORAL TOILET SOAPS

(HIGHLY PERFUMED).

# BALMORAL SPERM CANDLES

(SELF-FITTING).

Manufactured by ALEX. OGSTON & SONS, ABERDEEN.

## OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA

(ESTABLISHED SIXTY YEARS.)



THE BEST and ONLY CERTAIN REMEDY ever discovered for preserving, strengthening, beautifying, or restoring the HAIR, WHISKERS, or MOUSTACHES, and preventing them turning grey.

Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s.

**C. & A. OLDRIDGE,**  
22, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON  
AND ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS.

For children it is invaluable, as it forms a basis of a magnificent hair of hair, prevents baldness in mature age, and obviates the use of dyes and poisonous restoratives.

**No more Nauseous Medicine.**

DR. LIEB'S

## EDIBLE FRUIT PILLS

For CONSTIPATION, BILE, LIVER COMPLAINTS, and all Ailments of the Stomach.

THE ONLY EATABLE PILLS: TAKEN EAGERLY BY CHILDREN

They Purify the Blood, and cure all Diseases of the Skin. A thorough specific against Sea Sickness. Of all Chemists, 1s, 2s, 3s, 4s, 5s, 6s, &c., or of the Sole Consignees,

61, MANSELL STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND.

## GEORGE MASON'S ESSENCE OF BEEF

CONCENTRATED BEEF TEA,

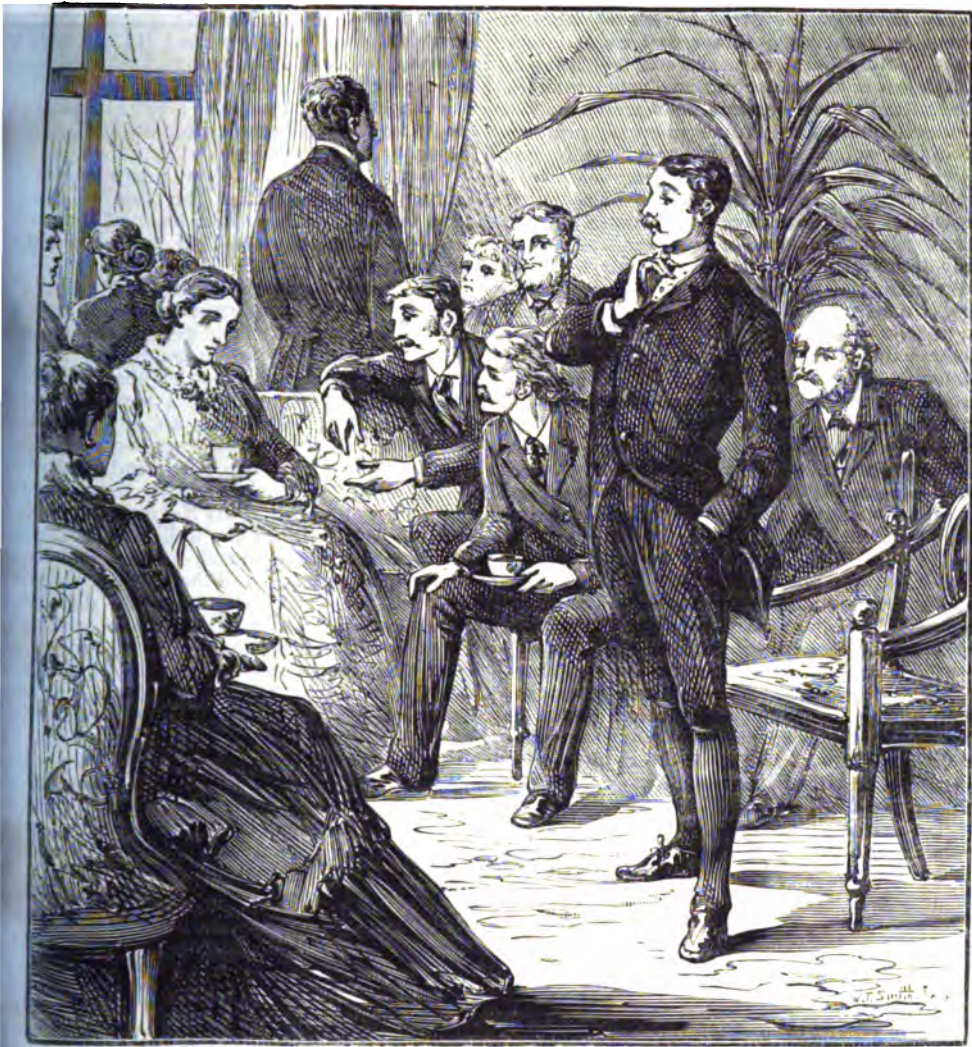
Savoury Meat Lozenges, etc.

ESSENCE OF BEEF VERSUS ALCOHOL.—In all cases of Debility, Weariness, or Depression, GEORGE MASON'S ESSENCE OF BEEF is a far better stimulant than Alcohol. Its effects are immediate and lasting.

Shippers, the Trade, and others, should apply to

GEORGE MASON, 417, KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA, S.W.





AFTERNOON TEA AT BRAMSCOTE.

## Sherborne; or, the House at the Four Ways.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems," "Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER III.

**F**ROM the time when I began life on my own account, that life had been, more or less, a homeless one, and especially : last years of it. The first two years were passed in a marching regiment; the next three in vigorously unsuccessful efforts to convert Austra-

lian sheep into English gold; the last three had been filled up with omnigenous investigations—not, indeed, to the extent of Hooke's advice, that people should acquire a knowledge of the true nature of the history of "potters, tobacco-pipe makers, glaziers, glass-grinders, looking-glass makers or foilers, spectacle makers and optic

glass makers, makers of counterfeit pearls and precious stones, bugle makers, lamp blowers, colour makers, colour grinders, glass painters, enamellers, varnishers, colour sellers, painters, limners, picture drawers, makers of baby-heads, of little bowling stones or marbles, fustian makers, music-masters, linsey-makers or toggers, the history of schoolmasters, writing masters, printers, bookbinders, stage-players, dancing masters, and vaulters, apothecaries, surgeons, seamsters, butchers, bakers, laundresses, cosmetics," etc., etc.—but tolerably extensive for my small powers. At any rate, as far as limited opportunities and an equally limited preparation for profiting by them could enable me to take a survey of men and things, I had certainly noticed something, and thought a little.

I began this autobiographical sketch with the mental determination that the part of self should be omitted from it, for the events I am about to record concern others and not myself. I may seem to have forgotten my resolution; but it is not so. I shall keep my word in a Pickwickian sense. I am a separable accident, a sort of debased ornamentation hardly belonging to the structure of the story, yet not entirely removeable from it, without breaking off pieces thereof. But I shall get out of the way presently.

Perhaps a sensational moralist might say that I took (in another sense than the author intended) Adam Smith's plea for the necessity of having philosophers to take part in the division of labour—viz., that there ought to be men whose business it is to do nothing, and observe everything. But that is neither here nor there. I only mention those three periods of my life because they bear upon something that Sherborne said—something that a great many Sherbornes and a great many better, far better men than he, have felt, and do feel—feel it stealing over their senses as men feel the creeping drowsiness, so powerful and so deadly, that lulls them into lifelessness among the Alpine snow-drifts.

Those three periods, then, bear upon that something, and this is how they bear upon it.

I had begun responsible life in a barrack-room, and a barrack-room is far from being a home. I had then lived in an Australian hut, which is still farther from being so, when its inhabitant is an "unprotected man"; finally I had taken to continental life, and that seems farthest of all from suggesting any idea of abstract domesticity to the said unprotected man, for the simple reason that, like club-life in London, it looks more settled down in its unsettlement.

Well, then, as I trudged along down the hill, saying nothing, thinking as much, and day-dreaming backwards, I stumbled upon this comparative estimate of my homeless life during the last ten years, as differing from that with which all the scenery before me was associated. I can't think why I said it; but I did. I can't think how I could have so exposed a sensitive spot in my idiosyncrasy; but I did expose it, by saying aloud just what I was musing about; whereupon Sherborne—to whom the remark was not addressed, but to Don Pascolini, if any one, said bluntly, or rather with the jagged bluntness of a knife which has lost its edge and tears in wounding:

"Home! I don't profess anything, and I've lots to be ashamed of, (it is wonderful, by the bye, how popular that kind of vague self-accusation is which implies self-praise) 'I've lots to be ashamed of, and I don't go in for fine feelings or infallible rules for everything'"

"Who does?" thought I; but I let him go on, for I saw what he was driving at, and considered it best to get it over.

"I don't profess" (how prosy a man *does* become when he takes the line of aggressive humility to slip in a foul blow at some tender point)—"I don't profess all that sort of thing, but—"

"But you profess very loudly that you don't," said I, for I felt the jagged edge, and could see the weapon. "You had better say it out at once; there is no mistaking what you mean. You mean that the house at the foot of that hill was my home when a child, and till I went out into the world; that my father was an Anglican clergyman; that all my earliest recollections of childhood, with its joyous innocence and incomparable freshness, were connected with the old church, and its low tower, and its Norman arch over the entrance, and with all the well-remembered faces of the old men in smock-frocks, and the old women in red cloaks, and the singers who used to come and sing at Christmas in the dining-room, when the wind had a deep, hollow sound in the chimney, and the bark of the house-dog made a weird-like echo against the wall of that house which I loved as I never can love any other. This is what you meant, only you would probably have put it in a more prosaic and material way. You would have talked about the Christmas-bones and the mincepies, instead of the Norman arch, and the wind howling in the chimney. But you mean a lot more than this, and I am going to tell you what it is, because it is a pity for people to deceive themselves, and think they are exercising freedom of judgment when they are in reality the unconscious slaves of worldly interest and human respect, till they mistake a gross prejudice for an objective truth. What you mean is, that the Church of England, as by law established, has appropriated (and so it has, as far as the shape without the kernel is concerned) all the great avenues of influence connected with all the fundamental institutions of England which, in the natural order, have made this country what she is, and kept her so. Now, you think, though you don't exactly say it, that an Englishman who becomes a Catholic in these days forgoes all these advantages, which of course he does, and takes a sort of disinherited religion—as Dr. Parr implied when he once said to a Catholic priest, 'You are the eldest son of the church, but we've got the property'—so that he is not in the position he would have been in had he lived before the Reformation, but in a totally different one, being a sort of spiritual ticket-of-leave man, who is allowed certain rights of citizenship under conditions not very clearly defined. No! It doesn't pay—of course not; and a convert doesn't even enjoy that kind of mysterious respect shown to Catholics generally, and expressed in undertones at the corners of drawing-rooms, and shown more demonstratively in after-dinner speeches, when an

political concession is involved thereby. But such a view of the matter presupposes either that there is no such thing as objective truth, or else that a man may reject it if the civil power apostatizes. But you mean something more still?"

"Go on," said Sherborne doggedly.

"You mean," said I—"though, perhaps, you never recognized the notion in your mind—you mean that the Catholic Church of to-day is not what it was when it made a new world after the break-up of the old heathen empire, not what it was when it helped the barons to put down the tyranny of King John, not what it was when it identified itself with what was greatest in the defective character and genius of every nation in the civilized world. But, my dear fellow, the Church is just what it always was; and now, as it knows how to develope, guide, and utilize what is distinctively greatest in a nation. With unerring instinct it knows the genius of the people, and probes the innermost depths of the principles that form its best, its most truly national institutions. Perhaps you will say that I am assuming you to say what you have not said, and it is true literally; but you would never think of denying that you meant in substance what I have said."

"I suppose I did," he answered, relapsing into the weary quietism of a man who has become habituated to holding his convictions provisionally.

"I didn't mean," I said, "to get upon the subject of religion, and I have given you reasons why I avoid it; I was compelled to speak, however, not what you said, but by what you caused me to think about that home of my childhood. Do you suppose that I haven't thought of all you could possibly suggest to wound me with, through the assurance of me, of yourself, of everything that concerns what you said, and what you did not say? Do you suppose that anything but the certainty of Divine faith, which a man can trifle with at the peril of his soul, could have made me look through such associations as those of which the old church tower reminds me? I tell you that I could cry like a child, and kiss the very walls—the stuccoed walls of the ugly Georgian house. Tell me you love that spot of ground to a degree beyond your comprehension."

"And your father and your mother?" said he in a slightly interrogative.

"You know about that as well as I do," said I, turning away towards Don Pascolini, who had left to himself all this while.

Sherborne pulled out a cigarette from a case, and replied at his leisure:

"You are enthusiastic."

"He was welcome to the poor triumph; he was welcome to the last word. We were passing within two hundred yards of what had once been my home, and never could be so again."

#### CHAPTER IV.

As to the temporal side of the question, I can have no dispute with you. All the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the things one, lie on the part you would invite me to.

From, in a letter written to a Protestant Friend.

SUPPOSE that most of us have known what it is to see a well-remembered house, revisited under

altered circumstances, or under the emphasizing influence of a gap in time, something besides that which the builder put there.

And I suppose, too, that some of us have sometimes recognized the influence of neighbouring locality in the details of the general impression which we feel, and of the vaguely vivid pictures that float before the mind's eye like moonbeams on the sea, when the moon is behind a broken mass of driving cloud.

I saw Bramscote, then, as the builder made it, as memory peopled it, as imagination, modified by experience and something more, idealized it. I saw it, too, in connection with what I remembered of other houses in the neighbourhood, and of those who lived, or had lived in them; in connection with their ups and downs, their influence, and their characters, when they had any; and in connection with my own life, its foreshadowings, its beginnings, its developments, its labyrinths, and its clue-threads, its dead reckoning, and its movements by compass. Thus I saw Bramscote.

I ceased to think, and began to contemplate mental pictures, letting my mind rest on pictorial day-dreams, and see in things before me something more than was physically there.

Yet I do not imagine or admit that there was anything extraordinary in this præter-physical recognition of the well-known objects; for I suppose that most of us have done likewise, when, at some time or other, some circumstance, or convergence of circumstances have emphasised the occasion, hushed interrupting interests, and stirred the depths of bygone associations.

Then it seemed to me, by the way, that it was very friendly of Sir Roger to have invited me, to have recognized the recollection of my existence, to have given me, on the tablets of his memory, a local habitation and a name, when the habitation had long since changed its inhabitants, and the name had ceased to be heard of there or around.

"It was very kind of him," thought I, half aloud; and then I walked on, not thinking at all, but hearing with my mind indistinct echoes from the past.

The wind was freshening as the sun went down red and streaky behind the distant hills, and some of those Terpsichorean leaves that Coleridge talks of, when he writes about—

The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as long as dance it can,

fell at shortening intervals from the trees in the park, falling, floating, shivering, and whirling through the fitful breeze. But I did not observe that they danced.

Presently I found myself in front of Bramscote. And a very ugly house it was—a large building of smooth white stucco, marked out in squares to look like an imitation of stone. It had long sash windows, a square entrance hall, supposed to be supported by some scagliola pillars, a superfluous superstructure of wall at the top of the house outside, filled with arms and nondescript mythological figures, so that there appeared to be neither chimneys nor roof, two long white wings with the same pseudo-classical ornamentation, and a high flight of steps leading from the level of some underground offices up to the front door.

Unfortunately, the house had been rebuilt at the beginning of the century, and this was the inevitable result.

Fortunate were those houses that needed not rebuilding then, or whose owners were without the means of supplying the want. Unfortunately for the house that once ornamented the spot now disfigured, it was dangerously out of repair when Sir Roger's grandfather inherited it—dangerously, not to life or limb, but to taste and its owner's balance, prudential and pecuniary.

In those days English Catholics underwent an oppressive toleration, which took from them their quality of martyrs in intention, and left them scarcely an outlet for temporal energy except house-building.

A fly, evidently from the railway station, was just driving away from the door as we arrived. The driver's face wore an expression of fat contentment which indicated that the willowlike youth who was walking up the steps, followed by a servant carrying a portmanteau, gun-case, and a box of cigars, had duly rewarded him for all the elbow-jerkings and bad language employed on the journey.

The watch-dog's voice, that bayed the whispering wind, sounded a hollow and conditional welcome from the distant recesses of the court-yard behind ;

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind, greeted us from the square mouth of a stout man, ruddy and round-eyed, who was communicating his dull joyfulness to a straight-backed youth in knickerbockers and mauve stockings.

We presently reached the precincts of a library, fully furnished with everything—except, perhaps, books. Afternoon tea was "*circulating*"—as a special correspondent would express himself in what is meant to be English. Some fifteen people were disburdening themselves of their pent-up borrowings from newspapers, periodicals, and pompous people. The wood fire blazed cheerily, the sky-terrier wagged his tail on the heart-rug, and Sir Roger came forward to greet us with a pleasant smile and pleasant words.

He was a tall, upstanding man, well but not symmetrically built, pictorial but not exactly handsome. His figure was rather too heavy in shape, his features rather too sharply cut. His distinguished appearance and high-bred manners were marked, but not marred, by an indefinable expression of reserve, in contrast with evident openness and simplicity of character.

Judging from the shape and expression of his features, any one cunning in countenances would have inferred—first, that an inherited habit of suppressing his own individuality claimed a larger share in the government of his instincts than his self-reliance was willing to concede ; secondly, that the desire to do and to be what his abilities and position required was stronger than circumstances allowed him to carry into successful practice.

Much conversation of a lively but somewhat feeble kind was going on in different parts of the room, not all at once, but by fits and starts that appeared to obey some natural law of succession : for great is the power of the tea-pot in promoting

loquacity of that kind which may be said to be its own object.

As a rule, afternoon tea is nasty and unwholesome—nasty in itself, by reason of being weak and cold, unwholesome, because it intrudes upon the digestion's hours of rest. Yet it is a great institution in modern country-house life, equivalent to early riding in Rotten Row, and, like that clever device for getting through a day without doing anything, helps to fill up the time with unsuggestive chattering, so that the fogies who remember a past generation may have less leisure for thinking that English young ladies had not always pert manners, and that wit has gradually become a term of archæology.

Strangely enough it happened that, very soon after our arrival, whilst my quality of a new comer was yet freshly impressed on my own consciousness, and in the aggressive forbearance of Sir Thomas Grubhedge, who, with his introspective valet, had preceded us by about half an hour—it so happened that I stumbled on this very theory about afternoon tea in the country, and morning rides in London : only I said nothing about the ladies' pertness, and my allusion to the wit was characterized by an obscurity befitting the present fashion of that ornament, seeing that I wanted to back out of the business as soon as I felt the splash of my tumble into the middle of it. The unlucky plunge was occasioned thus :

Sir Roger was talking to Don Pascolini about some old English gentleman whom they had both known formerly at Rome—or rather, Don Pascolini had met him in Sir Roger's apartments there ; and this, their first meeting since then, recalled the circumstance to the recollection of both.

"He was a very polished man, and apparently cultivated," said Don Pascolini ; "at least, so it appeared to me from the little I saw of him. Certainly he was full of wit, and very agreeable, both in what he said, and in his manner of saying it ; but I think that the men of his day either possessed or cultivated these gifts more than people do now."

Sir Roger assented to this last proposition conclusively, but avoided committing himself therefor it was a rule of his, whether calculated or instinctive I cannot tell, to give weak opinions where the company was formed on the denomination system ; and though the comparative wit of the period would seem to be decidedly neutral ground for a party of free-born Britons to air their judgments upon, it was evident that he suspected the existence of some by-paths and crooked ways leading to discussions in which silence would concede by default, and words would be misinterpreted.

So he answered in a touch-and-go manner, admitting heartily, and retreating with vigour, two or three steps at a time, into the region of generalities. Unluckily, Edward Arden, his second son, who went in for imitating the peculiarities, not the wit of the period, and had, therefore, not failed to catch the fashion of what may be called interruptive or inconsequent talking, stated his conviction that afternoon tea is an awful jolly thing, because people have nothing else to do after they come in, till dressing time. Whereupon a small square man, with an irregularly



developed cerebrum, a large organ of self-esteem, and a joylessly sensual mouth stiffened by trained mysticism, looked up from a photographic album, which had received the impression of his eyes whilst he was explaining to a sharp-featured man, clad in clerico-sporting attire, the latent merits of Hindoo Rationalism.

Of these two, the small square man was the absentee neighbour, Mr. Crayston, and the listener, the squarson—a good-humoured man, characterized by a steady love of country business, and an inclination to quote Horace. He failed to see any cross-road leading from the Bramo Somaj to the Thirty-nine Articles, but was not altogether hostile to the theory that it might be a serviceable advance to Catholic missionaries. I gathered that by unavoidable eaves-dropping through the proximity and sharp ears.

Well, Crayston looked up, and delivered himself of Mr. Kingsley's opinion, that "Men must work, and women must weep" (he had never done any work at all himself), and that, in the present day, people apportion their care of mind and body rather than they ever did before. He was proposing to quote, or rather to adduce Plato in support of what no one was disposed to deny—the advantage of keeping a due balance between the mental and physical powers, when Sherborne dryly requested to know whether the duty of working included the privilege of afternoon tea; whether continuous weeping entitles itsaries to be cheered, but not inebriated, by the discretion of that soothing herb; and, jolly, whether our more practical apportionment of time could fairly be gathered from the brief career of the three fishers; "for," said he, with sustained gravity which took in half his hearers, I put out the person addressed, "you see, in the first place, the men were drowned, and the women left chargeable to the parish—a moral lesson contrary to all sound principles of political economy—Malthus would have abhorred the notion; secondly, from the next line, 'and the other 'tis over, the sooner to sleep,' it is evident that the working and weeping are not meant to be permanent institutions, but temporary expedients with a common end in view, which is—to nothing."

Before Crayston had time to gather up in his mind the materials for an answer, Sir Thomas Grubhedge, who cultivated perceptive obtuseness under the disguise of commonsense, put forth his opinion, that if the fishermen "were drowned whilst labouring to get an honest living, it was just that the parish should support their families."

"But how about Malthus and nature's ban?" said Sherborne. "People must show for tickets, you know, or go without, he says—somebody else does."

"But you were speaking of work, I think," said Sir Roger, making a reckless plunge—he really cared whither, in his anxiety to be rid of that awkwardly suggestive subject.

"And the balance of power between brain and muscle," interrupted Sherborne. "I believe Crayston thinks that if it were not for the swinging gallop before luncheon, and the invigorating sensation of seeing pigeons shot at Hurlingham,

and the dancing and banqueting at all hours, from four o'clock in the day to four o'clock in the morning, the girl of the period would become too much spiritualized by the light literature, or philosophy teaching by examples."

"Which, by the bye, was said of history, not of novels, while you are about it," said Crayston.

"All right," answered Sherborne. "Did you get that from a book of quotations, or from—?"

"Where?" said Crayston, who knew the value of an interrupted question in weakening the force of the interrupted one.

But Sherborne was equal to the occasion, and made the suggestive reply:

"You know best. It comes from where you found it."

"A pretty sort of philosophy they would get out of the novels of the day," said Grubhedge, who had followed the conversation after the manner of blind-man's-buff.

"Philosophy—eh?" said Edward Arden, who remembered nothing about the same except the rooms he had inhabited at college while supposed to be studying it. "I never could see the pull of philosophy—not I."

He uprose to the full height of a figure that could only be described by the homely but time-honoured simile of a thread-paper, and, digging his hands into the pockets of his knickerbockers, essayed to put forth a joke, but got no farther than a shake of the head, a rounding of the eyes, and an upraising of the eyebrows. Then he repeated his conviction that tea before dinner was a jolly thing, because it filled up the time; and then I said (when appealed to) that it did, and that so did all the other jolly things just referred to by Sherborne, and that fillings up are not made up of the soundest materials. And then it suddenly occurred to me that I had not meant to say this, and I wondered why I had done so.

And then there was a break in the talking, as if by general consent, the demand and the supply appearing to stop all at once; and then there was a hesitation, a move, and a mustering of the ex-talkers, after which the newly-arrived guests filed off, under hospitable escort, to their rooms.

"Who is that man you were pelting with somewhat hard *confetti*?" said I to Sherborne.

"Oh!—what's his name?—Crayston. He wasn't in this neighbourhood when you were a boy. He's a great humbug—pretends to know a lot, and doesn't."

"And that young fellow—handsome, and with a well-developed head" (there was no one else answering the whole description) "at the other side of the room—who is he?"

"Oh! some fellow or other—how should I know?"

"And how should I know that you did not?" thinks I. "There is some reason for that. I wonder what it is?"

(To be continued.)

TALLEYRAND is said to have remarked that "the English had but one sauce (melted butter) and a hundred religions, while the French had a hundred sauces but only one religion."



## CORAL ANIMALCULE: THEIR BUILDINGS AND STRUCTURES.



**A**MONGST all the great deeds of man, there is no instance of his forming dry land for himself in the bosom of the sea; but it is evident that this mighty feat has been accomplished, on a vast and magnificent scale, by an animal forming, in his eyes, but a mere gelatinous point. How wonderful to reflect on the greatest of labours thus effected by apparently the humblest of instruments!

The structures reared in tropical seas by the coral animalcule are amongst the greatest wonders of nature. That a congregation of creatures almost too minute to be seen by the naked eye, should be able to raise up mounds of a stone-like substance, hundreds of miles in extent, and in some places forming considerable groups of islands, seems at first so unlike all that we know of nature, that we can scarcely bring ourselves to assent to it; yet the fact is so thoroughly proved, that all doubt upon the subject has long been abandoned.

The coral animalcule, or polype, taken apart from the rocky mass which it rears, is a creature of gelatinous substance and simple structure; some species are about the size of a mite, others much smaller. It has the power of secreting from the sea carbonate of lime, which it deposits for the purpose of forming a mansion for itself. The deposits of a vast number together form the substance called coral. On any face of coral containing living animalcules, they are seen, each occupying its own small cell, with its hair-like tentacula spread out at the opening, to catch the still smaller sea-animalcules on which it lives. A thousand cells, each with its living tenant, have been counted upon a surface which a man's finger could cover. The young appear first as eggs, which, after floating about for a few days, become attached to the surface of the coral; when perfectly developed, they commence building their own cells, and quickly entomb the preceding generation. The mass thus increases in bulk, and it does so not in a random manner, but in certain forms which are in the main regularly observed. Some rise in the form of trees, shrubs, mosses, mushrooms; some bear sportive resemblances to pitchers and fingers; a particular kind form a roundish mass marked with wavy lines, like the human brain. The corals which take these comparatively small forms are found in water so much as a thousand feet in depth. Different species (Porite, Millepore, etc.) raise mound-like structures, which are often of vast extent: these are believed not to exist more than two hundred feet below the surface. They are found, however, carrying on their operations in surfs and breakers which would swamp a boat.

The productions of this animalcule in the Pacific and Southern oceans form obstructions to navigation of so serious a nature, as to call for particular attention from the mariner. The ultimate purpose served by many of them, in the formation of dry land in the midst of the ocean, gives them also a

high interest in the eyes of the geologist. They take several distinct forms to which special names have been applied.

Those called *coral reefs* and *atolls* are submarine rocks of coral, usually ascending so near to the surface of the sea, that their existence is indicated to the navigator by breakers. These reefs are found remote from land, are in vast numbers, and are often of great extent, and generally affect an irregular circular form, having a pool of perfectly still water in the middle, called a *lagoon*. Storms throw up masses of broken coral upon them, which accumulate to the depth of some feet above high water, forming chains of islets along the reef. The whole reef is called a "lagoon island," or, for shortness, an "atoll." Some reefs have many islands upon them, some have few, and some have none.

A coral reef may be defined a wall or mound of coral rock, built up in the ocean from a considerable depth, and generally returning into itself so as to form a ring, with a sheet of still water in the interior.

Every one must be struck with astonishment when he first beholds one of these vast rings of coral rock, often many leagues in diameter, and there surmounted by a low verdant island with dazzling white shores, bathed on the outside by the foaming breakers of the ocean, and on the inside surrounding a calm expanse of water which, from reflection, is of a bright but pale green colour. The wall of a coral rock forming the ring is generally from a furlong to half a mile in breadth, averaging about a quarter of a mile. In one rare case it is three miles. The diameter of the atoll, or circle formed by the reef, varies from less than 1 mile to 30 or 40. There is one 50 miles in length by 20 in breadth; so that, if the ledge of coral rock forming the ring were extended in one line, it would be 120 miles in length. Assuming it to be a quarter of a mile in breadth and 150 feet deep, here is a mound comparable with which the walls of Babylon, the great wall of China, or the pyramids of Egypt are but children's toys; and built too, amidst the waves of the ocean, and in defiance of its storms, which sweeps at the most solid works of man.

The wall of coral is generally breached in one or more places; and when the breaches are deep enough to admit a ship, the atoll affords a convenient and safe harbour.

Some of the atolls are perfect circles. The external side of the reef often plunges to a depth of 200 or 300 fathoms, at an angle of 45 degrees, or more. At Cardoo Atoll, no bottom was found with a line of 200 fathoms (1200 feet), at a distance of 60 yards from the reef. The internal side, on the other hand, shelves gradually towards the centre of the lagoon, forming a saucer-shaped cavity, the depth of which varies from one fathom to fifty. In no instance has it been found filling up. Beyond the line where the coral ceases to grow, the bottom of the lagoon consists of rolling fragments of it, or a whitish mud consisting chiefly of the same substance in a comminuted state. Much of this mud is supposed to be produced by certain species of fish and molluscous animals which browse upon the coral, grinding it down to fine meal, part of which will pass from them and

be deposited by water. From this description, it will be seen that an atoll closely resembles in form the cone of a submarine volcano, the coral reef representing the rim, and the lagoon occupying precisely the place of the crater.

The islets formed on these reefs are very singular objects. In storms, the sea throws up fragments of coral, sometimes mixed with sand. The outer and lowest stratum of this matter, which is bathed by the sea at high tide, is sometimes converted into a brecciated coral rock by calcareous infiltrations from the water. Above this, and generally at the distance of 200 or 300 yards from the outer margin of the reef, the loose fragments, cast up in strong gales, mixed with sand and shells, accumulate till they form a bank rising from 6 to 12 feet above high water, with the highest side towards the sea, from which the surface slopes inward to the lagoon. The ordinary width of these islets is under a quarter of a mile, and the length varies from a few yards to several miles. The island connected with Keeling Atoll, in south latitude 12 degrees, and east longitude 6 degrees 54 minutes, abounds in cocoa trees, sprung from nuts brought by the currents of the sea from Sumatra or Java, six hundred miles distant. Turtles browse on the sea-weeds which grow in the lagoon. The islands are inhabited, and these two articles supply the people with food. What is singular, fresh water is obtained from wells which ebb and flow with the tides. It has been suggested that the rain water, being specifically lighter than the salt, keeps floating on its surface, and is subject to the same movements.

*Barrier reefs* are another form of the productions of the coral animalcule; and of these many specimens are found in the Pacific and Indian oceans. They encircle islands of primary, secondary, or volcanic rock, with only a narrow channel between. Except in being thus formed in conformity with the outline of an ordinary island, they resemble the other kind of reefs in all respects. They have scattered islets, are pierced by breaches, and their exterior sides are steep and deep, while their interior are shallow, and slope gently.

There are two very remarkable barrier reefs known. The first is that which runs along the south-east coast of Australia 700 miles in length. It is divided from the land in a lagoon channel from ten to thirty miles broad, and from ten to fifty fathoms deep. The others run parallel to the shores of New Caledonia for a length of 100 miles.

There are small atolls sometimes placed in elliptical rows, with a sheet of water in the centre, and thus becoming constituent parts of a large atoll. There is an example of this arrangement in the Maldiva Archipelago, where the combination is carried a stage higher. This group extends over a space of 470 miles in length by 50 in breadth, and forms, as it were, three orders of atolls. First, you have a 100 of these little reefs, with pools in the centre, so disposed as to form one large atoll, 50 or 60 miles long, by 10 or 15 broad, with a lagoon 25 fathoms deep. Next, 20 of these large atolls of the second order are arranged in the shape of a narrow ellipse, so as to form one vast atoll of the third order, 4,0 miles in

length by 50 in breadth, with a lagoon in the interior of unfathomable depth.

It will be observed, that where any of the reefs above described have islets, habitable or otherwise, on their surfaces, these have been formed not by the animalcule, which cannot work above the sea, but by matters thrown up by storms, and accumulated above the coral. We are now to advert to examples of the coral mass itself being found in the character of dry and habitable land, to which, of course, it must have been transformed by the *elevating forces* recognized by geologists. Coral banks are found in most of the Sandwich Islands many yards above the sea. In one, they form three strata, each ten feet thick. In Oahu, Mr. Pierce, an intelligent European, who has lived there sixteen years, is convinced that elevation is at present going on "at a very perceptible rate," and in his report gives the heights of these rocky banks, composed entirely of coral, as ranging from ten, twenty, to eighty feet high.

The productions of the coral animalcule have not as yet been studied to any satisfactory results. How they should build mounds inclining to return into a circle, or encircling islands, and how they should form a series of the smaller circles into one larger one, are curious questions worthy of the most careful attention of the naturalist. In the case of barrier reefs near land, it might be presumed that the condition of the sea, either as to its tranquillity or the food found in it, might be its directing agency; but no such presumption can be formed with regard to atolls. Mr. Charles Darwin, who served as naturalist in the expedition of the *Beagle*, in the years 1832 to 1838, and who published some years later an elaborate work on the subject, took advantage of his opportunities to study the coral reefs of the Pacific and Indian oceans; and from what he observed, formed a theory that they go through a series of stages in connexion with subsidences and rises of the earth's surface. He considers a reef fringing an island the first stage; then he presumes the island to sink; the coral advances till it rises in a circle round the submerged land. When the island has been fairly covered over, and the reef raised to the surface around it, an atoll is the result. In support of his theory he particularly adverts to the fact that the coral animalcule is not found to work below the depth of 200 feet.

This theory may be correct, while it seems to us that too much stress is laid on the opposite difficulty, as it is by no means improbable that the lower parts of the coral mounds are the work of a species different from that which exists near the surface. It is, however, likely from what we know of the changes of level in the solid parts of the earth's surface, that coral reefs have sunk in some scattered instances, as we know they must have risen in others.

We shall not trouble our readers with those doubts. For any one wishing to enquire further, there are works to refer to. Our few words on the subject we hope may be considered as merely a chat on the origin of that pretty brittle substance which as an ornament is again so much in vogue.

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS;

OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINRECK.

## CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

**H**ARDLY had the acting master of the ceremonies closed the door after them, than the Governor released the Jesuits from their concealment, and exclaimed in great excitement:

"Such a tissue of lies is astonishing! Explain this boldness of the red skinned rogue, and tell me whether he and his kindred have a shadow of truth in them. If I could hope for support from France I would give this Kortsæton and his followers a good flogging, and drive them away in disgrace. But the Mohawks have us more or less in their hands, and if they were to fall upon our colony with all their force their victory would be certain, and all that we could do to save our lives would be to shut ourselves up within the entrenchments. Tell us, F. Jaques, what you think of this farcical peace."

"It is difficult, and, indeed, impossible to reply to your excellency in full; but upon several grounds I advise peace."

"I understand you, father. But were you in my place would you speak differently?" replied the Governor, involuntarily.

"Do not let it be taken amiss if I doubt that," replied the priest, as well as his colleague, who was equally addressed.

"Do you not, then, think these savages so false that you would decline to enter into any treaty with them?"

"In point of fact, I do not. You must not look at these heathens from a civilized point of view," replied F. Jaques, warmly; "my ideas are much more favourable than you might believe. At present they consider us as their opponents, but if we conclude a treaty with them, and they see that it is punctually observed on our side, there is no doubt that they will willingly remain at peace, and return confidence for confidence. I think it is the duty of Christians to treat the heathen in a confiding and conciliatory manner. We have an infallible means of conciliating these savages, and that is by spreading Christian truth among them. Believe me, your excellency, it is that alone which can make men brothers, can make them good and true. Send us out to these heathens that we may plant the Cross in their villages and teach them how to love, and these wild men will become good and gentle as Christians. Count for nothing the untruths which you have this day heard from the mouth of Kortsæton, their ambassador. Make peace with them, tell them that black-robés will again come to them, and beg our superior that he will not forget me if he thinks me worthy of being sent back to Gandawaga, there to make known the mild lesson of conciliation taught by Him Who on the Cross prayed for His tormentors—'Forgive them for they know not what they do!' Send missionaries to these poor creatures, perishing in the darkness of heathenism, and you will

no longer find the safety of the settlement endangered by them. Forgive me, your excellency, if I have gone too far, if I have spoken too boldly. I cannot withhold from you my inmost convictions."

The governor's anger had fled; he looked down thoughtfully for a time, and, then, turning to Bressani, asked:

"Are you of the same opinion?"

"Entirely," he replied. "The Cross is the palladium of peace. If we can only plant it in the villages of the Mohawks every knee will bow before it. Their demons will flee before the holy name of Jesus, for the gods of the savages are demons, as have been those of the heathen in all time. Show confidence in the ambassadors of the Mohawks, your excellency; that does not exclude foresight. Such is my opinion."

"Will you both meet the Red-skins to-morrow morning?" asked the governor.

"Certainly, excellency," said the two priests in one voice.

"Very well, be it so. Commend me to the F. Rector. Let us go, gentlemen."

Montmagny departed with his suite, and the Jesuits returned to the mission-house.

"Now may God give us His blessing," said F. Jaques.

And his companion answered:

"Amen!"

There was great joy in the mission-house when the result of the Pow-wow and the governor's decision became known. Koetsæton's untruth troubled the F. Rector, but he judged the ambassador of the Mohawk's more mildly and, therefore, more justly than the governor, and he was therefore, quite ready to promote the foundation of a mission among the Mohawks as soon as they should again and directly ask to have a black-robe sent to them.

The remainder of the day was passed by pious fathers in prayer, and F. Jaques was present for hours before the tabernacle praying for the enlightenment and salvation of his former tormentors.

Meanwhile the Chevalier de Montmagny was working out the paragraphs of the treaty, and savages were taking council on the same subject. They were unanimous on all points except the call of the black-robe. Some of the warriors expressed their fear that by the return of priests who, particularly Ondesonk, had many friends and bitter enemies, dissensions might be caused among their own people. Koetsæton was able very soon to put these fears at rest, and the two parties became unanimous, and went with courage into the council-hall where the sitting was opened in good humour.

After the usual ceremonies the governor rose. "We have well considered," he said, "all that the red men have told us through the mouth of their brave chief, Koetsæton, and are quite ready to conclude a treaty of peace and friendship, to take the views of the Mohawk people on the subject. But first we will give the great chief some intelligence of the black-robe whom he and his people so much wish should return to the village. We are able to give our friends the most certain knowledge of his safety."

He rang a little silver bell, the master of the ceremonies opened a side door, and the missionary stepped in."

"Uah!" shouted all the Indians; they sprang up and stared at the two priests as if they had been ghosts. Even Koetsaeton lost his composure for a moment, and stretching out his arm towards the fathers as if repulsing them, cried out in alarm: "Ondesonk!"

"Has my brother forgotten Ondesonk, to whom he was always so good?" replied the priest in the Mohawk language.

And hastening to him, he clasped him in his arms while he shook hands warmly with the other members of the embassy.

F. Bressani also saluted the savages, who were unable to conceal their embarrassment in a friendly manner.

"The Great Spirit has protected my brother Ondesonk and this other black-robe, and His red children thank Him for this," replied Koetsaeton, who soon recovered his composure when he heard F. Jaques address him in his own language, and turning to the governor with a smile he continued:

"Will Onantio let us take our brother with us to Gandawaga?"

"We have nothing to say about that. Koetsaeton may ask Ondesonk himself when we have agreed about the treaty, for the black-robos will not go to the Mohawks unless they are our friends."

"We will talk with each later," said the missionary, and with his companion sat down a little aside of the contracting parties.

The Pow-wow went on. The governor laid before the Mohawks the different articles of the treaty which were all accepted. Then Koetsaeton rose, and offered the Frenchman a white wampum girdle, which had been brought for the purpose, and said:

"Will Onantio accept this girdle which is clear and pure as the eye of the Lord of Heaven, as a sign of friendship from the great people of the Agwehonwe; that they have buried the tomahawk, and will never again tread the war-path against their white brothers at the Great Stream. Koetsaeton will return to the village with his people, and will tell what he has heard from Onantio. He will tell his people that the good black-robos are with their brothers, and there will be great joy. The great and wise sagamore at Gandawaga will call together the old men, and they will beg Onantio to send messengers to Gandawaga that they may see how the tomahawk is buried deep in the earth."

Montmagny stood up, offered Koetsaeton, who had gone half-way to meet him, his hand, and in a short speech confirmed the treaty of peace; but he must inform the mother country of what had occurred, and as soon as he received an answer he would send an envoy to the Mohawks for the ratification of the treaty.

The Pow-wow was formally closed, and the two missionaries went with the Mohawks into their quarters, where they were for some hours occupied in friendly discussions. On the following morning the governor sent handsome presents to the savages, who departed singing a song of triumph, under the thunder of artillery.

The two fathers accompanied the savages to the bank of the river, and F. Jaques gave them a hearty *au revoir*. There was great joy in the colony, for now, at last, the anxious settlers could breathe in peace.

F. Jaques remained a few days longer at Three Rivers, and then he returned to Marytown (Montreal), and there continued to fulfil the duties of his holy calling with F. Ducreux till it should please his superiors to grant the inmost wish of his heart. Now there was peace on the S. Lawrence, and as the Hurons were included in the compact with Three Rivers, it was decided at Quebec to send the things so much required by the mission at Lake Nipissing, two former attempts having failed. To his great joy F. Bressani was chosen as the messenger to the Huron country, and he arrived there, now that there was only the difficulty of the journey to be overcome, late in the autumn with a number of Indians and his baggage.

The patience of F. Jaques had a much longer trial. Lent had set in, and there was yet no call for him to the wilderness. There was some delay in Quebec about sending out missionaries till the colonial government had sent the ratification to the Mohawk country, for till this had been done the friendship of the savages was not to be depended upon, and it would be folly to send such men as F. Jaques and Bressani out there, after the experiences they had had, till this had been done.

Towards the end of April, 1846, when F. Jaques had almost given up all hope of the fulfilment of his wishes, he received a letter from the rector at Three Rivers, which called him thither, and he then learned that he was to go to Gandawaga, at first only to make known the ratification of the treaty by government, and so to learn whether he could return to that place as a missionary.

As soon as the ice had broken up on the S. Lawrence, the savages had sent to Fort Richelieu to know whether Onantio would now keep his word, and after communication with Quebec it was decided that F. Jaques should go to them as an ambassador, no one else being so fitting for the post, and the word was no sooner spoken than the joyful priest gladly changed his worldly dress for the habit of his Order. The four Mohawks who had come to Fort Richelieu were invited to Three Rivers, to act as guides to the ambassador, and on the 16th of May, F. Jaques, to whom a companion was given named Bourdon, with these men and two Algonquins, began the perilous journey. They went down the S. Lawrence and Richelieu River, through Lake Champlain to Lake George, which should rather be named Lake Jaques, and then, leaving their canoes, they wandered through hill and dale to Cohotatea, where they were received with surprise by the Mohawks at a fishing station. As there was no one here with whom the father was acquainted, he persuaded his companions to proceed to Rensselaerswyk, where he felt that he had a duty of gratitude to fulfil.

With the exception of a few newly-erected wooden buildings the settlement was unaltered. Peter Bluten sat smoking at his door, when Morris pointed to the landing place.

"Mynheer, there are some strangers coming; white men and red together!" cried the factotum, arousing his master from his dreams.

"What is coming? Who is coming, Morris?" he said, bewildered.

"Strangers, Mynheer, white and red. There, they have gone behind Smeerboom's store. Look there! Two white men, just below; but they are not from the Netherlands."

"You are quite right, Morris; and the men are coming on here. Morris, my hat and my green jacket. Make haste, I say! I must know what it means; the Red-skins go behind like servants. Morris, make haste, or I shall have to receive these people with a bare head, and in my old jacket."

Then he hastened into his shop, clothed himself in a suitable garment, and placed a three cornered hat on his head. After this hasty toilette he was ready to receive the visitors, and without a word more remained standing on his threshold. He looked curiously at the approaching party who also stood still. Then he said:

"May I ask who it is who gives me the honour of this visit?"

"Good Mynheer Bluten, do you not remember me?" said the tallest of the strangers.

"I could fancy that I have seen your face, and heard your voice, Mynheer. But I cannot exactly recollect—I mean, if I do not mistake I have had, some time ago, the honour, the pleasure——"

"You make no mistake, dear friend, for so I may rightly call you. You were so good to me when I was last here more than half a year ago. Can you not remember?"

"It is just possible. But, no, it is impossible, for you could not—— Ah! it is you, my good, holy man. Ah, yes! your hands, your mutilated hands! A thousand, thousand times welcome! But, do I know the gentleman who is with you?"

"No, my friend; he is here for the first time; he is a servant of the government of New France; but, unfortunately he does not understand your language."

"Then, our good pastor will talk to him. We often speak of the Monsieur from Gandawaga as you are called. Morris!"

Morris had gone off to the pastor and the commandant's house on his way, before he had received his master's orders.

Meanwhile, Frau Marianne entered the shop with the warmest expressions of joy.

The guest was now taken to the room of honour. Morris was to take care of the Indians, and, as in about half an hour the pastor and the General appeared, there was very great joy; and, then, as the news spread like wild fire, all Renselaerswyk had soon assembled in Peter Bluten's shop.

The travellers remained till the next morning, and the Red-skins were so well entertained that they were in high good humour, and gave the white people some proofs of their dexterity in the use of the bow. After some very pleasant hours F. Jaques was permitted to withdraw. Baurdon went away with the pastor, but F. Jaques remained with Peter Bluten.

The good father was full of gratitude. His soul was filled with recollections of the past and hopes

for the future. The Mohawks had no longer any anger against the Hollanders on account of the refusal of Van Curler, in compliance with his orders, to supply them with arms and ammunition. Thomas Renard had gone eastward soon after F. Jaques's departure to settle in Manhattan Island, the remembrance of the end of the bushrangers making Renselaerswyk a painful abode for him. He had visited the island in Lake S. Peter, and the whole fearful scene had come vividly before him; he saw the place full of dead and wounded, he saw Couture, whom he now believed to be safe, and the never to be forgotten Ahatsistis given up to their fearful foes. And so the picture passed before his mind till he sank on his knees, overpowered by his feelings, and prayed fervently for strength and courage for the Christian souls must leave in Gandawaga.

About ten o'clock the father began the remainder of his voyage. He was deceived as to his reception at Gandawaga, for the Mohawks who knew him, received him as a stranger, and treated him with the greatest ceremony. He found that the reason for this was that he came as a messenger from a great people, and must be treated as such. No one came to pay him a friendly visit, and so he had time for prayer, and for instructing his companion, Baurdon, in the ceremonies of a Pow-wow.

When the tam-tam sounded the next morning crowds of people streamed to the village square where the council-hut stood, and it was evident that the inhabitants of the other villages had come to Onenquin in vast numbers to gaze at the strangers, of whom it was said that Ondeskonk was one, and to learn the result of the meeting at the great stream. All were full of curiosity who were under guard of honour, with their wild ornaments, accompanied the Frenchmen and the Algonquians near to whom two squaws carried a chest full of presents to the council-hut. F. Jaques recognized several of the inhabitants of Gandawaga in the surging mass, but they looked at him as a stranger, and passed him without any sign of cognition. As long as he exercised the functions of the Peace Commission he must preserve his dignity, for he represented the government of the country.

In the council-hut, which was ornamented with green boughs, the Oyander, surrounded by chiefs, had already taken his place, and on the entrance of the white men the Pow-wow was formally opened with the usual ceremonies. Spider Snake presided. Eagle sat at his right hand, Koetsaeton on his left, and near to them the head of the Schildkrote family, Assendase, was crouching on the ground, while with flashing eyes he was contemplating F. Jaques. Wagawalla's band was not there, but the brave Takuetele was visible in the background among some of the principal warrior chiefs.

As soon as the usual ceremonies were completed F. Jaques rose, and opened the parchment on which the treaty was written. Baurdon held a duplicate to the sagamore, which he returned with a smile and the remark that the Onenquin did not understand the signs of the faces, but wished equally with them to bury the tomahawk.



"The Great Spirit sees and hears us," he argued; "the Great Spirit knows what we think, and the Ongwehonwe cannot find out what they have to do by these signs with which the Pale-faces speak to each other from a distance. Onantio has sent us a wise man who speaks our own language. The wise man can tell his brothers with his mouth what these signs mean. Our friends from the great people of the Algonquians came over to Gandawaga to speak with the sachems and chiefs, and they understand the speech of the Ongwehonwe."

The priest folded up the written contract, and interpreted to Bourdon the meaning of the sagamore, to which he replied:

"You foresaw that at Three Rivers, but his tendency the Governor-General is so little acquainted with the customs of the savages, that he considers the signature to the ratification of the treaty to be a matter of the greatest importance."

"What are we to do?" asked Jaques.

"Act with them after their own manner, father. See no other way. The document has no weight here; for if the Red-skins did not keep their word on its parchment with the signs they had scratched upon it would certainly not stand in the way."

When F. Jaques had concluded Koetsaeton took up the word:

"Ondesonk has told my brothers all that the Ongwehonwe said to Onantio at the village of the Pale-faces at the Great Stream. Nothing has been added, and nothing has been altered. Let the wise Ondesonk speak further to his brothers, that they may better understand the will and the wishes of his mighty people. The race of the childkrotes begs the wise sagamore to allow Ondesonk to tell his friends all that he has to communicate to them."

"Will Ondesonk speak to the Ongwehonwe?" asked Spotted Snake.

"I have very little to make known to my friends," continued the priest, "little more than that concerns myself. I went away with a heavy heart, and with joy I return. I must once more return to the land of my white brothers, but I shall remain there but a short time. I shall again come back to my dear friends in Gandawaga and shall leave them no more till the Lord of life calls me to Himself. If I had returned to Gandawaga from Cahotatea great ills would have arisen in the village. Wise men hear my words and know that Ondesonk speaks the truth. For this reason I went to my white brothers on the Great Stream. But I was not happy among them; my heart took me to Gandawaga, and now it is full of joy that its wish can be fulfilled."

"My people is great and powerful. They hold out their hands to the Ongwehonwe and call him brother. The red men are welcome at the Great Stream. The warm fire burns for them in their huts, the meal is always ready and the bed prepared. Ask Koetsaeton and the braves his companions. We desire peace and would also wish to bury the tomahawk so deeply that it would never more be found. Onantio now sends presents that his friends at the foaming waters may know that he loves them. Ondesonk has spoken."

*(To be continued.)*

## A CHAT ABOUT PEACOCKS.



WE are not going to write the natural history of the peacock. It has been done over and over again; and although proverbial philosophy has taught us that a good story cannot be told too often, another equally wise saw, with the sharpest possible teeth, has assured us that too much of one thing is good for nothing. And then, again, supposing that we felt any disposition to write learnedly about the gay plumed bird of Juno, and to enter into an anatomical inquiry respecting his bony structure, his nervous system, and the rest of it, our space would necessitate us so mightily to abridge, that we should ultimately become the modern illustration of an old Latin sarcasm, and, labouring to be brief, become obscure. All we propose to do is to gossip about the peacock.

A gay gallant is the peacock, as he struts about in the sunshine, his beautiful coat resplendent in the light, his sharp eyes looking about as if he courted praise, and felt that he deserved it. His form so graceful, as his long tail sweeps the ground like the train of a countess; or, as he sometimes stands before his less-endowed brethren, and spreads that tail of his in a gleaming semicircle, bright and gay, gleaming with its black disks and rings of gold. Yes; a noble fellow is the peacock. His small head crowned with a crest of feathers, choice and erect; his neck long and slender, tapering gracefully from the neck upwards; his back and wings of a light ash colour, mingled with black; his head, and neck, and breast of a greenish blue, with a gloss which, in the sunbeam, appears exceedingly brilliant; his eyes set between two stripes of white; the feathers of his tail of a changeable mixture of green, blue, purple, and gold. Standing thus before us, he is one of the most beautiful objects imaginable.

The earliest mention which we can trace of the peacock, is in the book of Job. At what date that book was written, is itself uncertain, but there is little doubt that it is the most ancient book in the world. There, in the strange mysterious story of the man of Uz, God Himself challenges the patriarch to reply to, amongst other queries: "Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacock, or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?" Thus it would appear, even in those early days, when the world was young, the peacock was famed for his beautiful plumage, and had become an object of general admiration.

At a later period, when Solomon the Wise was king over Israel, and the fame of his doings was world-wide, peacocks but added to the attraction of his court. The glory of the Jewish people had culminated in their king, Solomon, whose wisdom surpassed the wisdom of the Egyptians, whose fame was in all nations round about; who had spoken three thousand proverbs, and composed a thousand and five songs; who had written of trees, from the cedar of Lebanon, to the hyssop which grew upon the wall; who was conversant with the habits and characters of beasts, and fowl, and creeping things and fishes;

who had received the congratulations of surrounding sovereigns; who had reared the temple at Jerusalem, employing in it the labour of thirty thousand men. Even Solomon thought it a desirable thing to have the gaudy peacock in his court, for once "in three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks." It is a high honour to the noble family of peacocks, that Solomon should have them imported to his court, in order to gratify his taste for the beautiful productions of nature.

The recollection of the great Hebrew king leads us to think of another potent sovereign. We allude to Alexander the Great—that sovereign who wept for other worlds to conquer. Even this "monarch of all he surveyed," whose motto, in truth, might have been "Veni, vidi, vici," was so struck with the beauty of peacocks, that, when in India, on the banks of the river Hyarotis, he laid a heavy fine and punishment on any person who should, in any way, wound, injure, or disturb them.

About this time a pair of peacocks were carried to Athens as great curiosities. The rumour of their arrival spread all over Greece. It would appear that from distant parts the rich and noble took a journey to the classical city, and paid rather exorbitantly for a view of the wonderful birds.

So highly prized were peacocks in Greece, that the price of a pair then exceeded thirty pounds of our present money. At a later period, the Grecian ladies had the tail feathers of peacocks arrayed in their semicircular sweeps, and used them as fans; and the fashion contributed very greatly to the picturesque costume of those ancient dames.

When the city of the seven hills, in its turn, began to exercise influence over the world, and the Roman eagle came pouncing on the lesser birds of heaven, peacocks were highly esteemed in Rome. Rome, the mistress of the world, had grown voluptuous. Her nobles contended with each other in the empty vanity of titles and surnames; they invented or selected the most lofty and sonorous appellations. They measured their rank and consequence by the loftiness of their chariots, the magnificence of their apparel, the novelty of their pleasures, and the delicacy of their food. A strong and especial regard had they for the latter. At the Roman tables, the birds, the squirrels, or the fish which appeared of an uncommon size, were contemplated with curious interest, and the scales were duly brought to ascertain their exact weight, and notaries were summoned to attest, by an authentic record, the truth of the marvellous event.

In those days it was fashionable among the great men at Rome to eat peacocks, not because peacocks were delicious eating, but because they were expensive. The manner in which the peacocks were prepared for table is uncertain: for it appears that, after the highest seasoning, their flesh is still black, tough, and when compared with that of other birds, but poor and insipid. But peacock was an aristocratic dish. It belonged to a class. The expense prevented the common sort from offering so costly a viand. It is said,

that the man who first undertook to fatten peacocks for the markets made his fortune by the trade. Hortentius, the orator, was the Roman noble who first ordered them to be served up at his table as an article of food, and he became highly celebrated on this account. How long peacocks were considered a delicious and costly article of diet does not appear. In France, during the days of King Francis—of cloth of gold renown—these birds were still used at the entertainments of the great and noble. At a somewhat earlier period it seems that they were eaten in England; but at that time they were only introduced to garnish the festive board. The fashion then was to take off the skin of the bird, and having prepared the flesh with salt and spices, the skin was again drawn on, so that the bird appeared in full plumage, and in nowise injured by the preparation. Thus fitted up for service, it was kept for many years to be set on the table in full dress—the tail spread to full proportions, and a very marvel to behold—on all great occasions. At weddings and other high times, they filled the beak and throat of the bird with cotton and camphor, which was set on fire for the entertainment of the company.

Our first peacocks were brought from the East Indies; and we are assured that they are still found in vast flocks in a wild state in Java and Ceylon. Ælian says they were brought into Greece from a barbarous country. Its introduction to the west was probably originally owing simply to the beauty of the bird. Aristophanes mentions Persian peacocks, and Suidas calls them "Median birds." Aufidius Hurio charged by Pliny with being the first who fattened up the peacock for the feast of the luxurious.

The common age of the bird is twenty years, and not until the third year does it display its gay, beautiful, and variegated plumage. There are various descriptions of this bird, some of which are white, others crested; that which is called the peacock of Thibet is the most beautiful of the feathered creation, containing in its plumage all the most vivid colours, red, blue, yellow, and green, disposed in an almost artificial order, and merely to please the eye of the beholder.

Buffon says: "Climate has not less influence on the plumage of birds than on the fur of quadrupeds. We have seen that the hare, the ermine, and most other animals, are subject to become white in cold countries, especially in winter; and now we find a species of peacock which appears to have experienced the same results from the same cause, and more important ones still; this cause has produced a permanent race in the species, and seems to have acted more powerfully upon the feathers of this bird, since the whiteness of hares and ermine is but transient, taking place during the winter only, like that of the wood-hen and *Lepus*; but the white peacock is always white in summer as in winter, in Rome as in Borneo; and this new colour has become fixed, that from eggs laid and hatched in Italy come white peacocks."

In the "French Encyclopædia," Sonnini says that the race of white peacocks is not essentially original to the north, for, in 1783, a pair of common peacocks produced at Gentili, near Paris, four young ones, two of which preserved the

plumage of their parents, and two were entirely white. Nevertheless, Manduyt, who relates this fact, observes that there was no white peacock in the village nor in the environs. The same thing occurred, a few years before, in an estate equally near Paris. It then appears, that the whiteness of the plumage of the peacock is a simple accidental variety, which one cannot regard as forming a permanent race; and what seems to prove this still more is, that these white peacocks are very rare. A peacock bears the first rank among domestic fowls, as the eagle does among the birds of prey; for which the ancients consecrated the eagle to Jupiter, and the peacock to

## MYSTERY IN THE OLD TOWN OF WINCHESTER.

BY K. M. WELD,

Author of "*Lily the Lost One*," "*Bessy*," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER X.

**L**ORD EVERDALE was on the point of setting off at once to make arrangements for his departure when he remembered that he had an appointment with Father Brown for this morning. He wished the appointment at Jericho, but he felt that he must not fail to keep it, though he secretly hoped that Father Brown might have been called out upon some matter of business, and his joyful hopes as to the subject of his interested conversation had faded quite away within the last twenty-four hours.

His hasty rap was answered by a servant who told him that he was expected. So he entered the house, and received the usual kind welcome from the priest. Father Brown, however, soon observed the gloomy, mortified expression of his face.

"How now, Lord Everdale, what has gone wrong with you? You look vastly as if you were trailing in smooth waters!"

"You are pretty right in your surmise, father, I am not."

"What is the matter?"

"I scarcely like to tell you, for you will only laugh at me, and I am not in a humour to be laughed at, I can assure you."

"Indeed! well, I will promise not to laugh, and I will assist you, if it is in my power."

"Well, then, of course you know that I was in love with Miss Clayton."

"I have, I own, suspected that such was the case! When gentlemen give you sugar if you ask for salt, or tell you it is a fine day when it is raining in torrents, when a certain lady is present, we usually suppose some such feeling exists."

"You promised not to laugh at me, Father Brown, and you are doing so already!"

"Pardon me, Lord Everdale, I only answered your question."

"Well, the long and the short of the matter is, that I proposed this morning to Miss Clayton, and she refused me! And she would give no reason for her refusal. Do you think she prefers any one else? That cousin of hers, Bob Trafford, is constantly at the house. Miss Lushington told my aunt that she was certain her dear friend Isabel was dying to catch him."

"I am very certain that she does not care for him more than all first cousins naturally do for one another. Besides which, Bob is such a spend-thrift that I am sure nothing would induce Miss Clayton to marry him."

"You must own, Father Brown, that I am much to be pitied, that I have great reason to be angry. I have loved Miss Clayton many years, although I gave her up for a time on account of her behaviour to her father; but latterly she has been my one thought day and night. I love her devotedly, and she has refused me."

"Now, my good friend, do be calm and reasonable, and tell me this. Did Miss Clayton ever give you reason to suppose that your love for her was returned?"

"No, not exactly; she never said anything, but yet I felt sure she loved me, and now she says she felt nothing but esteem and gratitude for my kindness to her father. I do not believe it, I am certain that she cares more for me than for any one else. However, it is useless saying anything more to you on the matter, Father Brown," continued Lord Everdale angrily, "you understand nothing about love! so I will say no more, but wish you a very good morning."

He left the room abruptly without allowing Father Brown another word. He walked towards home, and as his mind became gradually less excited, began to view matters in a more reasonable light, and his religious feeling and high principles came to his aid.

"Poor girl!" he mentally exclaimed, "why should I consider it a crime in her not to return my love. Perhaps God has sent me this trial to punish me for thinking too highly of myself, of my position, and my fancied personal attractions? I will repine no longer, but try to take a bright view of the matter; however, as I am very certain that I shall never recover my spirits if I remain in London, where everything reminds me of my blasted hopes, I will at once write to my dear sister in Lisbon, who has so often entreated me to pay her a visit, as it is impossible for her to leave her husband to come over to England, and he is tied down there by the government office he holds. If I remain with her six months, I shall, I hope, have regained my peace of mind, and be able to return again to my home occupations. How terribly depressed poor Miss Clayton looked! quite heartbroken! She looked more depressed than is natural; for, after all, although she, of course, loved her poor old imbecile father, yet his existence in that state was no comfort either to himself or his friends. She quite gave one the idea of a person over whom some frightful catastrophe was impending; what could it be, I wonder? But why do I go on puzzling my brain about her concerns? What are they to me? It is from the force of habit I have thought of her so much lately! I will, however, be more firm,

and banish the slightest remembrance of her from my mind."

Lord Everdale's affairs were quickly arranged to his satisfaction, and before the end of the week he had left England, and was on his way to Lisbon.

The will of Colonel Clayton was opened on the day of the funeral.

He left the whole of his property to Isabel, who thus became the possessor of a very large income.

No one was surprised, as it was known that he was rich, and that he had always lived within his income.

Monica was delighted at Miss Clayton's affluent position, but, like Lord Everdale, could not understand her excessive depression. She was glad to hear of the intention her mistress had of visiting a cousin in Scotland, as she hoped that the complete change would restore her failing health and spirits; but the astonishment of poor Monica was great when Isabel said in a faltering voice, that she was not to accompany her, but must return to the farmhouse.

"What has happened, my dear mistress? what have I done to displease you? why do you part with me?"

"You have done nothing to displease me—quite the contrary! but my cousin will not allow me to bring a maid."

"What difference can it possibly make to her, dear madam? You are rich, and you can pay for me, and keep me; how will it be possible for you, delicate as you are, to manage without an attendant?"

"I shall do my best; the thing is that my cousin is very peculiar, and it is far better to yield to her wishes in the matter."

"Oh, no, no," exclaimed Monica, "that cannot be your only reason, there must be something more. I am certain that there is some hidden grief in your heart which you will not reveal to a poor dependant like myself, but that poor dependant loves you better, loves you far more devotedly than any relation or friend you have in this world. Do not, I conjure you, part with me, and do not; ah, do not keep me in the dark as to the cause of your depression."

"Ask me no questions! say not another word, my dear, my faithful Monica; be silent, as you value my peace of mind."

"I will ask no more questions, and I will only add these few words. 'If you were in poverty I would not leave you—I would serve you more gladly than if you possessed all the riches of the world; I would remain with you without wages; your cast off clothes would suffice for me. Let me accompany you to your cousin's, and I will make myself so useful that she shall not grudge my keep, I will do anything, I will suffer any hardship, rather than leave you, my dear, my beloved mistress.'"

Isabel was inexpressibly moved by these words of her faithful attendant, she could scarce command her voice to reply.

"Read this letter from my cousin, my good Monica, and you will see that it is quite impossible for me to venture to take you with me."

The letter was written in a stiff, prim hand, and contained these words:

DEAR NIPCE.—Come to me, as you wish, for six months or a year; but as for the wonderful maid you speak of, do not bring her on any account, for, during your visit to me, you must dispense with the *tomfoolery* of a maid. I dislike all ladies' maids without exception, but particularly perfect ones, for they are generally conceited, and always gossips. They repeat every thing, and make mischief without end; so send your wonderful maid to Jericho if you please, but do not even think of bringing her to my house.

Monica could scarcely help smiling as she read this tirade against ladies' maids; but it convinced her that it was impossible for Isabel to take a maid to her cousin's house, so she ceased to urge the point, and merely said:

"You will send for me directly you return home, will you not, my dear mistress?"

"Indeed I will," replied Isabel, "if it is in my power; rest assured of that; but, for the present, you must return home; I leave on Friday."

Monica left the room.

Isabel sank on her knees at her *Prie Dieu*, and if any one could have penetrated the secret recesses of her heart they would have seen that her cup of bitterness was almost overflowing. The death of her father had left a great blank, but that blank would have been quickly filled up, had she dared think as in former days of Lord Everdale; had she not felt compelled for some mysterious reason to banish him from her remembrance, and bring her mind to the melancholy connection that she perhaps had seen him for the last time. Monica, too, she must part with at least for the present; and she was conscious, besides, that a huge black cloud was hanging over her head, and threatening to burst at any moment and overwhelm her. But she continued to kneel, and a small voice in her heart seemed to say, "God has given, God can take away," and she exclaimed fervently:

"May His name be for ever blessed. He knows what is good for me, I accept all from His hands, and I will try to bear every thing cheerfully."

She then recited the "Te Deum," thanking God for having given her something to suffer in this life, that she might prove her love by submission. And that her prayer and submission was pleasing in the sight of God she could not for a moment doubt, for such a feeling of happiness came into her heart that it seemed like a foretaste of heaven; it was the joy which the saints feel when in the midst of tribulation and adversity; it was that happiness which made the martyrs in the midst of the most frightful torments sing hymns of joy and thanksgiving.

Isabel arose from her knees, no longer desponding and weak, but perfectly calm. She called Monica, who was surprised and delighted at seeing the changed expression of her countenance; but she asked no questions, and merely exerted herself in making every possible arrangement for the comfort and convenience of her mistress, in order that she might feel less the privation of being without an attendant. She likewise had accepted the cross of leaving her dear mistress, and was resolved to bear anything and everything that God pleased to appoint cheerfully. Had any indifferent persons been present and watched their

preparations for departure, they could not have guessed, from their countenances and manner, that each had a deep grief in her heart, which she endeavoured as far as possible to conceal in order to lessen the sorrow of the other.

They parted calmly. Isabel left first, and a journey of a few days brought her to her cousin's residence. She had a kinder reception than she expected from the old lady, who was pleased at her yielding so easily to her wishes about the maid.

Monica received a warm welcome from her friends at the farmhouse. She felt depressed when she thought of her dear mistress, but she enjoyed her leisure time in visiting the sick in the neighbourhood; she sometimes remained with her a week at a time, when not required at home, and she was frequently sent for for miles round.

One afternoon a respectable-looking woman called at the farm and asked whether they had heard of the distressing case of a poor woman who was found in a barn on the common near the farm, ill, and apparently dying.

"No, indeed!" answered Teresa, "we have not; do tell us all about it. Is there any chance of her recovery?"

"No, I fear there is not; it is a melancholy case, and I came here to ask if anyone among you would be kind enough to go and see her; you might be able to do some good. I can do nothing, and, to tell you the truth, her expressions of despair frighten me so much that I scarce ever remain alone in the room with her. I am obliged to go out this evening to sell some ducks and chickens; I shall be absent some hours, therefore, as my cottage is at no great distance from your farm, I came here in the hope of persuading one of you to go to her during my absence."

Monica lost no time in equipping herself for the visit, as the account of the miserable condition of the poor creature had filled her kind heart with compassion. She started; the evening was dark, and the distance greater than she expected, but she walked on briskly, dreading the poor sufferer might quite lose consciousness, and thus take away all chance of her mind being calmed before death.

Monica soon reached the wood, and felt rather anxious, but she would not yield to this; but after she had walked more than a mile, and the cottage was not yet in sight, she began to fear that she had mistaken her way, as the fog had increased. When a boy in a cart presently coming up, she asked him if she was going towards Old Mike's cottage.

"Na, na," said the boy with a broad grin, "these beasts going quite contrary, in a few minutes thee wilt be out on the heath, and not a bit wilt see miles."

"But my lad, can you show me the way to Mike's cottage where I wish to go?"

"Yese! jump into my cart my girl, and we shall be there in no time at all."

Monica did so, and they soon reached the cottage, and she alighted, gave the boy a sixpence, and thanked him for the trouble he had taken.

She entered the cottage, and begged to go up immediately to the poor sick woman, but Mike, who was at home, would not allow it, on any account, until she had changed her wet shoes, and put on a warm shawl belonging to his wife, and he likewise gave her a cup of tea.

Monica was grateful for these little attentions. They then went upstairs and entered the room, but as the bed was on the contrary side the curtain prevented their seeing the poor patient at first, though they heard her now plainly enough.

She talked incessantly in a coarse and harsh tone, accompanied by groans, and her ejaculations were appalling; they were such as would be uttered by a person in the very depth of despair, and overcome by terror. Harsh and discordant as was her voice, there were tones in it which sounded somehow familiar to Monica's ears. She felt as if nailed to the spot, unable to go forward or to approach the bed.

Again the exclamations became more vehement and the terrified listeners distinguished these words.

"You are the cause of my losing my soul! you are the cause of my being lost for eternity! but I shall be a viper to sting you for ever, yes, for ever! for you will be lost too, and we shall meet, and I shall mock you! and sting you! and torture you for eternity! You it was who first led me into evil by praises and flattery, until you made me love sin and hate virtue. Yes! yes! you will be with me to burn for eternity."

And as the unfortunate woman pronounced these last words, she shrieked as if a thousand devils were in pursuit of her. Her head fell heavily on the pillow, and she lay silent, senseless, and apparently gasping her last.

Monica was almost overcome by terror and horror, but as she came in the hope of doing good, she would not for worlds have left the room. She made the sign of the Cross, and entreated Our Lord to give her the grace to know what to say to the unfortunate woman, for although she was aware, that the horrible words had been uttered in the frenzy of delirium, yet she felt certain that such ideas would not have been expressed unless her mind had been filled with remorse, for some foul deed caused or permitted, and she determined to speak of the goodness and the mercy of the Lord, to remind her of His promise to forgive every sinner who repents.

She approached the bed, and uncovered the woman's face. But when she looked at her she gave such a start of surprise and horror that the farmer rushed forward, and seeing her as white as the sheets of the bed, supported her for a moment, and then brought a chair.

She sat down, and drank some water, for she was near fainting. They thought she was overcome by the horror of the scene, that she was too young and innocent to cope with the despair of an abandoned woman, and they resolved to try and persuade her to return home.

Monica was indeed unnerved; she trembled like an aspen leaf! And well might she tremble! for in the miserable being stretched on the bed she recognised Rebecca! Rebecca her aunt's maid, that Rebecca, who, by her wicked lies, and



jealousy, had ruined her. That Rebecca who had corrupted Catherine, turned the small amount of religion which was in her heart when she entered the house, into infidelity, who had filled her mind with vanity, love of the world, and a restless desire to be married. She sent this handsome irreligious young girl without a guide or protector, among a set of young persons whom she knew to be devoid of religion or morality, and where she would be exposed to temptations of every kind.

Monica had heard nothing of her from the day before that on which she left Miss Temple's service; but there seemed to be nothing to prevent such a girl from going on from bad to worse, and perhaps committing some great crime. Rebecca's mind seemed so engrossed by horrible ideas that she did not at all recognise her visitor, and Monica thought it best not to increase the poor woman's remorse and misery by letting her know who she was; so she did not speak, but arranged her pillows in silence. Suddenly a flickering flame sprang up from the smouldering embers and the light fell full upon Monica's face.

Rebecca rose up in her bed. She gave a shriek so appalling that it filled those who heard it with horror.

"Get thee gone," she cried, "get thee gone! art thou, too, come to demand thy soul of me? Do not, ah, do not haunt me!"

But Monica looked at her steadily, and repeated the words with which she used formerly to answer Rebecca, when she laughed and jeered at her for her pious practices. She said:

"I love God with my whole heart, and I will try to love and serve Him all my life."

At the same time, she made the Sign of the Cross, and thus addressed her:

"Rebecca, Rebecca! are these the words of a lost soul? are they the words of a soul which will hate God for all eternity? Are they not rather the words of one whom God in His goodness, has preserved from being contaminated by your advice, and whom He has preserved by His grace from ever offending Him wilfully?"

Rebecca looked, and listened to Monica's words, and they seemed to calm the fever of her mind. She looked, but she answered not a word, she seemed paralyzed.

Monica again spoke, and said:

"God watched over me, as the good shepherd watches over his sheep. He sent kind and good persons to give me shelter, when I left your house, and to preserve me from ill. I have lived in happiness and innocence ever since, and now He has sent me to you, that I may comfort you, and console you, and lead you to cast yourself at His feet, for, if you repent, He will receive you into His arms, as the 'Prodigal returning home;' He will forgive you all your sins and admit you into heaven."

It is impossible to express the effect that these words seemed to have on Rebecca; she muttered in a feeble voice:

"Yes, it is true; no lost soul could say such words, no lost soul could make that Sign. You forgive me, God may do so likewise; I should not die in despair."

"I forgive you, my poor friend, from my heart;

I forgive you as I hope God will forgive my own sins, and the only desire I have is to help you to make your peace with God, to know that you have made a good confession, and been again admitted to receive Holy Communion."

Rebecca listened to Monica as if her words were indeed the words of an angel sent from heaven to comfort, and to advise her, and she answered that she would do all that she advised imploring her prayers in behalf of her soul.

"Beg God's pardon humbly for all the faults of your past life, and then let me fetch a priest, that you may make your confession without delay, and receive Sacramental Absolution, now that your mind is less excited. Delirium may return."

"Send for a priest at once," said Rebecca, "but do not leave my bedside till he comes, or I shall again fall into despair."

Monica wrote a few lines, which were at once taken to Father O'Leary, a priest who was fortunately visiting a gentleman, who lived very near to Mike's cottage.

He soon came. He spoke kindly to the poor invalid, and asked what she wished him to do for her.

"To save my soul from hell."

Monica left the room, and Father O'Leary took his seat by the bedside of the penitent woman.

He remained with her a full hour, and then called Monica to give her a little refreshment.

When Monica returned, she was delighted at the change she perceived in the expression of Rebecca's face; the look of utter despair was gone, she seemed calm and resigned. She took Monica's hand, pressed it warmly, and said:

"If God in His great mercy forgives me, and admits me, sinner as I am, into heaven, my first and most ardent prayer will be for you, who have rescued me from the depth of despair."

Monica lifted up her heart in thanksgiving.

*(To be continued.)*

THE true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally, she is not rich. But oh, what a heart she has when you find her. Large and pure and womanly. When you see a young woman, if those showy things outside were millions. If you gain her love, your two thousand are millions. She'll not ask for a carriage or a first-class house. She'll wear simple dresses, and turn them when necessary, with no vulgar parade to frown upon her ceremony. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlour higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a trifle, and astonish you with the new thought how little happiness depends on money. She'll make you love home (if you don't you are a brute), and teach you to pity while you scorn a poor fashionable society that thinks itself happy. Now, do not, I pray you, say any more "I can't afford to marry." Go find a true woman, and you can. Throw away your cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way.



"I LIT MY PIPE UNDER AN ANCIENT BEECH."

## Sherborne; or, the House at the Four Ways.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems," "Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER V.

We ridicule men of one idea, but a great many of us are born so, and we should be happier if we knew it.

DR. NEWMAN, *Grammar of Assent.*

**E**Fconcerning England I have one conviction stronger than any other, it is that the so-called Reformation killed the goose with the golden egg; in other words, that

it destroyed the source whence her true greatness flowed; or more correctly, that it sold out the treasure from its investment, and proceeded to use up the principal, insomuch, that if the remainder be not re-invested ere long, the waste will be apparent to those whom it concerns, when it is too late for them to profit by their knowledge.

Whether this view (I could wish it were a more

distant one, for the more I look at it the less I like it) be a natural production of my poor brain, or was made to grow there by budding, or whether it was self-sown from elsewhere, like thistles, and had germinated by "unconscious cerebration," is a problem not worth the trouble of solving; for, at the least, I only noticed what is so conspicuous, that one must be blind, or wear coloured spectacles, not to see it. I certainly made up my own mind before I had heard or read anything on the subject—anything, at least, that was not either contradictory of my own conviction, or intelligible; yet not even in this restricted sense could I claim the invention. As well might every person who has a tooth drawn claim the merit of discovering that the process is painful to the patient, as an individual Christian take credit for seeing independently of others what he cannot help seeing unless he shut his eyes, or allow himself to be hoodwinked by the selfish sophisms of a false liberality.

My conviction in this matter was not likely to sit looser upon me after I had arrived in the county of — than when I lived far away from the land whose local associations confirm them whithersoever one casts one's eyes; and in fact, as soon as I found myself in my room, surrounded by quick incentives to musing—such as the gentle heat of a good fire, some old prints of local scenery, a boot-jack of old-fashioned size and weight, the peculiar broken silence of an English country-house, and the local scenery suggested by dim vistas through the gatherings mists of an autumn evening—they began to turn themselves over in my mind, repeatedly and in succession, like a shoal of porpoises in the wake of a ship sailing before the wind—a metaphor, by the way, which does not appear to fail in point of fulness, however poor it be in quality, seeing that we are confessedly being borne onwards at a quicker rate than can be calculated except by measurement of the distance done.

As soon as I had unpacked my portmanteau, I sallied forth into the white frosty mists, and strolled about the park, continuing to think on the same subject, and accounting the same to be a business-like study for an Englishman who left England before he had attempted to think at all.

"Ex fumo dare lucem  
Cogitat——"

thought I, as I lit my pipe under an ancient beech, and found myself evolving from my inner consciousness, a sort of axiomatic summary of what had been passing in my mind. But this is not the time and place to enter upon so large a subject.

I sauntered slowly on, and by the time I had reached the eastern boundary of the park, my pipe began to cast up ashes and feeble sparks in my face, whereon I ceased puffing, and turned my steps towards the house, from the back of which the great bell sent forth its characteristic monotone into the darkness, reminding me that society expected every man to dress himself like a waiter.

"Well," thought I, in continuation of what had been running in my head like the burden of a melancholy ballad, "what next? Society looks

different from what it was, or seemed, when I was a very small boy. Social restraints have given way to shooting-jacketism; whilst the honest old bigotry that dozed and trusted within the four corners of square pews lined with green baize, has passed away like a dissolving view at the Polytechnic, succeeded by an equally bigoted indifference that resents objective truth as a personal affront. Yet they say there is a vein of earnestness even there—a real desire to find the truth, an unspoken, perhaps unconscious, resolution to accept it when found; and such a habit of mind, it may be urged, is healthier than that which makes a man rest satisfied with a stone for bread—healthier, because less obstructed, and therefore more open to the reception of the Faith. It may be so, but a sieve too is open, and the Danaides are represented as endlessly filling vessels that have no obstructions, but also no bottom.

I had now reached my own room, when, being recalled to the practical details of life by the sight of the smoking canful of hot water on the wash hand stand, the lighted candles on the dressing table, and the folded clothes on the bed, I thought me that instead of speculating about a comparatively new state of things, it would be advisable to see what I could pick up by observation. So I dressed, and presently appeared in the drawing-room, where I found some twenty social specimens for the exercise of such perspicuity as I might suppose myself to possess.

## CHAPTER VI.

A DINNER party in the country has four periods each with its own special characteristics. The first period of prospective enjoyment and self-valuation, before dinner; the period of views and observations, after the ladies have left the dining room; and the period of general friendliness, when the carriages have been ordered. During the first of these periods, conversation rarely tends beyond news and classic generalities; it did it pass the boundary on that occasion in London it has, as a rule, only two periods: a period of descriptive apologies for being late, and the period of talking against time, after which individuals and families disappear suddenly at intervals. In London your toes may be trodden on morally at any time, from your arrival to your departure; but in the country you are probably safe till after the soup, possibly till the arrival of the *entrées*; for convictions of a certain class are susceptible of gastronomic influence, and grow what the person holding them feeds on.

The poet Campbell assures us that freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell. We are not to what it did when, by the Catholic Relief Bill 1829, all the regular clergy were declared liable to be transported for life. Perhaps it made more over that sop to certain irreconcilables of the period, shrewdly foreseeing that the threat would probably be harmless. And yet the joke would be a grim one. No doubt that clause in the Bill is in itself practically harmless; but so are notices about man-traps and spring-guns at the corners of woods, in which, nevertheless, the

farer will not be welcome, and may be suspected of poaching, or damaging young trees, or loitering about to set a stack on fire.

Now an English Catholic is politically and socially in a position not unlike that of the said wayfarer. He is like a man walking along an unfrequented public path over land which his ancestors planted and reclaimed from the waste, and where he now lives by sufferance under an unquestionable, though somewhat vague, byelaw of trespass. He sometimes turns aside from the path, finding it muddy in places, and not pleasant, for he has been told that the man-traps and wire-guns have no real existence; and he goes on, deeming himself on the whole fortunate to be able to pass unnoticed among the faded remains of the oaks which his forefathers had planted.

But, it may be asked, what is the meaning of all this metaphor? Where is the trespass? What is of annoyance *does* it, and what evils *may* it, and what is the answer is, unfortunately, but too evident.

By the common law of public feeling in England, Catholics commit a trespass whenever they seek that share of influence, political or social, for which they theoretically have a right to compete on equal terms with Jews, Unitarians, and Atheists. Whenever they make, or appear to make, the attempt, they are warned off. They are warned off the House of Commons by being persistently not elected: they are warned off the circle of all public life by the respectful suspicion of the general public, and the prophetic nature of the demands that would confront their consciences there.

Furthermore, the notice board is fixed at the entrance to the sociabilities of private life; and it was what I felt concerned me most as I joined the mixed assemblage in Sir Roger Arden's dining-room before dinner. Sherborne had told me, as the reader is aware, distinctly to stop during our walk from the station; and I still smarting from the effort of having to talk to a friend, with, if I may so express it, my half tied up.

By the suspicions of others, the conviction of being misunderstood in everything that bears, directly, upon any objective truth, warn us in mixed society to keep the foot-path of civilities, material benevolence, local chat, so far as it can be treated superficially, latest news.

Now, there are two reasons why this is a presently disagreeable position, and occasionally painful one. In the first place, the society in which one holds that position, is, as regards one's mental masquerade. Sometimes one is like the veiled prophet of Khorassan, highly respected one drops the veil, and then taken for—no other what. Secondly, it necessitates a dilemma which may be thus rendered: If I am asked, whether directly or indirectly, I must reply or not reply. If I do not reply, either shall seem a sneak, or my cause will suffer peciation. If I do reply, the answer must be either sufficient or insufficient. A sufficient answer must often be, or seem, by the nature of the questions involved, uncourteous; an insufficient

answer will score for the other side. Therefore, do what I will, I must appear in the wrong.

Of course, one must choose the lesser evil, and as it is a lesser evil to be misunderstood than to be caught shuffling, it is clear that one must either reply unreservedly, or unreservedly state why one declines doing so—which comes to the same thing as regards hoisting one's colours.

Can one avert the dilemma by a suggestive reply that will cause the questioner to turn aside from his question? Just as often as one can do so without showing the object of the manoeuvre—how often will depend on one's tact and the obtuseness of the audience; but as soon as the motive becomes apparent, the movement becomes a worse blunder than answering insufficiently, or holding one's tongue: for the shirk is more evidently intentional, and what is not said is made more conspicuously absent.

It comes then to this: one must either reply unreservedly, or unreservedly state why one declines to answer at all; and this reply, or rather refusal, must be worded with a view to showing as much courtesy as circumstances will permit, circumstances which one cannot foresee or modify, and which occasionally leave no room for anything but plain-speaking.

As I soon found, but not before dinner.

Clearly enough, on that occasion, the time before dinner was a period of prospective enjoyment and self-valuation. People talked at intervals, and looked about like playgoers before the curtain rises, and the majority seemed impressed with the idea that there was nothing objective in the world except their own position. We were twenty-four, including Sir Roger and his family. Here is a list of them:

First, Lord Oxborough, who was, by the way, my mother's first cousin—a good, yet not an exceptional specimen, of Post-Reformation territorialism. He believed in the duties of property, and the divine right of the Privy Council on doctrinal points, respected Catholics in a genealogical sense, and explained all the difficulties concerning them to his own satisfaction by that much employed term-of-all-work, Ultramontanism. He had a certain force of character, slow but unyielding, and much practical common sense, limited in action by the politico-religious necessities of rural Anglicanism. He had well-formed features, enlivened by a cheerful expression of amiable sturdiness; his general appearance betokened a working country gentleman, a quiet fulfiller of his duties, as far as he could see them, and a deserving owner of several weight-carrying hunters.

Secondly, Lady Oxborough, a modern variety of the female territorialist, careful in social self-assertion, careless of what needed none, expansive to fashionable life-wasters and literary bamboozlers of moral sense, systematically neglectful of social ties and the duties of country neighbourhood. She seemed, and she was, better in her capabilities than in her actions; but her mind, like a piece of newly-woven cotton, took the print of the "last pattern out."

Thirdly, her daughter, Miss Exmore, and fourthly, a younger daughter. The eldest was about half an inch taller than her sister, and her

features were a trifle more marked, otherwise the happy man who was engaged to her, might easily have been put off with the wrong one at the altar of Hymen, and have gone through the honeymoon without discovering his mistake. In body and mind both were as inexpressive and as symmetrical as a palladian house: there was no physical angularity in either of them, nor any points of character. But, then, they were not fast. Self-contained, and calmly self-conscious, but not self-sufficient, they appeared to derive much pleasure from the contemplation of their own limited theories of good and evil, so that virtue was its own reward by means of a pleasant introspection; yet they never paraded their limited liability in the heroic, still less did they erect it into a virtue. They were good, as far as they went, and they made no pretence in any direction whatever. As wives, they would probably be attached rather than affectionate, as mothers, attentive rather than careful, in all relations of life, almost obstructively matter-of-fact within uncertain limits, and undemonstrative to the extreme verge of coldness; but it might, perhaps, be possible for some person or persons unknown to develope them beyond a standard so respectable and so uninteresting. It certainly would be not only possible, but easy, to go farther and fare worse in the matrimonial lottery; indeed, that end might have been attained without going farther than Sir Roger Arden's dining-room, where—

Fifthly, between a High Church rector and myself, a Miss Hermione Alberta Crumps maintained a conspicuous appearance among milder manifestations of millinery, and by means of an active self-consciousness, remotely connected, perhaps, with abortive claims of higher instincts, caused her presence to be felt. She was sister-in-law to a neighbouring Anglican vicar, Mr. Linus Jones, who was also present with his wife, her admiring elder sister. He has been already mentioned by Sir Thomas Grubhedge, as co-guardian of Sir Bertram Fyfield, and as successor to my father in the living of Fernham.

This self-impressed young lady represented two characteristics of modern civilisation, inconsequence, and unconscious recklessness. She idolized Garibaldi, and venerated the relics of Toryism, loved the externals of aristocracy, and admired principles fundamentally opposed to it. She was intermittently excitable, rather than enthusiastic, strong-tempered, rather than impassioned; uncontrolled, rather than susceptible; a cultivator of sensational symbolism, rather than a lover of art. She sang, as I afterwards found to my cost, in the hysteric-declamatory style; was ecstatic over Edmond About's writing in general, and *La Question Romaine* in particular; prided herself on being personally acquainted with several revolutionary characters, and read the "Guardian" when she was in England. She had been taught many things, including a multiplicity of alleged facts, whose only title to the name was the fact of their being asserted; but in education, properly so-called—the systematic training of soul, intellect, and heart—she was almost exceptionally deficient. Sometimes her better instincts rebelled faintly against playing second fiddle, but they were

promptly put down and made to do as they were bid. So that she may be fairly described as a creature of second-hand impulse. Her features were well marked, rather than well formed; her countenance agitated, rather than expressive; her figure tall and large, but neither harmonious in form nor graceful in movement; her manner self-asserting, her general appearance pretentious. It was my lot to be seated between her, and—

Sixthly, Lady Alicia Grubhedge, wife of the most respectable Sir Thomas. She was the daughter of an Irish earl, whose very proximate ancestor (for he had no remote ones) gained his peerage by favouring all measures calculated to render Ireland, as far as might be, uninhabitable for the Irish, and untenable for the English. Strictly speaking, she had no opinions, but her mind was imbued with a few corollaries of one fundamental principle—viz., the unalienable right of the Protestant ascendancy. William III. was her Rudolph of Hapsburg, and the history of England, prior to the battle of the Boyne, was her a sealed book that she would not presume to understand.

There were four Anglican clergymen of four different schools, which may appropriately be described as the late High-and-dry, the Broad-decorative, the Institutional, and the Ritualist; the first-named school being represented by Mr. Linus Jones before mentioned, the husband of Miss Hermione Crumps's sister. It differs from the Georgian High-and-dry school mainly in its certain grim attachment, under protest, to the first four centuries. The Broad-decorative churchman was Dr. Shale, brother of the young lady whose preference for the plunger used to wound my schoolboy susceptibilities. His strongest beliefs were "views," and he was a local authority on painted windows.

The Institutional school had a most respectable representative in Mr. Glenfillan Bruff, before mentioned. It is hardly a school, but rather an optimistic variety of several others, and it differs from the rest of the Establishment in this, that it accepts cheerfully the consequences of being a State institution, instead of complaining, or pretending to be something else.

Ritualism was impersonated by a young man in an enormously long garment like a cassock and a Roman collar, or something like one. He was mainly distinguishable by a restless sympathy with excommunicated Catholics and Greek Catholics, an habitual contempt for his own bishop, a fierce reverence for collective Episcopal authority in the abstract, and an interior assent to innumerable decrees of an impossible council.

Mrs. Linus Jones was a symmetrical woman of a large scale, with a mind balanced by heavy weights, that made her seem to herself and many people, especially matter-of-fact ones, a sensible, practically judicious, highly principled and amiable, insomuch that the general opinion of the neighbours epitomized her as a superb woman in general, and a right thinking one in particular. This effect was produced by doctrine of the weights, not quite intentionally, yet not without a dim uncertain consciousness of causing people to assist facts. Her friends were wont to be ecstatic when observing how equal was

amount of pleasure she appeared to take in duties and in recreation, in attending to her children, and in sympathizing very much with the world.

It never occurred to them that it costs little and pays well to put up for the reputation of a careful mother among people favourably predisposed, or incompetent to test the claim. It is one thing to be busy and another to work, one thing to make investments of time and another to practice self-denial. But it is often more profitable to a reputation, in social life, to seem laborious and self-denying than to be so, because people's attention is nudged and stirred up by the spasmodic action of dramatic domesticity, and because people are apt to be unconsciously pleased at hearing high praise given to something less than the utmost they could do themselves without an uncomfortable effort.

Therefore Mrs. Linus Jones was very comfortably popular. She excited no envy, for it made people feel comfortable to praise her. She had no occasion to strain her representative powers beyond what was natural, for a higher standard would have narrowed the sphere of her popularity, and made an open question of her right to the name. She was not called upon, either by herself or by other people, to be what she seemed, for the appearance was quite satisfactory to both. The Anglican clergymen considered her to be a model wife; their wives thought her a model mother; the archdeacon pronounced her an excellent clergyman's wife; the master of the hounds asserted that she was "a devilish clever woman." Some called her a sweet woman, others an uncommonly fine woman, others a highly principled woman; whilst others, again, were impressed with the largeness of her sympathies. She accepted all this with a kind of deprecatory depreciativeness, very attractive to the unwary—a fact which, as she sat opposite to me, largely clothed and heavily signoned, impressing her presence on the mind of a young man whose eyes wandered fugitively toward the younger of the two Miss Ardens, was sufficiently apparent.

Mrs. Shale was a little suppressed looking woman, with unnoticing eyes, and a washed-out complexion. She retailed her husband's opinions dogmatically, and collected butterflies.

Miss Gertrude Arden, a niece of Sir Roger's, was seated next but one to Hermione Crumps, really a remarkable specimen of what can be done with a nature good as far as it goes, but dull. Protestant friends felt sure that a convent education had "impeded her development," whatever that might mean, and occasionally some very intellectual Catholics thought that her intellect might have been more cultivated: but the truth was wide of their wisdom. The fact was, that her instructors had so thoroughly made the most of her in every way, that she might well be credited with a margin which had no real existence. The distinctive characteristics of a well-trained Catholic maiden—the special purity, the expression of baptismal innocence, the absence of self-consciousness, the illuminative presence of Divine faith, the practical wisdom of Catholic instincts—made one recognize in her an indescribable superiority over girls far above her in natural gifts of every kind. Her features were of a type originally good, but

weakened, and, so to speak, worn down unevenly: therefore she was neither handsome nor pretty, in the strict sense of those words. Her manner was considered by certain superficial observers to be unformed, her talk trifling, her tastes apparently frivolous. But the expression of baptismal innocence softened the outline of features that in any one of the guests at that table would have been little short of plain; her manner seemed to be unformed only because she was brought into comparison with people whose constant self-consciousness brought theirs changefully into evidence; her talk appeared trifling because it was not rash, depreciative, or presumptuous; her tastes were apparently frivolous because they were innocent. Had she been a saint and a genius, no doubt her somewhat passive goodness would have risen to the heroic, and her innocent faith to something more instructive; but the social machinery has to be worked by more every-day means, and if the smaller wires were pulled by no worse hands we should have fewer breakages perhaps.

(To be continued.)

## THE LOVE OF THIS PRESENT WORLD.



KNOW not what the years may bring  
To crush from out my inner mind  
The thought that life is not unkind,  
Nor living an unlovely thing.

Maybe, all ignorant, I dare  
To doubt the chance of growing cold,  
Where every day does but unfold,  
So seems it, something new and fair.

One shattered hope, one cruel lie,  
The burden of one single woe,  
May make me moan, for all I know,  
"This world is hateful,—let me die!"

But now—the outline of a face,  
The voice I love, the friend I know,  
The flash of beauty, and the flow  
Of music, make this world my place.

A blazoned sky, a summer sea,  
Far distance set in opal haze;  
Wring from me, as I stand and gaze,  
The impassioned cry, "these are for me!"

The blood runs warm with quick desire;  
The being rushes out to love:  
It seems as if the heavens above  
Were icy—and this world on fire.

Yet while such things my senses woo,  
While earth's fair face is thus adored,  
All the long while, forgotten Lord,  
I know Thee to be only true.

Oft cries my heart, "'Tis but a theft,  
To lay hold of God's creatures thus,  
Oh, foolish part and dangerous  
To love, where all love must be left."

Bewildered in such cruel thrall,  
To Thee, dear Lord, I cry for aid,  
Thrust back the false: bid phantoms fade,  
Become, oh only True, mine all!

AMBROSE.



## AMONG THE WILD FLOWERS.

Thank God! when forth from Eden  
That weeping pair were driven,  
That unto Earth, though cursed with thorns,  
The little flower was given.  
That Eve when looking downward,  
To face her God afraid,  
Beheld the accented violet,  
The primrose in the shade.

Mary Howitt.



THE love of flowers is a sacred feeling; it is felt and acknowledged by the savage as well as the philosopher; in earliest infancy as well as in extreme old age; and the poor and humble derive as much pleasure from it as the great and wealthy. The universal heart of man, indeed, as has been well observed, blesses flowers.

They are wreathed around the cradle, the marriage-altar, and the tomb. The Cupid of the ancient Hindûs tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange flowers are a bridal crown with us—a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and hung in votive wreaths before the Christian's shrine. This love of flowers is totally independent of the abstruse classifications of science. It is not according to their systematic arrangement in orders, their numbers of leaves and petals, nor their peculiarities of growth; it is for themselves alone—in their exquisite forms, brilliant colours, and delicious odours. Rousseau has truly said, though at first sight it appears rather paradoxical, that a man may be a good botanist without knowing the name of a single plant. We do not, by any means, desire to underrate the advantages of science, but merely to impress our readers with the conviction that the cultivation of flowers is not the occult mystery that many take it to be. "If delight may provoke men's labour," said Gerarde, "what greater delight is there than to behold the earth apparelled with plants as with a robe of embroidered work, set with orient pearls, and garnished with great diversity of rare and costly jewels! Give me leave to tell you that God, of His infinite goodness and bounty, hath, by the medium of plants, bestowed all food, clothing, and medicine upon man."

Let us ramble for a while into old hoary woods, among gray rugged trees, and thickly matted hedge-rows; over green fields, beside silent waters and, amid spring's plenitude of wild flowers. Here is our old friend the daisy, which we love for its simple beauty, and cherish for its sweet name. What a lovely suggestion: "the eye of the day," or as old Chaucer called it, the "ee o' the day"—the day's eye, just waking at the first blushes of the dawn, and struggling with a few silent tears which make it blink; and then laughing in very joy at the glory of the sun, greeting the lark after the first breaking of the morn, with its sparkling star-like form. Old Chaucer's heart gushed with joy at the first budding of spring. His blood began to stir with new anticipations. He was up betimes in the morning, before the daisies were rid of their tears. His books were dead letters then—there were

better books without; he went to hear the birds sing, to see the flowers blow, and to inhale the hallowed fragrance. He tells us that he loved the daisies above all flowers that grew, and under the shade of the great oaks at Castle Donnington, he would sit and contemplate their stony blossoms.

—I am up and walking in the mead,  
To see this flower against the sun spread.  
When it upriseth, early on the morn,  
That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow.  
So glad am I, that when I have presence  
Of it, to do it all reverence,  
As she that is of all flowers the flower,  
Fulfilled of all virtue and honour,  
And ever alike fair and fresh of hue.

And ever I love it, and ever alike anew;  
And ever I shall, till that mine heart die;  
There loveth no one hotter in his life,  
And when that it is eve I run blythe,  
As soon as ever the sun sinketh west,  
To see this flower how it will go to rest,  
For fear of night—so hateth she darkness.  
Her cheer is plainly spread in the brightness  
Of the sun—for there it will unclose.

In Chaucer's time the daisy was called "*Marguerite*," and was considered an emblem of constancy and love. It is called by this name at the present day in France; the word in French signifying a pearl. It was the device of the unfortunate Margaret of Anjou, and, while prosperity surrounded her, her nobles wore it in their hair, and her maids had it embroidered on their bodices. The significance of the name was well understood by Francis I., who called his devoted sister Margaret of Valois—the companion of Erasmus—the too who had the daisy-flower worn in her honour—his "*Marguerite of Marguerites*," a botanical name, "*Bellis Perennis*," "*Unfading Beauty*," is highly poetical and suggestive.

In the mutations of languages substantives and adjectives undergo the fewest changes; and the which refer to the appearances of nature have the remarkable permanency. The English word may be traced up to the old Persian, and will be found identical with the modern word, signifying *red*. In the French the word is *rose*, in the Latin, Italian, and Spanish, *rosa*; in the German and Danish, *rose*; in the Dutch, *roos*; Swedish, *ros*; Armenian, *rosen*; Irish, *ros*; Welsh, *rhôs*; Greek, *podon*, from the root of red or ruddy. Rosemary is formed of a compound implying sea-rose; in the Welsh, *rhos mar*; Irish, *bath ros*, a sea-rose.

Our old friend the buttercup has an especial charm in its name. We remember when we went into the lawns and meadows, and gathered such armsfull of the glittering blossom, that our little arms were well wearied with their load. And then the great charm so inseparable from buttercups, of ascertaining which of our young companions were most fondly attached to butter, by holding the flower beneath the chin; we were unfortunately much given to studies of philosophy in our younger days, and on these occasions always had a sly intuition that the flower would reflect its golden light without caring for the individual's love of butter. The little celadine is a near neigh-

hour to the buttercup; it is sometimes called small-wort. In Lyte's "Herbal," which was first set forth in the Almaine tongue in 1578, the greater celadine is called "Chelidonium," that is to say, swallow tribe; because, as Plinil writes, "it was first found out by swallowes, and hath healed the eyes and restored sight to their young ones, that had harme in their eyes, or have been blinde." The author tells us that the lesser celadine was so called because "it beginneth to spring and to flower at the coming of the swallows, and withers at their returne." Of the same tribe is the pheasant's eye, so called on account of its close resemblance to the eye of that bird. It was called by Gerard "rose-ae-rubie," in allusion to its brilliancy; it has also the classic name of *anemone*. The sweet anemone is another of the same class; its name in Greek signifies "wind" or "spirit." Its English appellation of wind-flower is a poetical name, and characteristic of its fragile beauty. The elegant clematis is a member of the same extensive family. Old Gerard claims the honour of having given it its poetical name of "traveller's joy," on account of "decking and adorning waies and hedges where people travel":

On the wilding rose-bush apt to creep,  
O'er the dry limestone's craggy steep,  
There still a gay companion near,  
To the way-faring traveller.

These flowers are comprehended in one extensive family, having the *ranunculus* as the type of the whole, and termed "*Ranunculaceæ*," from the Latin root, *rana*, a frog.

So many appellations which some plants have received, and the many plants to which the same name is sometimes applied, render it exceedingly perplexing to the reader of the older poets to understand all the allusions that are made to them. One of the prettiest names which occurs in English poetry, will serve to illustrate this. Sir Walter Scott has applied the name to the traveller's joy, as the following lines would indi-

On the hill  
Let the wild heath bell flourish still;  
Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,  
But freely let the woodbine twine,  
And leave untrimmed the eglantine.

In another passage he bids a lady twine a wreath of eglantine for her brow, but we cannot admit the prickly briar—the eglantine of the old poets—in such a case, as a wreath of thorns could do nothing to the charms and graces of beauty. It makes a similar error; in the following passage he appears to allude to the honeysuckle:

Through the sweetbriar or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine.

Shakespeare and Shakspeare do not commit such mistakes; they are both careful to preserve the old names of flowers, and a botanical connection in their floral groups. The true eglantine of the old writers, is the prickly sweetbriar rose, one of the most lovely children of the woods and lanes, and which, during the whole summer, exhales the most delightful perfume from its

leaves and flowers. It is the "*Rosa rubiginosa*" of modern botany, and the "*Rosa eglanteria*" of the olden time.

Of the flowers which have obtained the special notice of the poets, the violet stands almost first. Like the eglantine, however, the name has been applied to several distinct plants. In old times, the snowdrop was often called the narcissus violet; the wall-flower was called the Garnesee violet, and in French, *violette jaune*. The periwinkle was anciently called *du lisseron*, or, *violette des sorciers*, and our own violet was termed *violette de Mars*. Not to modern poets alone do its beauties belong, for scarce a poet from old Homer down to Wordsworth has failed to sing its praises, and fables without end have been invented, to account for the origin of its name. We can find no better etymology than that which derives it from the Latin *viâ*, by or on the wayside, where it grows to cheer the wayfarer with its odorous breath. The sweet little hearts'-ease, or pansy, is of the violet tribe! What an endearing name is that! Ease for the heart. Who can tell how many sorrowing hearts may have found solace in that lovely flower, how many weary spirits may have seen in the soft, loving smile of that little blossom, a new world of joy, a new source of life and comfort. The hearts'-ease has been the subject of some grotesque appellations; herb-trinity, three-faces-under-a-hood, love-in-idleness, and numerous other strange compounds have been applied to it. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream," where Shakspeare describes the uselessness of Cupid's aim at the heart of the Fairy Queen, he thus refers to it:

Yet marked I, where the bolt of Cupid fell;  
It fell upon a little western flower,  
Before milk-white, now purple with Love's wound,  
And maidens call it, "Love in Idleness."

There is a bewitching beauty in the simile, equal to any floral metaphor which has emanated from Shakspeare's genius.

A little group of pansies, mingled with marigolds (called *Soucis*, cares) is a common offering of friendship in France. The fond lover frequently presents them to his mistress, with the motto, "May they be far from thee."

The classical beauty which characterises many of the botanical names of our field flowers renders the study of botany particularly charming in a literary point of view. The deadly nightshade is a pleasing instance; its botanical name of "*Atropa belladonna*" is very suggestive of its history and properties. *Atropa*, one of the Fates, was endowed with the privilege of cutting the thread of life. The wasting disease termed atrophy is named after this fatal deity. The specific named belladonna, signifying a beautiful lady, conjoined with the generic tense, serves as an admirable symbol of the plant—Death embalmed in beauty, a blighting poison lurking beneath a lovely form.

The naming of the Andromeda is a very noteworthy incident in the life of the great Swedish naturalist, Linnæus. It is cheering to watch the footsteps of a genius like Linnæus, departing from beaten tracks and time-honoured usages, striking out into a new path-way, and

by it arriving at some of the grandest truths of nature. In the wide field of natural history, he walked as a conqueror going on to triumph; tracing out new analogies, founding new systems of classification, and illuminating, as with the wand of an enchanter, beauty, harmony, and light, from a dark and dingy chaos, throwing chains over the great Proteus at the instant when he slumbered, and by his genius and imperturbable determination, forcing him to reveal his mysteries. In traversing the bleak uncultivated wild Lycksele, Lapland, whither, while yet in his youth, he was sent by the Royal Society of Upsal, he found this plant in great profusion, decorating the wide and desolate marshes with its myriads of lovely blossoms. The plant closely resembles one of the heaths (*Erica dabocia*) and is extremely beautiful. The buds are of a blood-red colour before they expand, but when full blown, the colour is a flesh-colour. In contemplating its chaste beauties, and it is just such a plant as might have bloomed in Eden, the imaginative mind of the great naturalist was struck by a fancied resemblance, in the general character of the plant, to the story of Andromeda, as related by the poets. He went on over snows and moors, and the sweet flower still shed its holy light upon him, to cheer him on his way. All the details of the fate of Andromeda occurred to his mind, and he thought that if the mythologists had intended to symbolize the plant, they could not have devised a more appropriate fable. Andromeda is represented as a virgin of exquisite beauty, chained to a rock in the midst of the sea, and exposed to dragons and venomous serpents; the flower always grew on some turfy hillock, amid the wild swamps, where the water bathed its roots, as the sea washed the feet of Andromeda. The unhappy virgin was assailed by sea-monsters; the abode of the flowers was frequented by various reptiles. The poets fable that Perseus came to deliver the afflicted maiden from all her dangers, and to chase away her foes; and so, too, thought Linnæus, does Summer, like another Perseus, come to give men light and hope to all things, drying up the water which surrounds the plant.

These elegant ideas, and poetical allusions in the writings of Linnæus, have done as much for the advancement of natural history as his deep and penetrating enquiries in matters of pure science. The picture is a cheering one, of the solitary traveller refreshing himself with his classical recollections and handing down to posterity the result of his day dreams, by affixing a new name to the flower which had been his solace in the wilderness. And while digging down into the dry details of physical science, he was yet lighted, as a miner by his lamp, with these beautiful fancies of the olden time, these relics of a lost world of poetry; breathing so much that is good and true, so lovely, so divine, that in our enthusiasm, we are almost lured into the belief that they are verities.

---

Socialism says, what is thine is mine; Christianity says, what is mine is thine. The difference is infinite.

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINBECK.

### CHAPTER XXII.

**T**HIS short speech made a very favourable impression upon the Red-skins, which was increased when the father presented first to the sagamore and then to the chiefs of the other Mohawk families the presents intended for them, and finally added to the tribe of natives, into which he had formerly been taken, some strings of glass beads and several little mirrors as if coming from himself.

After this one of the Algonquins held a short conversation with him, and then he was requested to read the treaty of peace, upon which the Oyander held a short private conference.

Then began the formal ratification. The Indians all drew their knives and touched them with the forefinger of the right hand, the Frenchmen stood up and uncovered their heads, and Spotted Snake began his speech with pantomimic gestures:

"Here lies a tomahawk stained with the blood of the brave. The Ongwehonwe raised it. Now he wipes the red blood from the tomahawk. Rejoice ye men that come from the country of the great light, and rejoice also ye warriors of the Ongwehonwe, for now the tomahawk is clean, there is no longer blood upon it. But it must be buried. It must be buried so deep in the earth that no red man, that no Pale-face can be able to take it up again. Here stands a mighty tree. Our old men rest in the shade of its outspread branches. Our grandfathers did not know when the tree was little, so many summers and winters has it seen. It is great and strong and will never decay. The great spirit upholds it, and the whole wood may fall around it but it will remain strong and green. The Ongwehonwe embraced this tree with their strong arm, and cried aloud, 'Great spirit send us thy help.' The great spirit heard the request of his red children and helped them. The roots went deep and held fast. But the roots loosened their hold. The tree trembles. The roots loosen. Help us, Pale-faces, that the race of the Ongwehonwe may continue. The tree is there, but there is a deep hole under its roots, and there shall the tomahawk be buried. Look, the instrument of death glitters for the last time in his hand, but it will drink no more blood, it will cleave no more skulls. Look here! The Ongwehonwe swings the tomahawk on high, and casts it into the deep, dark hole with all the strength of his powerful arm. Rejoice ye men, the earth has taken the tomahawk. Now throw more earth into the hole, and see how the Ongwehonwe tread it down. All to the tree, and let it be again placed in the hole where the tomahawk is hidden. Place it right that its roots may not be put to shame.

"The great tree stands again where the great spirit made it grow, and it will grow and flourish as long as the red men and the Pale-faces live with each other like brothers under its branches. The tomahawk is buried, and the Ongwehonwe

are now and for ever the friends and brothers of Onantio, Ondesonk and their people; they are the brothers also of the brave Algonquins and the brothers of the Wyandottes. The tomahawk is buried, and the great spirit rejoices in the work of his children."

The sagamore sat down, and the other members of the council sank upon their skins and blankets. Ondesonk again spoke a few words, and took some presents from the Mohawk in return. Then the Pow-wow was closed, and the peace so warmly desired was ratified. This happened on the 11th of June in the year 1646.

As soon as F. Jaques and his companion had been escorted back to the quarters assigned to him, he had nothing more pressing to do than to change his dress for the habit of his Order, and to make the round of the village to look after his baptized Hurons and catechumens, for since he had left the Mohawk country more prisoners must have been brought in.

On leaving the village he met Koetsaeton, who looked at him gravely and asked him to come out of the village with him, as he had something important to communicate. They went down together to the river, and then, after ascertaining that no listener was near, he begged the father to hasten his departure as much as possible.

"Koetsaeton is Ondesonk's friend, and it is therefore that he says to him: 'Go.' Koetsaeton does not tell all that he knows, but Ondesonk knows that Assendase is not his friend, and Assendase is powerful."

"How, then, is it, as I understand, that the Ongwehonwe have begged Onantio to send them black-robe?" asked the surprised missionary. "Did not Koetsaeton himself bring the Pale-faces a wampum that the black-robe should come to them again?"

The chief looked down embarrassed, and then said slowly:

"Koetsaeton is Ondesonk's friend; he speaks to him as to a brother. Ondesonk has done a great work, and the Ongwehonwe people will thank him for it when they have quite learned to understand how good Ondesonk is. But before that the great light must come and go many times. My brother will do well if he goes back to the Great Stream at once. If he comes back later to his red brothers his friends will have to fight for him, and the Ongwehonwe people will know that his enemies meant ill."

"I fear neither Assendase nor any other man among the people for whom I work in the service of the Lord of life," cried the priest. "We have made peace with the Ongwehonwe and they have invited us, and me in particular, to come to them. Early to-morrow I think of returning to Gandawaga in order to see my friends there, and then I shall visit the surrounding villages to seek the young Pale-face who was taken prisoner when I was, and is still living in the country of the Mohawks."

"That cannot be, Ondesonk! The young Pale-face has been sent away, and Ondesonk will seek him in vain. My brother cannot go either to Gandawaga or to the other village of my people. Spotted Snake tells him through Koetsaeton that he must at once return to Onantio,

and tell him that the Oyander has buried the tomahawk. Then Ondesonk may return to his brothers at the foaming waters, and all may go well. Ondesonk now knows more than Koetsaeton dares tell him; but Koetsaeton is his friend, and he cannot, therefore, keep silence. He will see Ondesonk again."

The chief turned away with a wave of the hand, and in a few minutes he was out of sight.

With a heavy heart at the bitter disappointment of his hopes, the poor man sat down upon a fallen tree, and tried to make what he had heard more clear. Could it be really God's will that, after having overcome so many difficulties, new obstacles should rise up before His servant? Was the crown of victory to be awarded him by the Lord of the vineyard? And then he sank down by the rushing water and prayed for renewed strength.

By the sagamore's orders he was now sought for, and was received with marks of distinction.

"Ondesonk's wise words have also rejoiced the hearts of these chiefs who belong to a distant race, but who heard them with the Ongwehonwe," said the sagamore, while he pointed to three Onandayas who sat near him, "Ondesonk can speak to them, and they will gladly be the friends of the Pale-faces."

The missionary knew very well that without presents no friendly alliance could be formed, and as he still had some which had not been distributed to the Red-skins, he gladly took advantage of this opportunity to propitiate the much-fearing Onandayas. Spotted Snake acted as interpreter, and soon a good understanding was established, confirmed by presents.

The next morning, as the Mohawks who did not live there had left the village of Onevquin, the missionary and his companion went in search of Hurons who had been instructed in Christian doctrine and might be baptized. He found only a few, and for these he did all in his power.

The Mohawks suffered him to remain for two days longer, and then the sachem of Onevquin told him that it was the wish of the whole Mohawk people that he should hasten his departure in order that he might return all the more speedily. And as the savages prepared a troop of warriors to accompany him to Three Rivers, and as Bourdon advised his return, he tore himself away from the Christians he had found, and left the Mohawk village on June 16th. In thirteen days he reached Three Rivers, and the news that he brought caused great joy.

F. Jaques did not return to the Mohawks so soon as he had hoped. He had already made all his preparations for his return to Gandawaga when fresh rumours of war reached Three Rivers, which compelled the superior of the mission to place some restraint upon the zeal of the active priest. On the 9th July, 1646, it was decided that no mission could be sent to the Iroquois.

It was a heavy blow for F. Jaques, and in great discouragement he returned to Marienstat, where, however, he had only a month of trial. The bands of military who were from time to time sent from Fort Richelieu, could find no signs of Indian foes, and Jaques again pressed his superiors to

permit his departure. He painted in vivid colours the longing of his heart.

"The Mohawk people are the bride of my soul," he wrote to F. Bimant in Quebec, on whom the decision as to his ardent wishes depended. "Let me return to Gandawaga, and announce salvation to these heathens. You yourself called the missions you have planted the missions of martyrs, because you foresaw that more than one soldier of Christ would shed his blood in Mohawk land, before the Holy Church should take root there. Do not spare my blood!"

The provincial was unable to withstand these entreaties, and on the 24th September, F. Jaques was informed by the rector at Three Rivers that nothing now stood in the way of the fulfilment of his wishes. It is not possible to describe the joy that filled the heart of the missionary. His preparations were soon made. He was accompanied by a young man named Jean de Lalande, who had acted as an Oblate in the mission house, an Indian, born of Iroquois parents, and long since baptized, and some Hurons, who wished to find out some of their relations, captives in the Mohawk villages, and on the 27th September he took leave of his colleagues, who saw him depart with heavy hearts.

"Ibo et non redibo (I go but shall not return)," he cried out prophetically from his canoe to the sorrowing men; then he went on to death, singing psalms of rejoicing.

The voyage was favoured with the most lovely weather. Peace reigned over the majestic stream in whose waters the blue of the heavens was reflected, while the picturesque banks were adorned with the changing tints of the early autumn. The holy man revelled in the beauty of the scene, and full of gratitude to the giver of all good, thought little of the reports of an outbreak of the Mohawks which had been made during his short stay at Fort Richelieu. But the Hurons were alarmed when they heard of the threatened danger, and F. Jaques wished them to go no further if there was really any to be apprehended.

"Go back, my children," he said. "You are not called to the Mohawk villages if any great danger is incurred. With me it is a different thing. I *must* go to Gandawaga, even if every wigwam there should conceal a demon. My duty calls me and nothing can frighten me back. Besides, I do not believe that it is exactly as the soldiers up there represent. I cannot believe that the Mohawks would break their word. But do what you like best. I shall not persuade anyone to go with me."

"I shall remain with you, father," said the young Lalande, decidedly, and as the Iroquois was for the continuance of the voyage, the Hurons again applied themselves to the oars.

Soon, however, there were signs which seemed to confirm the truth of the report. The shore of Lake Champlain was covered with numerous foot-prints, which could only have been made by Indians, and there were also the marks of a number of canoes from which they must have landed. The hunting time had not yet commenced, and the Hurons were, therefore, of opinion that these must be the traces of a large party out upon the war path. Should this be the case, the Iroquois

must have broken the treaty, and again taken up the recently buried tomahawk, and then a terrible fate awaited any Frenchmen, Hurons, or Algonquins, who fell into their hands. This scared the red companions of the father, and one by one they stole away till only the two Frenchmen and the brave Iroquois, who had been born in the Huron country and spoke fluently his mother tongue, remained.

The missionary spoke not a word of blame, but was only troubled that the Hurons should have stolen away by night and not taken leave of him. On reaching the end of the lake, the journey had to be pursued on foot, and the fatigues were added to by the weight of the luggage they had to carry.

The journey had continued for three days when the Iroquois, who served as a path-finder, signalized a strong band of Mohawks. They soon became visible, and the missionary, in their chief, recognized Hawk's Claw, who had commanded the first attack on Fort Richelieu, and had remained his declared enemy.

A cry of wild joy was uttered by the Mohawks; they rushed upon the priest and felled him to the ground. They would soon have made an end of him if Hawk's Claw had not interfered and checked their anger.

"Bind the false black-robe, my braves, bind him, and this young Pale face whom Airstoi gives into our hands. And bind the red man who has forgotten the great spirit and his own people. Bind them all that we may bring them to the village where there will be great joy."

Before the missionary was able to speak, the orders of the chief had been obeyed, and with fettered arms the three men looked enquiringly at each other, while the Mohawks in their war paint danced around them like madmen.

"What does this mean? What do you want with us?" asked the Jesuit, when he had in some degree recovered from his surprise. "Have we not buried the tomahawk? Are we not the men of peace, for whose return chiefs and sachems have asked so pressingly?"

"Ondesonk shall not again deceive the Ongwehonwe," replied Hawk's Claw, grinning. "Airstoi has opened the eyes of the red men and they know that Ondesonk is a wicked sorcerer."

"Tear out the black snake's tongue!" said another chief.

The warriors grasped their knives, when Hawk's Claw again spoke.

"Let the black-robe lie as much as he pleases, he will no more deceive us. We know who he is. Do not make him dumb, but let him wail and complain at the stake, for that pleases Airstoi."

"What have I done to you that you are so angry with me and my companions?" asked F. Jaques.

"You know that very well, black-robe. Wait till you are given up to the squaws, and then you will learn that the red men have found you out. You shall not again make makon in the villages of the Ongwehonwe. We will send you to the bad spirit whom you serve."

Lalande, who did not understand their language, enquired what made them so angry; the missionary could give no reason, he could only reply:

"It is as if some demon were in them. I do

not understand them. God will show us what it means, and we must bend to His holy will."

The Mohawks took only a short rest, and then with their prisoners proceeded to the villages which they had left, in order to fall upon Fort Richelieu. After a forced march of two days they reached Gandawaga, where the whole population, in the greatest excitement, flocked to the square to which the captive Ondesonk had been led. No one cared about Lalande and the Iroquois. F. Jacques was pelted and struck by young and old, till Kortsætton appeared and put a stop to this ill treatment.

"Why did not Ondesonk listen to the warning of his brother?" whispered the chief as he cut the bonds of the prisoner.

"Ondesonk left friends when he returned to his people from Onevquin, and now he finds them changed to raging enemies," answered the priest sadly.

"Kortsætton warned his brother, but Ondesonk would not listen to Kortsætton's voice. Here comes Eagle with the sagamore. They will tell Ondesonk why the red men are angry with him."

The Mohawks who had brought in the prisoners dared not move when the chief set the prisoners free. But now that the two most powerful men in Gandawaga entered the square and stepped up to them they made bitter complaints against Kortsætton which, however, had no result. Short Sketched and Hawk's Claw had left their troop and hastened to tell Spotted Snake what had occurred.

"The Pale-faces shall not escape," said the sagamore, as he approached the missionary with the gloomy looking Eagle. The father looked at them calmly in the face.

"Why has Ondesonk again made bad makon?" asked the great man, as he gave a penetrating look to the silent priest.

"Spotted Snake must speak more plainly. Ondesonk is not a sorcerer, and has done no harm to his red brothers," replied the priest.

"Did not Ondesonk confine a bad spirit among things that he left at Onevquin?" asked the great man with a lowering brow.

"In the chest which contains my few possessions," exclaimed the priest, who now for the first time remembered the little trunk which he had left at Onevquin because he had thought to take but a short stay in New France.

The box contained vestments, some books and some vessels. The superstitious Mohawks had great anxiety about these things and had repeatedly requested that they might be placed in an inhabited hut till the return of their owner. But that this box had to do with the sorcery of which Jacques was accused, and what harm had been done from it to the Mohawks he was at a loss to understand.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

HE who murmurs against his fate does not understand it; but he who accepts of it in peace soon learn to understand it. What one has experienced and learned is always a stage he has made on the way to heaven.

## IN-DOOR GAMES OF THE OLD TIMES.



OUT-DOOR games are the best, for they give that grand requisite for health, exercise in the open air. But the time comes when days shorten, and the evenings become cool, and the seat by the fireside is found extremely attractive, and then amusements must be had within doors or not at all. Now, men and women spend much of their spare time in the evenings in reading; but once upon a time books were in the hands of few, and could not have been obtained by many, and when family parties, joined perhaps by some of their neighbours, were fain to endeavour to entertain each other, in parlour or kitchen, by such little sports as had been handed down to them from their ancestors, including Hunt the Slipper, Blind Man's Buff, Forfeits, etc., usually much more merry than elegant, but extremely passable with simple minds for all that. Goldsmith represents the Wakefield family as entering into these amusements at worthy Neighbour Flamborough's; and certainly it is not possible to think of such hearty social scenes without having a sort of suspicion that the present times are not improved in all respects. We may wish at least that we had restored to us a little of the blithesome good humour which seems to have been manifested in the daily life of our ancestors, and of which, perhaps, they had all the greater store, that they had but a comparatively slender share of the "blessings of life" allotted to them.

We can imagine a simple-hearted merry party of those days assembled on a January evening, with closed shutters, a blazing fire, old people sitting comfortably in the most honoured seats, and young ones sitting anywhere—two or three neighbouring families being all gathered together in mutual good faith, esteem, and affection—till, after conversation has become nearly exhausted, the merry old gentleman of the corps suggests that the youngsters may, if they choose, clear the room for a game. "Well, what shall it be?" cry ten voices at once. Ten different games are mentioned in a breath; but only one can be played at a time; so they settle upon beginning with *Puss in the Corner*, with the intention of trying others afterwards, as inclination may guide. The party being ranked up, one repeats an unmeaning rhyme, touching one at every word, until the last, who, when he was touched at that word, is condemned to take the post of difficulty.

Puss in the Corner is a very simple affair, though not incapable of producing some merriment. This youngster stations himself in the middle of the room, and one goes to each corner, and another to each central place between the corners. The parties round the room keep up an anxious communication with each other, and the person in the middle watches them with the eagerness of a cat watching a mouse. The object of the former is to make a general shift of position, a corner man moving into the centre between the corners, and the man placed there moving on to the next corner, and so on with the rest; and to do all this so simultaneously and so quickly, that the central



individual shall not be able to spring into one of their positions while it is vacant. Of course all sorts of plans are tried for beguiling the attention of the man in the middle, and giving a signal for a general start before he is aware; and the disappointments he meets with in this way set up the heartiest merriment among the old folk. At length he contrives to get into a vacant place, and the man who was last in it is obliged to take up his late situation. He is a somewhat inert fellow, and is baffled in all his efforts to get into a vacant post, until, the rest having effected a complete revolution of the room, he is condemned in a forfeit.

When this game has served its time, and begins to grow dull, they resolve to take to *Change Seats, the King's Come!* though that has but a small element of novelty in it. In this case, they all seat themselves in a circle, while the man on whom the last word of the rhyme has fallen stations himself in the middle. The object of the sitters is to make a similar move onward, each to his next neighbour's seat, without allowing the standing party to get into one while vacant; but the move must be made at a signal from the party in the centre, who, keeping his station, repeats the words "Change seats, change seats," until he thinks proper, when he abruptly adds "the king's come!" at which they must start. Unless they are all extremely alert, he is pretty sure to get into a vacant seat, and the man who ought to have been there takes his place. All this is dreadfully funny, and it is more so when the standing man gives them a disappointment by saying "the king's *not* come!" at which they ought to have kept their seats, and when, in the doubt of the moment, he is very apt to get into a vacant station. It is evident that this game is designed as a burlesque of the scramble for places and honours which usually takes place on a change of government.

*Hunt the Slipper* is next proposed, and the seniors expressing no dissent, the youthful party sit down on the ground in a circle, looking towards the centre, where stands an individual chosen as in the former games. A slipper is passed round below their raised knees from one to another, but in as stealthy a manner as possible, with the view of eluding the notice of the person in the centre, whose object it is to fix upon some party who has it in hand, and cause that individual to take his place. At convenient opportunities when his back is turned, it is considered excessively good fun to give him a slap with the slipper, and instantly send it again on its revolutions. We may all recollect the shame of Olivia Primrose, on being found at Neighbour Flamborough's all blowed and rumbled by this exercise, on the unexpected entrance of the fine ladies from London, when the honest vicar's family had so inopportunistically allowed themselves to be happy.

This having had its half-hour, some one makes bold to propose *Hot Cuckles*, which some of the elders think rather a boisterous sport; but all being in uncommonly good humour, they at length consent to it. One, chosen as before, lays down his or her head in the lap of another, and there awaits the slaps bestowed with handkerchiefs, slippers, or any other like unharmed article, by the rest in succession. Until he can pitch on the

name of an individual who has struck him, he remains in this situation; but when he succeeds in naming one aright, that person takes his place, and he becomes one of the slappers.

*Puss in the Middle* is a more boisterous kind of Hot Cuckles, the central person being there buffeted sitting, the rest standing until he can catch one of them. This is almost exactly the game which the ancient Greeks practised under the name of Chytrinda, and to which Arbuthnot represents his crazed scholar, when he was considering what pastimes he might permit to his son. "The Chytrinda," says Scriblerus, "was certainly not our Hot Cuckle, for that was by *pinching*, not by striking; though there are good authors who affirm the Rathapygismus to be yet near the Modern Hot Cuckles. My son Martin may use either of them indifferently, they being equally antique."

We may suppose our evening party now to proceed to a game at *Blind Man's Buff*, which, we presume, needs no description, as it is still happily kept alive in many respectable quarters. But the history of this simple pastime is curious. It seems to be universal both as to place and time. In England, where it was called Hoodman Blind, or Hobman Blind, it was played in the middle ages in a manner which seems to have suggested the name; one person having his hood bound over his face while the rest took theirs and buffeted him. Mr Strutt copies from an old missal a picture of a group thus playing at Hoodman Blind. In Gay's time, a cloth, as now, was employed instead of that extinct article of attire under which it was not thought good to carry two faces.

As once I play'd at Blind Man's Buff, it hapt,  
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt;  
I miss'd the swains, and seized on Blowzeland—  
True speaks that ancient proverb, Love is blind.

In Scotland, the game bore the various names Billy Blind, Jockie Blind-man, and Blind Ham, which last might have some reference to the simple old minstrel to whom we are indebted for the preservation of all that is romantic in the life of Wallace. In France, it is called *Clique-mus* (*cliquer*, to wink, and *musse*, hidden), and *Colin Maillard*, equivalent to Colin the buffoon. The Germans call it *Blind-Kuhe*, that is, Blind Cow, and the Swedes *Blind Boe*, or Blind Goat. Even in remote and wintry Iceland this stirring pastime is known, the name being there *Kraekis Blindur*. It is related that the great Gustavus Adolphus, at the very time that he proved the scourge of the house of Austria, and when he was in the midst of his triumphs, used in private to amuse himself in playing at Blind Man's Buff with his colonels. The French narrator of the anecdote adds, *Cela passoit pour une galanterie admirable* ["it passed for a very pleasant frolic"]. The game was a favourite with the ancient Greeks, who called it *Myia Chalki*.

The evening concludes with *Forfeits*, which, however, we need not describe, the game being one of the few that has been preserved, and is played to this day, not only by juveniles, but by many who are quite out of their teens, and who

are nothing loth to finish up an evening by joining in this old-fashioned pastime.

Another form of this game, practised in Dumfriesshire fifty years ago, and perhaps still, was more comic. The party are first fitted each with some ridiculous name, not very easy to be remembered, such as *Swatter-in-the-Sweet-Milk*, *Butter-Milk-and-Brose*, *the Grey Gled o' Glen-mergan Craig*, etc. Then all being seated, one comes up, repeating the following rhymes :

I never stealt Kob's dog, nor never intend to do,  
But weel I ken wha stealt him, and dern'd him in a clough,  
And pykit his banes bare, bare, bare enough!  
Wha but—wha but—

The subject is to burst out suddenly with one of the ridiculous names, and thus take the party bearing by surprise. If the individual mentioned, not immediately recollecting the name he bore, failed, at the instant, to say "No me," by way of denying the accusation respecting the dog, he was subjected to a forfeit; and this equally happened if he cried "No me," when it was the name of another person which was mentioned. The forfeits were disposed of as in the former case.

In Carleton's "Tracts and Stories of the Irish Peasantry" are many descriptions of fireside amusements. We extract a few as a suitable addition :

**"Hot Loof."**—Two young men out of each parish go out upon the flure; one of them stands up, then bends himself, sir, at a half bend, placing his left hand behind on the back part of his ham, keeping it there to receive what it's to get. Well, there he stands, and the other coming behind him, places his left foot out before him, doubles up the cuff of his coat, to give his hand and wrist freedom; he then rises his right arm, coming down with the heel of his hand upon the other fellow's palm, under him with full force. By jing, you might as well get a stroke of a sledge as a blow from one of them able, hard-working fellows, with hands upon them like lime-stone. When the fellow that's down gets it hot and heavy, the man that struck him stands bent in his place, and some friend of the other comes down upon him, and pays him for what the other fellow got.

**"Sitting Brogue."**—This is played by a ring of men, sitting down upon the bare ground, keeping their knees up. A shoemaker's leathern apron is then got, or a good stout brogue, and sent round under their knees. In the meantime, one stands in the middle; and after the brogue is sent round, he is to catch it as soon as he can. While he stands there, of course his back must be to some one, and accordingly those that are behind him thump him right and left with the brogue, while he, all the time, is striving to catch it. Whoever he catches this brogue with, must stand up in his place, while he sits down where the other had been, and then the play goes on as before.

"There's another play called the *Standing Brogue*—where one man gets a brogue of the same kind, and another stands up facing him with his hands locked together, forming an arch turned upside down. The man that houlds the brogue then strikes him with it betune the hands; and even the smartest fellow receives several

pelts before he is able to close his hand and catch it; but when he does, he becomes brogue-man, and the man who held the brogue stands for him, until he catches it. The same thing is gone through, from one to another, on each side, until it is over."

The next is *Frimsy Framsy*, and is played in this manner: "A chair or stool is placed in the middle of the flure, and the man who manages the play sits down upon, and calls his sweetheart, or the prettiest girl in the house. She accordingly comes forward, and must kiss him. He then rises up, and she sits down. "Come now," says he, "fair maid—*Frimsy Framsy*, who's your fancy?" She then calls them she likes best, and when the young man she calls comes over and kisses her, he then takes her place, and calls another girl—and so on, smacking away for a couple of hours.

The next play is in the military line. "The man that leads the sports places them all on their sates, gets from some of the girls a white handkerchief, which he ties round his hat, as you would tie a piece of mourning; he then walks round them two or three times, singing :

Will you list and come with me, fair maid?  
Will you list and come with me, fair maid?  
Will you list and come with me, fair maid?  
And follow the lad with the white cockade?

When he sings this, he takes off his hat, and puts it on the head of the girl he likes best, who rises up and puts her arm round him, and then they both go about in the same way, singing the same words. She then puts the hat on some young man, who gets up and goes round with them, singing as before. He next puts it on the girl he loves best, who, after singing and going round in the same manner, puts it on another; and he on his sweetheart; and so on. This is called the *White Cockade*. When it's all over, that is, when every young man has pitched upon the girl that he wishes to be his sweetheart, they sit down and sing songs, and court.

"After this comes the *Weds* or *Forfeits*, or what they call putting round the button. Every one gives in a forfeit—the boys a neck-handkerchief, or a penknife, and the girls a pocket-handkerchief, or something that way. The forfeit is held over them, and each of them stoops in turn. They are then compelled to command the person that owns that forfeit to sing a song, to kiss such and such a girl, or to carry some old man, with his legs around their neck, three times round the house, and this last is always great fun. Or maybe some upsetting fellow will be sent to kiss some toothless ould woman, just to punish him; or, if a young woman is any way saucy, she'll have to kiss some ould, withered fellow."

Carleton mentions some other in-door games, as the *Priest of the Parish*, the *Painter*, etc., all remarkably pleasant when enacted with spirit on the cottage floor.

It is difficult for a woman only four-foot-three to marry "beneath her," let her try ever so hard.;

## A MYSTERY IN THE OLD TOWN OF WINCHESTER.

BY K. M. WELD,

*Author of "Lily the Lost One," "Bessy," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER XI.

**R**EBECA continued to improve in health, the fits of delirium did not return, but the doctor said the improvement was merely for the moment; that recovery was impossible, although she might live some months; that in all probability the fever would return again suddenly with greater force than before, and terminate her life. He considered her constitution to have been utterly undermined by misfortunes, which he supposed she must have met with at different periods of her life.

Monica felt a great desire to hear a little about the last days of her aunt, for whom she really had affection, as she believed that others had incited her to harshness as regarded herself, and she felt likewise a great curiosity to know what could have happened to Catherine to make such an impression on Rebecca, and to throw her into such a miserable state of despair; but the fear of giving pain or reviving feelings of remorse prevented her from asking questions.

But, one evening, when she was sitting by Rebecca's bed, whom she supposed to be dying, the poor woman looked up suddenly and said that she felt much better and stronger, and that she had many things to say, some of which would be very interesting to her, among which would be an account of the death of her aunt.

"You must wish to know," she said, "the cause of my dreadful fears, and how they are connected with Catherine Sullivan. I have not sufficient strength to tell you that poor girl's dreadful history, but I wrote down all the occurrences connected with it, and you will find the MS. in that box. You can read it after I have told you what happened immediately after you left Miss Temple's house. We both have good cause to remember the morning you left your aunt's house. Cold and bitter was the weather; cold and bitter as the vile passions which filled my heart, and which had prompted me to cause you to be turned out, thus helpless and unprotected, to find your way to your distant home as best you could. My heart was filled with remorse; but jealousy and cupidity stifled every good feeling, and I determined to carry out what I had begun, and to prevent the possibility of your ever returning. I did not go to your aunt's room on the morning you left till late. I wanted you first to be fairly off.

"She at once asked me why I was so late; why I had not called her two hours ago. I replied that I was too busy, having all the household work to do. She asked me why I had had all the work to do, and I then told her that you had gone away very early, because she had said the evening before that the sooner you returned home the better.

"She went on to say that she did not expect you to go away without seeing her, and I then said that I had told you so, and that it would be ungrateful in you to leave without seeing her, but that you were as usual as a mule, and only replied that if you were to go you would go at once as you would not put up with such treatment from your aunt, or any one.

"Of course all this made your aunt very angry, and while affecting to defend you I made matters as bad as I could—I did all I could to increase her dislike to you while cunningly appearing to defend you, but I saw that she rather misdoubted me, and she even told me that she was sure never tried to hide Monica's faults. However the end of it was that I was to look out for another servant in your place. Your aunt had in fact, a great deal of affection for you, though she had a strange way of showing it, and was much hurt that you should have left the house without seeing her.

"Several new servants came, but none suited, as your aunt never ceased to regret you, she wrote to you several times to ask you to come back. I took care that these letters should never be posted and she became very angry at your silence.

"Some years after you left, as she was taking her money out of the leather bag, in which she continued to keep it, and seeing it was dirty, she took it up to let the dust and the crumbs fall out. She perceived something bright between the inside of the bag and the lining, and gave it a shake and out dropped a half sovereign.

"Your aunt looked up in astonishment, and exclaimed:

"Then, after all, Monica did not steal that half sovereign, she was falsely accused!"

"I was much annoyed at this proof of your innocence, and replied:

"If she did not steal this half sovereign, she took other things; you are well rid of her."

"She replied that she was not so sure of that and true enough she found the ring also; it had slipped off her finger into a basket of odds and ends of wool. I think she tried to find you through a friend in Southampton, but no one knew where your parents were gone.

"I saw plainly that your aunt no longer trusted me. We often quarrelled, but I would not leave her because of the legacy she had promised me, telling me it would make me comfortable for the rest of my life.

"Your aunt became more and more failing, a constant pain in the arm which had been broken and badly set made her more ill-tempered and trying than ever. I perfectly detested her, and nothing saved the thought of my promised legacy retained me in her service.

"One morning, she was found dead in her bed; she had apparently breathed her last almost as soon as she laid her head on her pillow, for everything on the bed was exactly as I placed it before leaving the room.

"On the day of the funeral, the will was opened and read. The first part was exactly as she had told me many years before. I was to receive £500; but there was a codicil to this will, which she stated that she had entirely lost the good opinion she once had of me, that she was

certain I did not care in the least for her; therefore, she only bequeathed me one year's wages, and left the £500 to her niece Monica Temple.

"It is impossible to express the excess of my rage and disappointment. I could see, too, that no one pitied me in the least. I was asked if I could give any clue that might lead to the discovery of your whereabouts.

"I answered sullenly that I had heard nothing of or from you, since the day you left Miss Temple's house, but that I knew you did not return home.

"I slept little that night; I felt as if all my hopes in this life were crushed, I reviled the memory of your aunt, I thought of how much I had laboured, how much I had sacrificed in the vain hope of securing the legacy she had promised me. The remembrance of Catherine—Catherine as she was when she first came to your aunt, bright, handsome, and innocent—haunted me. I remembered how I had by degrees rooted out the little religion that was in her heart, and taught her to lie, and to deceive by giving her a share of the profits of what I had purloined from my unsuspecting mistress; how I incited her to spend the money, thus unlawfully obtained, in dress; how I encouraged her to go out in the evening, thus filling her heart with love of the world, and its vanities. I felt certain that this would make her soon tire of a quiet situation like your aunt's. She soon gave notice to leave, and I was very glad to get rid of one who might betray my evil practices to your aunt. I heard from a person in the establishment where she went, that she became more unsteady each day, and lost her place from being discovered once by her employer out late at night at a theatre, with a most disreputable party of actors. She was dismissed the next morning, and from that time went on from bad to worse, so that it became impossible to get into anything like a respectable situation, and I heard nothing more of her.

"And then I thought of you, and how I had endeavoured to corrupt you, and how I had turned you out of the house, with scarce a shilling in your pocket, and without a friend to help you on your long journey from Dorchester to Southampton, I shuddered as I thought of this, and particularly of your innocent and frightened face when I shut your aunt's door upon you, and left you to face the world alone. I burst into tears; and they were not angry tears, but tears of real sorrow at the remembrance of having thus injured an innocent girl, who had never harmed me. These tears seemed to strike a new chord in my heart, and to bring forth feelings that had never had place there since I was a young girl, under my parents' roof. I resolved to follow what I felt to be a call of grace. I resolved to go myself to Southampton, and take every possible means to enable myself to ascertain for certain whether you were alive or dead, in order, if you were living, to inform you of the legacy left to you, and assist you to get your rights.

"I carried out my intentions before the end of the week, and left Dorchester never more to return. I determined, as soon as I had, been to Southampton and made the necessary enquiries about you, to go on to Winchester, which was my

native town, and where I had lived with my parents till I was sixteen, and went to service.

"I went to Southampton, and made every possible enquiry about you. I visited the locality where your parents resided for so many years, but every thing was changed in that neighbourhood. I asked many questions, but could learn nothing that was of any use to me. Much disappointed I returned to the small inn where I had left my luggage, and requested the innkeeper to take charge of it until he heard from me, as I made up my mind to go at once to Winchester, and to endeavour to get employment as a nurse in the infirmary. If I succeeded in this, as I thought I probably should, I could send for my boxes at once; and I determined to walk a part of the way, to Winchester, hoping to get occasional lifts in the carts I should meet.

"I had walked about two miles, when the driver of a cart going in the same direction offered me a lift. I accepted his offer with thanks, and remained in his cart until I was within a mile of Winchester, when I got out, as I preferred walking into the town. Oh, how familiar, but, at the same time, how strange every thing I passed seemed to me. Familiar, because there was very little change in those parts since I had looked upon them nearly thirty years before, on the afternoon before I left home to enter my first situation, but strange, too! for what a change there was within my own heart since last I looked upon these things. My heart was then light as a butterfly, looking forward with delight to the new scenes into which I was about to enter upon. Now it was heavy, oppressed by the weight of sin.

"I passed hurriedly through the close, but every tree, every stone, recalled memories of the past. I felt as if my dear father and mother must still be alive, and looking out for my return to the house where I had lived with them for so many years.

"It was the beginning of October, but the leaves were falling fast from the beautiful lime trees in the avenue, which leads from the town to the front of the cathedral. I watched them falling, and it made me feel more and more sad, so I went on to the square, by which you enter the high street.

"Another three or four minutes brought me in front of a large building before which I stopped. It was the Benedictine Convent—that convent where I was partly educated, for the good nuns had a large poor school, and although my parents were then in comfortable circumstances, yet they sent me there during a part of the day, for the advantage of the religious teaching of the nuns.

"Oh! what painful feelings did not the sight of that building call up. I thought of the days of childhood, when I used to attend that school, when I was in a certain degree innocent. I say in a certain degree, for I was not a good girl; I was always wilful, and selfish, and without much inclination to piety, I gave the good nuns more trouble than most of their other pupils. And yet the sight of their well-remembered dwelling recalled to memory the instructions and admonitions given by them in former days.

"And they had, indeed, done their utmost for my future welfare, for not only had they put in

good seeds, but covered them with a rich soil of religious practices.

"These seeds would infallibly have produced fruit in abundance in due season, had not the heat of my passions, like the burning rays of the sun, so hardened the soil as to render it impossible for the seeds to come up.

"The soft and refreshing showers of grace which constantly fell on and around me made scarce an impression, for even if the soil was softened for a moment, the burning heat of my indulged passions quickly dried it up again. Co-operation with grace was wanting on my part, no grace could have its intended effect unless I ceased to encourage my passions.

"The first time I ever allowed the showers of divine grace to work their intended effect on my soul was when I smothered my envious feelings, and resolved to seek you out, and do you justice with regard to your aunt's bequest.

"That one grace was followed by an abundance of other graces, and from the soil having been once penetrated, they quickly reached the good seed.

"I longed to ring at the convent door as of yore, and to ask whether any of the nuns who once instructed me were still living, but I dared not. I could not have ventured to look at their pure and peaceful countenances, for they would, perhaps, have questioned me as to what I had been doing during the past years, and had I told them the truth, had I told them that their predictions were verified, that I had indulged my bad propensities, that my evil passions had obtained the mastery over me, that I had stood before them with a conscience loaded with sin; that I had for many years neglected every religious duty, and that added to that I had corrupted and led astray may a soul, they would have been filled with horror and grief, and perhaps bade me begone and say no more.

"So I turned away, and walked on a little further down S. Peter's Street, as I well remembered the Catholic church stood there on the left hand side. I soon reached it, the door was open, and I went under the massive old archway by which you enter a passage which leads to the church.

"Nothing seemed changed since I went there as a young girl. The mulberry tree from a neighbouring garden still hung over the wall, and the stains of the constantly falling fruit still gave that part an untidy and uncared-for appearance.

"I entered the church; there were a few persons kneeling here and there, and I fancied I recognized the faces of some middle-aged persons who must have been young girls when I left Winchester.

"Almost mechanically I walked to the bench where I used to kneel with my parents when I lived in Winchester. I knelt down, I bowed my head, and almost unconsciously I once more wept, wept even as a child. I could not understand my feelings, I could not explain to myself *why* I was thus moved, I, whose heart was usually so stony, so impenetrable to religious feelings. The grace of God was working in my heart, I had profited by those I had lately received, and acted upon them, and God in His goodness was only waiting for a

little good will on my part to shower down upon me graces in abundance. Graces to move me to cast myself on His love and mercy, to repent truly for the iniquitous life I had hitherto led, and to strive to save my soul now, now at the eleventh hour. But I was full of dread, and I exclaimed, 'Oh, God, be merciful to me a sinner!' I repeated this two or three times, and then rose and left the church, but those words seemed to have calmed the tempest that was raging in my soul.

"I returned to the High Street, and walked down the town. I could not succeed in finding a room in a house I knew of, so I decided upon going for one night to the George Inn. Other travellers had already ordered beds there, and I thought as I intended to apply at the infirmary on the following day for a situation as nurse, I thought I should be more likely to be engaged if I came from a respectable hotel like the George, I ordered my bed and some refreshment.

"There was much conversation among the travellers who were seated at the table; but towards the end of the repast a stranger entered, carrying a large bag containing tracts and such like, which he was commissioned by different ladies of the town to distribute. He was immediately asked by a woman who chanced to know him, whether he had heard any more particulars regarding the mysterious death of Miss Piggott in S. Peter's street. He replied instantly:

"'Yes! they have caught the servant at last.'

"'What servant?' asked a woman with a long sharp nose.

"'Why, that servant Sarah, who lived with her, but had been dismissed; some persons suspect that she had to do with the mysterious death of that poor creature.'

"'Do tell me something about it,' said a fair red-looking woman, 'for I come from Basingstoke, I know nothing at all; do, my good man, for I love a horrid tale, one that makes one's hair stand on end.'

"'Then you could not come to a better person than I am,' answered the stranger, with a satisfied air. 'I can tell you all about it, I know all the servants in S. Peter's Street, besides Captain Nevill's man-servant, who heard every particular of what was done and said from his master; and I have a rare good memory for such matters, you will fancy you see everything, so now listen with all your ears.'

(To be continued.)

LABOUR A CONSOLER.—There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he ever so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself—these, like hell-dogs, lie beleaguering the of the poor day-worker as of every man; he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled—all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves.



APPEARANCE OF THE QUEER INHABITANT.

## Sherborne; or, the House at the Four Ways.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems," "Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

**M**ISS WINIFRED ARDEN, Sir Roger's second daughter, was of a stronger type in everything: in features unmistakably, and little less than unmistakably in that collective expression from them, which, for want

of a better term, goes by the name of countenance. And not only was hers a stronger type, but in a certain sense a higher one—actually, though perhaps not originally, higher. The original pattern was the same as her father's—and a fine old pattern it was, pure and vigorous as a church window of the thirteenth century.



For her the proportions and strength of the prototype had been transmitted entire: to her cousin, altered and weakened, like the same window perpendicularized. Thus it was that she was beautiful, in spite of a distant family likeness to a cousin who was almost the reverse. This fact I noted while Miss Hermione Crumps was struggling with the bones of a red mullet.

I now began to speculate as to who the young man might be who was listening with joyless civility to an exposition of principles from Mrs. Linus Jones.

He seemed about five and twenty, rather more than less. His appearance and manner were prepossessing—I apologise for that threadbare term, but they were so. His features were of a noble cast, and his countenance indicated, in the true sense of the words, a noble nature. There was no appearance of more than average brain-power, but what he had was evidently in sound working order. Whether he was that generic being known in England as a foreigner, or merely an absentee Englishman, I could not make out; but it was somehow clear that he had lived much abroad, and equally so that he was not at home with Mrs. Linus Jones. Miss Arden, Sir Roger's eldest daughter, a lady and gentleman whose names I failed to catch, and two young men, with faces quite undistinguishable from numberless others, made up the party.

The conversation flowed on like a mill-stream, rapidly and by external forces; the motive power being, in some to give pleasure, in others to gain approbation, in others to enforce applause, in others to make themselves quietly conspicuous by cutting away the social dignity of successful repartee from some one else. There was a certain physical vigour in it, not entirely separable from the influence of an exceptionally good dinner; and there was also a kind of competitive intenseness, amiable, friendly, self-seeking, spiteful or merely apparent and conventional, as the case might be.

The Ardens talked to give pleasure, even the empty-headed second son did so in a degree; Mrs. Linus Jones to gain approbation; her sister and Mr. Crayston to enforce applause; Sherborne to make himself quietly conspicuous by putting down Crayston. Don Pascolini would, no doubt, have tried to give pleasure if he had happened to have a chance of so doing; but, as he was placed between Lady Alicia Grubhedge, whose small understanding was only accessible in English, and Mr. Glenfillan Bruff, whose sprightly self-satisfaction was simply impenetrable, his opportunities were limited. As to the young man who was being talked to by Mrs. Linus Jones, he appeared to be out of the mill-stream altogether. He listened with his ears but not with his mind; and he made no attempt whatever to let any one know that he also had a personality of his own.

It is said that dreams, however long their fullness of detail may cause them to seem, are really instantaneous; but it is certain that almost in the twinkling of an eye one can take observations which, when subjected to the cumbrous contrivances of language, drag themselves out to a portentous length—and the reader will perhaps have found this to his cost; for be it known that the observations I took on the worthy people who

sat round that dinner-table, lengthy as they seem in description, occupied no more time than was barely sufficient for Miss Hermione Crump to eat her fish fast and fiercely. In fact, I had taken down my notes in mental shorthand, and was just about to make some mild remark on some indefinite subject, when she looked suddenly—

La bocca sollevò dal fiero pasto,

and in reference to the said mild remark, happened to be on what I must call, for want of a better term, comparative climatology, and me as follows:

"Oh, yes, isn't it horrid, after the glorious Italian sun, so strong and so intense? Even the hottest summer's day here is chilly by comparison; at least, it seems so in a way that I feel but can't explain. Don't *you*, now? I'm sure you do, because you have been so long abroad, and the Italians are as intense as our own sun—"

"Or their own tramontana wind," quoth I, really couldn't help it.

A backward jerk of her head, and a partial eclipse of the unsteady light that was wont to shoot forth from her eyes when she was talking, caused me to understand that the antithesis was not pleased her; so, to modify it, I went on to say that the tramontana, though sharp, was short and freshening. Here I stopped abruptly, afraid of being driven into a worse than unprofitable discussion on the sickening subject of Italian politics; but the topic was evidently her *chère de-bataille* for conversation: she had got it so carefully, and enriched it with many indefinite words of indefinite import. Nevertheless, though I, it shall be shovelled on one side, if I have to use the epergne to do it.

My resolution was quickly put to the proof. She arranged the skirt of her dress, gave a downy glance at the same, and then, raising her eyes to me, said:

"I don't know whether I am speaking to a friend of Italy or not."

"Talking of friends of Italy," said I, "I have never come across that book (I forget the author's name) that makes out Italian to be a more natural language than Latin?"

The interruption was a signal failure. She made a half-turn in her chair, and said:

"Do you know, I have not read it yet: it must be intensely interesting. I can well believe that Italian *was* the original language. And how delightful it is to see Italy now—isn't it?"

"There are friends, and friends of Italy," said I. This trite remark appeared to be unintelligible to her, so I added:

"There are true friends, and false friends, and mistaken friends. A true friend will not countenance his friend in bad actions; a false friend will encourage him to do them; a mistaken friend will consent to them through misapprehension or weakness. But I am becoming prosy."

"Not in the least. I delight in being talked to by a man who will express his real sentiments whatever they may be," quoth Hermione, with energy. "I hate to be treated like a child, and given only sugar-plums. But you were going on to say—"

Into the trap I straightway fell. For the life of me I could not find any conversational by-path to get me into any other subject.

"You said that it is delightful to look at Italy as she is now," I replied: "for my own part I can only think of the fisherman in the 'Arabian Nights,' who inadvertently let a genius out of the leaden vessel in which he had been shut up by King Solomon. The lid of that vessel (if I remember rightly) had the name of God engraven on it, and therefore the genius could not get out till it was removed; then out he came, drew himself up in the form of thick black smoke, and finally took the shape of a horrible monster. But the astute oriental, having enticed him back by pretending to disbelieve that he would fit into so small a space, quickly shut down the lid, and was again master of the situation. Analogously, the monster of Revolution was kept in from 1815 until he was let out at Castelfidardo, because governments had not yet ceased to be Christian. But when they let him out; and he gradually reared his head, until at last, out of a shapeless mass of wickedness, he confronted renegade Cæsarism with the full programme of the International. The Catholic sovereigns of Europe threw off the yoke of God, and let the monster escape them. They will not find him so easy to deal with as the inexpressible genius; but if they do succeed in gaining the upper hand, in consequence of his behaving too rashly what he can do, he will soon be the better of them again, unless they entitle themselves to God's protection. And, if they don't mind, he won't give them the chance of shutting down the lid; he will treat them as the genius would have treated the fisherman, if the fisherman had not been too sharp for him. The genius had sworn, during the first hundred years of his imprisonment, that if any one should let him out, he would make him the richest man in the world; afterwards he swore that he would make him a liberator a potent monarch; finally, he was aggravated that he swore he would kill him, only allowing the unlucky wight to choose the manner of his death. Similarly caged, Revolution held out to Society, at first luxury, then peace, and finally, destruction either by violence or peace. This is the present position of society, nowhere more so than in Italy. The monster certainly put his threat into execution, if they don't him the opportunity much longer."

Why I thought of all this, and, still more, why I gave utterance to it, as I did, and to such a person as Miss Hermione Crumps, too, I cannot tell. But it had this advantage, that she hazarded no further remarks to me on the subject of Italy either during that dinner party or afterwards. The discussion of an *entrée* relieved her at that moment from the necessity of an immediate reply, and, when I renewed my conversation with her, I took care to make remarks more suitable to the occasion. I asked all sorts of local questions; and the more I found that she was a comparative stranger to the county, the more I asked them—not as if addressed to her, but as if I was airing my recollections. Thence I passed on to different kinds of small talk, touching on most small subjects, from pigeon-shooting and bridesmaids' dresses to the current price of pug dogs. At

length we came to a short pause; and, whilst I was thinking to myself, "What shall I say next that will be farthest from Italian politics?" the Ritualist, who sat on the other side of her, began to quote from Mr. Ffoulkes *et hoc genus omne*. I turned to my next neighbour, and found myself talking to Lady Alicia Grubhedge.

The dialogue was of an extremely simple character. On my part it was made up entirely of negative propositions, mild and colourless: on hers, it consisted of social theories founded on principles that had no basis, like a wall built on a morass. It was pitiable to hear her monotonous lamentations, but still more so to think how many people in England, well intentioned and honest like her, are, like her, reduced to mumble and whine at the evils of the day, unconsciously contributing to their growth by sullen hostility to the one and only power on earth capable of resisting them.

An abridgment of her table-talk would run thus: "Nothing can go on as it used to do. It's quite enough that a thing was, for it to be changed and pulled down. It's nothing but destruction. And what they have got by their education and their revolutionary measures, and by letting Jews and Roman Catholics into Parliament, and all that! I always hated the sight of that Cardinal Wiseman driving about, and I happen to know he made the Fenians; and Dr. Manning will be the ruin of this country some day, only I ought not to say it in this house, and perhaps you're a Roman Catholic. I hope not; I mean, I wouldn't say so if you were. And there's that Bradlaugh and the rest: I always knew what the Papal aggression would do for us."

Now, what could one say in answer to this poor, moving nonsense? Under correction, nothing at all. She was simply one of the numerous victims to that organized system of enormous lying which created the great no-popery tradition in England. She virtually believed in the infallibility of her old governess, who had taught her in accordance with that tradition; and the utterances of "The Rock" were to her as articles of faith.

It is said that when King Victor Emmanuel, of Sardinia and elsewhere, made some personal remarks about the Emperor Napoleon III. to the French Ambassador, the latter replied, "Your majesty will permit me not to have heard a word of what you have just spoken." Well, I did not exactly address Lady Alicia in those terms, but I took French leave to answer at cross purposes, as if I had unconsciously misapprehended her words; for she meant to be kind, and was quite honest in herself. In fact, I answered her intentions, not her words.

But Miss Hermione Crumps grew weary of the Ritualist before their conversation had lasted many minutes; for the truth was she had never heard of Mr. Ffoulkes, and knew the ex-Père Hyacinthe only by his photograph, thought that the A.P.U.C. was a cricket club, and preferred General Prim to Dr. Dollinger; so that she gave him up as hopelessly incomprehensible, and tried me again.

Having by tacit consent, I wished regenerated

Italy from the list of subjects, we got on very fairly for a time; but before the end of dinner the intervals of silence became more frequent and more prolonged. We began to search, and speculate, and dwell wearily on the fag ends of stories that had no particular cause of introduction. At last she bethought herself of something which never fails to light up the embers of conversation—a ghost story.

"Are you fond of ghost stories?" she asked rather suddenly, after we had been talking about the neighbourhood for a few minutes.

"I shall be delighted to hear you tell one," I replied.

"Well, you know Hazeley?"

"I knew it well, but I have not been in this country for some years."

"Did you ever hear of a ghost there?"

"Never."

"Of course I don't believe in them, you know; but should you like to hear it?"

"I shall be delighted to hear any story you may tell."

"Yes, yes; but do you care about ghost stories?"

"Not particularly."

"Oh, you are not worthy of it, then, and I won't tell it. It's very curious and remarkable—very—and romantic and mysterious, and all that. Not that I believe in those things: everybody knows they can be accounted for scientifically."

She ceased speaking, and lowered her eyes in the direction of the bouquet in front of her dress. I interpreted the movement to signify that she wished to seem indifferent about ghost stories in general, and the telling of that one in particular, but was not so really. It was little less than evident that, but for the honour of the thing, she might as well have had no religion at all, so well had the honeyed blasphemies of sycophantic *emigrati*, and the hard religionism of her brother-in-law, succeeded in frostbiting those germs of indefinite faith which often grow up spontaneously in Protestantized England, as it were, under the shade of the old parish churches. But that was no hindrance to a belief in ghosts; rather the reverse. When the space is empty where faith ought to be, something must fill the vacuum. Hero-worship not unfrequently does that office; but the space is large, and the substitutes are apt to shrink up after a time. What next? Perhaps table-rapping, for those who are spiritually *blasé*, and ghost stories for those who have any freshness of soul left.

Miss Hermione was not insensible to the dreamy delights of that subjective spiritualism, elastic and unexact; but she was ashamed to own it, lest any one should mistake what was superstitious, and she thought was not so, for what was not, and she thought was. Hence all this beating about the bush before the inevitable ghost story was told—for told at last it was of course.

"I don't think I shall tell it you, for you will only call me superstitious; and I am not so. I assure you," said she, as the ice was being handed round.

"No, I never use words in general society that have no definite meaning there," said I.

"Ah, but you would say something else with the same meaning."

"What meaning?"

"Now don't. I know you are dying to hear the story, and I have a great mind not to tell it you; but I won't be so hard, though you deserve that should. Well, the story is this:

"You see, it's a strange old house, full of gables and galleries and odd corners. There's a tiny room, no more than a closet, on the floor of a dark attic, in the oldest part of the house, and very puzzling to find, where the people used to hide: but that was a long time ago."

"Yes, not later than our reverses in the American War," said I parenthetically.

"Well, I don't know about that," said I quickly.

"Do you wish to know?" said I.

"I meant that I was trying to get on with the story," said she, fixing her eyes with a studied expression of carelessness on the *ménue*, which happened to lie before her.

One should never volunteer information to one who evidently takes pride in not having it, for, if the person to whom you offer it be a man, he will keep you at bay with sonorous sophisms till you are interrupted; and if you have to do with a woman, she will contrive somehow to put you in a false position. Miss Hermione answered—"I don't know about that," was not to drop its proper meaning, and to signify more than question your alleged fact—indeed, know better; whilst, owing to her peculiar feminine gesture of aggressive resignation, being apparently delayed in continuing her story, I had no time to retrieve the false step.

"But the ghost story?" I said, feeling that the least said was soonest mended.

"Didn't you want to tell me something about the American war first?" said she; "or," she added in a languid tone, as if carelessly covering herself, "something about religion."

This was just a little too much, especially as she said the last few words loud enough for the room on her right to hear, and did so evidently on purpose. So I said in an equally audible voice:

"I answered you about an historical fact, which you were either indistinctly informed or distinctly misinformed—I don't quite know which—and you wish to turn my remark about the fact of the latest priest-hunting into an attempt at edging in doctrinal argument, and you have no much aptitude for the task. But you want a little more experience in the art of word-conjuring. You were quite right, according to your own principles, when you made my words appear tiresome before you proceeded to give them a meaning not of your own—one must smear out a picture before it can paint over the canvas; but you want a little more practice."

She looked at me for a moment or two, and was puzzled, not so much in her mind as in her—I had better say, feelings, to avoid a less euphemistic word; then she coloured, but under protest, and appeared from various self-asserting gestures of a mild sort, such as a sudden stiffening up of the body, and an unnecessary resettlement of the flower in the back of her hair. At length she laughed gruffly, and said:

"That wasn't it at all, not the least. But I tell you the ghost story, and so here it is. You know the house better than I do, I believe. I never saw it but once. You know what passages there are in it, and ghostly corners are there not?"

I was on the point of disclaiming any knowledge of what a ghostly corner might mean; but, finding it inexpedient to say so, I met her half-way, by saying that I remembered the dark passages; and she went on as follows, almost without taking breath:

"They say that Mr. Sherborne's great-grandfather, or something, was a very queer old man, and came wrongly by the place. I don't remember what I heard about it, but they say there is some bad story about it, and there is an old woman about the place who knows a lot about it; but I daresay it's only gossip. However, the people say that the old great-grandmother's ghost haunts part of the house, that she has spoken to people, or to some person at any rate—I believe it was this old man who knows all about it. She was a servant there, I think, or a governess, or a companion, or something; and I am told that none of the maid-servants will remain, except, of course, the old housekeeper who was there for years, and one old housemaid. A girl that went to be kitchenmaid from my brother-in-law's house, left last week, declaring she couldn't stay there any longer, for as she was in bed one night (you must know she slept in the attic next to the one where there is the trap-door going down into the priest's hiding-hole) she heard a sound of footsteps, and thought it proceeded from the next room, which was used to keep shoes in, and, getting up, she opened the door to see who it could be. The moon was quite bright, shining through the window, and she distinctly saw, so she said, a very old lady lift the trap-door, which was at the farther end, and go down into the hiding-hole. The girl was so frightened that she called one of the other servants. They lighted a candle and peered down into the hole. I think it was very courageous, for no one was to be seen, and there is no exit from it. So they gave warning the next day. Other people, too, declare that they have seen the old lady, and a mysterious light in an upper room, and her shadow passing across it. Well, of course, I don't believe all this; but it sounds very odd, doesn't it? Did you ever hear all this?"

"I can't say that I *never* heard anything about it," said I; for now that you recall it to my recollection, I *do* remember to have heard, when a child, that old Mrs. Sherborne's husband haunted the house, or a part of the house; but I never heard more than that."

"What do you think about it?"

"I suppose some one saw a light in a window at night, and some one else saw a curtain shake in the wind by moonlight, and thought it looked like old Mrs. Sherborne's portrait."

At this moment the ladies began to file off from the dining-room, which event probably saved me from being examined in Mrs. Crowe's "Night-ride of Nature."

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE QUEER INHABITANT OF THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS.

WHEN Julius Cæsar asked the Belgic Britons, near the banks of the Thames, who the ancestors of their Celtic neighbours were, he was told that they were the spontaneous production of the soil; and no doubt they were so, though not in the sense intended by the ethnologists who undertook to describe them for his information. No doubt they were what is called redolent of the soil, or in other words, had received from the locality they lived in a certain character perceptible and distinct. If not they must have been individually more original, or collectively less so, than the later inhabitants; for, at least among English country gentlemen there was, and is still, though in a diminishing, perhaps a rapidly diminishing degree, a certain habit of mind on certain subjects, a certain practical instinct, self-conscious, but not communicative, in short, a certain corporate idiosyncrasy apart from that of the individual, and depending on locality or manner of life, rather than on family and parentage. I am not alluding to the influence of geographical features and particular provincial customs on the different classes in a rural population, for such an inquiry might be long enough for an essay, and would at any rate be quite out of place here, but to the general result of certain conditions, physical and mental, under which English country gentlemen live and flourish.

Within the meaning of the term of "country gentlemen," I include, conveniently for the present purpose; firstly, resident landed proprietors, great and small, with their sons of course; secondly, hirers of country places who enter into country life by taking interest in local self-government, agriculture, etc.; thirdly, Anglican clergymen, who have comfortable benefices, and a "proud submission" to the theology of the Privy Council; fourthly, curates who aspire to such benefices, and do not offend the once-a-week theory which is an integral part of religion in the mind of the Protestant bucolic. All these men have corporate, apart from individual characteristics; the former being, perhaps, more openly shown, but less clear—more openly shown because people do not care to conceal what is sanctioned by the authority of extensive companionship, less clear because it is difficult to separate them from those of the individuals who compose the body.

I propounded this theory to Don Pascolini next day. I had just returned from shooting, and found him taking a stroll down the avenue. We began to talk about English country houses, because they were a new experience to him.

"How are you impressed, if at all, by English country life, so far as you have seen?" I asked.

"Favourably as to the kind of life, and as to the nature of the people who follow it—unfavourably as to the conditions by which both are modified," said he.

We walked on in silence a little way, and after a while I proposed my theory of corporate characteristics. He appeared to reflect for a few moments, and then asked the very pertinent question:

"What are they?"

Now, in truth I had not arrived so far as that : I could see where, but not what, or if I could, it was through a mist ; and I owned the fact, not without a sense of shame. He came to my assistance unexpectedly, for he waited, I should think, two or three minutes before he spoke, and then he said :

"I am not qualified to give an opinion about it worth anything, but it seems to me that perhaps one of the characteristics which you say belong to country gentlemen collectively, may be defined as the habit of repressing the external action of their finer qualities."

"Yes," said I. "But one observes the same in others as well : it seems to be characteristic of Englishmen in general."

"As Englishmen simply, or as Englishmen and something besides ?"

"As Englishmen and something besides ; as Englishmen spiritually disinherited, as men whose minds are shackled by a tradition that flatters self-esteem, and fixes prejudice, but fails to satisfy heart, soul, or intellect—a tradition which can seem respectable only by disclaiming its origin, and ancient only by disclaiming its respectability."

"You think it, then, a characteristic not original in the race, but an after-growth produced by the action of something foreign to the true nature of the people and injurious to their true interests."

"Yes ; and by that something I mean the Reformation."

"You think that the habit of negatively affecting a lower tone of mind than their own is an ex-crescence from a kind of shame-faced humility ?"

"Yes ; a kind of schoolboy shame at the idea of looking like a sneak, by making themselves out better than somebody else."

"And you think that this feeling has, to a certain extent, changed its nature ?"

"I do. I think that the bluff humility is, to a great extent, adulterated with an admixture of human respect, instinctive but often unconscious. Fear of being sneered at—which fear is much increased by the moral taciturnity of their friends, and the consequent difficulty of knowing how high a moral standard they will bear, has a great deal to do with it."

"But who is that old woman under the clump of trees yonder ? She has been watching us, and following at a little distance, and apparently listening."

We had strayed out of the avenue and were following the line of a footpath, watching the effect of the light and shade on the scene before us. The effect was singularly picturesque and wild. The sun had just set beneath a dark, almost black horizon, leaving a blood-red line of light enclosed in masses of storm-cloud that gradually rolled in, to quench it before its time : and when the last gleams of this fiery twilight fell on the cloaked figure of the old woman, as she advanced and crouched and listened among the trees, while the antlers of the deer peeped up from a foreground of high fern, and a solitary crow flew heavily by through the gathering darkness, one felt that if there was no mystery in the sudden appearance of the old woman at that moment, there ought to be.

(To be continued.)

## THE MODERN SUBURB.

**D**ROP blindfold from the clouds in any part of a large city, and, when the bandage is taken off you will know at once whether you are in the centre or the outskirts. It is not that

suburb is necessarily or essentially meaner than the main town ; it may be much handsomer, and yet you will know it to be a suburb. The way by which you can distinguish a suburb are many, but there are some which catch attention more readily than others. There is almost always something new, raw, and sprawling about it. The central city, the houses may be old and decayed, but they usually have a dignified kind of a look as if conscious that there is no room among them for any fresh intruding tenement. The pavement, too, is good, and well kept ; the shops are of the gayest and most opulent in goods ; the finest public buildings are there ; all looks fresh, respectable, and of old established consequence. In the suburb you rarely see this. In the very best shape which it ever takes—that of a series of streets or cluster of villas, for the habitation of people in genteel circumstances—they may be prettiness and even elegance, but nothing respectable or exclusive. The honours of suburb are like those of a new mercantile gentleman—they have a quality of spick and span which does not somehow excite veneration. The place, moreover, wants completeness and unity. You see houses whose sides betray that they were intended to have others stuck upon them—yawning, ghastly, unskinned, and irregular ; you see infant shrubberies struggling in awkward places amidst lots of yet to be occupied ground, and clumps of fine places and squares looking down upon clumps of old half-ruined villages, which spreading town has taken by surprise, and which have not yet had time to get out of the way. And there, flanking the genteel streets, are plebeian brick rows, full of poor grocers' taverners, and which seem to have sprung up for the annoyance of the gentlefolk. The arrangement of these better kinds of suburbs is also such a formal character as, while striving not to be town, neither is perfectly country. The houses usually perk themselves primly up beside the highway, as if, so far from courting seclusion, they were anxious to see and be seen and by all passing along. Or they run into dull lanes, and of course are less under public notice, though so close in their proximity to one another that conversation might be carried on from window to window. Very different is all this from the chance-dropped abodes of the open unsmoked country, where each house seems to settle and nestle in its own proper domain, whether of park, shrubbery, garden, or simply farmyard and appurtenances. In the one case all seems natural : the house, the work of man, springs up amidst the works of creation, easily and fitly : all is truly rural. In the other case, we see that the houses seem to have been "run up" upon speculation, or planted by taste.

less affluence with a view to "a convenient distance from town."

The case of the little surprised villages is the saddest feature in the whole affair. Let the town swallow up as much country as it pleases, let it realize even the Horatian hyperbole and leave hardly an acre to the plough; but let it spare the fine old romantic hamlets—those early emanations of the soil, as natural of growth as the venerable trees with which they are surrounded, and whose right to the ground they occupy seems to rest amongst the statutes of Nature herself. How able to see one of those old embowered haunts beginning to be put about and troubled by the approach of a city, to see some long antenna of the master Town coming ruthlessly down upon it, pinning it perhaps through and through, or slowly environing it in its irresistible folds, till, matted, tortured, and dismayed, it seems a very easy—to see cot after cot pulled down, garden after garden laid waste, tree after tree uprooted, and finally, almost every vestige of the ancient place is swept away, excepting perhaps some poor old man, who, faithful to locality, and unable by his weakness to sorrow for the changes which have gone on around him, now wanders along streets which once were green lanes, and is as painfully familiar with the city people who occupy them, as he ever was with the rustics who lived here of old! There must be many who, on returning from a long sojourn in foreign climes, have the pleasure of hailing an old well-remembered village, which, during all the changes which fleeting time procureth, including that latest of all which has taken place in their bodily and mental frame, has not changed a single feature, but still seems to swarm with the children, and bees, and birds, and butterflies as ever. Many years ago, a young man, on the point of departing to pursue his fortune in Guiana, walked out on a May morning to a hedge near the town in which he had hitherto lived. The sun was shining, the birds were singing; all nature was joyful and beautiful, and an old rustic friend, was blithely clipping the hedges which led into the village. He took a well of this venerable worthy, and of a place he had known and delighted in from earliest childhood; and that day took his departure for America. After spending seventeen years in Guiana, he returned, and on a May morning, on a similar day, walked out to revisit his favourite village. There not only did every house stand as it stood: not only were the birds singing, the sun shining, and the place as pleasant and as ever, but William was still clipping at the hedges, as if it had only been the to-morrow day on which our friend last saw him. The story of an acquaintance renewed under such circumstances may be imagined. And it is chiefly because old villages, being nearly the most durable of all things, serve so well to provide this enjoyment to those who spend their better part of life in distant lands, that their destruction is so much to be regretted. The suburb substituted for them may be beautiful, may indicate the increase of national and individual wealth; but it will not atone for the erasure of the green where childhood played, or the felling of that old commixture of

tree and cot which entered into the soul in youth, and, when once away, would gladly be purchased back by the expenditure of gold.

If suburbs do not command that respect which is paid to ancient and well-constituted cities, they are seldom found deficient in that affection of consequence which so naturally arises where consequence is not conferred by surrounding opinion. Were we to judge of them by the names which are found attached to their streets and roads—(very few *streets* remain—all are designated by the pretentious title "road") we might suppose them to be places of the utmost importance. It is true we find a few flimsy gew-gaw-like names among them—such as Spring Gardens, Rose Lane, and Tulip Row—names suggesting the idea of a kind of summer camp, here to-day and away to-morrow. But then look at the Beaconsfield Terraces, the Gladstone Avenues, and the Royal Terraces, look at these as names, you would expect, when you got acquainted with them as places, to find them filled with the superior beings of the earth. In reality, these aspiring designations are somewhat like the fine names occasionally found among "the butler's children," marking rather the humility than the dignity of the origin. But even in suburbs purely commercial, there is always a considerable show of self assumed importance. The paltriest shops have an air of tawdry finery—something pink and dirty, usually, in the windows, and plastered fronts painted bright green once a-year. If there be a toy shop, the owner puts up "the Novelty Store," or "the Toy Manufactory," as if there were no other in the world. Dyeing is carried on by "the Dashville Dyeing and Renovating Company." The affix "& Co." is found attached to places of business, where there seems hardly a possibility of employment for the ninth part of a man. Every haberdasher who can command ten feet of sign room, fills it with "Cumberland House," or some similar title, in vast square letters, so that there is not any great wareroom in the city which has not its three or four imitators in the suburbs. Suburban shopkeepers seem sensible that they are out of the way—that, for cheap rent, they have forfeited dense population—perhaps also, that, having missed fortune in more central situations, they are now apt to be looked down upon; and they accordingly feel it necessary to blazon over the poverty of the case by a little extra pretension. The fact is, that the commercial occupants of suburbs are apt to be persons who either never have any capital, or have lost what they had. In such situations setting up is comparatively easy, for rents are cheap, and deficiencies of stock are not apt to be carefully scanned. All, therefore, who hope to advance from small things to great, all who have sunk from great things to small, alike try their fortune in the suburbs. Their set-out is not perhaps very great; but look at their shop bills and newspaper advertisements. What magnanimous resolutions of cheapness! what assurances as to the excellence of the goods! Loudness of outcry makes up for obscurity and remoteness of place. A suburban shopkeeper never thinks of addressing only the inhabitants of Dashville, or whatever other ville he may have patronised by



his presence. He calls upon the nobility, gentry, and public at large—he calls upon the whole world—to inspect his cheap prints. In leafy June, you pass the shop, and you find it a-flutter, all a-glitter, as if with conscious importance; you pass again in November, and not more effectually has nature furled her green ensigns, than has Cumberland House doffed all its gay and ostentatious attractions. Those doors and windows which formerly bristled with shop-bills are now pasted up with the bills of other "establishments." It is wonderful how rapidly the Cumberland Houses of the suburbs come to decay. You see dress coats upon blocks within the doorway, with prices labelled upon them, not much more than half of what you pay for the same article of dress in the city: you argue that there is surely no resisting such temptations, and that all mankind must, ere long, bring their custom hither. Custom, however, has a way of its own, which it will not be put of for every clever fellow who chooses to solicit it. The hardy pretensions, the patriotic anxiety to serve mankind, prove all in vain, and shops which come like shadows so depart. Suburban places of business thus in their time play many parts. Their changes of facings are like very scene-shifting. What was last year "The Medical Hall," is now a receptacle for the sale of cabbage, potatoes, and fruit. What is now a scene mean huckstry may next month glisten with works of art.

In fact, shops in the suburbs may be said to be ready for anything, and answer for everything. It might be supposed that the place which had known genteel drapery or stationary goods, or medicine, would be incapable of condescending to the poor affairs of the costermonger with his baskets and barrows; one might almost suppose it to have a soul which would rise against such an indignity. But suburban shops have no pride. They throw themselves open not a bit more readily to him who deals in wood by the log, than to him who doles it out in firewood, or in halfpenny boxes of matches.

### UNTOLD.

WERE I thy brother I would say to thee,  
 "My heart is thine, share then thy grief with me.  
 Take courage, Brother, I am on thy side,  
 And make thy cause my own whate'er betide.  
 If the world scorn thee, thou shalt not reply,  
 My faith in thee shall give its scorn the lie;  
 I would distrust all that I hear and see,  
 Rather than think a doubtful thought of thee;  
 Thou canst not deem my care so poor and vain,  
 That I am happy while thou art in pain."—  
 But no tie is between us, it may be  
 If I should speak straight from my heart to thee,  
 The thoughts that lie concealed therein, my friend,  
 Thou would'st be puzzl'd and not comprehend,  
 Yet could'st thou read those thoughts without disguise,

With no mean motive hidden from thine eyes,  
 Then thou would'st understand, and clearly see  
 In weal or woe my heart is true to thee.

E. M. J.

## A PIONEER OF THE CROSS; OR, A CAPTURE AMONG THE MOHAWKS.

BY F. VON EINBECK.

### CHAPTER XXIII.



HE surprise of the priest and his evident alarm, were considered proofs of his guilt, and after the chiefs had exchanged speaking looks, Eagle commanded that Ondesonk should be taken to a small wigwam near the council hut and carefully watched. His companions were taken to another and also guarded.

The commands of the sagamore had hardly been carried out, when a messenger was dispatched to convey the news of the capture of the black-robe to the chiefs and sachems of Onevquin, and to invite them to Gandawaga. Another messenger called together the members of the council of Gandawaga, and a third hurried to the other villages to give the important intelligence. The pow-wow in which many families in Gandawaga took a part, was opened hardly an hour after the arrival of the captives. While a warm debate was going on in the council hut as to the guilt or innocence of the black-robe, Wagawalla hastened to visit him.

It was an affecting meeting, and it was some time before they were both sufficiently composed for Wagawalla to tell the missionary what he was so anxious to know. A short time after his departure from Onevquin, a sickness broke out in the hut near that in which the missionary's chest was deposited, which spread through the village, and in which several people fell a prey. The makoomen were then required to seek for the cause of the disorder, and the conjurors from Gandawaga and the other villages assembled at Onevquin. After a good deal of hocus-pocus they declared that F. Jaques's box was the cause of the sickness, and accused the black-robe of having imprisoned a bad spirit in it, who after his departure had come out, spreading death and destruction among the red men.

Wagawalla did not believe this, and even his master knew that Ondesonk was not a conjuror. Koetsaeton and others declared Ondesonk's innocence, but the bad people in Gandawaga, who hated Ondesonk, raged and yelled, and said they would kill him if he came back. The Bears family is the one most enraged against Ondesonk for they have lost several squaws, and papauas, as well as some young braves by the sickness. Assendase belongs to the Bears. Now Ondesonk knows all. Wagawalla's husband caused him to be chief. Koetsaeton must speak for Ondesonk.

"What do Spotted Snake and Eagle say to it?" asked F. Jaques.

"The sagamore and the great chief are not Ondesonk's enemies, but they are not his friends; they are silent when their speech is not willingly heard," replied the clever woman.

This was exactly the judgment which the father had formed of these two men. He had already figured to himself the severity with which he would be treated, should any influential accuser

appear against him. Spotted Snake had, on more than one occasion, given proof of his unstable mind, and he no longer depended on the support of the sagamore. He had always thought Eagle a more decided person, but he placed no real confidence in him. But he said nothing of this to Wagawalla, but gave the conversation a different turn.

At last, after some hours the pow-wow was concluded, and Wagawalla's husband entered the wigwam with Koetsaeton. They saluted the friend toward whom they had been so reserved, with their old cordiality, and told him with joy that he was free, and might return with his companions to the wigwam where a sleeping place had been prepared.

"But Ondesonk must not seek to leave the village and must beware of the family of the Bear," continued the brave man. "Wolf and Goldkrate," pointing to himself and Koetsaeton, "will defend Ondesonk when the great pow-wow is opened to-morrow; but the Bear longs for the blood of the black-robe whom he still believes to be a sorcerer. Assendase will tear Ondesonk to pieces if he gets him into his claws."

"May the Lord of life reward you for all the good you have done, or will still do me, and protect me from my enemies," replied the missionary, as he grasped the hands of the two men.

"The Great Spirit to whom Ondesonk prays is stronger than Airestoi and all bad men," asserted Wagawalla as she hastened to her wigwam, to prepare a meal for Ondesonk.

Her husband followed with the liberated man, and after Koetsaeton had promised to secure the safety of Lalande and the Iroquois, he also returned to his hut.

The Mohawks had assembled in crowds in the chief street, and the missionary was doomed to hear many an unpleasant word as he came by his foster-father's side to the wigwam.

"There goes the black sorcerer," cries a bad looking youth.

"Strike him dead," says another.

"The sagamore will have him burned at the stake when the great pow-wow has been held to-morrow," said an elderly warrior, upon which a youth threw a stone at him.

At Wagawalla's husband was at hand, and the boy a box on the ear that sent him flying away.

"Ondesonk belongs to the tribe of the Wolves, and the Wolf has claws and teeth to defend him," said his protector with such threatening looks that the men drew back.

"The brave is right," said some who had seen what had passed. "Ondesonk is not a captive, he is a white Ongwehonwe. Let him go!"

"The Great Spirit knows that Ondesonk would only do good to his red brothers," said the priest gently. "There may be men in Gandawaga who think Ondesonk bad, but he is not."

"Ondesonk must not speak any more to the people here," whispered his foster-father to the priest, for he saw Hawk's Claw and Assendase, with two other well-known wild and cruel warriors entering the street.

Though the Jesuit would willingly have said more, he was hurried on, and reached the hut

where Wagawalla was roasting some meat upon wooden skewers, and had prepared some sagamite. They soon got into conversation, and F. Jaques found from his enquiries, that the number of Christian Hurons had much increased during his absence. Wagawalla's husband would take him to all these people as soon as the great pow-wow, which he had no doubt would be favourable, was concluded, but till then he advised his keeping within the hut.

After everything had been told and listened to, F. Jaques spoke to his protectors of heavenly things and prepared them for the reception of Holy Communion, for he hoped that by the following morning he should be in possession of his box. After that he prayed for some time and then went to rest.

The men from Onewquin had arrived during the night, and Spotted Snake declared at their pressing request, that the assembly should be opened as soon as possible. The sun was just gilding the tops of the trees when the tom-tom called the council together.

At the same time that the council was being held to decide the fate of the missionary, Wagawalla's husband had brought F. Jaques's luggage from the sagamore's, and he celebrated the first Mass in Gandawaga, giving to his protectors the Bread of Life. Both the neophytes were deeply moved, and as the warrior went forth on his way to the pow-wow, he said that he felt more than ever a Christian, and that he was sure the Great Spirit would help him, and lead the pow-wow to good. Wagawalla was full of happiness. She and Ondesonk took their simple meal together, and then in spite of her pressing entreaties the missionary went the round of the village in search of such acquaintance as might be well disposed towards him.

The streets were almost forsaken, for the curious people had most of them assembled in the square, where the pow-wow would be held in the open air. Assendase and the Bear tribe had insisted upon this, for his enemies doubted not that, the people always ready for torture and execution, would prevent any speeches of Ondesonk's from being heard. Of his condemnation they had no doubt.

But the Bears were mistaken. Koetsaeton stepped into the lists with so much decision and ability in defence of the accused, that the complainants were forced to remain silent.

Wagawalla's husband who had never before spoken in an assembly also came forward, and in a few sharp and forcible words shewed so clearly that the accusations could not be maintained that the council and the people equally applauded him.

"Go to Ondesonk, learn his prayers, and you will love him as a father," said the inspired young Christian. "What evil has he done? Rise up and tell what you know about this. Listen not to the old raven that croaks in your ears. Hear what Ondesonk teaches. He tells you that all men are brothers. He does not honour the Pale-faces as higher than the red-men. He says all are children of the true Great Spirit, Who loves those who love him. Is not Ondesonk always kind and ready to help? Has

he ever refused to do anything required of him? Has anyone ever heard him complain? Would he have returned to Gandawaga if he had done harm to the Ongwehonwe. If he were a bad sorcerer he would not have remained so long among the Ongwehonwe, but would have destroyed them all. Ondesonk is innocent; Ondesonk is a good man. Sagamore, this warrior will calmly bend his head to the tomahawk if Ondesonk has ever injured the Ongwehonwe. Sagamore, this warrior knows Ondesonk and will live and die with him."

Koetsaeton then again came forward, drew his knife, and offered it to the sagamore as he said:

"Spotted Snake may cut off Koetsaeton's tongue with this knife if he lies when he says, 'Ondesonk is the best friend of the Ongwehonwes.'"

This told very decidedly. The warriors of Gandawaga took part with the bold defenders, and most of those from Onevquin were on their side, so that but a few remained with Assendase and the Bears. No one heard the words of the old man for the sagamore ordered the tom-toms to be beat, as a sign that the deliberation was closed, and that the sentence would be pronounced. In about a quarter of an hour Spotted Snake declared Ondesonk to be at liberty, and the announcement was followed by shouts of joy.

The sentence was generally approved, and the Bears who were the only ones who cherished ill-will to the missionary, thought it best to conceal their feelings, and to receive the judgment with hypocritical satisfaction.

F. Jaques was soon sought out by his brave defenders, and was found at the bedside of a sick child, whose sufferings he was trying to ameliorate.

The happy news filled his heart with joy, not so much because his own life was no longer in danger as that he hoped within the next few days to plant the cross in Gandawaga, and to found a permanent mission in the Mohawk country. He gladly professed himself ready, on the first opportunity, to offer the hand of peace to his enemies, and hastened to make known his happiness to Wagawalla. Towards noon the men from Onevquin returned home, and Wagawalla's husband now guided the missionary to the huts in which Christians were to be found.

As they were going from wigwam to wigwam an unknown warrior came up, and pointing to a hut on the western side of the village, said:

"There is a sick squaw. She desires help from the black-robe. Will Ondesonk go to her when the great light sinks beneath the trees?"

"Certainly I will come and help the poor squaw as well as I can," replied the missionary.

And thanking him the Mohawk retired.

"Does Ondesonk know that warrior?" asked his companion.

"No, my brother," replied the priest.

"Ondesonk must not go to that wigwam for Bears live there."

"That is what I like, my brother. I can thus shew the Bears that I am not bad, and that I do not fear their hatred," replied the father, and the entreaties of his companion could not change his decision.

They returned to their hut, and after having

partaken of the refreshment provided by Wagawalla, F. Jaques set out for the wigwam which had been pointed out. He declined to be accompanied as he wished to go alone as a proof that he had no fear. He met Koetsaeton on his way, who also lived on the west side of the village, and he told him whither he was going. This true friend warned him in vain, and Koetsaeton parted from him within a few paces of the hut of the Bear family, to have, as he said, a talk with some braves about a hunting expedition.

An unknown man came out of the hut without saluting him, went before the priest, and held up the mat which concealed the entrance. Then there was a shrill cry close to him, a tomahawk fell with great force upon his head, and he sank to the ground.

Koetsaeton, who had suspected evil and had remained near, sprang to the corpse, and tried to seize the murderer, but the coward escaped the hand of the revenger. Another stroke of the axe fell upon the chief, who retained his consciousness and called loudly for help. People streamed in from all sides, and several braves set off in pursuit of the murderer, who, favoured by the darkness, continued to escape. The fearful news flew through the village, and even the sagamore and Eagle hastened to the spot and swore revenge.

Koetsaeton had a severe but not dangerous scalp-wound, and had received a deep stab in his left arm. The missionary was dead; the tomahawk had cleaven his skull. His faithful protectors, who soon came breathless to the spot, found their beloved Ondesonk a corpse, and carried him to their hut. There was a fearful commotion in the streets, and it required the united efforts of the sagamore and chiefs to appease the uproar, for the Schildkrotes and the Wolves were raging against the Bears, whom they openly accused of the guilt of the murderous deed.

"*Ibo et non redibo*" had the pioneer of the Cross said to his brethren at Three Rivers with a prophetic soul. The word was fulfilled. The hero of the faith had gained the martyr's crown.

The brave pioneer of the Cross fell by the hand of a murderer on the 10th of October, 1646, and on the following morning his courageous companions, Lalonde and the Iroquois, met with the same fate. Koetsaeton had well kept his word, and taken the two men to his own hut, which they were not to leave till the excitement in the village had subsided. When the news of the murder reached them they could no longer keep back. Full of grief they hastened to Wagawalla's hut, and wept and prayed, by the corpse of the murdered man. Here they first heard of Koetsaeton's wounds; he was to return to his hut in the course of an hour or two, and they returned as quickly as possible that they might hear the particulars of the terrible story from the lips of their protector.

"My friends must remain in their hut," warned the chief. "The people are in great excitement, and it may easily happen that you also may be the victims of a murderer, for neither the sagamore nor the chiefs dare to call for a reckoning. Koetsaeton hears this from Spotted Snake and Eagle. They both fear that more blood will

be shed, and that yet, they must keep silence. Koetsaeton's huts are safe for his friends; outside them it is not safe."

"The Lord of life leads all according to His Will, and He especially protects His children," said the captive Iroquois, full of faith and zeal.

"The Lord of life will help Koetsaeton," murmured the chief, and sank into deep thought.

An hour later a Mohawk rushed into the hut, and in breathless haste told how the strange men who had come with Ondesonk lay dead in the streets, and that their heads had been cut off by some yelling squaws and stuck upon the palisades. The sagamore and great chiefs sat in their wigwams, and did not trouble themselves about it.

Spotted Snake had said that if Wolves, Schild-krabs and Bears would bite each other, they must.

The strangers were nothing to him."

"Airestoi rules over the Ongwehonwe, and Ondesonk was right when he said that Airestoi is not a good spirit. The Ongwehonwe will never again be great and powerful if they do not turn away from Airestoi."

Thus spoke the deeply moved chief with a heavy sigh, and hiding his face when the noise from the street reached his ear. Almost half an hour later Wagawalla tottered into the hut, and sank down on the ground with a stupefied look.

"What has happened Wagawalla?" asked the chief almost inaudibly.

The woman looked at him, and then in a doubled voice told him of what had happened to the strangers who had come with Ondesonk, how their heads had been placed upon the palisades and their bodies thrown into the river. They had also come to Wagawalla's hut and carried away the dead body of Ondesonk. They had placed his head upon the palisades and thrown his body into the water. Wagawalla's master had been struck down and bound while endeavouring to prevent the body of Ondesonk from being taken away.

"Wagawalla came to Koetsaeton because the men drove her from her hut and would destroy it. Wagawalla begs that Ondesonk will tell the Lord of life how weak and miserable she is, that she will die if the Great Spirit does not strengthen and protect her."

Koetsaeton was silent.

The uproar in Gandawaga lasted for two days. The Eagle appeared in his war-paint, and holding his tomahawk uttered the war-cry:

"Airestoi," he cried, "has given back the tomahawk that they buried at Onequin to the Ongwehonwe. Onantio and his people are false dogs. The Ongwehonwe will destroy them, for Airestoi will be with them."

And thus he regained his influence over the people, who were now willing to be led by him.

The war became fiercer than before. The allies of the Mohawks also trod the war-path, they destroyed the Hurons and two of the tribes of Algonquins in alliance with the French. The French priests fell man by man at the posts in their settlements, the colonists were hard pressed, and Quebec had to sustain a siege in 1653. At last a murder was committed under these circumstances. The ripe harvest stood in

the fields about Quebec, and a poor widow, in her necessity begged the brave Jesuit father, Joseph Antony Pouncet de la Rivière, to allow the field of the poor woman to be reaped by some brave men. These men were fallen upon by some Iroquois and carried to the Mohawk village, and were tortured on the same spot where Jaques and Bressani had suffered. After this F. Pouncet went through their villages and appeased the anger of the people. The Onandagos had already concluded peace with the French, and the Mohawks followed their example. F. Pouncet was set at liberty in order that he might go to Quebec; there he found the government of New France in a despairing condition, and quite ready to accede to the proposals of the savages, and the tomahawk was again buried.

Meanwhile the tribes of the Iroquois' alliance had begged for black-robos, and the heroes of the Company of Jesus complied with their request without delay. On the 2nd of July, 1653, F. Simon de Moine went down the S. Lawrence to the country of the Onandagos and planted the Cross in a fishing village at the confluence of the Oswego river. The savages were well disposed and willing to be instructed. "Send us more black-robos," begged the Iroquois, and the superiors at Three Rivers and Quebec fulfilled their wishes as far as possible. Seven fathers were sent to the Iroquois villages in quick succession. These braves of the Cross had much to suffer, and the torch of war was afterwards kindled, but at last, on the 26th of March, 1676, heathenism was formally foresworn in a council of the sachems of the Mohawk people. The fall of Airestoi was the conquest of Christendom. Where René Goupil and F. Jaques, Jean de Lalande and many Huron Christians had shed their blood for the Faith, the first Mohawk harvest was gathered, and upon the martyr's hill the Cross soon surmounted the first church that was built in Mohawk-land. Gandawaga was the centre of the mission in the Iroquois county, and still remains so. Governor Bellamont of New York, the name given to New Amsterdam after its cession to the English by the peace of Ryswick, put a stop to further steps by a law in which he set forth that the "Jesuit priests and Popish missionaries were agitators and dangerous individuals, enemies to the Christian religion, and from November banished them from the country." Disobedience was punished with lifelong imprisonment, and an attempt to escape with death on the scaffold. F. Peter de Marenie was the last Jesuit who preached the Cross among the Iroquois. Seventy-six years after the death of F. Jaques he was recalled to Canada by his superiors. Three times had the sons of S. Ignatius been driven away by British fanatics, and three times they had returned, till at last sectarian zeal gained the upper hand.

We have now only to tell our readers of the fate of the persons of interest in our narrative: Koetsaeton only remained in Gandawaga till his wounds were healed; as soon as he was well he shouldered his gun and left his people. In the spring of 1647 he appeared at Three Rivers, and begged to be allowed to remain there. As war

had again broken out the inhabitants would not trust him, and had him bound and placed on board a ship of war. In his necessity he implored the never-forgotten Ondesonk, and it is said that the fetters fell from his hands and feet. He was again fettered but with the same result. He was brought before the chief magistrate, and said that he had called upon the martyr, whom he only spoke of as his good brother Ondesonk. He was not again fettered, but received Christian instruction and holy Baptism, and then at his own wish was sent to France, where, after a short time he died in a hospital attended by sisters.

Eagle fell in a hot conflict with the French and Algonquins. Assendase became a Christian in his old age and was full of such zeal that he was repeatedly in danger of being killed by his heathenish relatives. His name became a bright star in the history of his people. He died at a good age at Gandawaga in 1675, where he helped to establish the first Mohawk congregation.

Wagawalla, when already elderly, gave birth to a daughter, Ickaquit, and only survived this event a few months. Her husband soon followed her, and the orphan child came under the care of some relatives opposed to Christianity. In spite of this the child inclined to the faith as soon as she was capable of understanding it, and on Easter Sunday, 1676, she received the name of Katharine in holy Baptism. She died a holy virgin, in the year 1680, in a convent at the falls of the S. Lawrence called S. Louis, and the faithful for a long time went in crowds to pray at her grave.

Nothing more was heard of Couture and of the hawker. There was nothing remarkable known in Renselaerswyk. The first news of F. Jaques's murder was sent to New Amsterdam. The next generation at Renselaerswyk did not, alas! tread in the footsteps of their fathers, but were bitter enemies to the Church. The descendants of the humane colonists, who had so zealously defended Jaques and Bressani, if they detected a Mohawk with a rosary or a crucifix bestowed upon him abuse and bad words.

Where the Mohawk village of Gandawaga once stood there is now the little town of Caughnawaga, which must not be confounded with a place of the same name in Canada.

THE END.

**SHOT OR NOT.**—A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumour that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or, as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be that the shot Shott shot shot himself, when the affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot, and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott but Nott. Any way, it is hard to tell who was shot or not.

## KAURI GUM.

**N**ORTHERN New Zealand has two special products peculiar to the country, and found no where else. These are kauri timber and kauri gum.

The kauri is indigenous to the small section of New Zealand which lies to the north of lat. 37, or 38 S. It is one of the Coniferæ or pines. It is a most valuable timber, and is to New Zealand even more than the oak has been to England. It must rank among the royalest trees the earth produces. It does not mix with the common herd of trees but covers immense tracts of country. They are of gigantic growth; they may girth at the base about fifty feet, forty is not uncommon, and thirty is often the average. They soar up straight to a hundred or a hundred and fifty, even a hundred and eighty before branching and their leafy crowns interlacing, form a canopy which daylight can hardly penetrate.

The sublime grandeur of a kauri forest is hardly equalled by the grandeur of anything else in nature. One seems to stand in the aisles of a mighty temple shut out from the world and imprisoned amid endless ranks of tremendous columns. Stillness and silence deepen the profundity of gloom around one. Of life nothing is visible.

We may remark that the girth of English beeches, oaks, elms and ashes, in the oldest and best grown woods is on an average ten feet. Trees girthing fifteen to twenty feet are rare, they are not more than thirty or forty feet high, but then the spread of branches is great and magnificent.

Kauri gum, or Kapia, as the Maoris call it, is the other peculiar product of the northern extremity of New Zealand. It is the solidified sap or resin of the Kauri, but not in a fresh form; it is that resin in a hardened condition, found buried in the ground.

There are tracts of country known as gum-fields, in which kauri gum is to be dug up plentifully. These places are for the most part stretches of moorland, though not invariably. The soil is full of fragments and particles of gum, which, in numerous spots, occurs in layers and collections of large pieces, varying in size, up to that of blocks as large as a man's body.

The gum is found just below the surface of the ground, and sometimes down to the depth of six or eight feet. The finding and collecting it affords a sufficiently profitable occupation to have constituted a distinct class of men who go by the name of gum-diggers.

Gum is also found in the kauri forests, round the roots of the trees, especially of old and decayed ones.

It is worthy of remark that the fresh resin of the living trees is of no commercial value. Masses are often found in forks and clefts of the trees and about the roots, but of this only a little of the latter is worth anything, the rest being soft and valueless.

The deposits of gum are all that remain of the ancient kauri forests, the tree seems to have exhausted the soil and then died out of such localities.

Kauri gum is like amber in its general appearance, and is similar in chemical characteristics, but it is far more brittle and hence not of much value for ornaments.

Kauri gum was first brought into notice in 1840, and in 1841, when it was collected by the Maoris and sold by them to the storekeepers. Its value at that time was about £6 the ton, and a hundred tons was the quantity exported.

An increasing demand for it soon arose in the United States, which now takes about two thirds of the gum exported. There may be about two thousand gum diggers; the amount of export has greatly increased, until—in 1870, 1871, 1872—reached fifteen thousand tons for the three years, valued at half a million sterling. Since that time the quantity exported has increased, and its average value has risen to £43 per ton.

The use to which kauri gum is put is the manufacture of a varnish much resembling that of copal, and gum copal, the reader will remember, is the product of the *Hymenea verrucosa* of tropical Eastern Africa, and is dug from the ground much as kauri gum is here.

Though individually there is complete equality between the gum-digger and other colonists, the class is looked upon as inferior.

The gum-diggers generally make small parties, and form a rude camp near the spot upon which they believe that gum will be found. They go forth singly, and straggle about all day with spear, spade and sack. He tries every likely-looking spot with the spear, which is merely an iron rod sharp at one end, and with a wooden handle; when the spear touches gum there is a peculiar feel which the digger knows. Then he digs out the gum, fills his sack, and carries it to camp, continuing to work the same spot as long as it yields anything, when he goes on to look for another. In the evening, he cleans and scrapes the day's take with his knife.

The finds are, of course, most uncertain, but may sometimes amount to from £2 to £4 per week. When enough has been collected it is carried to the nearest settlement and sold. Provisions are bought, and the surplus may be banked, though in nine cases out of ten it goes in a "lush up." Some gum-diggers save till they can get down to Auckland, and then they have a high old time of it as long as the money lasts.

It is easy to see how this kind of life appeals to the ne'er-do-well. Luck and chance are elements in it, and it is a free, roving careless existence. Hence it is that the scapegraces take to it so kindly, and prefer its risks and hardships to the steady work of farm labourers or bushmen. Notwithstanding this it is taken to sometimes as a temporary resource when the farm has not been paying, and many a small needy settler has found it a means to stave off ruin. To energetic and enterprising men it offers good wages.

Observe that Maori and Kauri are pronounced as if written Mowry and Kowri.

## A MYSTERY IN THE OLD TOWN OF WINCHESTER.

BY K. M. WELD,

Author of "*Lily the Lost One*," "*Bessy*," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XII.

**B**ECCA stopped. She said that having narrated her history, which she had done on different days at intervals, she must now rest, but that she had written down the remainder, and Monica might read the history before they had any more talk. The MS. began by telling of the reply of the man with the tracts.

"I suppose you all know S. Peter's Street," he said, "and remember that at the end of the street, which is crossed at the bottom by the road called North Walls, there stands on the left hand side, as you walk from the town, a row of houses called S. Peter's Terrace. Beyond these there is a grass lawn, and on a small rise at the end stands a pretty-looking white villa with two entrances. This villa was inhabited by an old maiden lady named Piggott. She was an eccentric character, and was seldom seen by any of her neighbours in S. Peter's Street.

"She only kept one servant, and this servant never remained with her for any length of time, partly because was she fidgety, and partly because the place was dull.

"Last winter she parted with her servant, and engaged another named Sarah Huggins. She took her into her service, without a character from her last situation, because she looked strong and active, and was handsome. When someone remonstrated with her on the imprudence of taking a servant into her house without a character, she answered shortly: 'All servants are bad now-a-days; it matters little whether they have characters or not.'

"However, this servant remained with her all the summer, and she seemed to get on very well with her mistress, who went occasionally, for change of air, to different watering places, leaving her at home in charge of the house.

"One morning Sarah came out of Miss Piggott's villa, and went through the gate which led into S. Peter's Street, and knocked at the door of a lady named Saunders, with whose housekeeper she was a little acquainted.

"The housekeeper came to the door, and Sarah Huggins told her that she had had a quarrel with her mistress, who had left Winchester the day before, and that she had had a message from her that very morning, to say that she had engaged another servant, and desired her to leave the house at once, sending at the same time a month's wages in advance.

"The poor girl looked pale and agitated, and seemed much hurt at Miss Piggott's conduct, but there was no remedy, as the good lady was celebrated for her obstinacy of character.

"Sarah said she was to leave the house at once, and Miss Piggott had desired her to lock

GOETHE says a man must be either an anvil or a hammer; yet how many are nothing but bellows.



both the front door and the back door, and to take the keys to Mrs. Saunder's housekeeper, requesting her to be so kind as to take charge of them until she returned home in the evening and sent for them. Sarah likewise said that she herself was going to Southampton at once.

"On the evening of the same day a close carriage passed down S. Peter's Street, and stopped opposite Miss Piggott's gate.

"The gate was not locked, therefore the driver got down and opened it, and then drove along the gravel walk up to Miss Piggott's front door. When they reached the hall door, the old lady, who was in the carriage, put her head out of the window, and spoke to the driver. She apparently told him to go and fetch the keys, which Sarah had left under the charge of Mrs. Saunder's housekeeper, for he instantly jumped down from his box, and secured his horses by leading them a few hundred feet from the entrance door, and fastening the reins to a post. He then walked down the carriage road to the gate, went into the street, and knocked at Mrs. Saunder's door.

"The parlourmaid soon answered the summons, and the man said that Miss Piggott had sent him to ask for the keys, which Sarah had left in her charge that morning.

"The housekeeper soon brought the keys, she gave them to the man, and shut the door; but, with the curiosity natural to most women, ran up stairs to her room to look out at the window, and see Miss Piggott get out of the carriage.

"The man went straight up to the house door and unlocked it, while in the meantime Miss Piggott opened the carriage herself, got out, and walked the few dozen yards to the house.

"She was dressed in black, as usual, and had on her favourite little white fur tippet, which she valued much, and wore partly because it was the gift of a friend, and partly because she was a chilly person.

"She always limped when she walked from having once broken her leg, but on this occasion seemed to limp more than usual, probably from being cramped by her long drive from Alresford. She paid the driver, who touched his hat, jumped on his box, and drove off, while she entered her house quickly and closed the door.

"The housekeeper at Mrs. Saunder's and the parlourmaid remained at the window for some time, hoping to see something more, but their curiosity remained ungratified, for there was nothing more to be seen but a light in Miss Piggott's bed-room, and one in the attic in which the servant always slept, therefore they concluded that the new servant had come with her mistress, although they had not chanced to see her get out of the carriage, but it was difficult to distinguish anything clearly, on account of the plantation of trees which stood between Miss Piggott's villa and the houses in S. Peter's Street.

"Nothing was seen of the inhabitants of the villa on the next day, or even on the following; but no one thought much about it, as there were two entrances, the one through S. Peter's Street and the other from North Walls; the inhabitants of S. Peter's Street concluded that Miss Piggott and her maid preferred going out by the back

entrance, which led from North Walls to Jury Street.

"On the third day, however, many of the ladies who lived in S. Peter's Terrace began to wonder that no one had seen Miss Piggott or her maid in the garden, although the weather was so fine; and in the evening, when it was dark, they looked out to see whether there were lights in any of the rooms; but not a light could they see in any part of the house; therefore, they concluded that Miss Piggott must be gone out again on a visit somewhere.

"However, the next morning the ladies in the terrace again talked the matter over. They remembered that Miss Piggott had never been seen at church at all since the Monday evening when they saw her arrive, get out of the carriage and enter the house. No one had seen the servant, so perhaps she was not come. Miss Piggott might be ill, and if alone, requiring assistance.

"It would certainly be only right to go to her house, ring the bell, and ascertain whether their fears in her regard had any foundation. Miss Neville, a tall, kind hearted, strong minded lady, whose brother was a magistrate, volunteered to go to the villa, and make these enquiries.

"She put on her bonnet and shawl at once, and all the ladies inhabiting the different houses in the row, stood at their windows to watch with anxious curiosity for the opening of the door of Miss Piggott's house.

"Miss Neville rang once—no answer, twice thrice—not a sound was to be heard, either up stairs, or downstairs!

"Then Miss Neville went to the back entrance door, and pulled the bell with such energy that the wire broke, and nothing more could be done there.

"She then proceeded to the drawing-room window, which was on the ground floor. She peeped in cautiously, as the shutters were not closed, and was quite taken aback when she perceived that the room looked as if inhabited.

"Miss Piggott's chair was by her little table, and her knitting lying on it, just as if she had placed it there before going out for a walk. Her Bible, too, lay open on the round table in the middle of the room. Miss Neville then went and looked in at the dining-room window, and saw the breakfast cloth laid with the cups, plates and tea tray, ready for breakfast.

"As she knew that it was one of the peculiarities of the old lady to have all arranged for breakfast long before she required it, this sight would not have surprised her, had Miss Piggott been at home, and well; but, as it was, these things, joined to the deathlike silence which reigned in the house, alarmed Miss Neville to such a degree, that she could scarcely walk back to S. Peter's Terrace to tell her tale.

"There was a lady standing at each door in the row when she reached it, and a servant or two at each of the gates, for all were filled with astonishment and curiosity.

"It is my opinion," said Miss Neville, when she had recovered sufficient nerve and breath to speak, 'that there is something wrong. Miss Piggott may be ill, and the new servant may not

have come, in which case she would be alone. I should say that my brother, who is a magistrate, ought to have the lock of the door broken, and enter the house with some other reliable person.'

"But suppose she is only gone out on a visit?" said Mrs. Platt of No. 5, 'how annoyed she will be to find that her house has been broken into.'

"But if, on the contrary," interrupted Mrs. Harrison of No. 3, 'she should be ill in bed, and unable to move, how pleased she will be at our taking all this trouble to assist her.'

"In the meantime, Captain Neville himself had seen his sister and the group of ladies. After hearing the different accounts given, he was of opinion that the right thing to be done, under the circumstances, was for him, as a magistrate, to go to the house, accompanied by a lawyer, and he was quite sure that Mr. Horne of No. 6 would not object. They would take the proper instruments, break open the hall door and enter the house together. This was soon carried into effect.

"They looked into the drawing-room first, and then the dining-room; both were exactly in the state described by Miss Neville, but not a sound was to be heard in the house; they walked upstairs and entered Miss Piggott's bed-room.

"The dressing table was arranged as if for her night toilette, the sheets were turned down as if prepared for her to step into bed, but Miss Piggott was not there.

"They entered the two spare bed-rooms, which had evidently not been made use of for some time, for the curtains had been taken down and the dressing tables were bare.

"They visited the others; all was untidy enough there. One bed had evidently been slept in, but that might have been a week ago.

"They determined to go down into the kitchen before examining the outhouses, but stopped at the top of the stairs, and Captain Neville said:

"Surely the drainage must require looking to, the smell is so close and disagreeable, one could almost fancy there was a dead rat under the boards! Mr. Horne you really must speak to some of the members of the local Board of the Sanitation Society; such inefficient drainage will soon become unpleasant to the ladies in S. Peter's Street."

"I will do what I can in the matter," said Mr. Horne, curtly. 'I smell nothing particular, beyond the closeness of a house that has been shut up. We are taking useless trouble, I think.'

"Captain Neville did not agree with him, but thought the matter required investigation.

"The two gentlemen began to grope their way down; Captain Neville went first, and when he reached the bottom of the staircase, he saw, by the dim light, that every thing in the kitchen was in a state of confusion and disorder.

"What an untidy servant," exclaimed Captain Neville; 'I would not have kept her in my service a week. Look at the soiled dresses on the floor! No wonder Miss Piggott parted with her, she had good reason I think to get rid of such a sloven.'

"Both gentlemen went into the kitchen, and

opened the shutters; the grate was uncleared, and the coals scattered about. They next peeped into the back kitchen, and then the larder. Nothing looked suspicious in the larder, excepting its being quite empty; but there was a small room next to it, where a pane of glass had been broken, and any one could put his hand in and open the window without difficulty, and thus enter the room which led to the larder.

"The two gentlemen looked at one another, both seemed puzzled, although neither spoke. They were preparing to go upstairs again, but stopped suddenly in front of the heap of soiled clothes.

"It was so dark when they first came down that they could distinguish nothing, but by the clear light that came in from the open shutters they saw, to their horror, that it was no bundle of clothes that lay there, but the inanimate body of Miss Piggott!

"They hoped at first that she was not really dead, but were soon convinced that life had been extinct for some days.

"Captain Neville advised that the horrible discovery should be kept secret, and should be carefully concealed from the curiosity of the Winchester ladies, and though he thought the death was probably owing to a fall downstairs, that it would be right, before proceeding further, to send for further witnesses.

"Mr. Horne started at once and was besieged by all the ladies, with their servants to back them, directly he had passed into S. Peter's Street. What he said sufficed to raise their curiosity to the highest pitch without uttering a word to gratify their desire to know the solution of the mystery.

"Captain Grant, the head of the constabulary force, was fortunately at home when Mr. Horne arrived, so that gentleman was immediately ushered into his presence.

"Captain Grant was inexpressibly shocked. He had been acquainted with poor Miss Piggott for many years.

"I cannot believe that she tumbled downstairs," said he energetically; 'there was foul play somewhere, Horne, foul play depend upon it. We must have a coroner's inquest as soon as possible; but I will at once accompany you with some of my staff, that we may examine the house and grounds where this sad tragedy has been enacted.'

"Captain Grant, Mr. Horne, and the members of the staff selected, started as soon as possible. In about half an hour they reached S. Peter's Street, and it is impossible to describe the astonishment and dismay of all the ladies in the terrace, when they beheld Mr. Horne returning accompanied by a large staff of police.

"The officials, however, passed them by without a word of explanation; so they continued to wonder and talk, and at last returned to their houses, thinking they should see anything that might go on better from the windows, than by standing in the street, where the wall impeded the view of the house in question.

"But they were disappointed even in this, for although many put their heads quite out of the window occasionally, yet there was nothing to be

seen, as Captain Grant, Mr. Horne, and the officials, entered the house quickly, and closed the door.

"Captain Neville was waiting for Mr. Horne and his party in the hall, and at once accompanied them to the scene of the tragical event. But although they examined everything thoroughly, yet they made no discoveries that could implicate any one. Nothing but the pane of glass taken out of the window downstairs, indicated that any person had entered it.

"It seemed as if Miss Piggott had lived quietly there as usual, until the moment of her death. The needle was in her work apparently just as she had left it. There was no servant to suspect, as Sarah Huggins had left her service and gone to Southampton before her mistress returned home from her visit.

"The new servant had never been seen by anyone, therefore the probability was that she had not engaged one, and Miss Piggott was certainly alone when she got out of the carriage on the evening of her return.

"The house was carefully examined in the coroner's presence as well as the remains of Miss Piggott, but whether the marks on the face were produced by a fall downstairs, or by a blow, it was impossible to decide; the coroner inclined to the former opinion, and that, having no one to assist her, she had died there.

"They were on the point of dismissing the case when one of the constables, who had been sent out to clear the way, returned, and said that there was a man outside, a hawker of vegetables, who declared that he saw Sarah Huggins close to Miss Piggott's back door on the morning following the evening the poor lady returned, therefore that she could not have been in Southampton then. She started and looked much put out when she saw him, for as it was only five o'clock in the morning she had not expected to meet anyone.

"The hawker was called in, and repeated what he had said to the police constable, so it was decided that proper persons should be dispatched to Southampton to search for Sarah, arrest her, and bring her to Winchester, that she might be tried in court, in order to discover whether there were any real grounds for suspecting her of having had to do with the death of Miss Piggott.

"No success attending the search, papers were printed describing the girl's appearance, and she was found in a disreputable lodging-house just on the eve of her departure for Liverpool.

"After a short examination she was consigned to the prison authorities to await her trial. This," said the good man who was telling the story, "will take place to-morrow, and I shall go, and half Winchester will be there, for the case has excited general interest."

Here Rebecca's MS. ended. She had had a rest, but she preferred to wait till the following day before continuing her story, as she felt that the conclusion would be very exciting.

"After hearing this," Rebecca began, "I was seized with a great desire to go to the trial also. I fancied the interest it would raise up would

help to clear away the feeling of despondency which had taken possession of my mind. The narrator of the story thought he could get me a place, and early the next morning, after a sleepless night, I was ready to start. My companion succeeded in getting me a good place in the middle of the room, which was filled to overflowing.

"The judge appeared and took his seat; he was accompanied by several lawyers and officials, and on another side stood the different persons about to give evidence in the case.

"Then an inner door was thrown open, and the prisoner, Sarah Huggins, was led in.

"I looked at her with some curiosity, but how can I express my surprise and sorrow when I beheld the well-known face of Catherine Sullivan. But she was no longer the bright, attractive girl we both remember, but a handsome, scornful-looking woman with an expression of depravity and recklessness imprinted on her brow that was fearful to look upon.

"I hid myself behind some taller persons, lest she should see and recognize me, and I endeavoured to shake off the feelings of anguish which the sight of one whom I had so injured revived in my soul.

"She looked cool and collected, but whether from the sense of conscious innocence, or from reckless depravity, it was impossible to say.

"The trial commenced, and the servants living in S. Peter's Street were first examined. They made their different statements, in much the same terms as the man who had first given me the account had related.

"The hawker was next called to give evidence, and said, in his examination to counsel: 'Well, as how I was driving a donkey-cart filled with vegetables to sell at Winnell, I drove through Jury Street, and just turned down the hill at North Walls, which runs close to Miss Piggott's back door, when I seed she—what's standing there—walking up the hill close to Miss Piggott's back door, looking all the world as if she had just come out of the beant sartin sure, but I do think I heard her at the door. The town clock was just striking twelve, and there was no one else about. And didn't I look in a fluster when she seed me and my donkey-cart close to her, unexpected like!

"'Good morning,' said I. She didn't make no answer at all, but seemed quite taken aback, and all of a heap like, as my old granny used to say.'"

Rebecca here became rather exhausted, and said she would defer the remainder of her story to the following day.

*(To be continued.)*

A GOOD MARRIAGE.—Some one who was looking at the picture of the Sacrament, Poussin remarked, as every one else had before, that "Marriage" was the least successful. A spectator, overhearing him, claimed, "Do not be surprised at that, for it is very difficult to make a good marriage even in painting."



AT SIR ROGER ARDEN'S.

## Sherborne; or, the House at the Four Ways.

By EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

Author of the "*Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems*," "*Grey's Court*," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

WE were not kept long in suspense as to the present intention of the old lady. She drew herself up, and came towards us with an air of tremulous determination that brought us at once to a halt. Who she could be, and what she wanted with us, was a puzzle beyond

the range of guess-work; but that she did want to speak with one or both of us, and meant to attain her object, was unmistakable. So we stood still, and awaited the result.

When she had approached within two or three hundred yards, it struck me that I had seen her before, but I was then unable to remember where, when, or under what circumstances. An indis-

tinged recollection arose in my mind of wondrous conjectural tales, half-heard on winter evenings, and invested with an unfathomable mystery in my infant mind, by the flickering candle, the broken whispers, the hollow roar of the wind in the chimney, and the baying of the watch-dog in the stableyard.

Whoever she might be, she evidently wanted to address one of us, and that one was not myself; for she turned aside as soon as she had taken a keen survey of our two faces, and then, bearing down upon Don Pascolini, stood still just in front of him. They stood looking at each other for a few seconds, he in quiet astonishment, she collecting her unquietness into a steady focus. At length she addressed him decisively, thus:

"You're a Catholic priest, and a foreigner?"

"I am," he replied; adding rather quickly, for fear of mistakes, "I understand English very little."

"That is unfortunate," said she, "for I am quite out of the habit of speaking French; and Italian I never could speak, though I read it a good deal, many many years ago. You are an Italian—are you not?"

He bowed assent to the last words; and then she went on to say, in very fair French for one who was unaccustomed to the language:

"I will try to explain myself in French; but it will be difficult for me, and I must ask your indulgence. But you must—yes, you really must be patient, and listen to what I am going to say."

"Who on earth," said I to myself, "can this old woman be whose words cause one to scrutinize her dress?"

Then I remembered a certain Mrs. Smith, who used to live mysteriously in a lonely house at the corner of four lonely lanes, and was considered by the neighbours to be either a free-thinker, a Jesuit, or a wandering Jew who had taken to sedentary habits.

"Who is that?" she asked, after she had given a rapid and piercing glance at me.

Don Pascolini was unable to give her the desired information, for he had either forgotten my name or never heard it.

I prompted him, and he repeated my patronymic after me. She looked again at my face, and then, turning again to him, said:

"Very well; but I must speak to you alone—I must, indeed."

"Are you a Catholic?" asked Don Pascolini, after a pause, during which, as it seemed to me, he was wishing heartily that he had walked in another direction.

"No," she replied: "In some respects I wish I were. No! it cannot be. I am not—not at all. But I have something very important to say; and I know that Catholic priests are trained to advise well, and to help people in trouble."

"But there is the priest of the mission," said Don Pascolini. "Surely you had better go to see him."

"No," said she, very emphatically; "he is a very good man, I believe: but there is a reason why I must speak to you and not to him."

"I am a foreigner," said he; "a total stranger to this country, and I cannot speak a dozen words of English consecutively."

"If you will listen to me," she answered, in a tone of suppressed irritability, "I will convince

you that he would not do as well as you. I have come to you just, because you *are* a foreigner."

"But foreigners are from various countries," he urged; "perhaps you are looking for a Frenchman, and I am from the north of Italy."

"Yes, I know you are an Italian," she said; "but I can't help that. Perhaps it will do as well as I. In short, I must and will speak to you privately."

"Suppose I were to decline being the confidant of your secret," said he, "is it possible that anyone would be injured in consequence of my refusal?"

"If you do so," she replied solemnly, "you will find it difficult to settle the account with your own conscience."

"Very well, then," said he. "But I am afraid I shall need an interpreter in order to understand clearly."

She reflected for a moment or two, and acknowledged the difficulty. The fact was that her French, which was pretty good at first starting, had proved unequal to further demands on its resources, just as muscles, long unused, accept themselves for a short effort, but break down attempting to sustain it.

She fixed her eyes on me and said:

"I think I can trust you. I believe your father was an honest man. Now will you pledge me a word that you will not mention to anyone what I am going to say before you, until the time she have come when it is right it should be known?"

Like Don Pascolini, I felt that I was fairly for it. I gave her the required promise, and opened my ears. And so did she, as it appeared for she detected more quickly than I did the sound of some footsteps on the grass, and she turned quickly in the direction whence it proceeded.

"We are seen," she said.

"Never mind," said I—for I wanted to get over at once. "We are not conspirators."

"If I had meant the whole parish to listen, should not have waited here half the day for the interview," she replied, with a quick movement of impatience and a short laugh.

I acknowledged myself shut up, and passed submitted to her dictation. So did Don Pascolini. We both felt that we had to go through a strange business which had been thrust upon us not only against our will, but even in spite of our endeavours to avoid it. The old woman was at the stress of the situation.

"You are not going to leave Bramscote yet?" she asked.

"I am going to stay some days," said I. "I am not sure about Don Pascolini."

"My stay at Bramscote is uncertain," said the latter.

"Then you will come to my house to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock—will you not?" said she earnestly.

Don Pascolini and I promised that we would do so; and she added in a low voice, addressing myself

"At eleven o'clock, then. You must remember where I live—at the corner of the four lanes by the fir wood."

"Yes," said I, as she moved away in the opposite direction to that in which the sounds of the footsteps had proceeded.

And there we stood, Don Pascolini and I looking at each other as if waiting for some ex-

placatory information which neither of us was able to give.

"Well," said I, "I wonder what the plot of this drama is."

"I wish we had walked in some other direction," said Don Pascolini. "I have no desire to be set down in the play as 'The Intriguing Priest,' or 'The Jesuit in Disguise.'"

"After all," said I, "it seems to be only advice that she wants."

He simply repeated after me, but with an emphasis that suggested much, the words:

"Only advice!"

"True," said I, in answer to the intonation. "But then you will have a witness?"

"Well," said he, "I could not in conscience make such a request so solemnly made: and after all I have often been placed in very much worse positions, not merely disagreeable ones, but dangerous and compromising."

"Through pretended penitents in the interest of the Revolution?" I added.

He made a slight gesture of assent and walked on, till, in the dark, we almost ran against some one coming along the path. It was the same person who had caused the old woman to disappear by the sound of his footsteps, and he turned out to be Father Ranford, the priest of the mission. I remembered having seen and spoken to him after dinner on the previous day, and if I forgot (as I think I did) to include him in the list of the people I met at that dinner-table, it was very odd, and indeed unaccountable, unless on the principle that the mind, like the body, may be stunned by being struck too hard; for certainly my attention was forcibly drawn to what Mr. Glenfillan Bruff, Mr. Linus Jones, and Dr. Shale said and looked in respect of him. Agreeing in nothing else, they had displayed an edifying unity in the half-veiled version that they put forth, like a domesticated Cerberus, between him and them. Of course they were not rude, but they were implicitly offensive by means of carefully unpointed omissions that showed where the points had been padded.

It so chanced that, as he was walking with us part of the way home, I said this, or words to the same effect. He smiled and replied:

"You are hard upon them. Remember that popery traditions and the accomplished fact of possessing all the old Catholic endowments, are the title-deeds of the Establishment."

## CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH, PARENTHETICALLY, SHERBORNE MAKES HIS COMMENTS ON A SMALL BUT PROLIFIC SCANDAL, TAKEN NOT UNWILLINGLY BY MANY, AND GIVEN OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF THEIR DEFICIENCIES, BY A FEW.

... He must beware, if happily he have occasion of necessary business, at his departure from home, not to have his hawk tied on a pear: he of any greater length from the ground for fear of bating and hanging by the heels, for then either will the eagle his gorge, or otherwise spoil himself.—*The Book of Falmouth*.

I SUPPOSE that most of us are socially tied on a perch—in other words, compelled by artificial

necessities to let ourselves appear before the world more or less above the level of our actual selves, yet far below what we might be if we were not so tied; and I suppose that this social perch is so far useful, that if it hinders us from soaring, it also checks inadvertence. Yet it may be too high, so that in endeavouring to reach higher still, we only spoil ourselves, like the aforesaid hawk; and the instances of such misplaced self-confidence are not very unfrequent. But surely the most pitiable exhibition in that line is the tragicomic spectacle of a worldly English Catholic,

Most ignorant of what he's most assured,  
His glassy essence,

in which the bad fit of the self-assertion he has clothed himself with, is seen as distinctly as a stereoscopic portrait. The world will not take him at his own valuation; for the world, with the unerring instinct which it ever displays in distinguishing between its fellow-craftsmen and its honorary members, can perceive that there is a reservation in his interior assent to its principles and practice. The world will make use of him, patronise him to a certain extent and in a certain way, when and how it suits its purpose to do so; but it despises him both from its standpoint and from his. It despises him from its own standpoint as a bungling pretender in the craft he does not understand; it despises him from his for his human respect, which no true Englishman really tolerates in a Catholic, whatever may be said, done or inferred to the contrary notwithstanding.

And if that were the only effect produced by the efforts of these amateur worldlings, the mischief would be limited; but unhappily it has consequences growing out of it, consequences that were visible to the naked eye before, at, and after dinner, on that second day of my visit.

For then and afterwards, till about the end of my stay at Bramscote, there were two guests who did their amateur worldliness in an offensive manner, and gave false models for popular representation of practical Catholicity. One was a man whose personal appearance I forget, inasmuch that I should probably not recognize his photograph, if I were to see it. All I remember about him is that his mouth had got itself into angles by dint of expressing his opinion of his own importance; his eyes had a rude twinkle of semi-polished self-assertion.

The other was a lady whose appearance and manner combined to show that she ought to have been well-bred, and was not; in other words, that she had bartered her birthright of good breeding for a very uncertain tenure of a doubtful ascendancy among Protestant pleasure hunters and over-dressed girls of the period. She had, as it were, abdicated the honourable and dignified position of an hereditary Catholic, in the land of More, Fisher, and the missionary priests, to grasp and clutch at a stray trinket in the tinsel crown of deteriorated fashion, and establish an unhonoured notoriety on the sufferance of a generation that will tolerate any one who will entertain lavishly, and stun people by sheer weight of purse.



Like the jackdaw in peacock's feathers, she dressed herself up in the exclusiveness of the fine ladies that once were; but having neither their cleverness, their tact, their graceful manners, nor their knowledge of the world, she looked vulgar therein. Yet the jackdaw in his natural state finds his home in more honourable places than the peacock can attain to.

Sherborne happened to sit next to me after the ladies had left the dining-room, and he began talking on this subject in the uncertain tone which had so often unsettled my reading of his character, yet might have helped me to understand it, and did so afterwards. He was near the end of the table farthest from Sir Roger. There was no one beyond him on the same side, no one just opposite, and my next neighbour was a chair's width off, talking sonorously to some one opposite on some local topics. Sherborne, who had been silent and moody all dinner-time, pushed the claret as far possible across the table, lowered his head in apparent contemplation of the filberts on his plate, and spoke without turning towards me.

"I like one thing or the other," said he. "Don't you?"

"Certainly," I replied; "and especially the other."

He smiled a grim smile, and said:

"Yes; but what do you think of pious worldliness in Catholics, who are supposed to have some self-knowledge, and to call a spade a spade in their own consciences?"

"I should question their piety or their brains," I replied.

"All right; but let us drop the wise saws, and take up the modern instances. There is one famous specimen in the house."

"There are two ways of looking at that question—admitting the fact," said I; "and the one goes far towards balancing the other. The comparative amenities of the Protestant world in England to Catholics are of so recent a date, that it is hardly to be wondered at, if we find silly women and lightly ballasted men kicking up their heels like ponies got suddenly into condition; but the airs they give themselves are childish rather than malicious. Don't forget their comparative simplicity, or you will form an unfair judgment of them."

"But their moral standard is higher, or at least more defined: and they go to confession, which, though I am not saying that I approve of it, certainly ought to give them a deeper insight into the quality of their own actions, and a clearer self-knowledge than you have a right to expect from others who have not their advantage—who are differently circumstanced."

I took no notice of the significant elision, but considered within myself for a few seconds as to what might be the least alterable reply. For I knew that answers to such questions, after they have got into the questioner's mind, are apt to change their nature by a process of mental assimilation, especially when the non-Catholic questioner is, unknown to himself, forging sophisms out of his unsettled intellect wherewith to fetter the instinct of his struggling faith.

"Well, what have you to say about it?" he

said, trying to look impenetrable, and partially succeeding in the attempt.

"I have to say," said I, "first, that your comparison is unfair; and secondly, that the follies you mention, taken at their worst, are immeasurably less bad than the sins that in the non-Catholic world pass unnoticed."

"How is the comparison unfair?" he asked, after he had skinned a walnut with much deliberation.

"Because," I replied, "you are comparing a definite few specially circumstanced with an indefinite many who are not so. Catholics (I mean, of course, those among them who attend to their religious duties) are positively warned off from many an easy path of pleasant sin over which Protestants are allowed to stray under certain restrictions, like Eton boys out of bounds; and the only two points in which such Catholics can show any gratitude to the world for the trouble it takes to corrupt their principles, is to go in for over-dress and social impertinence. If you examine these two follies, or whatever their proper epithet may be, you will find that they are aberrations from something lawful, and that the point of departure is difficult to put one's finger on. Over-dressing is the excess of dressing according to one's position: social impertinence I suppose to be an exaggerated, capricious, and self-sufficient setting forth of that position. But where is the exact frontier-line? Now, when people don't see a point of departure, they are slow to discover that they are off the road at all, especially if there are no particular landmarks to fix their attention; and, therefore, it is unjust to infer that the consciences of these people are dishonest because they don't pull them up for strutting about like turkey-cocks, and loading themselves with expensive clothes."

"I thought that pride was a mortal sin," said he, still peeling his walnut.

"Of course it is," said I; "but making an ass of one's self is not, unless one does so under the influence of something that is mortal sin; and I don't for a moment believe that such is the case in the instance you refer to. Self-deception, owing to defective head-ballast, makes these good people fail to see where dignity ends and bumpiness begins, or to moderate the superfluous clothes whose price might save the souls of children threatened with board schools."

"When I was a boy, and after," said he, "Catholics were distinguishable for their good breeding, unassuming dignity, and just instincts of position. The supercilious assumption, the capricious exclusiveness, and the self-satisfied devotion to marketable successes in society, which I see in some of them now, are a fungus growth of late years."

"I know that," I replied, "and I was just going to account for the difference. The forefather of these people suffered persecution, long, terrible, and wearying, for the faith; and if you trace the history of that persecution, you will find that it worked on a sliding scale singularly well suited to disarrange mental ballast in the course of time—so much so, that, but for the supernatural force of Catholicity, the result would have been immeasurably and irretrievably worse. Look

at the apostates of the last century, who fell away like rotten pears after the legal relaxations of 1778, and you will see that I am not supposing a thing which has no precedent in fact; and yet I can show, I think, that the position of English Catholics since that time has been, in some respects, a more difficult one than it ever was. If you trace the sliding scale of persecution, you will see what I mean. The no-papery persecution in England has had five phases, and is entering upon a sixth; but the people we are speaking of have not yet had their plasticity moulded by that, and each phase has had its own special effect on those whom it concerned. There were the days of flunking at the mercy of the informers, and embowelling alive under a gibbet: the days of missionary priests, and of those who sheltered them at the peril of their lives; the days when Margaret Clitherow was pressed to death, and Father Oldcorn was butchered alive by the hangman's knife. All the finest qualities of regenerated humanity were developed in those days. Heroic examples trained the higher instincts, and temptation had no dignity. Then came the days of social stamping out and moral torture, the days when Catholics were consigned to unnoticed outlawry and hopeless inaction. People learned to cultivate passive sufferance in those days, and to be simply patient, as one learns to lie still under the influence of a leaden headache. They were heroes and heroines in those days, though they were safe from the rack and the hangman's knife, for they bore their mental pressing to death in the spirit of martyrs; but their energising power grew weak, like an arm in a sling. It was hardly their fault, but the fact remains. Then came the days of liberalistic patronage and deceitful offers, when the American War and the Irish Rebellion modified the policy of statesmen, and made them try what a little poisoned honey could do—the days of Dr. Milner and the Catholic Committee. The stamping-out system had done its work to a certain extent: so had Jansenism, Gallicanism, and the great French Revolution. The conduct of not a few showed that in them the martyr spirit was leavened with a half-unconscious spirit of compromise. Then came the days of emancipation, when bare justice looked like a favour. The change was great, but its effects on those it concerned were slow, for habits alter slowly. Its immediate effects were little more perhaps than preparatory and suggestive: its remote effects appeared later, when the influx of converts, and the consequent numerical increase of Catholics, drew them more or less within the social current of the day. Since, then, two effects have become apparent—a good effect on many, a bad effect on some. The good effect is that English Catholics are gradually recovering the use of their energies; the bad effect is to be found in the follies you have been speaking of. The same wind turns the wind-mills and blows chimney-pots off; but the mischief done by the erratic chimney-pots is limited, and the wind-mills grind the corn that supports life."

"You are right," said he mildly.

"I know that," thought I; "but what is the meaning of this unwonted disposition to acknowledge it?"

Perhaps he read or guessed what was in my mind, for he added this qualification.

"But their worldliness is not only awkward, it is absolutely vulgar; and the ladies' dresses are the most exaggerated in London; and the manners of the young ladies, both married and single, are rude and flippant."

"Too often it is so," I replied. "They have, as I said, mixed with the Protestant world, and, being inexperienced in its ways, have copied some of its most unattractive models. But what is offensive always multiplies itself in one's imagination, especially when the bad models are commonly seen in a lot, and the good ones are scattered. What do you think, for instance, of the second Miss Arden?"

Just then every one rose to leave the dining-room. It seemed that he took advantage of the movement to avoid answering my question, for he turned away a little, and then, coming back to me as we were leaving the room, said:

"I will volunteer to acknowledge that there is in Catholic women a distinctive purity, and that if the people I have been criticising were not Catholics, they would, considering all circumstances, be infinitely worse than they are."

"And what do you infer from that?" I asked.

"That the influence which did so much ought to have done more," he replied rather shortly.

Thinks I to myself, "No, you shall not have *that* last word; so, hurrying after him, just as he was going to speak to some one else, I said:

"The dodge of unduly exalting a power for the purpose of unduly depressing the merit of its exercise is an old one, and unites the immediate advantages of injustice with the staying qualities of apparent fairness."

He stopped, as if to answer, and then walked on without speaking to anyone. In the drawing-room he sought out the youngest Miss Arden as soon as might be, and devoted himself to her with much carefulness. Evidently he was in love, either with her, or with an idea which she realized; and, for a keen-witted man, he was strangely obtuse respecting her. She was not exactly bored by him, for he was not made of the stuff that bores are made of; but in all civility and friendliness she wished him farther off. Some one else evidently wished him still farther, indeed, out of sight, and that was the young man of whose name he had seemed to affect ignorance when I wanted to know who he was. I happened to notice the fact, and should probably have forgotten it without delay, if Sherborne had not attracted my attention, and caused me to search for the centre of his mind.

(To be continued.)

THE most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

## FIESTO DE TOROS, SEVILLA.

## A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest;  
 What halloos it upon this Christian shore?  
 Lo! it is sacred to a solemn feast:  
 Hark! heard you not the forest monarch's roar?  
 Crushing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore  
 Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his horn;  
 The throng'd arena shakes with shouts for more;  
 Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,  
 Nor shrinks the female eye, nor e'en affects to mourn.

**I**N a time when in our own land men are murmuring at the cruelty of fox hunting, it is instructive to note the kind of pastime which in other countries is tolerated by public feeling; and in illustration of this we give the following account of a bull fight at Seville, which was supplied to the "Tablet" by an English officer travelling in Spain. The account was certainly not written with any humanitarian purpose, and, though realistic, is sufficiently picturesque.

A Sunday in April—alas, be it said—not long after the last notes of the fine organ had ceased to vibrate within the walls of the majestic Cathedral of Seville—where two nights before the voice of Gayarré had thrilled with its pathetic ring a dense congregation—when the tramp and voice of the multitude are heard commingling throughout the streets of the city. The streams of life converge unerringly on the one spot, and by four o'clock in the afternoon some twelve thousand spectators are assembled, tier above tier, in the huge amphitheatre of the Plaza de Toros. And what a sight is disclosed in this modern Coliseum? A confusion of anxious faces, grave countenances, and gentle looks, alternate, while brilliant colours of varied hue, and the waving of fans, and play of handkerchiefs, impart life and animation to the scene.

The arena is being carefully watered, when there is a momentary bustle, caused by "the gods" (at the bull fight they occupy the pit) who, seeing much vacant space on the shady side, whereas they were closely packed in the sun, suddenly leap the barriers, and, to the utter discomfiture of the police, flock into the empty places, which cost much more than those in the sun. This summary re-distribution of seats having been right radically effected in the face of the law, and winked at by the authorities, who *dared not* attempt to eject the intruders, matters gradually settle down, and, as a little impatience is becoming manifest, a pleased flutter among the crowd announces the arrival of the ex-Queen, who, with a brilliant *suite*, proceeds to occupy the seats of honour.

The signal is now given, and the performers enter the arena in processional array. First come the *picadores*, or mounted spearmen; next, the *chulos*, or footmen, carrying on one arm their showy silk cloaks with which to excite the bull; and, lastly, the executioners, or *espadas*, followed by the mule team in glittering trappings, whose duty it is to draw away the slain. They file past the president in all the pride and pomp and show of pageantry, and then a clarion note is sounded, the key of the bull's cell is thrown to an attendant,

who catches it in his feathered cap, and all, unless the immediate performers, withdraw. These, the *picadores* and a few *chulos*, for emergencies, take up their respective positions. Then there is an anxious pause, when suddenly the sable bull rushes into the arena. Coming abruptly from the absolute darkness of his cell into the glare of the sun, and confronted suddenly with the gaze of the multitude, and the gaudy apparel of the occupants of the circus, the bull at first seems dazed and disconcerted; but the light of battle soon gleams in his sparkling eyes, an object of attack is selected, and a fell swoop is made at his intended victim. Alas, poor brute, he little knows how surely, and how soon his own fate will be sealed, no matter what valour he may display, or how frequent and vehement the charge.

The bloody tragedy of three acts has now commenced, and twenty minutes will see its close. Incidents of thrilling excitement now succeed each other with marvellous rapidity, and the flushed cheeks and outstretched necks of thousands show how keen is the interest felt in each phase and peril of the deadly combat. The *picadores* are almost the sole performers in the first act. Seated bolt-upright, with spear in hand and legs cased in leather and iron, they await, on their wretched, blind-folded decrepit nags, the onslaught of the bull, who, knowing the spear of old, is chary at first first to face it, and if turned is shy to come on again. If the charge, though, be home, the horns of the bull are buried in the flank or chest of the horse, and the force of the shock sometimes overturns both horse and man, when the *chulos* rush in and entice the bull away, while the *picador* is freed from his prostrate steed; and should the poor animal be able to stand again he is mounted once more, and the *picador* challenges anew his mortal foe, when a second charge rips up afresh the unfortunate horse, who, maddened with pain and steeped in gore, crawls on a few paces, treading on his own entrails, till at length he staggers and falls, his sweat-whitened flank heaving in the death agony; then there is a shiver of the limbs, and all is over. But there is no time for sentiment or to pause, the Spaniard has seen blood, and interest is at fever heat. The bull, infuriated at the sight of the crimson stream, rushes frantically at another *picador*, the fatal rip is given, and another horse quivers in a pool of blood. Sometimes the charge is so fierce that horse and man seem bodily lifted in the air, when the *chulos* draw off the bull as he is about to gore the prostrate *picador*. Away the bull flies after the *chulo* of his special wrath, and the pursuit is sometimes so close, that as the man leaps the barrier he seems verily to be lifted over on the bull's horns. The bull, thus baffled and bewildered, wheels round to seek a fresh tormentor.

The second act now begins, the horses that survived withdraw, and the *picadores* give place to the *chulos*, who become the sole performers. Lithe of body, keen of eye, and strong of nerve, with magic array they spring in gaudy array here and there about the circus, and brandishing their coloured cloaks, proceed to further enrage the blood-bespattered bull, venturing at times right into the middle of the arena, to be closely pursued to the barrier, where there are recesses to re-

ceive them, but which are too narrow to admit the bull, and a thud of the horn against the screen announces how narrow has been the escape! If a *chulo* be too closely pressed, another runs up and draws the foe away. But at length the bull begins to show signs of exhaustion; his blood has been long trickling from the numerous spear-wounds inflicted by the *picadores*, and the heaving sides of the poor three-year-old grass-fed brute betoken symptoms of distress. Now a *banderillo* appears, holding two little barbed darts, decorated with coloured paper, high above his head, and parallel, and awaits the charge, when, as the bull stoops to toss him, he gracefully plunges them above the shoulder, and leaps to one side where his antagonist. The more the symmetry with which they are inserted the louder is the applause; while the bull, smarting under this infliction, bounds frantically in the air in an attempt to shake them out. Then another, and sometimes a third pair of *banderillos* is fully inserted. The gory stream is now flowing freely from these fresh wounds, and the bull's end is near, for at length comes the final act. The messenger of death—the *espada*—now comes alone the exhausted and palpitating bull. Blade of Toledo flashes in one hand, while a flag is waved in the other—red is the colour, and it enrages the bull yet conceals his blood. The *espada* is a model of muscular strength, agility, and grace, cool and collected, and with eagle eye. He soon concentrates the bull's attention on himself, and when the charge is made blinds his eyes with the flag and leaps aside. As he does a few times to study his victim's mode of attack, which varies much with the disposition of the bull. At length, seizing a favourable opportunity, he drives the sword home to the hilt.

Where the vast neck just mingles with the spine  
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.

If the stroke be true the bulls falls slowly at his side, there is a rush of blood from his mouth, and the mighty beast, as has been so truly said,

Without a groan, without a struggle dies.

Then, amidst the frantic shouts and exultations the assembly the band strikes up, the mules go in with tinkling bells and flashing in all the sparkle of tinsel and colour, and swiftly drag the dead form away. The dead horses are like removed, the pools of blood are covered with straw. All once more is made trim and neat for the same tragedy to be enacted with bull number one, and so on, six times, when the vast multitude slowly dissolves, and the murmur of myriad voices heard as the people file away, discussing the respective merits and demerits of the prime movers in the thrilling performance now at an end.

Meanwhile, not far away in the rich pastures of *Arera*, other bulls are peacefully grazing whose way to fiercely gore and to nobly die may come on the following Sunday; meanwhile, the *Giralda*, the marvellous tower of that name, gently ways to each breath of the fitful breeze, the shades of evening fall, and the stars come forth to gaze and blink in sorrow over the blood stained arena, now so still and deserted, and which had not been the scene of so much cruelty and excitement and passion and strife.

## OUR LADIE.

(The inscriptions in capitals between the following verses, are all on bells still in our old churches.)

DIGNARE ME LAUDARE TE, VIRGO SACRATA,  
DA MIHI VIRTUTEM CONTRA HOSTES TUOS.



WHEN heresy as yet had got  
No footing in our land,  
And honouring the saints was not  
As "idol-worship" banned,

Did everywhere the shrines appear  
Of Mary and her Child:  
Soon may again our land, as then,  
Be "Mary's Dowry" styled.

IHU MERCI, LADI HELP.

Our maidens learnt of her to be  
In mind and manner chaste:  
The Model of all purity;  
God's Mirror, undefaced.  
Alas! that now no maiden's brow  
Doth flush at words obscene:  
'Tis plain to see, to learn of thee,  
Dear Mother! they've ne'er been.

MARIA MATER DEI MISERERE MAI.

The very outlaws loved so much  
God's Mother and our Own,  
That woman they would never touch  
For her dear sake alone:  
Them well repaid the Mother-maid;  
Though bad, her children too:  
Full many a one, unto her Son,  
From wicked ways she drew.

AVE MARIA GRATIA PLENA DNS.

Under her banner loved to fight,  
Our soldiers, best of all;  
"For God and for Our Ladie bright,"\*  
It was their battle-call:  
And when their cause had her applause,  
As being just, did she  
From God obtain that they should gain  
That day the victory.

HELP MARI QVOD ROGER O KYRKEBY.

Whene'er the *Angelus* was rung,  
Each morning, noon, and eve,  
Down on their knees went old and young:  
What sight did ye perceive?  
The gallant knight, in armour bright,  
The man-at-arms so bold,  
The farmer bluff, the ploughman rough,  
In prayer did ye behold.

HAL MARI FUL OF GRAS.

The first word then a child was taught:  
Was "Jesus;" and the next

\* Used as much as "S. George for merrie England"—nostly both together.

Was "Mary:" never then they thought  
Our Saviour would be vex,  
That we should love, far, far above  
All others for His sake,  
His Mother sweet, and to her feet  
Our loving homage take.

And then, when one a-dying lay,  
The words he last did hear,  
The words he last was taught to say,  
Were: "Jesu! Mary!" Dear  
To Englishmen was Mary then:  
In all that they did do  
She had a part, and every heart  
Held her its Mother true.

J. WILSON.

## A MYSTERY IN THE OLD TOWN OF WINCHESTER.

BY K. M. WELD,

*Author of "Lily the Lost One," "Bessy," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER XIII.

"**T**HE prisoner continued unmoved during these statements," continued Rebecca, "and the judge proceeded to discover by evidence if she went to Southampton on Monday, and he then asked how, if so, she came to be at Miss Piggott's door on Tuesday morning.

"One witness—a woman—curled her lip contemptuously as she asked in an independent tone, whether she might not go to Southampton on Monday and return on Tuesday if she pleased.

"Prisoner (against advice) said, when she was at Miss Piggott's door so early, that she was very vexed at not getting in after having rung the bell half a dozen times. She thought Miss Piggott had returned on the previous evening as she intended, and she wished to ask leave to go into one of the attics in search of her mother's wedding-ring which she had left there.

"She said she went to Miss Piggott's so early because a friend had promised to give her a lift in his market cart on her way back to Southampton, and though of course she knew that Miss Piggott would not be up, she trusted that the servant she was to bring back with her would be.

"With reference to Thomas Wilson, she said: 'Why did I start and look alarmed, indeed? would not any one have started and looked alarmed if they had heard how he was walloping his unfortunate donkey and swearing at it too? Let him deny this if he can,' she continued, looking spitefully at Wilson.

"The witnesses were further examined and various surmises made, but no further light was thrown upon the mystery.

"At last the judge summed up the case, and

said that he could not see any grounds for suspecting Sarah Huggins of having had anything to do with the death of her mistress, the late Miss Piggott; that it seemed quite possible and even probable, that the poor lady had accidentally fallen downstairs, and being alone in the house had died from being without assistance.

"There was, too, the possibility of robbery having entered the house and having given a blow upon the temple, and this was rendered more probable by the fact of the writing desk having been broken open.

"The whole affair was a dark mystery; a mystery which no one as yet could fathom; but he saw no solid reason for suspecting Sarah Huggins of having been in any way implicated in the death of her unfortunate mistress.

"The judge was about to retire, and the spectators were beginning to talk, when Catherine came forward, as if about to speak.

"Every tongue was hushed; the silence was complete as to be almost appalling; all looked at her with eager curiosity.

"She cast her eyes round the room with a scornful smile, looked contemptuously at the judge, and said in a sarcastic tone:

"Now that you have finished your discourse and expressed your conviction of my innocence, I will speak. If I valued my life, I should reject your decision, and say no more; but not so do I not value my life, but if you do not hang me, I shall certainly put an end to my own existence for life has become hateful to me. You have decided that I had nothing to do with the death of Miss Piggott, and in one sense you are right. She went on to say that she did not intend to harm her mistress; but, for all that, she was the sole cause of her death. She was a fidgety person, and Catherine disliked her, but had no intention of harming her.

"One afternoon she went out to tea, and Catherine said she took advantage of the opportunity to invite an old crony of hers to spend the evening. She got some spirits and they enjoyed themselves thoroughly. In the midst of the carouse, Miss Piggott returned, and was in a raging passion at having been waiting at the door. She began to scold and was answered with impertinence. She was about to go into the kitchen to pry about, and as Catherine did not wish to do this she pushed past her so roughly that she might get down first, that she lost her footing and fell from the top to the bottom of the stairs.

"Catherine went on to assert that she fell down as fast as she could, but was horrified finding her senseless, apparently killed by a fall on the temple as she fell on the stone flags.

"Catherine said that she felt afraid to call for assistance lest she should be suspected of murder; and, after some deliberation, she determined to leave the house the next morning and go to Southampton, where she had left some boxes, and from thence go to Liverpool and on for New York. She took the key of the house from Mrs. Saunder's housekeeper the next morning, telling her that Miss Piggott had gone from home and had discharged her before leaving, but she now written to say that, as she should not return

before the evening with her new servant, Catherine, was to deliver all the keys to Mrs. Saunder's charge until she sent some one for them.

"She told some of her acquaintance, whom she met on her way down Peter Street, that she was on her way to Southampton before going to a very good place in Devonshire. She walked on till she came to Bishopstoke, where a sudden terror took possession of her. She stopped and remembered that she left the shutters of Miss Piggott's house open, and if Mrs. Saunder's housekeeper should observe this, she would probably go to the house to close them, and would find the body of poor Miss Piggott. Suspicion fell upon Catherine, and she would be there before she had time to escape to the coast. After some reflection she determined to prevent this by returning at once instead of going on to Southampton; she engaged a carriage to take her back to Winchester just at the time when it would be dusk, and the driver, who would be watching for Miss Piggott's funeral, would suppose her to be that lady. She put on a little white tippet Miss Piggott usually wore, and of which she had taken possession, and that was sufficient disguise.

The driver of the carriage was sent to Mrs. Saunder's for the key of the house and she entered, she closed the shutters at the back of the house not the front, as she wished it to appear as if Miss Piggott had returned home. She put lights in Miss Piggott's room and her own, and then she opened a desk and took possession of the contents. Then she lay down but could not close her eyes; her mind was filled with horror, for though she knew that she had committed many crimes, she had never before caused the death of a fellow creature. And she had died while in a passion. The horror of her night, alone in the house with the body of her poor mistress, was intense; she fled from the room in which she lay to another, and she fell on the floor and closed her eyes. The morning dawned; she rose, wrapped herself in her cloak and went to the back door, intending to leave the house unobserved; but just as she opened the door Tom Wilson came down the steps to her great annoyance.

She then returned to Southampton and went to the lodging house she knew. She thought that the landlady would befriend her, but for the hope of a reward she induced her to give up her old acquaintance to the detectives. She concluded her story by repeating that she knew she could not be hanged to death, but that, as she did not intend to live she would own that her real name was Catherine Sullivan, whose name appeared in the newspapers a year ago as suspected of a serious robbery, and who was supposed to have been lost on her voyage to America. She added, 'I was very concerned in that great jewellery robbery in Jewry Square.'

The judge now silenced her and told her that she must be remanded till further evidence could be obtained. He then proceeded to the other cases.

Rebecca was quite exhausted by her narrative. The following day she continued her relation which Monica was deeply interested.

Catherine, though for a moment she had

seemed abashed, soon recovered her former effrontery, tossed her head and looked boldly round the room.

"I had been listening with such eagerness that I forgot the determination I had made of concealing myself, and when a person moved from the row in front of me, I did not remark that there was an empty space, and that I was in full view of the culprit.

"She recognized me in a moment, her fiery black eyes dilated, and seemed ready to start from their sockets, a fiendish shriek burst from her lips as she yelled out my name at the top of her voice.

"'Rebecca! Rebecca! are you here to mock me! to rejoice? Rebecca, the corrupter of my innocence! Rebecca, who first decoyed me to ruin, you alone are the cause of all my crimes, and all my woe! You will be the cause of my losing my soul for eternity—yes, yes, for eternity. But tremble for yourself. I see death in your face, and I shall torment you for all eternity.'

"Her words pierced me to the very soul, every thing seemed to whirl around me, and I fell senseless on the floor.

"I know not how long it was before I came to myself, but when I did I was lying on a bed in a small room, with only a strange woman, apparently a nurse, by my side. I looked round the room, and tried to make out where I was, and what had happened. Suddenly the terrible events of the day rushed into my mind, and I hid my face in my hands.

"'There now, you are better,' said the nurse; 'take a few drops of this brandy and water, it will cheer you up. But what could have put you in such a fluster? Was she that did so many wicked things, any relation of yours? There, now, dear, tell us all about it, it will do you good to talk a bit.'

"I made no reply.

"Presently, one of the magistrates (Captain Neville) came to see me; he spoke kindly, and I asked him what had happened, and why I was in this room alone.

"'Is it possible that you do not remember the words of that wicked woman, Catherine Sullivan? They seemed to affect you so deeply.'

"'I do, indeed, alas!' I answered.

"'Well,' he replied, 'everyone else has heard them, and the roughs who were at the bottom of the room became so furious that you might have been seriously injured, had we not opened the door near where you sat, ordered the police to carry you out instantly, and then locked you up in this room to save your life. I will not ask you whether there was any truth in the accusations of that woman, I prefer believing there was not; but now compose yourself, and remain where you are for the night. I will see you again in the morning.'

"Captain Neville kept his word, and came to my room at about ten o'clock. He looked more than usually grave, and strongly recommended me to leave Winchester privately, as Catherine's words had exasperated everyone to such a degree against me, that if I were seen in the streets I should be mobbed at once, and no one could be answerable for what might happen, even if I had



an escort of police. He asked me where I wished to go to ?

"I replied, that I thought of going to Lymington as I had a few friends there, who, I felt sure, would give me shelter for a time, and perhaps procure me some employment.

"Very well," replied Captain Neville, "I will send a carriage to convey you a few miles beyond Southampton; you must draw down the blinds, and no one will recognize you."

"I endeavoured to express my gratitude to the kind-hearted captain, but he replied that nothing gave him greater pleasure than the opportunity of doing a service to anyone.

"I then returned to the subject which was ever uppermost in my mind: 'Catherine!'

"Do tell me, sir I beg of you, whether you think it likely that this unfortunate woman will be severely punished, as she did not commit the murder, and she has confessed the other crimes without compulsion." He replied, that it was impossible to say; there could be no doubt that she deserved severe punishment—perhaps even the utmost penalty of the law.

"Oh!" I said, "I hope and pray that mercy may be shown to her, for she must be insane, and perhaps if she had time given her, she might repent, and her soul be saved. I intreat you, sir, to let me know if she is reprieved, do not refuse me this? I entreat you on my knees?"

"He replied that it would be cruel to deceive me, and told me Catherine Sullivan was dead.

"I started from my seat, and exclaimed:

"Dead! dead! impossible! What can you mean?"

"He went on to say that she was found dead in her bed this morning. When the officials first entered the room they thought she was asleep, for the expressions she had made use of the day before regarding her wish to end her life had made them remove from her cell every object that they thought she might convert into a means of suicide, but on approaching her bed they saw at once that she was dead. The doctor was sent for and examined the corpse, and pronounced that she had been dead many hours. As far as he could judge from appearances, she had had a heart complaint, and that the excitement of the previous day had increased and brought it to a climax. She had probably died as soon as she lay down on her bed.

"I could not utter a word, but I felt that my misery was increased ten fold; that Catherine's words would come true; that I should die, and that she would, as she had said, torment me, and reproach me for eternity.

"My silence and apparent calmness made Captain Neville suppose that I was satisfied, for that I felt I could do nothing more, therefore he merely told me that the carriage for me would be at the door in about an hour, for the sooner I now left Winchester the better.

"The carriage came at the time named and conveyed me a few miles beyond Southampton. I got out, but determined not to go near the town, but by degrees walk to Lymington.

"I had sufficient money in my pocket to purchase necessities on my journey, and to pay for a night's lodging in the cottages which I should

pass on my way. I did not enter Lyndhurst, but wended my way slowly through the New Forest.

"Each day I felt more and more weak, and more unable to walk, and on the fourth day after leaving Winchester fairly broke down. I could not take another step, but lay down in an old barn on the roadside. I became gradually worse and worse, the fever which racked every limb increased, my reason left me, and I remember nothing more. I have been told that I was found lying quite insensible, by a boy who, looking after his cows, came in by chance, and hearing a groan looked about to see where it proceeded. He saw that I was ill, and hastened home to obtain assistance.

"His father and brother came, and carried me to their cottage, and sent a boy to fetch a doctor.

"The doctor came, and did all in his power to relieve me. Reason returned after a time, and with it my feelings of inexpressible misery. I wished I had died where they found me, I wish reason had never returned.

"I frightened the good, simple cottagers terribly by my words of despair; they knew not what to say, or how to comfort me. At last the mother who had seen you two or three times at sick bed thought of asking you to come and help them nurse me. A good woman living near under this kind office, and I can never be thankful enough to her for sending me one who has been like an angel from heaven to me. And now have only to await in calm hope the moment when it may please God to summon me to appear before Him to be judged for eternity.

"And now," she said, when she had finished, "I will give you all the proper directions in case that you may be able to get your aunt's legacy without difficulty, and the sum she left properly invested will give you a comfortable little independence for the remainder of your days; and you will doubtless continue to live with your kind friend, Miss Clayton, you have a bright future to look forward to."

She then told Monica to open a small parcel, which was securely fastened inside her stays. It contained the different documents necessary to enable Monica to claim and receive her legacy from the trustees of her father's will.

She was then content and taking Monica's hand affectionately, said:

"I have now nothing more to trouble you with, for I have done everything in my power to rectify my faults and I trust that God, in His goodness, will forgive me, as I am truly penitent for having offended Him."

The reply to Monica's enquiries why she had not been sooner sent for, was that, as it could be of no possible use, the doctor said it would be better for her to have rest for a time, and that the sick woman would probably not know where to find him if she came.

Monica approached the bedside of the poor sufferer, and felt her pulse. She looked up, and recognized her in a moment, and exclaimed:

"Oh, how very long you have been absent, and I cannot express how wretched, and how frightened I have been; do you not see, even now, all those demons and black figures crowded together in the

corners of the room. Before you came they stood around my bed, they made threatening grimaces. They told me I should soon be one of them. I tried to ask for mercy, but they drowned my voice by telling me there was no forgiveness for me. And I saw Catherine's face, and she told me that her soul was lost through me. But the sight of her has sent them away. Promise, dear Monica, that you will hold my hand until I breathe my last; for, then, no evil spirit will dare approach, and fill my mind with despair. And will you pray for me to the last; will you continue to say with me, 'Forgive this sinner who repents, for I forgive thee.'"

Though poor Monica was almost overcome by the horror at these words, which yet she regarded as in some degree as the effect of the delirium of fever, she was well aware how wicked Rebecca's life had been, and knew the devil would endeavour to make use of the weakness of her moments to try and drive her to despair of the mercy of God. So she answered firmly:

"The mercy of God is infinite, and He will not doubt pardon the sins of which you have so truly repented, and for which you have received absolution from His minister. Perhaps Father O'Leary may be able to return before God calls you hence. He would have been here before now if he had not been obliged to return to his mission and stay here on account of a sickness which has broken him amongst his people. He will probably come tomorrow and give you the last blessing."

The poor woman looked gratefully at Monica, and she said she felt certain that her end was very near.

And she was right. Her breathing became more and more laboured, while Monica remained by her side, repeating short prayers; the dying woman joined as long as she was able. At last, the dews of death gradually gathered on her forehead, her eyes became fixed, and obscured by a dark film, but she continued to whisper at intervals:

"Monica, stand close, nearer, nearer still; do not move from my side!"

At length she became speechless, but Monica continued to repeat her words:

"My God, have mercy on me, forgive me."

Suddenly Rebecca opened her eyes, and looked at Monica with an expression of joy, such as had never before appeared on her face, and, recovering the power of speech for a moment whispered:

"I am forgiven! all the black spirits and Catherine, too, are gone. Thanks, oh, thanks, dear and merciful Saviour!"

The next moment she was gone, but the happy expression remained on her face, and continued there even after she was placed in her coffin.

*(To be continued.)*

THE French word for pepper is derived from the name of a certain Father Poivre, a missionary to Cochin China, who, while a prisoner at Batavia, learned how to cultivate the spice, and taught the secret to the farmers in the French dependencies.

## QUEBEC.



HE old town of Quebec has a peculiar interest from the circumstance of its having been built by the French in the times of the early history of the colony. Some of the remarkable large stone buildings in the city date from these days. Such are the Hôtel Dieu and the convent of the Ursulines. The first military adventurers, fired with the desire to discover new lands and to place them under the dominion of the French crown, sought also the conversion of the heathen. Whenever they founded colonies, the religious communities came in their wake, sending forward devoted missionaries and founding houses for sisters, where the sick might be tended and the children instructed. Of singular interest is the establishment of the Ursulines where most of the young ladies of Quebec receive their education, and where the skull of the Marquis Montcalm, the brave defender of the town against the English under General Wolfe is kept, and in the chapel is a monument to him. Of still greater interest, on account of the memorials it contains, is the Hôtel Dieu. Here the marks of British cannon balls may be seen in the rafters in the passages. A fine bust of one of the first martyrs slain by the Indians, named Brebeuf, and autographs of SS. Vincent of Paul and Francis of Sales and other great men, who sent forward on their successful campaigns the soldiers of the cross are preserved. The names of each of the sisters who have lived here since the time of the foundress, the Duchesse d'Arquillan, are written on tablets kept since the first of her followers died. Devoted to the cause of God, and intent on sending out missions, she and other women of her day appear to us now, as among the brightest and best of the children of France of the time of Louis XIII.

It is difficult at this day to realize the dangers to which the first colonies here were exposed by the incursions of savage Indians. At one time the threats of massacre by the Iroquois kept the garrison of Quebec in alarm. A state of siege was not uncommon; it was rumoured that the savages meant to destroy the town and carry away the sisters who were ordered to be lodged in the Jesuit quarters near the cathedral. The mother superior wrote: "We are between life and death. No one can be assured of safety from the fury of the barbarians;" and this is followed by the strongest expressions of dependence on the hand of God.

Tales were told amid the distress of the colonists of the power of religion. Two French soldiers had been surprised in the woods by a party of Iroquois near the hamlet of Three Rivers and carried off to captivity. One of the soldiers had received a bullet, which remained embedded in his body. An Iroquois warrior, in order to prolong a life which was to be sacrificed under the refinements of cruelty which were inflicted on prisoners, probed the wound and cleverly extracted the bullet. He then bound up the wound applying wild herbs to it, and tended the man so well, that before the end of the journey there was

the promise of a complete cure. As the party approached the Indian quarters, one of the band was sent ahead to give notice of their arrival. The Indians poured forth and arranged themselves in two lines at the entrance of the village. The two unhappy prisoners were stripped, and made to run the gauntlet amid a hail of blows. They were then left on the ground almost dead. At nightfall they saw stealing along a human being, whom they recognized as a Huron Christian. He came to them and exhorted them in words of admirable faith to endure their pains with patience, and to recommend themselves to the care of the God who had so marvellously protected himself. He added that the time of their sufferings was nearly over and that they would soon receive their recompense; "for," he said, "your fate has been decided; to-morrow at dawn you will be burned. Be of good courage and remember me when you are in heaven." The two victims were consoled by this; they passed the night in prayer and in mutually encouraging each other to bear all for the love of Christ. At length came the dawn. The sun rose, and the morning wore on without any unusual movement taking place. It appeared that an envoy had arrived from the district of Montagué. He had assembled the chiefs and had endeavoured to persuade them to deliver the two prisoners to his tribe to be used as a help in procuring a treaty with the French. The prisoners were brought before the council and heard with surprise that instead of being roasted at the stake they were to receive their liberty. But their danger was not yet over; an Iroquois warrior, furious at hearing that they were to escape went in pursuit of them tomahawk in hand, and they would have perished had not a friendly Huron given them shelter and hiding in his hut. When this peril was over they were conducted out of the village and pursued their way to Montagué. In spite of the fatigues of the journey and the wounds with which they were covered the two Frenchmen were thankful that the end of their captivity was near, when one morning they found that their guide had deserted them. Not knowing in what direction to proceed they became lost and walked at random, a prey to terrible anxiety, to privation and to cold. Trembling lest they should be discovered by the camp of a hostile tribe which they found themselves near, they entered a hut which seemed abandoned by its owner. When about to hide they found that it was tenanted by a squaw, who, when she looked at them, recognized them as fugitives, and received them with kindness. She addressed them in good French, and said she would take them under her protection. The name of this woman was Margaret, she was a Christian captive taken from among the poor Hurons, who were scattered among their enemies. She had formerly received instruction from the Ursuline sisters at Quebec, and in her girlish days had often entered the Hôtel Dieu, and witnessed the motherly care bestowed upon the patients in the hospital. Profoundly moved she had determined to imitate the sisters. She hid the Frenchmen in a corner of the hut, lit a fire to warm them, gave them good food and dressed their wounds with healing plants of which she knew the virtues. She

spoke much of what she had seen in Quebec, and said the memory of the example she had witnessed there, was a great encouragement to persevere in the Christian faith. But their retreat was suspected and discovered. Still they were well-treated by the tribe, who had never before been friendly to a white man and conducted to Montagué. Here they came under the authority of a great chief whose policy it was to be friendly to the French and he gave over to the Governor de Mély men who had so often given themselves up as

---

THE LAST GLADIATORIAL FIGHT.—In Honorius was Emperor of Rome. At that time in the remote deserts of Libya, there dwelt a monk named Telemachus. He had heard of the awful scenes in the far-off Colosseum at Rome, the baths and market places of Alexandria, the Jewries of Cyrene, in the mouth of every itine eastern story-teller, the festive massacres of the Colosseum would doubtless be clothed in color truly very appalling, yet scarcely more appalling than the truth. Telemachus brooded over the horrors until his mission dawned upon him. He was ordained by heaven to put an end to slaughter of human beings in the Colosseum. He made his way to Rome. He entered the Colosseum with the throng, at the time the gladiators were parading before the emperor with uplifted swords and the wild mode of homage—"Morituri te salutant." Entering his way to the barrier, he leaped over the moment when the contestants rushed at each other, and threw himself between them, bidding them in the name of Christ to desist. To his astonishment succeeded imperial contempt, popular fury. Telemachus fell, slain by the swords of the gladiators. Legend may adorn the tale and fancy fill out the picture, but the fact remains there never was another gladiatorial fight in the Colosseum.

---

#### NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

THE Editor desires to call the attention of Contributors to the following rules regarding MSS. :—

1. Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each contribution must bear on the first page the name and address, and the conditions on which it is forwarded.
3. In no case can the Editor undertake the task of forming an opinion upon the merits or defects of poems or stories submitted to him; nor can he specify the reasons which influence him in rejecting any contribution.
4. As MSS. are sent voluntarily, the Editor will not be self responsible for their safe return; but when an address wrapper accompanies the contribution, care will be taken to have such contribution duly posted in the event of rejection.
5. When a stamped, addressed wrapper is not sent, the MSS. will remain for six months at the office, where they are obtainable upon application, either personally or by enclosing addressed wrapper. Beyond six months no application can be entertained.

# "IT SAVED MY LIFE"

"For the Fever had obtained a strong hold on me. In a few days I was quite well."—*Extract from letter of C. Fitzgerald, Esq. formerly Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian in Albania, referring to*

## LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE

WHICH IS EFFERVESCING AND TASTELESS, FORMING A MOST INVIGORATING VITALISING, AND REFRESHING DRAUGHT.

*Drs. PROUT, MORGAN, TURLEY, GIBBON, SPARKS, DOWSING, STEVEN CARR JACKSON, and many other Medical Gentlemen, have given unqualified testimony to the importance of the discovery and the immense value of*

## THIS GREAT REMEDY



as possessing elements most essential for the restoration and maintenance of Health, with perfect Vigour of Body and Mind.

It gives instant relief in HEADACHE, SEA or BILIOUS SICKNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, LASSITUDE, HEARTBURN, and FEVERISH COLDS; prevents and quickly cures the worst form of TYPHUS, SCARLET, and other FEVERS, SMALLPOX, MEASLES, and ERUPTIVE SKIN COMPLAINTS, and various other altered conditions of the blood. It is the cure for CHOLERA.

**CAUTION!**—Dr. Wilson writes: We all know how much rubbish is put in the market in imitation of it.

In Patent Glass-Stoppered Bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 21s. each.

## LAMPLOUGH'S CONCENTRATED LIME JUICE SYRUP.

A perfect Luxury. Taken effervescing with Pyretic Saline a most agreeable Summer Drink. Sold by all Chemists in Patent Glass-stoppered Bottles at 2s. and 4s. 6d. each.

H. LAMPLOUGH, 113, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON, E.C.

PRICE 3s.

## "GATHERED LEAVES,"

FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE REV. DIDYMUS DOL.

A collection of short Stories and Poems,

BY "R. O."

London: BURNS and OATES, Orchard Street, W.

## Hop Bitters

Are THE PUREST, CHEAPEST, & BEST BITTERS EVER MADE.

They are compounded from HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, PODOPHYLLIN, and DANDELION, the oldest, best, and most valuable medicine in the world. Contains all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, being the greatest BLOOD PURIFIER, LIVER REGULATOR, and Life and Health Restoring agent on earth.

## No Disease or Ill Health

Can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operation

TRY HOP BITTERS TO-DAY.

May be had of all Chemists throughout the World.



# Louis

**GENOA FACE. FAST WOVEN PILE.**

EVERY YARD GUARANTEED.

THOS. WALLIS & CO., HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

**BEETHAM'S**  
Glycerine  
& Cucumber

Is INVALUABLE during the SUMMER months for SER-  
VING the COMPLEXION from the effects of the HOT  
SUN, WINDS, HARD WATER, &c. It KEEPS THE SKIN  
COOL and REFRESHED in the HOTTEST WEATHER,  
entirely removes and prevents all SUNBURN, RED-  
NESS, IRRITATION, TAN, &c., and renders the SKIN delicate,  
SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE. It is the most perfect Em-  
ollient Milk for the SKIN ever produced, and NO LADY  
values her complexion should ever be without it. Bottles, 25  
cts. 6d., of all Chemists. Free for 3d. extra, by the Sole Manu-  
facturers, **M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.**

# GUY'S

Sent free by post for 2s. 6d. in stamps from  
**GUY'S TONIC COMPANY,**  
 6, SLOANE SQUARE, LONDON.

Sluggish Liver, Indigestion, Fulness after Meals, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Blisters on the Tongue, Low Spirits, Debility, and other irregularities of the Stomach, Liver and Nerves, are cured with great certainty by a few doses of this valuable and elegant preparation. There is no remedy that so speedily restores these organs, however gravely or chronically affected, as Guy's Tonic. It is the best medicine in existence for a Torpid Inactive Liver, accompanied by Dyspepsia and Low Spirits.

# TONIC

## Chamberlin's Granulated Dog Food.

This Food has now been in use for some years, and the great success it has attained proves its superiority over all other prepared Food for Dogs.

Twopence Per Packet.

Box containing 12 doz. packets (including box) ... ..	£1 5 0
---	--------

Special Quotations for Large Quantities.

JAMES CHAMBERLIN & SMITH, NORWICH.



*"I owe my  
Restoration  
to Health  
and Beauty  
to the  
CUTICURA  
REMEDIES."*

Testimonial of a  
Boston lady.

Sold by all Chemists, and Francis Newbery & Sons, 1, King Edward Street, Newgate Road, London, E.C. Price: CUTICURA, 2s. 3d.; RESOLVENT, 4s. 6d. Prepared by the  
TER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A.  
Write F. Newbery & Sons for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."





# THE LAMP.

*Established Half a Century.*

## CONTENTS:

	PAGE		PAGE
SHERBORNE; OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS (Illus.) 1, 17, 35,	49	AMERICANISMS .....	24
CHOOSING OCCUPATIONS .....	5	PROTESTANT HISTORIANS .....	26
MUSIC OF THE EAST .....	6	LELY AND THE ALDERMAN .....	27
A MYSTERY IN THE OLD TOWN OF WINCHESTER .....	7, 24	A HINT ON FAMILY AFFEC- TIONS .....	32
MORNING MASS .....	10	CIVILIZATION .....	32
PRESENTS TO A MAORI CHIEF .....	11	CELTIC OR DRUIDIC RE- MAINS IN INDIA .....	37
MY SISTER SARAH 12, 28, 46,	55	CATCHING THE POST .....	44
A WORD ON INTERJEC- TIONS .....	15	MOTHERS .....	45
SHARP .....	16	EUGENE VILLEFORT ... 45,	60
THE ENCHANTED LAND ...	22	ALEPPO .....	51
THE SMUGGLERS' ROCK ...	23	TALENT ACQUIRED .....	58
TIME .....	23	EARTHQUAKES AND VOL- CANOES .....	58
		INTERVIEWING .....	59
		TO MY LADY .....	64
		ETC., ETC., ETC.	

### OFFICES:

LONDON,—25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, E.C.

DUBLIN,—SMITH & SON, MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.  
M. H. GILL & SON, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE  
STREET.

LIVERPOOL,—SMITH & SON, CASTLE STREET.

MANCHESTER,—J. HEYWOOD, DEANS GATE.  
SMITH & SON, 1, NEW BROWN STREET.



TWO GOLD MEDALS, HEALTH EXHIBITION. 1884.

# BRADFORD'S

PATENT "VOWEL" A1

## Washing, Wringing AND Mangling Machine

Is PERFECT as a Washer, a Wringer,  
and a Mangler.

See "Vowel" Testimony, containing the experience of over 500 users.

Trial free, carriage free, full instructions free,  
and satisfaction always guaranteed.

Mangles from 45s. Wringers from 25s. Write for New Catalogue.

THOS. BRADFORD & CO., High Holborn, LONDON;  
Victoria Avenue, Manchester; & Bold St., Liverpool.



"VOWEL" A1.

Will wash eight shirts  
in ten minutes.

### EXTRACT.

"The 'Vowel' A1 is the best value of any thing in my house, and the best laundress I ever had. We have really no trouble with our washing now, and that is high praise, considering the constant worry and trouble before we had the Machine."

PURCHASER'S LETTER.



ANYONE who  
A WRING  
and MANG  
MACHINE  
remember

BRADFORD'S are admittedly the best, at the true sense are the cheapest. Thousands of these invaluable machines have been doing service for from 10 to 20 years, and are little worse for wear. See CATALOGUE.

# BURRILL AND CO.,

74, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN,

# Washing Machines

ETC.

THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

# JOSEPH KIRKMAN AND SON

PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS,

3 and 9, Soho Square, London, W.,

Beg to call attention to the following Specialities now being Manufactured by this eminent Firm

- No. 1. BOUDOIR GRANDS. With Patent Steel Frames.
- " 5. SHORT GRANDS, 6 ft. long. With Patent Steel Frames.
- " 9. BOUDOIR COTTAGE. Solidly Constructed, New Panel Front.
- " 17. OVERSTRUNG SHORT COTTAGE. With Iron Frames.
- " 20. OVERSTRUNG UPRIGHT GRANDS. With Iron Frames.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION

Price 1s. per 100, by Post 1s. 3d.

## ORDER OF SERVICE FORMS

(HIGH MASS AND VESPER)

For Sundays and Holidays of  
Obligation.

THIS little Sheet will be found very useful, especially where the Singing is Congregational. A specimen sent gratis and post free on application to the Publisher.

25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

## Gregorian Chants

FOR

The Mass,

According to the Eight  
Tones.

Harmonised for the Organ, and arranged for the  
or Part Singing.

By EDWARD FAGAN.

Price from One Shilling each.

25, Whitefriars Street, London, and  
BURNS, OATES, and Co., Orchard Street, W.

# THE LAMP.

---

VOL. XXIX.

---

LONDON:  
25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

1885.

---

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE,  
25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

---

# I n d e x.

ALLEY, 53  
 Americanisms, 24  
 Asch, an Italian Legend, 173  
 Animals I have Known. Some, 69, 300  
 At the Golden Gate, 85  
 Baron's Ruse, an Incident of Ballanaderg, The, 89  
 Beards, 207  
 Bells, 106  
 Bloomfield, Anecdote of, 271  
 Buried in the Flames, 269  
 Butler, The Rev. Alban, 394  
 Caged! A Gaol Bird's Story, 93  
 Candid Admission, A, 86  
 Catching the Post, 44  
 Cedars of Lebanon, A Visit to the, 252  
 Celtic or Druidical Remains in India, 37  
 Chambord, The Duke of, 80  
 Chateau d'Andé, The Story of the (Illus.), 193, 209  
 Cheerfulness in Want, 108  
 Choosing Occupations, 5  
 Christmas Bells, 407  
 Christmas and Its Observances, 399  
 Christmas on the Baltic, A, 408  
 Christian Burial and Cremation, 358, 373  
 Church of the "Spasm," or Swooning of the Blessed  
     Virgin at Jerusalem, 100  
 Civilization, Ancient Forms of, 378  
 Civilization, 32  
 Claimant Thirty Years Ago, A, 117  
 Consolation, 300  
 Constancy, 234  
 Cops, About, 139  
 Cow, 156  
 Cup to School, On Sending, 240  
 Dark Lover and His Physicians, The, 237  
 Eggs, Modes of Catching, 93  
 Earthquakes and Volcanoes, 58  
 Eggs, About, 267  
 Eighth Child, The, 157  
 Enchanted Land, The, 22  
 Epitaphs, Some Self-Collected, 126  
 Erroneous Estimate of Boys, 368  
 Eugene Villefort, 45, 60, 71  
 Explosion, A Great, 278  
 Fantastic Revenge, A, 136  
 Father Hand, the Founder of All Hallows College,  
     234, 246  
 Fidele and Blanche (No Romance), 137, 152, 168  
 Fidelity of a Lion, 352  
 Forgiveness, 111  
 Giovanni Dupré, 220  
 Good Breeding, 130

"Happy though Married," 389  
 Heavily Laden: A Story of Two Lives (Illus.), 385, 401  
 Heroic Action, A, 231  
 Hint on Family Affection, A, 32  
 Hospitality, 109  
 How Does Music Affect Us? 288  
 How to Become an Orator, 263  
 How to Become Prosperous, 176  
 How to Break off Bad Habits, 357  
 Industrial Schools for Girls, 120  
 In Memoriam, "God's Acre" (Ratcliffe College,  
     1885), 279  
 Interjections, A Word on, 16  
 Interviewing, 59  
 In the Clock Tower (Westminster), 111  
 Irish Tune, Story of an Old, 271  
 James Stuart as Duke of York and King of England,  
     133, 150, 165, 186, 196, 213, 229  
 Joshua Reynolds, Anecdote of Sir, 64  
 Juberlo Tom, a Gold Digger's Story, 183  
 Keep Young, 160  
 Land Crabs, 395  
 Land of Tin, The, 329  
 Lely and the Alderman, 27  
 Leagued With the Evil One (Illus.), 289  
 Leprechaun, The, 149  
 Life's Pilgrimage, 262  
 Liszt, Abbé, 92  
 Lobsters, About, 336  
 London Fog, 363  
 Love and Anger, 342  
 Low Voice in Woman, A, 206  
 Maid of Erin; or, the Chief of the Red Hand, The,  
     (Illus.), 225, 241, 257, 273, 296  
 Maggie's Romance (Illus.), 177  
 Maori Chief, Presents to a, 11  
 Mary's Birthday (Sept. 8th), 144  
 Misunderstanding, A, 222  
 Mr. Thornley's Roses (Illus.), 305, 321, 337, 353, 369,  
     385, 390, 404  
 Monkey and the Crow, The, 352  
 Morning Mass, 10  
 More and His Times, Sir Thomas, 285, 294, 309, 325,  
     342  
 Mothers, 45  
 Muscle *v.* Brain, 188  
 Music of the East, 6  
 Musing, 170  
 Mystery in the Old Town of Winchester, A, 7, 24  
 My Sister Sarah, 12, 28, 40, 55  
 New Music, 332  
 Notes Abroad, 86

# INDEX.—(Continued.)

- Notes on Ely and S. Etheldreda, 75  
 Notre Dame, A Brief Sketch of the Cathedral of, 204  
 Old Life Maxims, 112  
 "One More," A Skipper's Story, 141  
 Origin of Language, 80  
 Over-estimating, 155  
 "Parceque je l'aime," 151  
 Peter the Great, the Will of, 171  
 Pius, The Name, 192  
 Play Within a Play, A, 102, 122  
 Politeness, 215  
 Prayer, A, 220  
 Promised Land, The, 384  
 Protestant Historians, 26  
 Protestant Testimony, 105  
 Real Wonderland; Sounds and Sandflies, 179  
 Reliques of My Mother, 69  
 Remarkable Cure, A, 118  
 Residence of Europeans in the Himalaya Mountains,  
 159  
 Roman Gluttony, 398  
 Saved by a Dream, 284  
 S. Cyr, 133  
 Secrets and Girls, 272  
 Sharp, 16  
 Sherborne; or, The House at the Four Ways (Illus.), 1,  
 17, 33, 49, 65, 81, 98, 113, 129, 145, 161, 188, 200,  
 215, 232, 248, 264, 279, 303, 312, 332, 345, 365, 380,  
 395, 410  
 Shaving, 223  
 Sibyls and their Books, 367,  
 Sincerity, 383  
 Sir Wilfrid Dalmere's Election, 318  
 Smuggler's Rock, The, 22  
 Spectre Priest, The, 199  
 Stage Irishman, The, 263  
 Stimulants—Tobacco and Snuff, 96  
 Talent Acquired, 58  
 Terrible Experience, A, 205  
 The Tell-Tale Snow, 417  
 Tigress' Skin, To a, 294  
 Time, 26  
 To My Lady, 64  
 Tough Yarn, A, 376  
 Two Musicians, The, 76  
 Two Scars, A Cocoanut Man's Story, 254  
 Turkish Proverbs, 128  
 Turner, Anecdote of, 60  
 Turning the Points, 327  
 Upon the Terrace (Illus.), 97  
 Victim to Advice, A, 350  
 Villainous Plot, A, 361  
 Weddings and their Associations, 347  
 What the Angels Told, 302  
 Witchcraft and Father Spee, 315  
 Woman's Stratagem, A, 269  
 Zambezi, The, 283





# THE LAMP

---



WE ENTER THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS.

## Sherborne; or, the House at the Four Ways.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems," "Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

---

### CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

**O**NE thing I perceived plainly at and about that time, viz., the incalculable mischief arising from extravagant dress and social impertinence on the part of "strict Catholics," to use a popular Protestant term. I saw it reflected in the words of various people as in a looking-glass, for several people referred to it while conversing with myself unreservedly, under the impression that I was a Protestant. And each





of them expressed or implied individually an increase of that complex mis-apprehension which is the palladium of anti-Catholic prejudices in England. It was to no purpose that I showed the injustice and absurdity of their inferences. I might as well have talked to the deer in the park.

The evening passed off pleasantly enough, but with nothing particular to mark it, except that Sherborne, being a sensitive man, and quick of perception, nevertheless consented to play the part of a bore *per accidens* in respect of Miss Winifred Arden.

Then there was a limited migration to a smoking-room, Crayston being among the number, to the disadvantage of everybody; for he was one of those men whose presence is pestilential, and especially so when they speak feelingly. I had hoped that we were rid of him, as his place was not far off; but it turned out that he was staying two days at Bramscote, so there he was still; and there was Sherborne, but he was in a mild and moody humour, and after coming little farther than the door, he went away under the plea of a headache.

Then Crayston unfolded himself in varying hues, all having the same object, as a tailor displays his book of patterns; but his talk differed widely from what it was when I overheard his dialogue with Mr. Glenfilan Bruff. Liberalistic no-poperyism, fortified with didactic self-assertion, was his little game then, being calculated to insure at once the sympathies and the deprecatory hero-worship of that worthy optimist; but now he took another line, equally well adapted for the purpose of misleading his audience. It may be described as the limited easy-going line, and is very efficacious against the judicial offences of unwary Catholics, who are apt to judge it by rules of interpretation exclusively charitable—which was Sir Roger's mistake on that occasion,—or else are in danger of unconsciously tempering their charity with a little pseudo-amiable human respect, as his son, Edward Arden, did, owing to the fact that his ideas had to travel through a certain empty space, and were apt to lose their way sometimes.

"You were speaking of having been at Florence when a boy," said Sir Roger. "You passed some time there, I think."

His manner, as he said this, was simply perfect in point of good breeding, both natural and habitual; Crayston's was polished on the surface and hard underneath. Sir Roger never smoked. He came into the room for the one and undivided purpose of making himself agreeable, and he was so; but so are the effects of opium. He made a conspicuous pause of some seconds in answer to Sir Roger's question, and then said in a regretful tone of voice:

"Yes, I was born at Florence. All the pleasant memories of my early life, and all the painful ones, too, belong to the time I passed there. My school and university life had no particular colouring."

"Colouring!" echoed Edward Arden in a low voice, looking much perplexed and pulling hard at his pipe whilst he looked with round eyes at the opposite wall.

His elder brother, who had decorated the results of doing nothing at college by pitch-forking on the surface of his mind scraps from dangerous authors, and amusing his silly, but not vicious self-conceit with false philosophy, like a child playing with fireworks, shook his head sapiently, and whispered something: whereupon the other replied:

"I know. I didn't suppose he was a painter. But what does he want to talk poetry for?"

In the meanwhile Crayston had gone on to say:

"I have liked a great many places, but I care most for the place I knew best when a child."

"A good feeling that—shows that his heart is sound," thought Sir Roger. I know he thought so, for I could read it in the kindly smile that took up its position on his transparently honest countenance. Crayston, too, saw it, and proceeded to angle for the sympathies of the younger generation.

"It's a long time ago," he said. "You young fellows have it all before you: I have let my chances go by—such as I have had. I belong to the generation of men who may maintain what they have gained in the battle of life, but cannot acquire: *you* are of the generation representative and you will do your work in your different ways. I could envy you—only you are so jolly about it that I can only wish you success."

The bait was swallowed in all simplicity. He had gained their good opinion by flattery disguised under the appearance of good wishes, and both of them were too inexperienced to see through the disguise.

To receive undue compliments for something undefined that contradiction has little to lay hold of, is a trial more or less severe to the self-knowledge of the recipient. How then can we wonder if two very young men, who knew nothing of the world beyond the externals of its amusements and the novelty of its external attractions, arrived at the sapient conclusion that Crayston was a good-hearted, straight-forward sort of a fellow.

"I remember seeing your father at Florence about five and thirty years ago," said Sir Roger. "But I only stayed there two or three weeks."

"Yes, I was at school then. How time does pass!" said Crayston. He repressed a sigh that needed no repression, it being under orders. Sir Roger acknowledged the fact that passing away is one of Time's idiosyncracies.

"I suppose," said Crayston, "that the mixed impressions of my early life are what gave me the sort of two-fold character which I have. The sunny sky of Tuscany made me sanguine, and my English associations put a chill into it, that gives me a twinge of low spirits and a kind of aching regret for past opportunities every now and then—as it did just now."

"I think your father had a house outside the city," said Sir Roger, wishing to be very civil and avoid aesthetics, which thoroughly bewildered him at any time.

"Yes," answered Crayston. "He lived in one of those many white villas that lie round about the city, and make it seem at a distance very much larger than it is—just like the dogmatic Protestantism of the Church of England, which

assumes a mock-catholicity by reckoning the crowds outside its very elastic barriers."

Sir Roger's good breeding was on the horns of a dilemma. He must either take no notice of a remark addressed to himself, or break through his rule of never giving an opinion respecting Protestantism in the presence of a Protestant. He turned, paid some almost inaudible compliment to Crayston's wit generally, and saying that he expected a long day's hunting the next day, wished all good-night decisively.

His two sons laughed, each according to this measure, and both of them thought—not wisely, it too well, of Crayston. But a sturdy old Catholic, who sat next to the eldest (I forget his name), for I never saw him before, and he left next morning) pertinently said:

"He means that, he has no right to remain a Protestant and if he does not, he must say it either because he has no belief at all, or because he wants to make a fool of you."

Wise as were his words, their only effect on the son addressed was to make him shrug his shoulders and credit himself with superior personality.

"Your father did not care for hunting and that sort of thing?" asked the younger brother, who, though quite convinced that all this was very fine, was rather at a loss as to his own share of the proceedings.

"Not a bit," answered Crayston. "He came Marleton, and after staying there less than a year, he migrated to Bath, where he devoted himself henceforth to eating exclusively. It was a bad chance for me; there can be no doubt of that. Nothing is much worse for a young fellow than to find that his father is a selfish sensualist of a prevailing type. I am afraid this sounds different, but I had a mother too, and his treatment of her was such that it makes me say I ought not to say, perhaps. Well, but human beings—wretched human creatures, with passions and feelings, and dimly defined aspirations, will distinguish between sins that are merely selfish and grovellingly safe, and those that are of a noble origin and entail risk. No one neglected him, and the nearest approach to affection was the fat smile of self-complacency of people who felt themselves raised by him far worse than themselves. This was not a bad chance for me, and yet, perhaps, I may say in plain fashion, that it might have been worse if it had been better. Had my father been a respectable average rate-payer, who took his children to the pantomime, and went to sleep in the softest arm-chair whenever there was no one but his wife to occupy it, I should probably have been worse than I have been."

"Yes—worse," he added with a sigh, when he had given emphasis to the hollow sentimentality by a pause in his speech and a pull at his pipe.

N.B.—By the bye, I have noticed that if, after sitting forth, while smoking, some sentiment about home, general or particular, you take a few hard pulls at your pipe, and stare hard at nothing with blinking eyes widely opened, you will be given credit for having what is called "lots of feeling."

However that may be, Crayston's sigh was a real one, and if put into words, it would have said just this: "I am sorry that I have not lived a better life, because, had I done so, I should be in a better position, social and financial, and I should have enjoyed myself too, I think, and be likely to enjoy myself longer. Moreover, I have lost irrevocably by losing my freshness of feeling. I can't realize the joys of domestic life, though I really believe them to be the most lasting of any that I can form any idea of. I am sorry, too, bitterly sorry, to perceive how time slips away from under me, as it were, and passes on to the end of all the pleasures I clutch at and hang on to."

That was what the sigh said, but Sir Roger's two sons evidently took it for an instinct of contrition, and pitied him heartily for not knowing what to do with it. So that when—after speaking with a respectful smile on his lips, and a per-meating sneer in his voice of some Catholic acquaintance who had fasted contrary to the doctor's orders, he proceeded to assume an easy-going practice on their part—they coloured, and let the supposition (which was not true in fact) go by default.

And that was just what he wanted, whether he was clearly aware of it, or manœuvred by mere force of habit. I had my own opinion on that point.

"By the bye," he said, in answer to Edward Arden's permissive silence, "you were eating a good breakfast one day—in Lent, I think it was—and your father had nothing but a bit of toast, about enough for a robin in a hard frost."

Instead of saying that he was under the age of fasting (he was only twenty), Edward Arden produced a forced laugh out of his throat, and replied:

"Oh, one needn't be so particular."

This tribute of thoughtlessness to human respect went straight into the unsettled mind of one young man in the room, and did a work there which the speaker little recked of. That young man was a distant neighbour, and had come to shoot, dine, and sleep at Bramscote. He had what is popularly called "Catholic leanings," but like many others in his position, he had a morbid tendency to judge the whole body of Catholic doctrine by the practice, real or apparent, of individuals, and by their idle words, more or less misinterpreted.

"Are you in earnest about that?" he said, and there was a morbid sensitiveness in the tone of his voice that made one feel for the poor fellow, who was in a kind of spiritual low fever.

"Of course he is, my dear fellow," interrupted Crayston. "They are not so straight laced as you suppose—of course not."

Edward Arden looked ill at ease, but did not explain; his brother put on a manner of pompous indifference and self-containment; the sturdy old fellow, who had spoken up before, now looked bluff, and held his tongue doggedly. I waited to hear what any one might say, and just as I had said to myself, "If no one will clear that bit of road for him, I will," the party broke up.

I went to bed, oppressed with a sense of what I can only call representative responsibility.

"We Catholics of England," I said to myself,

"are credited individually with a representative character, which many of us are far from possessing—a representative character which is often imputed to people who, like myself, have it not, a representative character which is ever entailing sudden calls on prudence taken at a disadvantage, a representative character that demands conclusive explanations for people whose minds are closed against them, a representative character damaged beforehand by every lie, every mis-statement, every exaggeration, that colours and enlarges the sins, imperfections, shortcomings, and weaknesses of each and every Catholic throughout the world.

Two people passed my door, just as I had entered my room. I heard Crayston's voice: I heard him say to the young man before-mentioned:

"Nonsense, my dear fellow; it's all very beautiful in an archæological point of view, and as a part of English mediæval life. I know that it made people religious and good then, but it's an anachronism—you can see that for yourself; and men don't believe in it, except a few converts who are proud of supposing that they have thought for themselves, and couldn't face the shame of stultifying their own act. Depend upon it the Established Church is really——"

This was too much. I threw wide the yet unclosed door, and said:

"As a Catholic and a convert, I beg to deny the truth of every word you have just asserted."

"If I had known that I was in your presence," he answered blandly, "I should not have made the remark—it would have been very ill-bred to have done so."

He bowed with much external dignity, and passed on. He had the best of it, simply because he was dishonest.

Of course he had that young man's confidence all the more for what had passed. I never saw the latter again, but I afterwards heard that he had married the daughter of a neighbouring rector, and gone into the wine trade.

"Well," thought I, "I have seen several people drawing conclusions, unreasonable, but under their circumstances not to be wondered at, from the sight of a worldly Catholic or two, and I have seen one poor fellow get off the road owing to the results of a thoughtless speech—and all this in one evening."

I wonder how much mischief I myself have done by words or example? Who can tell, when one's words and actions glance off so often from some impenetrable prejudice in one's hearer's mind, like a bullet striking against a stone, and go off at an uncertain angle from the original direction!

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE STORY OF THE OLD LADY WHO LIVED IN THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS.

*Bob Acres.*—Hey, Sir Lucius!—we—we—we—won't run.  
*The Rivals.*

I MUST confess that when my promise to the mysterious old woman flashed across my mind in the cold grey morning, I felt very much inclined

to exclaim, with the worthy Bob Acres, "No, I say we won't run, by my valour."

But there was no escape; so I made the best of it, and directly after breakfast went forth with Don Pascolini on our strange adventure. Not wishing the whole parish to know where we were going, I steered in another direction, and we came circuitously to the house without meeting any one.

The house had rather a weird-like appearance. It stood in a hollow, at the junction of two roads, with a large turnip-field behind stretching upwards, a steep slope of coarse grass in front, a long reach of flat pasture land, of which only a narrow strip was visible, to the right. On the left a turn of the lane shut out everything except a wood on a steep incline, which, when one saw between the outlines of two hills that narrowed the view in that direction, looked not unlike the edge of a forest. The front of the small house, for such it was in shape and character, being high and narrow, with one attic window in the roof, all but touched the road on three sides, and at no point was more than three or four yards from it. It was indeed a lonely dwelling, and stood in a lone spot. Mrs. Radcliffe might have chosen it for a scene in the "Mysteries of Udolpho." The walls were partly of flint and partly of mud. The windows were shut, except the little one in the roof. There was no living creature to be seen anywhere except a hawk flying heavily over the big turnip field, under a leaden canopy of rain-cloud.

But Don Pascolini took no notice of all the romantic symbolism: his imagination was practically employed on the prospects of our interview with the mysterious old woman. I therefore said nothing to him, but walked up to the door and looked about for the bell, for a door-bell there was, though all appearances betokened that the office was well-nigh a sinecure. It was wooden and of the same colour as the wall in which it was embedded. The rusty wire scraped and squeaked when it was aroused from its long repose, and sent forth a sharp tinkle, as if resenting the unwonted disturbance.

"What will happen next?" I thought, after sound had ended, or, more correctly speaking, when the bell-clapper had ceased to strike, and only swung to and fro, creaking as it went. A few seconds there was a sound of heavy footsteps under a light weight, as of a small person, either decrepit, or otherwise deficient in elasticity. The door was opened slowly, but without any hesitation, and a little old woman, not unlike many others, hobbled up to the opening.

"Is a——?" said I, in a hesitating sort of way for the whole affair looked so unreal, when judged by the prosaic standard of modern country life, that I was taken aback at being suddenly called upon to give an account of why I was there.

She made a gesture of assent, drew back when we entered the house, and shutting the door, preceded us up stairs into a small sitting-room where she left us alone to wait and expect. The furniture was of the late eighteenth century style, and, like all fashions whatsoever, told its tale in silence.

Perhaps furniture symbolises the general characteristics of a period in England as clearly as buildings, literature, or fashions do.

living—possibly more so than dress, because its changes are less frequent and minute in their symbolism, therefore more perceptible. The massive carvings of the Middle Ages tell of a massive race, in whom sin was strongly defined, and contrition vigorous. The sensual ornamentation of the Renaissance harmonizes well with the revived heathenism which marks that period of sensual refinement and sentimental impurity; the plain rosewood and mahogany of the time between the battle of Waterloo and the Tractarian movement seem appropriate to a period when society was polished and neatly defined, but showed no moral vigour, no aspirations, no design in the life. Again, in the period dating from the Gothic revival—a period marked by a strong artistic movement and a counteracting spirit of indulgence, we see Gothic carvings and Gothic cushions, church stoves of mediæval patterns, fourteenth-century bedsteads in panelled rooms lighted with gas.

Now the period from the American declaration of independence to the end of the great contest with Napoleon belonged partly to that corrupt exuberance of the old world, commonly called the *ancien régime*, partly to the principles of 1789 modified and made respectable. It was a dark period enlivened here and there by smooth surfaces of a dull hue. Men's aspirations were, as a rule, small in scope and mean in design; but there were faint echoes from times long past—echoes unheard afterwards when Europe had settled down into a solid tranquillity, and Catholic governments put their trust in police agents, instead of in God and His Church, whilst revolution led its time, gained experience, and influenced young generations legally in schools and universities.

As society was, so was the furniture—dark, reared by inlaid surfaces of a dull hue; small in size, and mean in design, yet not without a sort of feeble gracefulness and beauty of a gravely pretentious type. The furniture of that period always makes me sad: like the minuet, it tells me of a great social system based on Catholicity, and now effete through being unfaithful to its own traditions, untrue to itself.

The furniture of the little room was of that style of date, but small, plain, and dull even of its kind. An oval table of dark mahogany, with thin legs and small bits of diamond-shaped satin-wood inlaid at the four corners of each leg, stood in the middle of the room. Half the table was covered with a green baize cloth, on which the mahogany desk lay open: on the other half were two or three old numbers of "Notes and Queries," "The Daily Telegraph" of the previous morning, a back number of the "Contemporary Review," and several volumes of the latest light literature. One narrow arm-chair covered with dark-brown leather, two mahogany chairs with faded carpet-work on their seats, a small work-table, with a yellow silk bag hanging down between the thin mahogany legs, two octagon-shaped embroidered screens very much faded, one small table of mahogany streaked with satin-wood, near the windows, a secretaire surmounted by bookshelves lined with green baize, and some dark maroon window-curtains of thick damask,

old but still fresh, completed the upholstery of the room. The walls were covered with brown flock paper. Over the mantelpiece were two black shade portraits and a stone match-box in the shape of an urn. On either side were two brown, flat bell-pulls, with round handles. On the bookshelves I observed "Tillotson's Sermons," one of Voltaire's works, "Essays and Reviews," Kingsley's "Yeast," Lamennais' "Paroles d'un Croyant," Hume's "Essay on Man," "Reliques of Father Prout," some numbers of the extinct "Home and Foreign Review," Boccaccio's "Cento Novelle," Charles Butler's "Memoirs," Richardson's "Clarissa," "The Mysteries of Udolpho," "Manon L'Escaut," Malthus on Population, "The Sorrows of Werther," "La Frequent Communion," and Rousseau's "Contrat Sociale": a curious collection to be owned by an old woman living alone in a roadside house, and one that made me begin to wonder whether her possession of it was the result of accident or design—whether it indicated anything or nothing.

But at this moment the object of this inquiry entered the room, and I took to noticing herself, instead of my own fancies. I observed in her less anxiety and more dignity; less mannerism and more manner. Socially, she was quite at ease, but her mind was not at rest: therefore, her bearing was graceful, and the lines of her face indicated anxiety. Her bearing and her way of expressing herself were of the last century; they went far to prove that she had lived with well-bred people in early life, and by herself since, as in fact she had.

"It is very obliging of you to come so promptly," she said. "Will you have the goodness to be seated?"

(To be continued.)

## CHOOSING OCCUPATIONS.

FIVE little girls sat down to talk one day beside the brook,  
Miss Lizzie said when she grew up she meant to write a book.  
And then the others had to laugh, till tears were in their eyes,  
To think of Lizzie's writing books, and see her look so wise.  
Miss Lucy said she always thought she'd like to teach a school,  
And make the horrid ugly boys obey her strictest rule.  
Miss Minnie said she'd keep a shop where all the rest must buy  
And they agreed to patronize, if "prices weren't too high."  
Miss Ada said she'd marry rich, and wear a diamond ring,  
And give a party every night, "and never do a thing!"  
But Nellie, youngest of them all, shook out each tumbled curl,  
And said she'd always stay at home, and be her mother's girl.

## MUSIC OF THE EAST.



THE presence amongst us of an orchestra and troupe of dramatic performers, from the far East, naturally had the effect of reviving attention to a phase of art peculiar, if not absolutely unique, in its interest, and may stimulate further inquiry into a subject of which Sir W. Jones, Laborde, Jomard, and others only touched the fringe. We are accustomed to look towards the "cradle of the human race" for the origin of things, not without the special reason that comes from the changelessness of Eastern forms and customs. Music is frequently called the youngest of the arts. We of the West claim it as a creation of the last few centuries, and as something that has sprung from our own advancing civilization. This is true enough in a sense. But the art of music, as distinct from a particular development of it, appertains to the far as well as to the near past. Its origin, like that of all things ancient, is shrouded in myth and fable, and we cannot go back to the remotest point of national history without encountering it in a position of importance as an element of social life. It is worth while to have these facts in mind by way of guard against the limitation of sympathy and research which comes of despising whatever lies beyond our own circle. Such limitation should especially be avoided with reference to Eastern music, since the more we know of the form and spirit of an art which has been handed down almost unaltered from age to age, the nearer we get to the fountain-head whence flowed all the streams that have fertilised the world. It may be now that we can appropriate nothing useful from this source. It may be, on the contrary, that there is yet something to learn. Music, of all the arts, can least afford to overlook that which is humble and mean. Its development has always been from below, and our noblest composers have gone, not condescendingly, but with eagerness, to the gipsy and the peasant for ideas upon which to work. The time may come, therefore, when Eastern music will contribute more fully than it has yet done to the resources of its Western offshoot.

It is something, if only to meet with a form of art distinctly typical of that which obtains from the oldest nations of the world, and one, undoubtedly, that has come down from the remotest times. We are told of the pure Javanese stock that, while their religion and language have changed, and in many respects they themselves have become degenerate, their drama and music remain intact, the sole survival of a golden age. Who, then, shall measure the antiquity of the entertainment already brought to our doors?

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the Eastern drama is the predominance of the dance. Music continuously accompanies it, and there are frequent passages of recitative (very much of the Wagner pattern), but the dance ranks before all. It possesses, however, hardly anything in common with our Western cult, since the legs are little used compared with the upper part of the body, every joint of which has its inflexibility

tried in a series of elaborate yet carefully measured movements. In his "History of the Indian Archipelago," Mr. John Crawford mentions this as distinctive of all Malay dances. "Whatever be the occasion in which dancing is exhibited," says the author just named, "it is always grave, stately, and slow, never gay or animated. As in all Asiatic dancing, it is not the legs, but the body, and especially the arms, down to the very fingers, that are employed. Dexterity, agility, or liveliness are never tempted." There is the further peculiarity that no idea of seductive grace seems to be attained—a fact which places the dramatic dances of Java a long way from the dance pure and simple of neighbouring races. Indeed, the attitudes of the performers are often as angular and awkward as the most æsthetic spectator could desire. Obviously, therefore, some higher purpose than that of mere sensuous pleasure governs the art, and, if we had the key of the movements, we should, no doubt, discover the connection with and subordination to the argument of the play. If the superior position assigned to the dance be thought trivial and undignified, an entertainment of which recitation forms part, the idea is promptly corrected by reference to the exalted position in which Javanese custom places this exercise. "All orders executed in the presence of a Javanese monarch on public occasions," says the author before quoted, "are accompanied by a dance. When a message is conveyed to the royal ear, the messenger advances with a solemn dance and retreats in the same way. The ambassadors from one native prince in Java to another follow the same custom when coming into or retiring from the presence of the sovereign to whom they are deputed. When the persons whose business it is to let a tiger loose from his cage into the hollow square of spearmen have performed their duty, and received the royal nod to retire—an occasion, one would think when dancing might be spared—they do so in a slow dance and solemn strut, with a risk of being devoured by the tiger in their performance." Java is, therefore, a dancing nation. It appreciates the eloquence, if not the poetic motion, and we cease to be surprised at the subordination of language in its musical drama.

The hero of Tennyson's "Maud" calls upon his "happy day" to blush certain happy news from East to West, "till the West is East." When reading notes on the Eastern drama, we are conscious that the confusion of opposite points has actually been achieved. The principle of Javanese music-drama, as thus laid down, is nothing more nor less than that promulgated by Wagner. So the remote past and the "future" join hands. Wagner, pushing westward, with his back to civilisation, has touched the East; "the West is East," and the earth is round. There are curious points of resemblance in detail between these far extremes. It may be said, at any rate, that the Javanese are votaries of an "infinite melos." Their orchestra, like Dr. Watts's sun, "never tires nor stops to rest," but keeps hard at it from beginning to end of the drama: repeating certain melodic passages with a persistence that inclines us to accept them as representative themes.

without further proof. Sometimes, moreover, it is as hard to distinguish a dominating musical idea in the Javanese orchestra as in that of Wagner. Both get "mixed," while the harmonic combinations are, in the one case, no more referable than in the other to any known law. What are we to conclude from this phenomenon? Perhaps that art moves in cycles, like Wagnerian performances, and that the "advanced" people have got round to the starting place. Let us, however, set aside all such speculations, the more readily because they are not needed to create interest in the Javanese band and their music. As will be assumed, the instruments are nearly all of the percussion class, the tom-tom and gong uniting their changeless voices with the music of graduated metal vessels suspended in a wooden framework and struck with padded sticks. The ensemble is not at all unpleasant even to Western ears; but amateur listeners find more to engage their attention in the nature of the music performed—in its melody, for example, which is characteristically Eastern by reason of the employment of intervals not existing in our scale. A first impression is that the instruments are imperfectly tuned—precisely the idea our own music conveys to Orientals accustomed to quarter-tones. After a while, however, this wears off, and then the pungency of the effect and its power of acute expression begin to be perceived. The reiteration of short phrases usual to Eastern music is not wanting here, but, as dancing is concerned, the apparently erratic variations of rhythm observable in vocal melodies are absent. This must, however, be said with a qualification. What we may call the fundamental rhythm goes on unaltered, but, in certain cases, various subordinate rhythms are combined therewith. If, for example, the piece be a "common time," a performer will occasionally strike in with crotchet triplets, and so on. Analogous to this is the sometimes polyphonic structure of the music, short inferior phrases being now and then associated, by no means harshly, with the superior theme. As for the harmonic effects observed—if any such crystallisation of harmonic custom exist—their study would be interesting, since the effects to which they lead are beyond a doubt. Referable to no rule of our own, those effects by their systematic recurrence clearly to a rule somewhere, and, though vague, convey an idea that Western music does not embrace every possible good.

The whole subject of Eastern music in its various applications is one that should receive more attention than seems now given to it. We are year by year extending our knowledge of Eastern poetry, and discovering that the lands towards the rising sun have given birth to singers sweet as our own.

THIS is the way some girls tell a joke: "Oh, girls! I heard just the best thing to-day. It was just too funny. I can't remember how it came about, but one of the girls said to Professor Mitchell—oh, dear, I can't remember just what she said; but Professor Mitchell's answer was just too funny for any use. I forgot just exactly what he said, but it was too good for anything!"

## A MYSTERY IN THE OLD TOWN OF WINCHESTER.

BY K. M. WELD,

Author of "*Lily the Lost One*," "*Bessy*," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XIV.

**A**FTER Rebecca's death Monica wrote to Miss Clayton, and gave her a full account of all that had happened.

"How wonderful are the ways of God," replied Miss Clayton; "He repays every sacrifice we make, and all is certain to come right if we trust in Him."

"You remember well how grieved we both were at being obliged to part after the death of my dear father, and I disliked beyond measure going to stay alone with an old cousin whom I only knew by report, and who had always been represented to me, as overbearing, and almost devoid of religion of any kind."

"But circumstances into which I will not now enter made it necessary for me not to give up the visit, therefore I determined to take this little trial patiently from the hands of God, and not to grumble over it."

"And now I see plainly how much depended on our making that one sacrifice, for if I had insisted on taking you, my cousin had resolved not to allow us to remain with her more than a month. As it was, she was so pleased with my submission, that she received me most affectionately."

"I endeavoured to the utmost of my power not to allow myself to be annoyed by her little weaknesses of character, but to endeavour to gain her heart. I succeeded, and so completely did I win her confidence, that she conversed with me unrestrainedly concerning everything which interested her."

"I one day gave her a little account of my own illness, and described my feelings of terror when I believed myself at the door of eternity."

"She listened attentively, and suddenly exclaimed:

"If you, Isabel, young as you are, felt such remorse, what ought not I to feel, when I reflect that my long life has been entirely devoted to the world? What will become of me? Shall I, oh! shall I be lost?"

"I remained silent; I was certain that grace was working in her soul, and contented myself with praying inwardly. I knew she had been well educated by a virtuous mother, therefore that good seed was in her soul. I knew her to be a woman of energetic character, who, if she once became aware of her dangerous state, would leave no means untried to avoid the gulf of ruin, towards which the tempter was decoying her."

"I left the room, and did not return for half an hour. My cousin had not moved from her seat, and had evidently been reflecting deeply, for she said in a feeble, subdued voice:

"You cannot imagine, my dear child, the impression that the account you gave me of your feelings when you believed yourself dying had



made on me, for I know, alas, how carelessly I have lived. But it is not too late. I will take the first step to change at once. Write and request Father M'Dermott to call and see me this afternoon. I can't write myself; I feel too weak and unnerved.'

"You will easily imagine the pleasure I felt. The note was written and dispatched at once.

"He soon came, and was ushered into my cousin's room, where he remained with her more than an hour.

"When he came out, being well acquainted with him, I approached. A tear was in his eye, but he took my hand, and said:

"God bless you, my child, for the happy work which has by His grace been brought about by your words and example; but your cousin wishes to see you.'

"I entered her room; she clasped me in her arms, neither of us spoke, but we understood one another, and both blessed and thanked God.

"My cousin (Miss Hewett) was not a person to do things by halves; she had taken the first and most difficult step, and became eager each day to do more and more. Father M'Dermott was most encouraging, and two or three times when she seemed inclined to despond, he bade her remember that the labourers who were called late into the vineyard were made equal to those who had worked the whole of the day.

"And it was God's will that she should not have very long to work, for the carriage accident which caused her death happened a very few months after the events of which I have spoken. Her back was seriously injured, and she suffered much; but she preserved consciousness to the last, and died blessing and thanking God for His mercy to her.

"Is not all this consoling, dear Monica? And you have even a greater cause to be grateful that you were obliged to return to the farmhouse instead of remaining with me, for no one but you, who knew the antecedents of poor Rebecca, could have given her the comfort she so much needed, and led her to confidence in the mercy of God. She would have died in despair.

"And now I will confide to you a matter which has occasioned me great pain and anxiety in spite of my endeavour to resign myself to the Divine Will and was the cause of the depression of spirits you observed in me. I was bound to the strictest secrecy and always hoped that the cloud hanging over me would clear away, instead of which it has burst, and the hurricane has carried away everything I had in this world. I have not a penny I can call my own.

"When my dear father's will was opened and read, every one seemed satisfied that he had left the bulk of his large property to me. We were about to leave the room, when an old lawyer, an intimate friend of my father, asked me if he could see me for a few minutes in private. I, therefore, remained in the room till every one but our two selves had left it.

"He then told me in a kind and feeling manner that, as an old friend of my father, he felt an interest in his daughter, and thought it right that I should know my real position before I involved myself in unnecessary expenses. He went on to

tell me that my father's will, just read, had been made and signed seven years ago, but that there is a legal document more recently signed which renders the will null and void.

"The case is this: your poor father, who knew little of business, was persuaded by some unprincipled men, who had gained his confidence, to sign a bond by which he gave security for a large sum of money required for the commencement of a very risky speculation. He was made to believe that there was not the slightest danger of a failure, and that the gain which would accrue to him was certain. Now the contrary was the reality, for the risk was far greater than the chances of gain. But your father believed the false words, and signed the fatal deed, by which he made himself answerable for a sum exceeding the value of his whole property. He did it without the slightest misgiving, and when his fatal illness came on, its effects caused him to forget every previous occurrence.

"I endeavoured many times to recall it to his mind, but I failed in every endeavour, for he remembered nothing at all of the transaction.

"The prospects of the speculation in question become daily worse and worse; but, at the same time, there is one, only one, possible contingency which may change the aspect of affairs; but that contingency cannot occur for a year, or perhaps even several years; therefore, it is of the utmost consequence to conceal for the present the critical state of affairs from the bond-holders, for most of them, like your poor father, believe the gain to be certain, and the risk only imaginary. If they became aware of the truth, they would immediately endeavour to withdraw their names. Some have the power of doing so, and in that case the crash would come at once.

"So secrecy is most important; you must not speak or even give a hint of your knowledge of the matter, to any one. As a true friend, I advise you not to spend an unnecessary penny, but to make some visit where you will be put to no expense for housekeeping, and to remain there as long as possible for a year. At the end of this time the final crash may have come, or the contingency I spoke of may have put all in a flourishing state.

"That the latter may be the case I most fervently hope, but my fears are so much stronger than my hopes, that I can only exhort you, dear Miss Clayton, to exactly follow my advice; for, in the event of failure, you will be called upon to refund every penny that you had spent of your father's income, as you have no right to a single pound of what he had already signed away.

"You will easily understand the terror with which these words filled me, but knowing as I did the sterling worth of the good old lawyer, I determined to follow his advice at once, and you now see my reason for accepting the invitation of my cousin in Scotland to pay her a long visit.

"The crash came just before the end of the year. The eyes of the shareholders were suddenly opened, and they found that they, as well as myself, were totally ruined.

"If such a misfortune had come upon me a few years ago, I should have almost lost my reason from grief: but now, thank God, it is otherwise. I will lose no time, but immediately act in the

matter as may seem most prudent to my friends.

"My health is excellent, the bracing air of this part of Scotland, joined to the early and regular hours of my cousin's house, have made me far stronger than I was even before my illness, and I am quite able to cope and battle with the world; therefore, you need not feel in the least anxious about me, my good Monica. I am looking out for a situation as companion to some lady. It comforts me to know that you have a happy home at Farmer Littlehale's, and that the legacy left by your aunt will make you in a certain degree independent. I know that you will pay daily for your loving friend.

"ISABEL CLAYTON.

Isabel wrote likewise to Father Brown, and told him everything.

He immediately answered her letter as follows:

"MY DEAR MISS CLAYTON,—I can hardly express how truly I sympathise with you in your heavy trial, but I am, at the same time, delighted to learn from your letter that you are ready to praise God as much in adversity, as in prosperity. Let your present consolation be that God must love you much, since He gives you such an opportunity of proving your love for Him, by accepting such a cross without a murmur.

"And who can say whether He, seeing that you receive His decree with the faith and submission of Abraham, when he consented to sacrifice his only son, may not arrest the sword which seems already to have struck you. You have, I see, remembered the words of our Lord—'Not by will, but Thine, be done,' and thus must we always pray; thus leave to Him the decision of every event. I greatly approve of your idea of getting a situation as a companion to a lady. You are well fitted to fulfil the duties of such a position, and you have had so much to try you during the last five years that you will not find it difficult to keep on friendly terms with any lady with whom you live. I think a situation abroad would be better than in England. I will write to friends of mine in France, Italy and Portugal; and you, meanwhile, must pray for direction in the right way, and be assured, my dear Miss Clayton, that not a day passes in which I do not pray for you.

"Believe me, yours faithfully in Christ,

"THOMAS BROWN."

And now Colonel Clayton had been dead more than a year and Lord Everdale was still in Lisbon with his sister. He seemed in no hurry to return to England, for he had many friends in that city, and was also acquainted with some highly educated and pious members of the college, intercourse with whom was very improving. The name of Isabel never passed his lips.

The trio were seated one morning at the breakfast table, when the post came in. Lady Anne received a letter from England which she opened at once, and had read a considerable part when she exclaimed:

"How extraordinary! how very sad!"

"What is sad? what is extraordinary?" asked her husband and brother.

"Why, about that poor Miss Clayton, who, it seems, has lost the whole of the fortune left to her by her father. Were you not acquainted with that Miss Clayton, Charles?" said she, turning to her brother. "I am sure I often heard you speak of her in former days, and Uncle Jack too, described her as a paragon of perfection. He wished with all his heart that you would marry her."

"Just like Uncle Jack," replied Lord Everdale hurriedly, "what could he know about the matter? But do go on with your letter Anne! Does your friend say how Miss Clayton lost her money? I hope she did not marry that spendthrift, Cousin Bob?"

"No, nothing of the kind. It seems that her father was persuaded some years ago, to give his name as security for a large sum of money, to begin a speculation which has just totally failed, and the sum for which he bound himself was larger than the whole of his property. Therefore the will he made, leaving all he possessed to his daughter was useless, as he had nothing to leave."

"But did Miss Clayton know how things were before his death?"

"No, she knew nothing at all, until after the reading of her father's will. She was then informed of the real state of her affairs by an old friend of her father's, as a caution to her, but he first made her promise to keep the affair strictly secret for a year, as there was a chance of matters mending, and if the risk became public, the crash would come at once. But what is the matter with you, Charles?" she exclaimed, looking at Lord Everdale in astonishment, "you who are generally so kind-hearted, and feel for the griefs of others, look as delighted at the troubles of this poor young lady, as if you had gained a fortune! I could cry when I think of her position, poor, dear girl! My friend writes to ask me to look out for a situation for her as companion to some one, as she is penniless."

"Does your friend say nothing else about Miss Clayton?" said Lord Everdale, disregarding the reproof of Lady Anne.

"In truth, I have hardly patience to tell you anything about it, Charles; for even now you are laughing as if in the greatest delight."

"Have patience with me, my sage monitress, and answer my question. Does your friend say anything more?"

"She says that everyone is astonished at the firmness Miss Clayton displays, in the midst of such misfortunes; she has never been heard to repine! Poor dear young lady! I feel for her from the bottom of my heart, and I will do everything in my power to help her to find a comfortable situation."

"Have you a newspaper, Anne?" said the Marquis, suddenly changing the conversation.

"A newspaper? oh, yes, there is one on the table, I believe. But what can you want to read the newspaper for, when I have not half finished the news contained in my letter. You are so very

odd, Charles, this morning, what is the matter with you?"

"I want to see what day this week the steamer leaves for England."

"Leaves for England? Have you any friend going to England?"

"I think of going myself!"

"Good gracious! wonders will never cease! What can make you start off so suddenly? It was only yesterday that you said you should certainly remain here at least six months longer."

"Ah! but the wind has changed since then, the clouds which have so long obscured the horizon seem likely to pass away, and my ship, which I looked upon as lost, may still arrive in port. Ah, Anne! my dear sister, you cannot divine the happiness with which the news contained in your letter has inundated my heart."

"You ill-natured, hard-hearted fellow! I am ashamed of you. Do not call me dear sister. You provoke me too much! I suppose the poor girl has offended you somehow. I could not have believed you so spiteful, indeed I could not!"

"You speak thus, my dear Anne, because I cannot as yet explain myself, but trust me that in a short time you will be as pleased and happy as I am. Did your kind friend give you Miss Clayton's address?"

"Of course she did, that I might write to her in case I heard of any situation likely to suit her; and I do really believe I know of one that would be exactly what she requires."

"Well, write the letter at once, and tell her all about it, and I will take it myself."

"Yourself, Charles? Once more, are you going out of your mind?"

"No, my dear sister; but I am going out of Lisbon this afternoon, as the packet sails on Friday; so scribble away at your letter without losing time. Believe me, I am neither mad or a fool, as you seem to think."

Some weeks after the death of Miss Hewitt, Isabel was sitting alone in the small library in which her cousin and herself had usually passed their mornings together.

The day was fine and bright, but the expression of her countenance was sad. Her feelings had been suddenly aroused by a letter which she had found in her desk, written by Colonel Clayton to herself many years before, written at the time when she was in the full enjoyment of every blessing this world can afford, and the contrast with her present position was so great, that tears trickled down her cheek, but she checked this depression, and began again to arrange her papers, and looked up with a smile when the servant entered the room, and handed her a letter.

"Who brought this letter, Judy?"

"And sure, and it was such an illigant man, that faikes I could not look at him enough! And tall, tall as my brother Pat; and he says that he must see you."

"Indeed! then show him up. Who can he be; I know so few persons here?"

Before she had time to open the note the stranger walked in. Isabel arose in a courteous manner, and was about to speak, and ask his reason for calling thus early, when she perceived,

to her astonishment, that he was no stranger, but her old friend Lord Everdale.

She had no time to reflect as to whether she ought to express joy at seeing him or not, as she followed the first impulse of her heart and exclaimed:

"Oh, Lord Everdale, how delighted I am to see you again!"

And she held out her hand, which he shook most warmly, saying at the same time:

"I venture, Miss Clayton, to pay you a visit. I may tell you myself how deeply I sympathise with you in your sad circumstances. I can express how much we all feel. My sister and her husband will do everything in their power to assist you in any way you desire; the letter brought from her is to that effect. I likewise saw old Uncle Jack whom you remember so well in Paris; he almost cried when I told him of your misfortunes. So at least you have the comfort of every one's sympathy, and that is something."

"Oh, yes indeed; I remember your Uncle Jack very well; we used to have such fun together. I loved the dear old man, for he had such a kind heart; he enjoyed a joke, too, and his eccentricities were always harmless and very amusing."

This was said cheerfully, but Lord Everdale became grave.

*(To be continued.)*

## MORNING MASS.\*

UPON a mighty mountain side,  
That scanned the country far and wide,  
The house of God majestic stands,  
A pledge of faith from pious hands.  
God's loving servants gather in,  
Though morning light doth not begin  
The darkness of the night to chase  
From eastern into western space.  
On high, sweet, fervent prayer doth rise  
To Him Who's throne is 'yond the skies.  
A holy priest, at break of day,  
Comes humbly forth, his Mass to say.  
The lights upon the altar gleam,  
Devotion o'er all reigns supreme.  
The Sign of the Holy Cross is made,  
All worldly thoughts aside are laid;  
The solemn sacrifice speeds on,  
A new born day begins to dawn.  
The precious Host on high is raised,  
The blushing sun hath on It gazed,  
And spreads its golden rosy beams  
Around its God in heavenly gleams.  
Enraptured all devoutly kneel,  
Th' Almighty Presence seem to feel.  
And now the Holy Mass is o'er,  
Yet linger they in love t' adore.  
A sweet thanksgiving all must make  
To God Who's Son died for our sake.

ROBERT MACHARDY

\* Dedicated by permission to Lady Felice—in her own right—Baroness Wieliczka.

## PRESENTS TO A MAORI CHIEF.



OME settlers in the New Zealand bush had a neighbour of whom one of them has given a very interesting account. He was called Tama-te-Whiti; he was a Maori chief belonging to a caste a little higher than that of rangatias or simple gentlemen warriors.

In his youth Tama was a warrior, but his hopes never becoming a lordly ruler being shattered by defeat, he fell into the hands of Samuel Marsden, and was by him converted to Protestant Christianity. So in his old age Tama is an exponent of the new dispensation. Born to warfare he is an ordained deacon of the Anglican Church; instead of cannibalism he has taken to thrifty farming; instead of leading a furious taua he finds himself the venerated pastor of a little community of earnest Christians.

Our Maori friend is a very comfortable man, for he has a claim over many hundred acres of good land, some of which he has already sold to the Pakeha or Christians, so that the old fellow must have a well filled stocking somewhere.

Tama is amazingly industrious. He and his wife get through an immense amount of work. His seventy years weigh lightly on him; he is as strong and active as most men of forty, and is never idle. He perfectly understands that the duty devolves on him of setting an example to his flock as well as preaching to them.

Tama's ordinary costume is English except that he prefers to go barefoot. Only on very grand occasions does he put on boots, and even then he brings them in his hand to the place of meeting, puts them on before entering, and takes them off with evident relief directly he feels free to go. Tama's face bears the marks of the tattooing which denotes his rank, and is without hair. He has a look of intelligence superior to that of many of the Europeans who come in contact with him.

Astute and intelligent as Tama really is, he cannot really be expected to comprehend all the novelties of civilization. His deportment is always admirable, and he would carry himself through a drawing-room without any sensible *gaucherie*. He would be calm, composed, and dignified among any strange surroundings, only his keen roving eyes would betray his internal wonder. Like Maoris in general, he is critically observant of every little thing among his Pakeha friends, but with true natural courtesy endeavours to hide from you that it is so. But the extraordinary mixture of grave intelligence and childish simplicity is perpetually leading to very quaint little incidents. We will tell these stories in the words of the narrator:

One day when routing among the "personals" I had brought from England, I discovered at the bottom of my chest an umbrella. Now, though in England most people consider this quite an indispensable article, and its use is not uncommon in colonial cities, I need hardly say that in the bush such a thing is never seen. It pleases our community to regard all the comforts of civilization as effeminacies; and it is the received theory among us, that we live the purest and highest life,

having turned our backs upon all the corrupting influences of an effete old world.

There was a cry to smash or burn the umbrella, but it was finally decided that I should give it to old Tama, it being a handsome one with carved ivory handle, silver mounting, and crest.

The next time that Tama visited us, I formally presented him with the umbrella, giving him the minutest instructions concerning the spreading and furling it. He was much pleased with the gift, and as I knew it would be futile to persuade him that I gave anything freely and without expecting anything in return, I told him, in reply to his enquiries, what I expected to get from him for so splendid a gift, that though the umbrella was worth a mere ponamu—a battle axe of polished green jode—I should be satisfied if he would give me a kitful of taro in exchange.

This jumped with the old man's humour. Not only did he shake hands with me but he awarded me the nose salutation. The rubbing of noses is now disused, but when a Maori confers it on a Pakeha it means an extra display of brotherhood. I thought I had fully explained to the reverend gentleman the use of an umbrella, but it failed to reach his mind.

When Tama left the shanty it looked threatening to rain, so I unfurled the umbrella and placed it open in his hand. He stumped off proudly with it above him. We watched him down towards the river where his boat was moored. Presently Tama seemed to hesitate, it evidently occurring to him that something was wrong. In an undecided sort of way he inverted the umbrella and held it handle upwards in front of him, but as the rain came faster and faster, even this seemed unsatisfactory.

At last he stopped altogether, having apparently come to the conclusion that the wet would injure the umbrella. After a long struggle with the mysterious catch, he managed to close it. Then he took off his coat, laid it flat upon the ground, and placing the umbrella upon it wrapped that up in his coat. Lastly he cut some strips from a flax bush close by, and carefully tied up the parcel. Then he put it under his arm, and walked off in his shirt-sleeves contentedly.

Tama keeps the umbrella stowed away in the recesses of his whare. He often tells me with a quiet good-humoured mien, as of one talking to a child, that it does not keep off the rain. His view is that I, in my incomprehensible Pakeha way, imagine the thing to be an anti-rain fetish; a notion which superior Maori wisdom has found to be erroneous.

I saw that umbrella once again. It was a fine moonlit night, and we were rowing up the river on a return from some excursion. We passed a boat-load of Maoris coming down. In the stern of their boat sat Tama, and above him he held the umbrella open; as the boats crossed he called to me: "It is not raining to-night. But it is not this thing that keeps it off; it is only God who does that." And so the good man went on his way, no doubt, glowing at the thought that he had fitly rebuked my folly.

On another occasion one of our party had been away in Australia. On his return Tama and his

wife came to welcome him. He had brought out presents for all our Maori friends, and he had selected for Tama a silver watch with gorgeous guards and seals. This pleased the old fellow mightily, and three mortal hours were employed in instructing him how to tell the time and how to wind up the watch. Tama departed with ill-concealed glee, stopping every now and then to listen to the ticking of the watch.

However, the next morning as we sat at breakfast Tama appeared with a serious and sad expression of face. He would eat nothing, but drawing the donor of the watch aside, communicated to him the distressing intelligence that the watch had *died* during the night. The watch was wound up again, and another lesson given on its action to the ancient child.

He went away apparently satisfied and much enlightened in his mind, but the next morning Tama appeared again with the same sad and serious aspect, this time complicated with a look of intense puzzlement. He again contemplated the watch as it was wound up and set going. This was a total mystery to the old fellow. He said he had been "doing that" to the watch all night long, talking to it, and telling it not to die. We thought that he had not succeeded in opening the watch, but sat twiddling the key about the outside of it.

The same thing went on day after day. Tama began to grow weak and ill. He was haggard with anxiety, spending his days in listening to the regular tick-tick of the watch, and his nights in trying to keep it alive. In vain he sat up with it, night after night, holding it in his hands, caressing it, wrapping it in warm clothes, and laying it beside the fire, even—so he told us—reading the Bible and praying for it. In spite of this generous treatment, the watch invariably died about five o'clock in the morning. Then the miserable proprietor had to take his boat and row up the eight miles of river that lay between his place and ours.

At last the old fellow got a better idea of the hang of the thing. He essayed to wind the watch at night, but failed, and in some indescribable way managed to break the key. Then the charm was dissolved. Feeling that his health was becoming impaired by his devotion to this Pakeha fetish, and that consideration finally overcoming his pride, he returned the watch to its donor. He said it was "Kahore pai," or, as a Scotsman would put it, "No canny."

Tama keeps the guard and seals to wear on festive occasions. But the watch, no. He has had enough of such silly things. Henceforth, as formerly, the sun will suffice him for a timekeeper. That is not given to dying, nor does it require sitting up with at night and such like attentions, and it manages its own winding up.

---

DOCTOR: "Your wife is in a very critical state, and I should recommend you to call in some specialist to consult on the case." Husband: "There, you see, doctor, I was right again! I told my wife long ago she ought to get proper medical advice, but she thought you might be offended."

## MY SISTER SARAH.

BY J. H. BRAME.

*Author of "Truth Stranger than Fiction," etc., etc.*

**M**Y kind readers will perhaps allow me to dispense with ceremony, and introduce myself.

I am the sub-postmaster of Sandyfleet. To those persons who do not fully understand this important position, I must explain, that I am responsible for the correct deliveries, and despatches of all the letters belonging to her majesty's subjects, residing in this little town and neighbourhood—subject, of course, to my head office at Grumbleton.

Records of joys and sorrows, of fluttering hopes, and depressing fears, are daily passing through my hands; and often in my hours of relaxation, in the quiet hours of the night, it has been to me a source of speculation, as to which feeling would predominate—whether joy or sorrow—assuming a fire broke out on the premises, and consumed all the correspondence.

Possibly some of my readers have never visited Sandyfleet. For the benefit of those who have not been so fortunate, I must explain, that during the last few years, Sandyfleet has done honour to its belongings. The town has developed and expanded, stretched out its legs and arms, and gradually unrolled itself, until it now covers a wide area with white brick terraces, detached villas, eligible residences, and other attractions suitable to a summer resort. We have a church with stained glass windows, and a weathercock; a red-faced little Bethel, a Catholic chapel, and a bank. We have also a gas house, a reading-room, and a pier. I have never been exactly clear in my own mind for what purpose the pier was intended. Of course it does very well for a promenade for nursery-girls; and it serves as sounds well in an advertisement; and also looks well in pictures that visitors carry home with them to their more crowded localities, as *souvenirs* of the spot. But apart from all that, I must add the pier has not been a financial success; and many of the shareholders it has been simply a "Bridge of sighs."

Our neighbouring town of Cragmere, about two miles distant, proud and boastful of its antiquity, and tumble down, crows' nests of houses, pretends to look upon us with cold disdain; and speaks of our go-a-head qualities as something pretentious and insolent, with spiteful remarks about speculative builders, and so on.

Well, that sort of feeling may perhaps add to their happiness—one thing is certain it does not affect ours.

In addition to my official position, I am a bookseller, stationer, and vendor of all kinds of attractive articles, suitable for children of all ages and growths. I am a bachelor. I commenced life so early, and have been so busily engaged ever since, that I have scarcely had time to think of my present age. In short, I don't suppose I should have thought about it at all, had not the series of events, that here led me to write this little

history, brought the question of my age to the front as matter for grave consideration.

My sister Sarah, who is some years my senior, manages my household; and at the same time fondly imagines that she manages me. When I was a youngster she played the mother's part to admiration; and even now I believe I am little more than a baby in her eyes.

My early life was one of trouble and sorrow. At the age when young men of the present day are studying bicycling and bad cigars, I had upon my shoulders the whole charge of a widowed mother, and a business, that from neglect and other causes, had gone to rack and ruin.

My father in his time had been a great reader; and he speculated in expensive works such as he considered *ought* to be read by the public. But the books were never sold, and were only read by my father himself.

I can look back with a certain amount of pleasure to that time when, by rigid economy and close application to business, I managed to pull it out of the fire, and was able to provide every necessary comfort for my poor mother during her last illness.

When I remember all Sarah's sterling qualities that showed themselves at that time, I can smile to myself at her somewhat too careful regard shown on several occasions for my moral and spiritual welfare.

Sarah is a regular attendant at Little Bethel. The preacher, the Rev. Ebenezer Rubytip, being something more than perfection in her eyes.

Some long time since, I believe the two thought it was a brand worth preserving from the burning; but on one or two occasions I put a few questions to the reverend gentleman that he did not see his way quite clear to answer; and since that time I think they have given me up as a hopeless case. I was led to put these questions in the heat of a religious controversy, after reading some Catholic works; but to make this clear must begin at the beginning.

Some miles distant from Sandfleet is a barren expanse of country. In winter bleak and dismal, in summer parched and scorched to a white peat, the foreland terminating in chalk cliffs. Through these cliffs various pathways have been cut or worn by traffic, leading down to the sea coast. The place was suggestive of wrecks and smuggling; and in consequence a body of coastguards were stationed on the spot.

It chanced the senior man of this body was a Catholic. As there was no Catholic chapel near for miles, he was thrown upon his own resources; and he used to get the men together on Sundays, and read to them various religious books. The men, simple in their ideas, with no knowledge of the distinction between High Church and Low Church, thought the prayers very good, and saw no harm in the lessons.

These meetings were continued, until at length what commenced as something to while away the time grew into a habit; and the men became as anxious for the services as the promoter could possibly wish.

By degrees news of this little colony got noised abroad, and some gentlemen of influence, after making enquiries, determined that a Catholic

chapel should be built somewhere in the neighbourhood.

Sandfleet, as a rising place, was fixed upon; and one may perhaps imagine the terrible cry that was at once raised against the alleged aggression.

But the Sandfleetonians, as a body, are keenly alive to their own interest; and, after they had taken time to consider the matter, it dawned upon them that many would-be visitors were kept away from the town simply from the want of this religious accommodation. Therefore, making a virtue of necessity, they acquiesced in the arrangement; and subscriptions came in from sundry unexpected quarters.

When, however, the time for opening the chapel drew near, the No Popery element broke out afresh in several quarters. Controversial letters in the papers, strong worded lectures, and fierce denunciations from the pulpit, for a time stirred up the angry passion of the people. But the storm was too fierce to last long; and common sense resumed its place, and the angry feelings toned down. In the meantime the squabbles served my purpose well, as orders for books treating on both sides of the question came in faster than usual.

As a matter of course I read a good deal on the subject; and it was after studying Cobbett's "History of the Reformation," I put the few questions to the Rev. Rubytip that proved too strong for his digestion, and effectually put myself beyond the pale of his good graces.

From the first coming of Father Patrick to this mission we were good friends. I don't know why it should have been so; but it seemed at our first meeting as if we had known each other for years. This is one of the strange things I have never heard explained, nor attempted to be explained. Why with one person, talking is worse than difficult, nay almost impossible—and with another, ideas and words run as glibly as a school boy's.

Perhaps if I were versed in modern science, I should be able to believe we had met in some former state of existence.

In the course of a very short time, Father Patrick had made friends with most of the leading people in the place; and his cheerful smile and kind words to the poor, had, to my knowledge, an inspiring effect that would scarcely be imagined by those who do not trouble about such small matters. In short, his visits to the poor were looked for, and counted upon, as the bright spot in their cloudy existence. I am not going to write sentimental platitudes, but the idea is forced upon me. If people did but know the effect of a single kind word, or even a kind look upon a depressed spirit, would they, like that eastern gentleman of old, "pass over on the other side?"

Well, the result of all this was, that I, with several others, used to drop into the Catholic chapel on Sunday evenings.

On Sunday mornings, after a close week's work, I was generally too tired to get up very early; and to Sarah's expostulations, I used to tell her I was literally making the day a day of rest.

I had been attending a course of evening



lectures at the chapel beginning a few weeks before, and leading up to Christmas, and one of the number was a discourse upon the Nativity. It made a deep impression upon me, and led me to meditate upon the subject as I had never done before. Of course I knew all about it; and remembered it, in much the same manner as we remember the Battle of Waterloo, or the great fire in London, as undoubted facts in history, and nothing more.

It was on the last night of the year that I was sitting comfortably at home by the fireside. The comfort was considerably heightened by the effect of a heavy storm of sleet pattering against the windows. Sarah was at a midnight service at Little Bethel, and I was quite alone.

That Christmas Day at Bethlehem, years and years gone by, came vividly to my mind. The picture was unlike those classically draped groups that one frequently sees; or those fancy productions that are intended to represent the Nativity; pictures where the Virgin Mother is depicted in clean, bright coloured robes, with hair and garments artistically arranged, as if fresh from the hands of a professional lady's maid. No; the picture presented to my mind's eye was altogether different from that. I saw the Virgin Mother in coarse, dishevelled, travel-stained garments; her hair in disorder, thrown loosely over her shoulders, and reaching far down her back; as, with her arm encircling the little bed of straw, she crouched lovingly over the Holy Infant, and endeavoured to protect him from every breath of the cold night. S. Joseph, fagged and footsore from his long journey, with jaded face and ragged beard, squatted quietly on the floor; the look of wonder in his face, blended with thankfulness at being able to find any kind of resting place in that crowded city.

Oh, the cruelty, I thought, of the many rich, and well to do people in that place, who refused admittance to that hardly driven family! Had I been there, I would have flown to their succour. I would have opened wide my doors, and compelled them, however reluctant, to come in; all, all I had should have been at their disposal.

Carried away by these thoughts, I waxed warm and eloquent in my own mind, and heaped reproach upon reproach upon the heartless Jews, when I was startled out of my train of thought by an impatient rat-tat-tat at the front door.

I looked at the clock—it was too early for Sarah's return. The wind howled dismally round the house, and the rain rattled against the window panes. I felt a disinclination to move, and tried to persuade myself that the noise was the effect of imagination only.

In fact, I had so far succeeded, that I was settling myself down with this belief, when the rapping was repeated more energetically than before.

I moved hastily along the passage, and partially opened the door, when I was met by a small voice:

"Oh, for God's sake let me in, or I shall die!"

Startled, I dropped my hand from the door, and a fierce gust of hail and rain blew it wide open, and in tumbled a poor little waif, drenched to the

skin with the water streaming from her head down to her feet.

Scarcely able to stand, her head fell against the wall; and soon the dark streams of water ran down Sarah's highly prized dado papered passage, into a pool of dirty puddle on Sarah's well polished floor cloth.

Visions of Sarah's threatening countenance at this profanation of her household's gods, flashed through my mind; and my first impulse was to throw the dirty little thing back again into the street.

Alas! where were all my fine resolves of a few minutes before? Where was my love, and charity, that was to put to shame the whole nation of Jews? Vanished—gone—melted into their air, simply at the prospect of Sarah's wrath. Then came the burning thought—was this a test of my earnestness? was this a trial of my truth and strength?

The poor little waif looking up into my face, as if reading my thoughts, said:

"Oh, pray don't turn me out; let me stay till I get warm and dry."

I felt myself blushing at my cowardice, and with a sudden revulsion of feeling, I exclaimed:

"Turn you out? No, my child, certainly not;" and catching her by the arm, I hurried her into the kitchen where a good fire was burning.

I saw only a pair of dark, round frightened eyes, encircled by a forest of tangled hair; and, then, rushing up into my room, I brought down towels, blankets and pillows, from my own bed, and a pair of my own worsted stockings, of the ridge and furrow pattern, and throwing them to her, I said:

"There, make haste. Off with your wet clothes; wrap yourself up in the blanket and get warm; I'll bring you something to eat directly."

I filled a saucepan with soup, and put it on the sitting-room fire. I wrenched a loaf of bread in pieces, and crumbled half of it into a bowl; and by the time my little waif had got comfortable into the blanket, I took her the bowl of steaming soup.

"There, my dear child," I said, "eat that and then go to sleep;" and then I sat down to think it all over.

Soon after midnight, Sarah returned. The rain had ceased, and she came home in a tolerably comfortable condition. Upon opening the door, the light in the passage flashed upon the pool, and trail of dirty water, as she entered.

"Why, Ben," she exclaimed, "what have you been up to? You must have had the door open all night! Look at the water and mud on the floor! Oh, Ben, this is too bad! You are worse than a child to be left alone."

I don't think I have stated anywhere that my name is Benjamin—Benjamin West. I am not related to the great Benjamin West, that I am aware of; but I mention it to prevent confusion of ideas.

I sympathised with Sarah—the floor *was* dirty. Taking her by the hand, I led her gently into the room, and closed the door; and in a subdued voice, said:

"I have some news for you. We have a visitor."

"A visitor at this time of night? Good gracious! Who is it?"

"A lady: name unknown—origin and parentage, equally obscure."

"Don't be foolish, Ben. Tell me what you mean." And then I told her.

Sarah regarded me with a look of prolonged astonishment. When I had finished, she took off her wrappers, and hung them on the back of a chair, her bonnet she carefully hung upon another, and, taking a handkerchief from her pocket, she fastened a third, and sat down.

"Well," she exclaimed. "If anybody had told me I had a brother so soft, so daft, so foolish, I would not, I could not—*positively* I could not have believed it. Do you know what you have done? Have you any idea what you have been doing? Why, there can be no doubt whatever that this artful woman is associated with a gang of thieves; and it will be a fortunate thing if we are not murdered in our beds."

"Certainly," I replied, "there is that view to be taken of the case. So far as I know this lady may be armed with half a dozen revolvers; but in this soaking rain, I don't suppose they are very dangerous."

Sarah, unheeding my remarks, continued:

"There is no doubt in my mind at all, but this woman, this girl, or whatever she may be, is connected with a gang of thieves; and she came here for the purpose of gaining information. It is a part and parcel of the plan—a well-laid plan—to come at the time when I was at home; and you, poor silly boy, not able to go further than the end of your nose, allowed yourself to be so deceived. Why, I'll be bound that this very minute she is chuckling at the success of the trick played upon you; and is perhaps making a sketch of the rooms."

"Ah! I never thought of that. Had we not better go and see?"

We proceeded to the kitchen, and gently opened the door. There curled up in the blanket, with her head resting on the pillows, was this dangerous little bandit, fast asleep. The fire light was shining upon her face, giving a fitful, varying tinge to her cheeks. Her hair was lying loosely over the clothes, and seemed to be a yard in length. She was lying in a peaceful slumber. She was sweetly pretty, and I think Sarah felt the strong influence of the scene, until unfortunately she caught sight of the wet clothes lying on the floor; and that sight brought back the fire into her eyes.

The wet clothes were lying in a heap, the water still oozing from the sodden mass, and looking like a tiny island in a sea of mud.

Without the interchange of a single word we returned to the sitting-room, and then commenced the tug of war.

I knew well Sarah's peculiar bent of mind, and her determination in all cases, if possible, to have her own way. In short, she strongly reminded me of the Irishman's pig, to which

If you say, go one way  
'Tis sure to go the other.

With this knowledge to work upon, I adopted my tactics accordingly. I brought her a chair, and

placed it near the fire, and drawing my own up in front, I sat down. Giving the fire a preliminary stir, and nodding my head in the direction of the kitchen, I said:

"A very suspicious case, that."

"She is young, very young, and fast asleep," returned Sarah musingly; then added: "I wish you would let the fire alone."

"Did you notice the wet clothes?" I asked.

"Of course I did. How do you think I could help seeing them?"

"Well, what you think about it? I will tell you what *I* am thinking of doing."

"Something clever, no doubt."

"Now you speak of it, that would, perhaps, be the better way to put it. You saw those wet clothes, you say? Well, if you will help me, we will give them a good wringing, and hang them here by the fire, and by the time this young bandit has got through her sleep, they will be dry."

"Bandit—sleep—dry. Certainly, yes. What after that?"

"Why, shove her into her harness again, and send her off. It isn't raining now, is it?"

"Not raining? Just listen: where are your ears? Ben, I am ashamed of you. I never thought I should be called upon to say such a word. I never thought I should be ashamed of my brother. Turn that poor child out! Why it is a night not fit for a dog to be abroad."

"A dog; no, that is a very different thing. Dogs have no souls—so the parsons tell us; I have no idea where they get their information from; but whether they have or not, it is quite certain, that for truth and good feeling, they beat half the men, and, as a matter of fact, half the women too."

"Don't be profane, Ben. Really, since you have been going backwards and forwards to that Romanist chapel, you have got right down wicked. I wish you would listen to Mr. Rubytip—"

"Too late to-night, I am afraid."

"I wish you would leave off that ribaldry and foolish talking. It is highly unbecoming in a man of your years."

"Exactly so. An old man, several years junior to his sister."

This was the last straw—and Sarah bounced out of the room, as may be supposed, in not the happiest humour.

An hour afterwards, I peeped into the kitchen. The wet clothes were hanging upon a horse in front of the fire, and my little waif, had been spirited away to the servant's bedroom.

As a rule, I am an early riser, and the following morning I turned out at my usual time, although my hours of rest had been considerably curtailed, by the events of the preceding night.

I dislike being at cross purposes with any one, more especially with my sister. It is not pleasant to meet a severe face at the breakfast table, calculated to make one feel as if he had done something deserving reproach.

Sarah's face this morning was a puzzle to me. She was quiet, and scarcely noticed anything I said or did, but went through the breakfast table arrangements with mechanical precision.

As soon as the teapot had received its proper

attention, she poured out a breakfast cup of tea ; and, taking a round of toast, and piling upon the plate sundry slices of chicken and ham, she left the room, taking them with her.

I understood it all, and my heart warmed to her with a thrilling glow. I thought there was nobody had such a good sister as I had in Sarah ; and, when she came again into the room, I took her hand and said :

"Sarah, I wish you a happy new year, and may God bless you."

The tears came into Sarah's eyes. She returned the pressure of my hand, and— then we went on with our breakfast.

Some time later in the day, when my little waif made her appearance, I was surprised to find she was not such a child as I had imagined. Sitting cosily round the fire, it was with varied feelings we listened to her little history.

(To be continued.)

## A WORD ON INTERJECTIONS.

**A**N odd thing about interjections is that very few people know what they imply when they use them. One of the most familiar of all is the cry "Dear me !" which, as a comedy that had a very long run some years ago, went to prove—though proof was not necessary—is susceptible of many interpretations when differently spoken. Few people are, perhaps, aware that "Dear me" is believed to be a corruption of the modern French "*Mon Dieu*," through the Italian "*Dio mio*." These words, when quickly pronounced, sound much like the often heard "Dear me," and are supposed to have originated the phrase ; while the companion cry, "Oh dear me !" is said to be the English form of "*Ay de mi* !" How it happens that words and phrases from all countries have been pressed into service by English speakers is a matter very difficult to explain ; but the fact remains. One frequent exclamation is borrowed from the "unspeakable Turk," as Mr. Gladstone used to call the subjects of the Sultan a few years ago. This is "bosh !" for "bosh" is the pure Turkish for "empty." There are so many ways of telling a man he is mistaken or is talking nonsense, that it is strange the Turkish method should have been adopted. "Jingo" is another Oriental term, a corruption of "jenco," which means the devil. "By jingo" is employed by many people who never suppose they approach to what is comprehensively called swearing, or to the use of bad language. Many innocent sounding expressions have a strong meaning, while on the other hand, many strong sounding expressions are perfectly innocent. If a little boy said, for instance, that he "didn't care a dam," he would probably get into trouble ; yet there is no harm in the phrase, except, of course, that "don't care" came to a bad end. A "dam" is a small Indian coin of trifling value ; not to "care a dam" is not to care twopence. Among the lower classes "drat 'em"—or drat her as the case may be—is

very often employed to give vent to discontent or reproof ; and this has a serious significance. "Drat 'em" is a contraction of "May the gods uproot them," and the now extinct "Od rot 'em"—extinct unless by chance it lingers among some old fashioned people in out of the way districts—is another form of the same imprecation. "Fools, 'od rot 'em" were "the last words of Higginbottom" in a famous poem, but it is probable that since Higginbottom not very many people have used the phrase. "Hurrah" is another interjection that had a powerful significance. It was an appeal to the god Thor, and was derived from the words "Tur aie," or "Thor aid." Uttering this battle cry believers in the god dashed upon their foes. Little does the young lady who cries "Hurrah !" to celebrate some such little triumph as the return or failure to return a ball at lawn tennis know that she is invoking the aid of the mighty heathen divinity and proclaiming herself to be a heathen. Few huntsmen would be ready to credit the assertion that they talked French to their hounds. It is not possible to guess what Mr. Jorrocks would have said, if anyone had told him that when he cried "Yoicks !" to the Handleycross pack, he was adopting the language of a nation for which he had a profound contempt. In one of his belittles Robson, after remarking that some of them had been "talking in heroics," use to pause and inquire with the air of one who sought the solution of a puzzle, "I wonder what that huntsman meant by yo-icks ?" That is not the orthodox pronunciation, nor are the cries of huntsmen at whips to be translated into the alphabet ; but "hoix"—or yoicks, as more generally spelt—is a form of "*haut ici*" and "hallo" is "*au loup* !"—to the wolf. The meaning of the "halloo," therefore, has in no way altered. When the wolf was found, the Normans cried "*Au loup* !" to guide the wolf-hounds to the quarry. When a fox is viewed away at the present time a halloo is given by the whip or somebody else—a somebody very often who is in the wrong place, and does far more harm than good—but this is by the way. To sportsmen the two shouts sound much alike, and to hounds, ancient and modern, who do not discriminate in the matter of spelling, there can have been no difference at all.

**SHARP.**—About the year 1847, when peace seemed to be entirely re-established in the island of New Zealand, the inhabitants of the northern part, under the encouragement of the governor Sir George Grey, set to work with all the strength of purpose to grow wheat. The governor was liberal in presents of ploughs and horses. One old chief sat up all night after the arrival of his plough horse, talking to and caressing it. "What is the good of your doing that ?" said a matter of fact settler to him, "he can't understand you." "Can't he ?" said the old man with a knowing nod, "then, why do you say : 'Gee up, and 'Whoa' ?'"



TELLING THE STORY.

## Sherborne; or, the House at the Four Ways.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems," "Grey's Court," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

HE sat down, the old lady did likewise, opposite us, bolt upright, without being stiff, and redolent of times that have no trace at all on the society of our own. Don Pascolini bowed; I said that I was happy to have had it in my power to do as she desired; and we relapsed into silence. All at once, while I was wondering what would happen next, she engaged in *medias res*, and grew so earnest, that the last century became hardly distinguishable.

"I am an old woman," she said, "and when I am dead there will be no one to tell what I want to be known, or to do even the little that I can do. Now, I will tell you the facts of the case at once, and then I will ask you to advise and help me; for I want to carry out the just wishes of one who cannot do so for herself, because she is dead."

"Anything that I can do by just means for a just cause I shall be happy to do," said Don Pascolini.

She inclined her head slightly, and proceeded



as follows, while I interpreted for Don Pascolini such sentences as he could not clearly understand :

"That place, Hazeley, on the other side of the hill to the right of this house, belonged to the ancient family of the Sherbornes. The present possessor is not a Sherborne, though he bears the name. The family suffered much, and the property was much diminished, by the penal laws ; yet still the property was held together, though the lives, liberties, and possessions of successive owners were in continual danger, and more than one of the family died on the scaffold for his faith."

At this moment a change came over her countenance—a change for the worse—as if the devil were entering a protest within her against the inferences of her story. She smiled harshly, eliminated from her eyes all appearance of seeing, so that they could not come in contact with ours, and added, as in a parenthesis :

"You must not think that I am going to be a Catholic."

"Do not fear. I never thought so," interrupted Don Pascolini in English : after which he relapsed into his former attitude of close and inexpressive attention.

This treatment of the protest rather disconcerted her ; she took refuge in what may be called sentimental archæology, and covered the retreat with feminine special pleading, thus :

"But you might have thought that I had some interest in a family that I know so well—too well."

Thinks I, "You are a woman still, anyhow."

"The last possessor in the direct male line," said she, after a short pause, "died in 1746, just after the battle of Culloden. The connection of those two dates began the train of events I am going to relate. He had not been in any way concerned in the rising ; but a friend who was, had stopped one night at his house during that period, which gave a colourable pretext for treating him as a rebel. So the heir, who was a boy at Douai College, was deprived of his inheritance by confiscation ; and a first cousin of his father's, who had turned Protestant, entered into possession as heir-at-law. The rightful heir, then only fifteen, had a sister three years older. She had fallen in love with this cousin, and she gave up her religion to marry him ; but she had no direct hand in depriving her brother of his inheritance, as I shall show presently. She survived her husband many years, and died at the age of eighty-six ; it was the year before the battle of Waterloo. She had one son and a grandson living when I was with her. The grandson was a little older than myself."

As she said these last words her voice trembled much, her eyelids fell, and a faint blush passed over her withered cheek. Recovering herself with an effort, she went on to say :

"And now I must make an effort that will cost me a great deal. I am going to tell you the story of my life, in order to show that circumstances, and not eccentricity, have made me live by myself so long ; otherwise you might suspect me of drawing on a diseased imagination for what I relate."

"I am well born on my father's side, and by no means the reverse on my mother's. My father, who was the eleventh child of a younger son, wa

of course poor. He held a small family living, and offended his relations by his marriage. He died in difficulties when I was only sixteen, and old Mrs. Sherborne, who had known him when he was a boy, took me as a companion—or perhaps I ought to say, she half adopted me. I hated the idea ; but beggars mustn't be choosers, they say."

She paused, and appeared to be gathering herself up for an effort. The effort was aided by a heterogeneous influx of feelings—good, bad, mixed, and inscrutable.

"This withered old creature," said she, "now trespasses on your kind patience, was once less unattractive—at least Mrs. Sherborne's grandson, Alfred Sherborne, thought so. But his father would not hear of it. Then he went out to the Militia, which was embodied in those days, and he was forbidden to come home because he was there ; and my heart was breaking, and a woman's pride, or self-respect, or delicacy—what you will—had to be ignored, for they kept me there out of charity. One day he rode many miles to meet me by appointment. I dare say it was very wrong of me, but I don't know much about duty—I never was taught it, except as a thing that would somehow or other bring punishment if it was neglected. I loved him very truly, and wanted to see him at least once more. I thought he should have died when we parted ; for, though he had spoken hopefully to him, my heart was saying all the while."

She paused again, but only for a second, and drew a quick breath. Then she pronounced, distinctly, but in a totally altered voice, the words :

"But people are not killed so easily as I thought—I have lived here fifty-five years. It means of doing so were left me by Mrs. Sherborne when she died."

"How I lived through that time I don't know, nor how I lived through the first year in this house. All I know is that my body survived, my mind survived, but my heart was turned to stone. And, now, do you think I am worth the head ?"

"No," answered Don Pascolini with decision. I echoed his reply. She bowed slightly, and

"Mrs. Sherborne's brother lost his inheritance ostensibly on account of the rising of 1745, which every one knew he had nothing to do with, really because he was a Catholic. I can't tell when the law was last enforced which deprived any one educated beyond the seas in a Catholic college of the right to inherit property in England. It gradually died out in practice, and I don't know when it was put in force for the last time, but, anyhow, it was not wanted on that occasion. They had a better card to play. There is no doubt, if any, that the cousin helped, in an underhand way, to get the business done ; and I am sure that the lady let things take their course willingly. The son had a brother and a sister who died young, or at any rate unmarried. My wife had died (I think of consumption) before I knew him. He had only one child—Alfred. I have already mentioned him."

"After old Mrs. Sherborne died, the property went to her son, Alfred's father. He lived there a long time, and his death made

impression at all on any one, except the undertaker.

"But I shall shock you," she muttered, with a hard smile. "The fact is, I must have died if I had not grown hard. Oh yes, of course, if I were a saint—but I am not."

Then, finding that Don Pascolini took no notice of the challenge, she said:

"He died some years ago at a great age—I don't know exactly how old he was, and he left the property to his niece—the mother of the present possessor, George Sherborne."

"I wonder," thought I, "whether George Sherborne knows the remote cause of his having the estate; if he does, I can understand his peculiar attraction to the Establishment."

I wondered also what became of Alfred, the son; but I did not like to ask her, and she said:

"I have a dim idea of having heard something about the Hazeley estate going out of the direct line, but I never heard how."

"I dare say," said she. "People tell half the truth in everything—in everything, every-thing."

Whether these last words were intentional or an utterance of despair, I cannot say; but I, my part, could not help thinking that, wisely, the interest of justice, does the law of England require its witnesses to speak the whole truth, and, according to the wisdom of this world, the Great No-Popery Tradition avoid such dangerous precision. If honest Protestants in a country could but perceive that in the matter of Catholicity they never hear the whole truth, the days of that No-Popery Tradition would be numbered.

The old lady remained silent for a while, and seemed to be absorbed in the contemplation of her own memories. At last she roused herself, without an effort, and said:

"Now I am going to tell you more about Mrs. Sherborne—you will presently see why. I have said that she did nothing against her brother, and consented to what was done. During the time I passed at Hazeley I was her only confidante—indeed, her only friend; for she saw no others, and was very reserved with her two relations, her son and grandson. I wonder at the time why she seemed so ill-at-ease with them; but I understood it well enough afterwards—and so will you. So often did I hear from her what I am about to relate, that I must have a memory at all if I did not remember it almost word for word. She used to begin in this way: 'My dear young friend, you don't know what I (and I hope you never may) to find your conscience all wrong, and to hear a voice tell you it too late to be of any use. What would I not do to be again a girl, and all that I used to do!'"

"One day—I remember it well, we were sitting in her own old wainscoted room—she mumbled something about not being able to pray, and giving no one to advise or comfort her in any way; and when, not knowing what to say, I asked her mechanically if she would like to see the clergyman of the parish, she became excited and answered: 'No, no! never ask me to do

that. I tell you he can be of no more use to me than the parish clerk or the churchwarden.' After that she was silent for ever so long, and absent, taking no heed of anything. At length she went on to speak; and she spoke very slowly, as if she wanted to impress what she said upon my mind. And this is what she said:

"I think you know," said she, "that my brother was deprived of his inheritance, whilst a boy at Douai, in consequence of the rising (rebellion they called it, though the monarchy is an hereditary one, and the Pretender, as they called him, was the legitimate heir); and I think I have told you that my father had nothing to do with the rebellion."

"Yes," said I, "you told me that once before;" and she replied:

"Yes, yes; but I never told you that I consented to the wrong, profited by the wrong, tempted another to do the wrong, silenced every suggestion of my conscience in pursuing the special object that tempted me to wish for the wrong, apostatized from the faith, without even the miserable pretence of having lost it, to gain that special object which made me reckless of the wrong. All this you did *not* know; and it is necessary that you should know it, because you may one day, perhaps, be the means of helping me to make restitution. Ever since my husband died I have secretly tried to find out what has become of my brother. While my husband lived I dared not speak on the subject; he was so violent. He was an unkind and faithless husband, though for his sake I had in a way helped to rob my own brother, yes, and sold my soul to marry him. For, indeed, I never wanted to have anything to do with the property, only it was impossible for me to marry him without; and so I did that also, as I would have done anything else, I suppose, for him."

"Then she told me all about the trials and disenchantments of her married life—a sad story and a long one." She went on with it for, I dare say, an hour or more. The rest of what she said I will read straight off from the notes I made at the time."

She took a small bunch of keys from her pocket, and crossing the little room with a dignity that made it seem a large one, unlocked the bureau. Then she removed a bundle of what appeared to be receipted bills from one of the pigeon-holes, and pressing an invisible spring at the farther end, produced out of a secret drawer below, a manuscript folded up in a letter cover, as letters used to be folded before the days of the penny-post,\* and read out as follows:

"And that was the return I met with, after giving up everything for him. Not that I blame him—oh, no! I dare say it was my fault, and it made no difference in my feelings—only I want you to see that wrong-doing never leads to good. I had not been married many days when I discovered that he only cared for the property, and not for me; but that served me right. Now, my family had suffered much for the Faith. You

\* That is, as established in 1840. It appears, however, to have existed in Sir John Vanbrugh's time. See "The Provoked Wife," where Lady Brute's maid says, "Madam, here's a letter for your Ladyship by the penny-post."



mustn't be offended at what I say. The Parliament had thought it right to make laws against us Catholics that pressed very hard on us, and from time to time they had been enforced by sheriffs, and magistrates, and others in authority.'

"And I," said the old lady, laying down her notes for a moment and addressing Don Pascolini; "I had to reassure her that I was not offended, and would not make any unfair use of her words, before she would proceed—so strong was the traditional fear of persecution among English Catholics even then, and later still, as if they half expected to see the penal laws enforced again, unless they kept very quiet. I couldn't help expressing my surprise at this, especially as she had become a Protestant outwardly when she married, and remained so. Mrs. Sherborne replied," said the old lady again referring to her notes:

"If you had known and seen what even I, who have been out of the way of these things for sixty-eight years, have known and seen, you would not be surprised. But all that—and none but those who were alive in those days could have any idea of what it was—all that was as nothing compared with the things that had been. My dear young friend, I can assure you those things were spoken of in whispers even when I was a girl. I knew a great deal about them; but not a tenth part of what actually happened; for the houses of Catholics were always liable to be ransacked, and themselves dragged away to prison, so that they were afraid of having written documents; and what written evidence there is, tells but a very, very small part of the truth. When I was about twelve years old, a great-aunt of mine—an elder sister of my grandmother's, was at Hazeley for six months or more. She was infirm, and I, as the eldest, sat with her a great deal. She was eighty then, and could remember the days of Titus Oates. But besides that, she had heard her father and mother speak of what happened in their time. She had heard them speak of what they had heard in their childhood from old people about James the First, and Cecil, and Chief-Justice Coke, and Topcliffe the priest-hunter—and it was but twenty years before then that Margaret Clitheroe was slowly crushed to death for refusing to betray the priest who had been sheltered in her house. I don't know that I need talk of these things though; but old women are garrulous, and like to tell things in a roundabout way. They can't go on straight to the point.'

"I hastened to assure her that I was much interested in all she was saying. She looked pleased at this; and, indeed, all the time she was talking about the sufferings of Catholics under the penal laws she seemed happier than usual, as if the thoughts they suggested gave her relief from others more painful.

"Well, then," she said, 'I will go on with my story in my own way. If the walls of this old house could speak, they could tell you a long, long story of suffering and patience and heroism and holiness and brutality. Under the floor of an attic at the other end of the house is a priest's hiding-place, a few feet long and quite dark. There was another made by cutting off part of the inside of a large chimney: it was entered from

the roof; and there was a trap-door to enter the roof by at the top of a large cupboard in another part of the house. You must move the shelves to see it. That one was pulled down by my husband, because he wanted to have a fire in the room, and the wood (for the hiding-place was of wood) would have been dangerous. In those hiding holes, holy priests, living saints, have lain concealed, with no room to stretch their limbs, and almost afraid to breathe, lest they should compromise the inmates of the house, whilst the vilest ruffians were burning into ladies' rooms, often in the dead of night, breaking open boxes, carrying off private letters, and driving pickaxes into the walls for the purpose of bringing those that were sheltered there to the rack, and the gibbet, and the bowelling knife. Yes, my dear, you never heard of that, I dare say; for history has been made to order, and people must not know how the Protestant religion was forced upon the English nation. But those missionary priests used to be cut down from the gibbet, and quartered: and, not unfrequently they were cut down so quickly that they were still alive—some of them actually spoke and prayed afterwards. Do you wish to hear more? I could give you a much more graphic account if you like—a story which no romance can equal—a story that will draw tears from your eyes, make you turn pale with horror, take possession of your nerves as if a terrible drama were being now played before you, so that at night you would start up from your sleep, and fancy yourself living in the days of Topcliffe. No, no! I should frighten you; and besides, I must get on.

"By-and-by you shall hear more about it, as about the days too when I was a girl. Of the days I will only say now that none but Catholics living at the time could have any idea of what they were. They were more depressing, more wearying to human nature, more trying to perseverance, than the days of racks and gibbets and quartering knives. We were, so to speak, graded from the honour of martyrdom, and became pariahs in a land where every good man did every great work, every right principle. What Catholics had done for it. And so it remained, too, after that—but not for me to witness, except from a distance, where I could only guess at the truth now and then. I had inherited the privilege of suffering for the faith, and I sold my birthright; and what little I learned about those who remained faithful I only learned from hearsay, without being certain of anything about it except that it was certain to be more less untrue.'

"Which," remarked the old lady, by way of parenthesis, putting down for a moment the documents she was reading, and addressing Don Pascolini, "I afterwards discovered to be no exaggeration, but rather the reverse; for, when Father Malone was condemned to perpetual imprisonment for saying Mass, all she heard of was that he had got into trouble through being incautious; and she was assured that it was an unusual occurrence, though I found afterwards that nearly every week from 1765 to 1773 Pape the informer, had some priest arrested, or taken some step in the prosecution of one; and

\* Barnard's 'Life of Dr. Chaloner, p. 132.

attorney in Gray's Inn told Charles Butler in 1780, that his own firm had defended more than twenty priests.\* You will think I am going to be a Catholic after that, but I am not going to do any such thing; but that is neither here nor there at this moment.

"Well, Mrs. Sherborne went on to say just this. Here it is in my notes. She said:

"Now, my dear young friend,"—I was young then," parentheized the interesting, but unpleasant old lady, with a hard curl of the lip—"I have a favour to ask," continued Mrs. Sherborne. 'I believe that my brother remained in France, but during my husband's lifetime I could make no inquiries, and since then there has been incessant war; and besides, what could a lonely woman do—for lonely enough I was, and my son often away, and myself not caring to stir into anything, and altogether wretched in mind? I don't suppose my brother is alive, I am very old, and he was only three years younger; but there may be a son, or a grandson. Now, what I want you to do before I am dead is this—and I think that will be soon, and I pray, and I will pray, if I have not lost the power of praying, that I may be reconciled to the Church before I die—only it seems too hard a thing to almost as if it had been taken from me by the judgment of God—and first, I must tell you that I have invested for you a sum sufficient to give you an income of three hundred a-year, which I inherited from my mother. So you will be independent. Well, then, what I want you to do is this: they tell me there are some French people living at Bramscote, the Arden's place. Now, I don't know why, but the idea possesses me that I may be able to give some information about my brother or his heirs. I have been told that they came from the north of France; and at least they can do no harm; and if they tell nothing, ten to one they can put me in the way of making inquiries: for though the college was seized and all the people belonging to it scattered by the French Revolution in 1793—that is only one and twenty years ago, and there must be people in or near the town of Douai who remember some of the members of the college, and may have heard about my brother losing his inheritance: for those things are likely to be remembered, and the only thing is to find the right people.

You must know that after all the Catholicism had been suppressed in England, there was a law passed in the reign of James I. by which those educated in a Catholic college beyond the sea forfeited his inheritance; and, though the Act of '45 was made the pretence, every one knew very well that it was his religion, and nothing else; and so the thing might perhaps be remembered in connection with the college. Now, I don't call at Bramscote myself, because I have never been there since all this. How could I? I could I, under any circumstances, face a village where the father had had his horses taken away out of his carriage because they were worth more than five pounds apiece, and had been obliged to get a written permission from my husband, as a magistrate, before he could go more than five miles from home to be married, whilst I

was living in all the material comfort of apostasy, at ease in everything except in heart and in conscience? And though sixty-eight years have passed since then, and both father and son are dead, I *can't* enter that house now. I don't mind not having called for so many years, oh, no! but I can't meet the eye of the priest. Later I hope and intend; but *now* you must do this thing for me. The best way to do it is this. Go there, and ask to see the priest; tell him why you have come, and ask him either to introduce you to the foreigners or get their answer for you. And *do* go to-day if you can—there is plenty of time to do it.

"And if I can hear that my brother or his heirs are still living, I want to make my will in their favour. For, as you know, all this property is mine, and I have power over it by will. Therefore, do go to-day. Only it is better not to drive up to the door; it would make people talk, perhaps, if the carriage were seen there. Stay—you can call at the rectory; there you will put up the carriage, if they are at home, and after you have sat there awhile, you can say that you want to see Dame Ayres. She was my maid years ago, and she lives in the village: her husband is the blacksmith. Tell her that I was not well enough to come myself—indeed, I feel fit for nothing to-day—and then say you are in a hurry, and slip into Bramscote Park by the footpath just out of the village. If you are quick about it, you will get back to the rectory without their suspecting that you have been anywhere else but with Dame Ayres; and if you are longer about it than you expect, you can be supposed to have gone into the large wood behind the cottage, and lost your way by getting off the public path that runs through it. Yes, you had better go into the wood after you have left the cottage; and if you keep at the edge of the wood, and turn to the left, you will come out where there are some wooden steps over the park wall, unless it is altered (but I drove there not many months ago, and it was there then), and a footpath will take you to the house. Now do go—I will order the carriage to come round at once. Don't say no! for, if you refuse, you will make yourself an accomplice in the evil deed; you will be consenting to it, and so call down upon yourself the curse with which Almighty God never fails to visit, in one way or another, those who oppress the widow and the orphan.

"Go, my child, and try to help a poor old creature, who is scarcely able even to wish aright, so heavily do the consequences of one sin lie upon her soul, weighing it down till it becomes incapable of making any effort. Oh! I would ask some of them to pray for me, for I am in the utmost need of prayers. Ask the priest, and the others, too, as many as you can, to pray for one who has almost lost the power of praying for herself, one who, having long refused the grace of God, is weak against the temptations of the devil, and wavers in her will. Don't ask me what I mean by that—at least, not unless you were older, and determined to know. *He* will know what I mean. Stay a moment.'

"Then she rang the bell, and ordered the carriage. I was about to leave the room to get

\* "Butler's Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 64.

myself ready, when she took me by the hand, and said :

"Come with me first : I shall not detain you long. I have something more to say—something to show you."

(*To be continued.*)

## THE ENCHANTED LAND.



WHEN but a child, an innocent child,  
playing  
In rich, deep meadows, sweet with  
clover bloom :

When but a child beside my mother straying,  
In the first fall of evening's rosy gloom.  
When in the west, flowed the full golden fountains,  
Have I not seen a fairer sky expand—  
Where, to the north, beyond brown, rugged moun-  
tains

Lay an enchanted land.

Enchanted? yes, the lofty mountains guarding  
The place beneath, were its imperial walls;  
And oft my wistful, wondering gaze rewarding,  
I saw the radiance from its fairy halls.  
Upon the mountain summits play in splendour,  
And when the sunset glory dallied there  
Among the rocks. Oh, how I longed to wander  
To scenes so wondrous fair.

And oh, there came a time when to the mountain  
My way was free, one clear delightful morn—  
When over cliff and meadow, grove and fountain,  
Loud summer winds blew their long sounding  
horn :

Up crag and peak I toiled with quick decision,  
Upon the mountain top at length to stand—  
And feast my gaze upon the expected vision  
Of the enchanted land.

Was there bright castles and brave knights un-  
armed,  
Princesses playing in the witching shade  
Of fairy bowers, was it a region charmed,  
Where kind immortal powers with mortal played?  
Alas, no, arid deserts, cold and lonely,  
With dead and barren hills on every hand,  
Appeared to mock my sight, and this, this only  
Was my enchanted land.

When but a boy, an ardent boy beholding  
The panorama of the living world,  
Before my wondering, wistful eyes unfolding;  
I saw in fascinating circles whirled,  
Its pomps and powers, its beauty and its pleasures,  
And with vague longing for what lay beyond—  
Cried "here with all the heart's most needed  
treasures  
Lies an enchanted land."

Alas, my life has vanished like a shadow—  
An empty life with idle visions filled,  
And vain regrets and hopes, since in the meadow  
My wandering heart at fancy's mirage thrilled.  
For me with darkness all the earth is covered—  
Blackly it rises up on every hand,  
And I will die, and never have discovered  
The bright enchanted land.

D. C. DEAN.

## THE SMUGGLERS' ROCK.



SMUGGLING goes on from Gibraltar by land and sea, and the chief articles in which it is carried on are tobacco, which in Spain is a government monopoly, tea, coffee, sugar and other colonial goods, upon which heavy duties are demanded at the Spanish Custom houses. The smuggling of cotton tissues and other English manufactures has greatly decreased during the last few years. Spanish authorities contend that the tobacco with which their government supplies the consumer is infinitely better than the tobacco which is smuggled in, and that contraband does not affect their monopoly by the lowness of the price at which the smuggled goods are sold. The "lines" which separate the British from Spanish territory across the narrow neck of isthmus which makes the Rock a peninsula are only a few hundred yards distant from the town of Gibraltar. The Spaniards have on their side so barred the way across the sandy flat, as to allow so narrow a way through, that permit walking, riding, or driving past their line must as they go brush past their Custom-house officials and *Carabineros*, or Custom-house guards. Here, nevertheless, an endless number of petty smugglers—chiefly women and children—manage incessantly to go through with the hidden merchandise secreted about their persons. Large cartloads of tobacco used till lately to be driven up to the last limits of British territory, where, in the open air and in full daylight, the creatures, hundreds and hundreds at a time, divested themselves of their clothes and packed themselves all over with the contents of the cart, put their rags on again, and thus laden, took their way into Spanish ground. This practice is now discontinued.

As an isolated spot, Gibraltar is not much favourable to the Spanish smuggling trade. Tangiers, Tetuan, and the other Spanish dependencies, Ceuta, Melilla, or any other port accessible by straits would be, and indeed there is a long list of complaints against the French authorities at Ceuta, where large cargoes of tobacco from Gibraltar are landed, and whence they are afterwards stealthily conveyed to various points on the coast of Spain; for so lucrative, as it seems, is the clandestine and criminal tobacco trade that the Spaniards easily bear the expenses of two or more voyages to Gibraltar, however, in the Spaniard's opinion, offers to the smuggler the especial advantage of its immediate proximity. Algeciras, at only a few miles' distance across the Bay, is visited almost hourly by small ferry steamers and boats, and shoals of smugglers as their only passengers. A small craft of every description carry on the intercourse with Estepona, Marbella, and all the coast as far as Malaga on one side, and Tarifa and all the coast as far as Cadiz on the other. Steamers of larger size, of Spanish or other lines, take passengers on board with no attention to what they take with them as luggage, and as they proceed along the coast, they are in the dark, or even by daylight, approached by fishing boats, into which bales of tobacco are

other forbidden merchandise are dropped, probably without the knowledge, possibly with the connivance, of the captains. For so universal, so all-pervading, is the smuggling business, if you believe the Spanish authorities, that many of the richest merchants, shipowners, and shipmasters, as well as all the well-to-do mountain population of these districts, are more or less actively engaged in it and enrich themselves by it.

Against this wholesale trade, to prevent which the Spanish revenue officers by land and sea seem utterly helpless, how can the English authorities at Gibraltar lend efficient aid? The Spanish consul would wish that no steamers or sailing vessels should leave the harbour without giving an account of the cargo they had on board and its destination, and, indeed, all particulars to which effect are not only supplied to him, but also published in the bulletins of the local press. But the difficulty lies in the verification of the correctness of the statement given, which would involve a search and vigilance extremely troublesome and tedious, and which would not, after all, be satisfactory, unless, at least in the case of vessels sailing under Spanish colours, the consul himself or his agents were allowed to exercise the right of personal inspection.

But it is very evident that even with the most earnest goodwill, and with no matter how gross a violation of her principles as to the freedom of commerce and navigation, England could do next to nothing towards checking the contraband which is so grievously damaging the interests of the Spanish revenue. In the port of Gibraltar, as at the gates of the town, in obedience to indispensable military rule, ingress and egress are forbidden between sunset and sunrise, and no vessels are allowed to leave harbour at night without special permission. But vessels which have left harbour before sunset cannot easily be prevented from carrying in the bay at their own pleasure, and taking in such contraband merchandise as small boats may manage to convey to them by stealth under favour of darkness. Owing to want of space in the cramped-up wharves and docks of the town, large stores of coal are kept in hulks moored outside the port. These coal-dépôts, the Spanish consul asserts, take in large loads of tobacco bales, and these are easily transferred to the hulks to the smuggling vessels while they are waiting outside the harbour either for a light or a fair wind. It is obvious, in short, that vessels with contraband on board cannot be deterred from leaving Gibraltar, and the question is to what extent the Spanish revenue officers by land or sea can intercept their further progress. The rule of the sea allows every State full jurisdiction over three maritime miles round its coasts. But between Gibraltar and Algeciras the bay is only five miles across, and the claims of England and Spain to their respective three miles of water cannot be easily reconciled. A Spanish revenue cruiser has no right to search or otherwise interfere with suspected vessels within English waters, and as at night or in foggy weather a nice calculation of distances and discrimination between English and Spanish waters are not easy, a vessel hugging the eastern side of the day down to Europa Point at the extremity

of the Rock and three miles beyond has a fair chance of gaining the open sea and baffling the vigilance or outspeeding the chase of the Spanish revenue boats.

It is clear, therefore, that this smuggling evil has roots not easily to be reached by any well-meant exertions on the part of the British Government, and, to give some idea of the difficulties the Gibraltar authorities have to contend with, it will be sufficient to state that the Spanish revenue cruisers, whenever in the discharge of their duties they are allowed to visit Gibraltar, seldom go back without some bales of tobacco on board—a substantial evidence that, with all their parade of zeal in the service, they are not themselves above dabbling in the unlawful trade they are appointed to put down.

Her Majesty's Government, at all times, and especially after the restoration of the Bourbon Dynasty in 1875, yielding to the diplomatic solicitations of the ministers of King Alfonso XII., have taken this painful subject into serious consideration, and a variety of schemes has been proposed and discussed with a view to lend Spain all the assistance in the protection of her revenue which a friendly State could reasonably expect from a just neighbour.

It is very certain that no Englishman, and perhaps, also, no British subject, at Gibraltar has a direct hand in the smuggling trade of which Spain complains; but it is equally evident that all Gibraltar and the English merchants connected with the Gibraltar trade profit by it. The sale of tobacco, which is in Spain a Government monopoly, yields to that country an annual income of 3,200,000, one half of which, however, is absorbed by the purchase, freight, and manufacture of the leaf, while the Custom-house officers, guards, etc., entail a further expense of £600,000—a charge especially arising from a vain endeavour to oppose the tobacco contraband. With all this the Government supply of tobacco (7,426,937lb.) only meets one-half of the demand; the other half is introduced by the smuggling trade. Gibraltar is undoubtedly the chief depôt of this illicit trade, the quantity finding its way from the rock into Spain averaging between 80,000cwt. and 100,000cwt. yearly. The persons engaged in and living by this trade in Gibraltar, as manufacturers or dealers, number between 1,600 and 2,000, constituting with their families a population of 4,000 to 6,000.

To doom these people to starve or to look for other employment, and to suffer Gibraltar and her trade, the imports of which from England amount to £3,000,000 sterling a year, to perish; to do away with the commercial importance of this rock, past which British property to the amount of £100,000,000 goes every year—and all this only to do justice to Spain, and lend her a hand in the protection of her revenue—might well strike every sensible man as a desperate measure; and it might naturally be expected that it would paralyze the deliberations of a parliament, as it evidently a few years ago shook the resolutions of a Cabinet.

Lord Napier of Magdala told the Spanish authorities that he would undertake to do away with all smuggling from Gibraltar if they would only place their Custom-house officers and guards on their own side of the frontier under the orders

and management of one of his own officials whom his excellency has particular reasons to trust. The remedy of the evil consists in taking the direction of the Customs, of the Finance, and in general of every branch of the Government from the hands of a hopelessly rotten native administration and making it over to trustworthy hands. That Spanish pride would never submit to such indignity is quite certain, but that the disorder admits of no other cure many of the Spaniards themselves are thoroughly convinced.

### AMERICANISMS.

**A**LADY who recently travelled in California, expresses, in a letter to a friend, her fear lest the strange use of words in that country may become so familiar to her, that she may involuntarily adopt them, and call a man who keeps aloof from his companions one who is "putting on frills," guns which are not rifles "shot-guns" and "scatter-guns," retrievers "smell-dogs," or ask her friends if they are "going out gunning," or to "hunt grouse." One thing she declared she would stand fast about; she would never call fire-flies "lightning bugs!" nor bees "sting-bugs!"

Yet many so-called Americanisms seem to be merely old English phrases which were in use in the days of Queen Elizabeth. One of the most odious of what we consider Americanisms is the word "skedaddle," and this appears after all to be our own birthright, an inheritance from our Scandinavian ancestors; and while Sweden retains the original word *skeeddadahl* and Denmark the kindred *skyededeht*, the milkmaids of Ayrshire and Dumfries still use the word in its old meaning—e.g., "You are *skedadling* all the milk." The word is even to be found in an old Irish version of the New Testament, which runs thus: "I will smite the shepherd and the sheep shall be *agedad-ol*."

The Californians call every irregular meal "lunch," whether taken at midnight or day-break. People halt to lunch at 7 p.m. Johnson defines lunch as "a handfull of food," so our cousins are perhaps right.

Then if you say you are "quite knocked up," you cannot fail to perceive by the scared faces of those around you that you have used a phrase which here is quite inadmissible.

On the other hand there is a story—a true one—of an American lady, who having the *entrée* of very good London society, was one day seen at a party at the house of an acquaintance, looking on the floor, and shaking her elegant dress as she sat, evidently in search of something. On being asked what she had lost, "Only my *wipe*," she replied; this meant pocket-handkerchief.

To say a person is ugly implies no want of personal charms, but simply that his temper is bad. "Cunning" is high praise, a "cunning bonnet,"—not much worse than our misapplied term "dainty"—a "cunning child" means wearisome rather than what we generally consider it. If you ask for a biscuit you will be presented with a hot roll. You should have said a *cracker*.

## A MYSTERY IN THE OLD TOWN OF WINCHESTER.

BY K. M. WELD,

Author of "Lily the Lost One," "Bessy," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XV.

**L**ORD EVERDALE was becoming impatient.

"But now to business, my dear Miss Clayton," he said, "and as I am come such a distance to see you, you must allow me to ask a few questions."

"Ask as many as you please, but I shall only answer as many as I like."

"You are quite right; and you will answer me truly?"

"Of course I shall, I never told a lie in my life. Are you going to question me as if you were a member of the Inquisition of old?"

"But Miss Clayton, the questions I wish to ask are very important, and on your reply depends my future happiness."

"Indeed!" replied Isabel smiling, "then say your say, I am all attention."

"When we last met, after the death of your father, did you know the state of his affairs, or did you believe yourself to be a rich heiress?"

"I knew that I was in all probability penniless, but I was strictly bound to secrecy by my dear father's friend."

"May I presume to ask whether, when you refused my proposal, you did so because you felt you could not return my love?"

"I did not promise to answer every question, and I think that under circumstances, I prefer keeping silence on that point."

"But you cannot refuse to answer this other question: Had you felt certain that you were a rich heiress, as every one supposed you to be, would you have refused me?"

"I must candidly confess that I should not, I esteemed your character much. But it is useless to ask such questions, for you know very well that it is not now a matter of fear only, but of certainty. I am without a penny, or a chance of ever possessing anything. And I will now in turn ask you a question: Was it possible for an honourable person, to accept an offer made in total ignorance of her real position? I had promised absolute secrecy, therefore I could not give you even a hint. I had no choice, but to refuse your offer. Had my fears turned out to be groundless, I might have regretted what I felt bound to do. As things are, I am satisfied. I did what was right and honourable."

"I perfectly agree with you, Miss Clayton; but now that I know your exact position, and am not in the dark on any point, would your answer be the same?"

"That is scarcely a fair question, Lord Everdale; therefore, I decline to answer it."

"Well, perhaps you are right; therefore, I will put my question in a different form. If a person with a large independent fortune, for whom you felt esteem, wished to marry you when he be-

lived you to be rich, but was even more anxious to do so, when he found you had lost everything, would you refuse such an offer?"

"I can scarcely say; I should of course feel most grateful to such a generous minded person, although I fear that pride, under the form of delicacy of feeling, would make me even then refuse such an offer."

"That is because you take a wrong view of the case, for instead of considering such a thing a humiliation your pride should feel gratified that a person you esteemed should love and respect you so highly as to be most anxious to marry you for yourself alone."

"That is a mere imaginary case, Lord Everdale! for where could you in this world find such a noble minded individual? Most persons say beauty and amiability are all very well, provided there is a little money into the bargain."

"True, many are of this opinion, not all, however; but you would value the love and esteem of such a person if you found him, would you not?"

"Undoubtedly I should, there can be no question on that point."

"Then I have my answer," exclaimed Lord Everdale, seizing her hand and kissing it passionately; "all you have said convinces me that it is impossible for you to refuse the second offer I now make you, because my love for you is increased tenfold, instead of being diminished, by your being penniless. I value your lost money no more than so much rubbish."

"I do not exactly see things in that light," said Isabel blushing deeply.

"But you cannot possibly refuse me now," said the marquis in great delight, "for I have answered every objection you could possibly make."

"But—but—"

"Oh, no buts for me; you are wooed and you are won; do not say another word, my dearest Isabel! Oh, how I have grieved and pined for you during the whole of the last year. By the way, your old love, Uncle Jack, whom I saw as I passed through London, gave me a letter for you."

"What can the dear old man write to me?"

"I have not an idea; perhaps he is writing to me to you himself! However, I do not care for straws, for you're wooed, and you're won, you're mine, and I feel more happy than if I had conquered a kingdom!"

"Now, do not talk nonsense, Lord Everdale, let me read my letter from Uncle Jack."

"Yes, and you may as well read it aloud, for I am curious to know what the eccentric old fellow has to say."

Isabel read as follows:

"MY DEAR MISS CLAYTON,—I took a fancy for you from the first day I saw you, and the more I saw of you the better I liked you, and the last time I saw you, before your father's death, I should have proposed to you only I have no fancy for matrimony. However, I made up my mind that I should like you to be my niece, and as I saw that Charles was over head and ears in love

with you, I was well content to let things be. Somehow I managed to get out of him that he had tried to persuade you to marry him, but that you had refused his offer, so I thought no more of it.

"However, I met him by chance in London a few days ago, and he told me all about your misfortunes. So I resolved that I would do something to make you happy, as I had always found you so much to my liking. Not any of my relations care two straws for me in their hearts, and they are only civil when they see hopes of my cash, which they do not really require. I have made a will by which I leave you every penny I possess, and you will not have very long to wait; for, as you know, I am a gouty party, and the gout approaches nearer to my heart every time I have an attack. So before very long you will hear that Uncle Jack is dead, and you will find yourself one of the richest woman in England, and you may marry whom you please; but as I do not like the idea of your going out as the companion of any lady in the land, I shall allow you £1,000 a year in the meantime. Now don't write a lot of flummery and thanks, for the reason I always liked you, was because you were not over polite, and likewise accepted my rough jokes for what they were worth, without being offended.

"I never could imagine why you refused Charles. I think you were a great goose for your pains, for he is better than the generality of young men.

"So if you wish to show me any gratitude look him up again, for he is still in the market, and I should be enchanted to be able with truth to sign myself,

"Your affectionate,

"UNCLE JACK."

On reading this strange epistle Isabel and Lord Everdale looked at one another, and the former was so affected at the unexpected turn affairs had taken that she could not speak. Lord Everdale, however, exclaimed:

"Dear, good old Uncle Jack! Who could have fancied such a kind heart under such a rough exterior? But you can now write and tell him that he will have the reward he desires in a very short time. When shall the wedding be, Isabel?"

"We will settle that presently. Remember the old saying, 'Do not marry in haste, lest you repent at your leisure.' Will you please write to your sister, and tell her our plans, and thank her for the situation she offered me."

"Yes, and I will tell her that you have found a companion more to your mind than the one she selected."

From this moment all was *coulour de rose*, every one was pleased, and every one happy, and it was decided that the wedding should take place in six weeks.

All the relations and friends of the bride and bridegroom were asked, and Isabel wrote to Monica, told her everything that had happened, and bade her return as quickly as possible.

And Monica did indeed return with delight, and she was again installed as Isabel's maid.

The wedding day came, and the bride looked



lovely, and the sun shone brightly. Fanny Wheeler was bridesmaid, and Bob Trafford Lord Everdale's best man. When the happy pair drove off, after the marriage ceremony and the grand breakfast, the carriage was almost filled with rice, slippers, and even old shoes.

Monica continued to live with Lady Everdale after her marriage. She remained with her till the eldest of her three children was six years old. It happened on one occasion that this child, a fine boy, fell into a piece of water by which he was walking with a careless nurse. Monica, though at some distance, hearing cries, hurried to the spot from which they seemed to proceed, and seeing the child struggling in the water, walked into it as it was only shallow, and with some difficulty rescued the boy. The consequence of the thorough wetting she received, and the length of time which elapsed before she could have dry clothes, was a rheumatic fever which had well nigh proved fatal. During this illness she experienced great remorse from the feeling that she had been so happy that she had resisted an evident call to the religious life. Of this she deeply repented, and resolved if her life was spared that she would dedicate the remainder of it more especially to God.

On her recovery Father Green, who had attended her during her illness, wrote to the superior of a convent of S. Vincent of Paul, where she was soon received as a postulant. Isabel's sorrow at parting from one so dear to her was very great, but yet she could not but rejoice in such a happy vocation. She soon heard that Monica's health even improved under the severe discipline of the house in Paris. She became a most useful and active member of the Society, but very soon, in visiting a family suffering from fever, she caught the infection, and after four days suffering, during which she showed the highest degree of resignation, she breathed her last with an expression of peace and joy on her face which gave the greatest edification to all who saw her.

THE END.

TIME.—Whether we play, or labour, or sleep, or dance, or study, the sun posteth and the sand runs. In all the actions that a man performs, some part of his life passeth. We die with doing that for which only our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue; but the difference which follows upon good actions is infinite from that of ill ones. The good, though it diminishes our time here, yet it lays up a pleasure for eternity, and will recompense what it taketh away with a plentiful return at last. When we trade with virtue, we do but buy pleasure with expense of time: so it is not so much a consuming of time as an exchange. Time is a ship which never anchors: while I am abroad, I had better do those things that may advantage my landing, than practise such as shall cause my commitment when I come to the shore.

## PROTESTANT HISTORIANS.

**I**T is curious, not a little amusing, and very instructive, to study the way in which Protestants write Catholic history. "When people are determined to quarrel," says the old Elocution Book, "a straw will furnish the occasion." When Protestant historians are determined to find fault with the Catholic Church (and when are they not?) very much less than a straw will afford ~~an~~ an opportunity.

But beyond making the most of a proof, stretching it as far as it will go (which is honest), and a *little further* (which is *not* honest), Protestant writers have an ugly knack of asserting things as true, which are not true, in proof of things which are as untrue as the things they bring to prove them. In other words, not to put too fine a point on the matter, and to speak in the manner of the inhabitants of that part of England where they call a spade a spade, the learned historians back one lie by another. But it is the cool impertinence with which this is done that constitutes its chief danger. When a man is trying to prove a proposition, we at once want to see—first, whether the deduction he draws is legitimate; second, whether it proves the case in point. Now this very watchfulness it is which is apt to throw us off our guard as to his *facts*. For instance: if a man were to assert that the reason why daisies in China grow four inches in diameter is because the Chinese have rain for six and eight months in succession, we should be more apt to consider whether eight months rain would make four inch daisies, than to trouble ourselves with the two questions of fact—first, whether daisies in China *do* grow four inches in diameter; or second, whether the Chinese *have* eight months rain in succession. We should indeed be apt to take these two things for granted merely on account of the boldness and impertinence of the assertion. We have a case in point in Watts' "History of English Poetry." He is speaking of King Alfred. He says:

"Alfred whilst a boy had experienced the inconveniences arising from a want of scholars and of common instructors in his dominions, for he was twelve years of age before he could *prove* in the western kingdom a master properly qualified to teach him the alphabet. But whilst *yet* unable to read he could repeat from memory a great variety of Saxon songs."

Now here we have two assertions made by War-  
ton to the disparagement of Catholic education; *the first*—"Alfred had found great want of learned men, nay, even of common instructors,"—proved by *the second*—"for at twelve years old he could not find in the whole western kingdom any one to teach him the alphabet,"—and certainly if the second be true, the first is for all practical purposes sufficiently proved. But here is the evil of the whole proceeding. The ordinary reader—nine out of every ten—carried away by the apparent fairness of the deduction, will be led to take for granted that the second, on which the first is founded, is true, and will pass by the all-important inquiry, on which all indeed depends:

did Alfred arrive at the age of twelve before he could find any one fit to teach him his A. B. C. ? and taking this for granted will be led to come to some very disparaging conclusions as to education in Catholic times and Catholic countries. We are not now, remember, examining the question of fact—did Alfred ? or did he not ? Our argument is altogether independent of that question, since we find that true or false, it will be liable to be taken for granted by nine-tenths of readers. This phase of affairs may be called the *insidiousness* of Protestant polemical history.

We come now to the question of fact. Did King Alfred arrive at the age of twelve years before he could find any one fit to teach him his alphabet ?—and here we come to the dishonesty of Protestant polemical history. Warton, with apparent honesty, gives Florence of Worcester and John Brompton as his authorities for the two assertions ; but, unfortunately for his accuracy as an historian, honesty as a man, and sincerity as a Christian, neither of these two authorities sustains him in his assertions, if they do not absolutely say the contrary. His reference, therefore, to these two authorities, if it is not a blunder, is a deceit, and a deceit used in the disparagement of an adversary. Neither Florence of Worcester nor John Brompton attribute Alfred's *illiterateness* (it was not ignorance as we shall presently point out) to dearth of masters. Florence of Worcester says : " But, alas ! by the want of care of his parents and nurses, he remained illiterate up to the age of twelve years." John Brompton lays the blame on the partiality (Alfred was a pet) of his parents. He says : " When, however, beloved by both his parents beyond his other brothers, he had remained illiterate under his father's charge up to his twelfth year," etc.

Now this is simply disgraceful. To assert that at twelve years old Alfred did not know his alphabet *because* he could not find any one to teach him, whereas it was the negligence or partiality or both of his parents, that was at the bottom of the matter, and to bring by his reference to them two such respectable men as Florence of Worcester and John Brompton into the scrape with him was far too bad of Master Warton, Historian.

That Alfred, though *illiterate* at the age of twelve was not *ignorant*, is evident from the fact, that at that age he could do far more than most of our schoolboys now-a-days are capable of doing. He could repeat from memory a great variety of Saxon *poems* ; Warton calls them *songs* which is hardly accurate, as the word *song* is at present understood, for though these Saxon poems were sung or recited in a certain musical recitative, they were nevertheless poems in every sense of the word and long ones at that ; like the *Idylls* of the Kings, for instance. And here again Warton goes beyond his authorities. Neither Florence nor Brompton describes these poems as being sung and both call them *poems*.

Be that however as it may, if our view of education be right, Alfred though illiterate was well educated. As we take it the first and paramount duty of education is amongst other things to strengthen the memory. Thus Alfred's parents appear nobly to have attended to, though through negligence or indulgence and not through dearth

of teachers they had neglected his alphabet. Florence describes him " an attentive listener day and night and very often hearing Saxon poems *related* by others, he retained them easily in his memory." How far the boy Alfred gained in robustness of body (yes ! and of mind also) by being " pre-excellent in hunting " at the age of twelve rather than quick at his letters (quickness of mind is often better cultivated by striking a wild boar than by learning to spell) we leave to others to determine ; though we shrewdly suspect, that if in this age of common schools, state education and dyspepsy, we had shorter school hours and more play at the age of twelve, we should have larger bodies and greater minds at the age of forty. " Too much study " saith the proverb, makes Jack a dull boy and is making mine Uncle Sam a dyspeptic.

" But the chances appear to be that good Master Warton has, *as usual*, been tripping in this matter of the alphabet. It was not school marms for the teaching of the A. B. C. that were wanted in Alfred's dominions so much as Grammarians—Professors of Rhetoric, Poetry and Belles Letters, to wit. We can hardly imagine that Warton was ignorant that the word "*grammatici*" meant teachers of Rhetoric—Professors of Universities, rather than hedge schoolmasters and school marms. But so it is. Whilst Florence and Brompton say nothing about want of school marms and do regret the scarcity of Professors of Universities (*grammatici*) in Alfred's reign ; Warton asserts the *total absence* of school marms and says nothing about *grammatici*. Warton has been tripping, or Warton is—Now " knave or fool " is a sad alternative.

But you will say that at least the fact of there being no "*grammatici*" proves a very low state of education in those days. Perhaps so, perhaps not. But if so, why exaggerate ? On the strength of a dearth of University professors, why assert a total want of men capable of teaching the alphabet ? The two are surely very different things. If you are writing history, write it, and not romance. If you are writing history you wish to give your readers a true picture of the country, not a phantasmagoria. If you are covertly attacking an enemy under the pretence of history, you are at least bound by the ordinary rules of honesty. Turn the matter as you will you cannot excuse the insidiousness and dishonesty of these Protestant polemical historians.

---

LELY AND THE ALDERMAN.—Sir Peter Lely, a famous painter in the reign of Charles I., agreed for the price of a full-length, which he was to draw for a rich alderman of London, who was not indebted to nature either for shape or face. When the picture was finished, the alderman endeavoured to beat down the price ; alleging that, if he did not purchase it, it would lie on the painter's hands. " That's a mistake," replied Sir Peter, " for I can sell it at double the price I demand." " How can that be ? " says the alderman ; " for it is like nobody but myself." " But I will draw a tail to it, and then it will be an excellent monkey." The alderman, to prevent exposure, paid the sum agreed for, and carried off the picture."

## MY SISTER SARAH.

BY J. H. BRAME.

*Author of "Truth Stranger than Fiction," etc., etc.*

[CONTINUED.]

**T**HE little wanderer then told her story : Her grandmother, she said, was an Irish woman and a Catholic, and towards the latter end of her life had settled down in Edinburgh. Her mother had married a Scotchman and a Protestant. He was a man of Bohemian tendencies, and would frequently leave his wife for a length of time, without acquainting her with his whereabouts. He travelled with jewellery, or anything else that promised any return of profit.

During one of her father's absent fits, more prolonged than usual, her mother died, and she was left without any protection. Some people, however, who knew the particulars of the case, exerted themselves, and got her into the orphanage in Edinburgh; and there, under the care and tuition of the nuns, she acquired a fair education.

She had been there some years, when her father returned, and claimed his child; and she was reluctantly taken to his house.

Her father at the time had a housekeeper—a careful and industrious woman; but it soon became evident to our little waif, that the housekeeper held a position in the house that made her father's roof no home for her if matters continued as they were at present.

She expostulated with him, with such result as might be expected. The girl was reticent on this point, but, I believe, he thrashed her.

That same night she packed up her few little things and left the house.

By means of some children at the school, she had made friends with the wife of a travelling photographer, who was then near Edinburgh. The man was one of those perambulating artists, who visit fairs, races, and seaside resorts during the summer; and in the winter lie dormant in some town, without any visible means of existence.

To these people she at once went, and told them all the particulars.

They received her with warm sympathy; and, as they were about to start on their summer tour, it was agreed she should accompany them. She soon made herself useful in her new home, by taking care of the children and attending to the household wants, and became, subsequently, a great help in the business. She would *pose* and arrange the dresses of the lady sitters, prior to their being subjected to the focussing process; and her cheerful face and intelligent manners interested many of the customers, so far, that small coins were frequently dropped into her hands for her own use and benefit.

I cannot tell how long this state of things continued; but during the winter, when they were staying at some town—I forget the name at this minute—the man fell into arrears of rent with his landlord.

One day, she had been out a mile or two distant, and upon her return she found a man in

possession of the house. The photographer and his family had got clean away with their apparatus; but her little box of clothes was taken possession of by the landlord, and she saw it no more.

With nothing but the few shillings she had in her pocket, she started in pursuit, and had the misfortune to find at every place she went to, that she was a day too late.

At length she heard they were gone to Cragmere, and to that place she directed her steps. She had either misunderstood the name, or wrong information had been intentionally given to her informant; as, upon arriving at Cragmere on that December afternoon, there was no trace of such people there.

It was suggested that Sandyfleet would be the more likely place; and as the space between the two places was a bay, the latter could be distinctly seen.

Guided by the lights that were beginning to be seen at Sandyfleet, she started to walk upon the sands. Before she had walked half a mile, a blinding storm of hail and rain came on, and she became conscious of her danger by being drenched by a tidal wave. Fortunately the cliff at this spot had at some time fallen away, and paths amongst the stones and shrubs had been made by visitors upon the shelving earth, and here upon her hands and knees she crawled to the top of the cliff. Terror at the danger she had escaped added to her confusion. She had lost her bearings, and did not know in which direction to proceed. Hearing the stroke of some clock, she started in that direction, and became hopelessly entangled in a ploughed field. Then a bell gave a note, and she started towards another point. It seems to me that she must have been going backwards and forward between the two places for hours.

At length, completely exhausted (she had eaten nothing since the morning) she sank down; and thinking she was about to die she commended herself to God, and begged his help in that trying moment. When, suddenly, the music of the bells at Sandyfleet, ringing out the old year, with hopeful cadence upon her ears.

Springing up with renewed effort, she stumbled forward, and, guided by the sounds, soon after found herself in the town. Here, however, all was in darkness until she came to my house; and there, seeing the light in the passage, she knocked and came as I have already described.

These particulars, related in a simple, truthful manner, filled me with deep and painful thoughts; and I went about my ordinary business of the day in a listless and preoccupied manner.

On Sarah, they seemed to have produced the opposite effect; for, soon after, she was working away upon her dresses with a determined will that forbade any enquiries as to her object. Her sewing machine worked incessantly at "seam, gusset and band;" at least, I suppose so. How dresses are made to fit all sizes and shapes, with folds, frills and flounces, I could never understand: in short, to me—Darwinism, Protoplasm, and dress-making, are equal mysteries. But in the evening when our young visitor appeared in a long dress—one of Sarah's altered to fit her—light broke

in upon me, and I understood what all this working meant.

I was considerably surprised to find my little wail transformed into quite a young woman; so much so that I was *not* surprised when subsequently I learned she was sixteen years of age.

I found also that Sarah, whilst altering the dress, had also settled her plans. Our servant had gone home for a holiday the week before, and that morning she had sent word she was unwell and could not return. It was a case, I heard afterwards, of sore throat and sweetheart.

Our visitor had during the day gone far towards winning Sarah's heart, by the tact and energy she had shown in helping to clean away the dirt of the preceding night, and her willingness to turn her hand to anything. Sarah, therefore, decided she should, for a time, at least, fill the servant's place.

Her name was Christiana Duncan; but as Christiana was a name too long for every day use, we curtailed it to Crissy; and Crissy she was to us henceforth.

Sarah pulled rather a long face, when Crissy refused to accompany her to Little Bethel; but after I had intimated, I would not have the girl's religious duties interfered with, nor offensively commented upon, Sarah reluctantly consented to her going to the Catholic chapel, stating she did not care about it, so long as she really went there, and did not go gadding about the streets.

From this time forward we seemed to have entered upon a new life. Crissy was the sunshine of the house. Her methodical working and love of order were everywhere apparent, and by degrees she began to help Sarah in the shop—a business for which she showed peculiar aptitude.

During the following summer the telegraph duties were added to the office, and here Crissy proved of invaluable service. She seemed to take in the whole acquirements at once, and very soon became an expert manipulator.

She was now too valuable to us for business purposes, and a servant was obtained in her place to do the house-work.

Her keen perception proved of great service to me. At her suggestion I sold off at reduced prices all the fancy goods left after the summer season was over, thus getting the cost price of the reduced articles and a profit on those sold during the summer. By these means I had no stock on hand, and I was enabled to have a supply of new goods at the commencement of every season. In this, and in every case I found her judgment so good, that I seldom speculated in anything without first consulting her; in short, my confidence in her was so great, that she gave orders, wrote letters, and knew as much about the business as myself.

It must not be supposed that this time was all happiness; my cup was full, but there was a fly in the cup, and a troublesome fly it was.

Crissy was now a handsome, attractive young woman. To my great annoyance, young fellows would come into the shop, making some trifling excuse, and ask innumerable questions, simply for the purpose of speaking to her, and my blood would run up to boiling heat at seeing them take a longer time to affix a stamp to a letter than it

would have taken to write the letter itself, at the same time lipsping insane rubbish intended for flattering remarks.

Crissy, however, had a dignified bearing with her when serving customers, that effectually prevented anything like undue familiarity. This I was fully conscious of; but notwithstanding that knowledge, I was chafed and irritated at the thought of the admiration she excited. I must have been in a very disagreeable mood at the time, as I can now remember the reproachful glance Crissy gave me in return to my surly remarks.

Things were working in this manner, when a little adventure occurred to me that is necessary to relate.

It was a Bank Holiday, and most of the shops in the town were closed. There was but little doing in the office, and I gave my telegraph boy a holiday, and took a stroll myself. The day was fine and inviting, and I walked through the fields by the side of the cliffs. I had left Crissy and Sarah at home to attend to the office. In the course of the afternoon a telegram came for a person living about a mile out of the town, and, as there was no messenger at hand, Crissy volunteered to take it herself, the walk lying through the land-slips. She had delivered the telegram, and was returning, when looking over the edge of the cliff I saw her in the path beneath me.

In consequence of its being a Bank Holiday there had been an excursion train from the north of England to Grumbleton, and some of those interesting creatures, who formed part of this goodly stock of arrivals, had found their way to Sandy-fleet.

As I looked over the cliff, I saw two rough fellows immediately in Crissy's path; and as she was passing, one big brute caught his arm round her waist, and pressed his face towards hers. I saw and heard Crissy in return give him a sounding smack on the cheek that must have considerably surprised him. The fellow swore, and I shouted to him from my elevated position.

I was within a few yards, but I could not get closer without risking a broken neck—and I did not think a man with a broken neck of much assistance—so I continued to shout and gesticulate in impotent frenzy. The brute saw there was no immediate danger from me, and he again caught hold of Crissy's arm, when a tall figure suddenly stepped from behind a screen of bushes, and my heart beat with delight as I saw Father Patrick take two or three long strides, and then seize the fellow by the collar. With a strong hand, and an expert twist of the arm, he threw the man off; and he went rolling down into the bushes beneath.

Seeing Crissy thus far safe, I ran to the nearest point of descent, and jumping over the low fence, I was on the spot by the time the meaning of the whole thing had penetrated to the brain of the second man.

He was a big, powerful fellow, who had evidently been bred to look with contempt upon anything and everything belonging to the south country, and I have no doubt he thought I should have been paralysed with fear when he announced:

"I'm a Lancashire lad, I am."

As soon as he fully comprehended the downfall of his companion he threw off his coat, and with a flow of language that would not be edifying to reproduce, he declared his intention of showing me a touch of Jem Mace, and thoroughly smashing me.

I don't think Jem Mace would have been particularly proud of his representative; for although his intention was good, and he tried his best to carry out his threat, he did not find the job quite so easy as he expected.

When I was younger it used to be a kind of relaxation with some of us young fellows to put on the gloves, and try to knock some kind of science into each other. The result of this practice was that I had always been able to take care of myself.

The fellow was strong, but awkward and clumsy, and I had no trouble in warding off his blows. I saw he was not quite sober, and I hesitated about striking, thinking he would soon tire of the sport; but I must confess, with every fresh blow I parried, I felt my temper rising, and my muscles hardening for action. Whilst I was hesitating as to the best manner of finishing off the game, I saw his companion scrambling out of the bushes and coming to his assistance. Knowing well that if I allowed the second man to come upon me, it would be no longer child's play. I diverted my antagonist's attention, by giving him a smart blow on the ankle, and at the same time struck out straight from the shoulder, and my noisy blusterer rolled over and over, down the incline into the bushes just vacated by his companion.

The second man, who, no doubt, could fight very well when the odds were two to one, upon seeing his friend's disaster, stopped short in his course, not caring to try conclusions with me. Climbing up the bank beyond my reach, he poured upon me a volley of threats as to what he would do when he had got his companions with him.

The skirmish had occupied but a few minutes, before either Crissy or Father Patrick could possibly have interfered, had they thought well to do so. As the day was fine and warm, Father Patrick had been saying his Office in a shady nook in the landslip, when he so opportunely interfered to protect Crissy. I now turned to them, and, giving Crissy my arm, and with Father Patrick by my side, we marched boldly home through the streets.

Father Patrick came in, and stayed with us to tea; and, for Sarah's benefit, we fought the battle over and over again, until she became almost as excited by the recital as I was myself.

But on the next day, and from that time forward, there was a marked change in the house. Crissy was silent and thoughtful; and seemed to avoid me as much as possible. Sarah watched her every movement with a serious face, and regarded me with preternatural severity; and I shut myself up in my room, and—wrote poetry.

The poetical fever, in some points, is very much like the measles. It is fated for every person to take it at least once in his lifetime. When it comes early, it soon goes; but when it comes later in life, it is serious and troublesome.

The complaint went hard with me, as I struggled through the various stages with the symphonious strains. Although I sometimes made "love" rhyme with "Jove," upon the whole, I was proud of my achievement, and more than once I found myself dreaming of the Laureateship, and a seat in the House of Lords.

My scribbles of that time, I have carefully preserved, but they are too sacred for vulgar gaze.

It is with some feelings of reluctance that I reveal any of the secrets of my prison house; but in order to fully explain my story, I am obliged to touch upon official matters.

I heard a sermon a short time since, when it was said that we as Englishmen prided ourselves upon being a truthful nation; but if we examined the case impartially, we should find we had but small claim to the title. Up to that time I had been accustomed to think that Englishmen could maintain their position for truthfulness, when compared with other countries; and it occurred to me to test the accuracy of that opinion by examining my own dealings with the public.

I had rather not give the result of my experiment, any further than to remark, that, upon postal matters, the public seemed to be incapable of speaking the truth.

It was a startling novelty to find a letter of complaint, written without exaggeration, or something worse. As all letters sent to headquarters, respecting myself, were returned to me for inspection, I had the pleasure of seeing myself as other people saw me.

My head postmaster laughs, and tells me that this is one of the penalties of greatness. As for himself, he has become so accustomed to be called "ignorant," "stupid," and "foolish," that he now regards those elegant adjectives as terms of endearment.

Upon this point of truthfulness, I will give one specimen, which may be accepted as an average sample.

A gentleman living in the town, a decent fellow enough when in his right mind, one day called upon me in a state of great agitation, and told me my office was the worst conducted in the country, and that the way I managed the business was most disgraceful, and everybody was complaining about it.

Knowing how fond people were of putting on armour to kill a mouse, I said, "Such being the state of things, it is strange that I should be the last person to hear about it; but what is your own grievance?" I asked, "as I assume you have one? Yes, he had one. He had sent a letter to Blumborough Hall in Norfolk, containing a note for five pounds, which, after the lapse of two days, had not been received. The letter, he had no doubt, was stolen, and had never left my office. I told him that a letter going that distance must pass through other offices, and other people's hands, and until enquiries had been made, it was very unfair to brand anybody—even in his own mind—as a thief. He abruptly told me all I was saying was nonsense; he was quite sure the letter was lost, stolen or strayed, and so on.

The next day the letter turned up. It had been mis-directed to a town two hundred miles away

in another direction from the place for which it was intended.

I never saw the gentleman after. Had this been my case, and I had been betrayed into such an exhibition of temper, I don't think I should have been happy until I had apologised for my rudeness, and withdrawn the untruthful remarks; but then I am a poor man and do not run in society grooves.

I have no doubt the thought has risen in the minds of those who have followed my rambling thus far, as to what I had been doing during the two or three years that have been passed over with a few brief remarks.

The retrospect, I confess, is not altogether satisfactory. Crissy was a Catholic; and, in spite of all obstacles, attended to her duties regularly. I frequently questioned her upon sundry points of her religion, and was interested in her replies. I studied controversial works, and at length was better able to hold a discussion upon Catholic history than many of the Catholics I came across. I attended the chapel in a desultory manner; that is, I went nowhere else; and amongst those with whom I came in contact, I called myself a Catholic. If anybody called such statement in question, I was prepared to overwhelm him with arguments; but after a heated discussion, the feeling came over me that it was much easier to fight, or even die for religion, than it was to live for it. Of course I fully intended to become a Catholic some day, but I never seemed to have time to set about it. First one thing, and then another, blocked the way; and when the obstacles were removed, I felt too happy, or too miserable to settle my mind to anything so practical.

One thing I must add—I always said my prayers. This duty had been instilled into my mind when a child, and I had never neglected it. Perhaps it was due to this action that hope never deserted me—the hope that something would eventually occur to check my wandering, and plunging, and focus my thoughts upon that one bright spot to which we all turn, at some time or other in our lives.

A short time after my little skirmish in the madslips, and when the poetic fever was at its height, the Reverend Ebenezer Rubytip called upon me, and informed me in confidence, that he was satisfied there was a thief in my office. I shook him for his charitable opinion, but assured him I did not share it.

He explained that he had sent a letter to a friend in London, containing sundry postal orders, but it had not been received by him.

I caused enquiries to be made. It was a complicated case, and required considerable unraveling. Rubytip came several times to learn what progress had been made. I could give him no information. He gravely shook his head, and said:

"No, my friend, no. Nothing has been heard, nothing *will* be heard; it is a waste of time making enquiries. The *person* who took the letter knew *well* how to dispose of the contents. Ah!" concluding his pathetic lament with a deep drawn sigh, at the wickedness of the world.

A few days after this, I was called into my sitting room, as somebody wanted to see me.

Upon entering the room, I found Rubytip in deep conversation with Sarah. He was more waspish than usual, and I was far from being in an amiable humour. He began:

"Oh! about this letter of mine. I was just giving Sarah my opinion as to the probable solution of the mystery. You have a young woman here—in your employ—a young woman living in your house who is a Romanist. Now we all know the doctrine taught by the priests: any evil may be done provided it produces good, that is if the good comes in a material form. Therefore, putting these two facts together——"

"Stop," I exclaimed sternly, "before you give us any more of your opinion, be good enough to answer a few questions. In the first place are you quite certain you made no mistake in the address of your letter?"

"Mistake? Such a thing is impossible. I have written to my friend so many times that a mistake is out of the question."

"And yet if you had seen as many cases as I have, you would know that that same familiarity increases the chances of an error."

"You must not talk to me about mistakes. It is too absurd. The letter has been stolen—there is no doubt it has been stolen—and there is no doubt in my mind by whom."

"Very well. Then I must trouble you to listen to this."

That morning I had received the papers fully explaining the case, and I now read them to him.

The letter had been correctly addressed, with this exception: The number of the house had been given as 5 instead of 50. Number five was a coffee-house, and the letter was so delivered. At this coffee-house strange men were frequently stopping for the night, and one of these men saw the letter and claimed it. This information was given by the coffee-house keeper.

"There," I said as I folded the paper; "what is your opinion about the thief now?"

To do Mr. Rubytip justice, I must admit he looked expressively foolish, and for a few moments was at a loss for a reply. Recovering himself, he began in a half patronising tone, at the same time digging me in the side:

"But look here, West——"

My temper was rising. I dislike being called "West" by anybody but my intimate friends, and I dislike being patronised. I also object to have thumb-nails poked into my ribs.

Rubytip, unobservant of danger signals, continued:

"You see, West, although I may have been wrong in this particular case, it does not affect the question of the general action and want of principle among that unhappy class of people. What could have been more natural than to suppose that this young person, under the influence and pernicious teaching, had—had——"

Rubytip never finished that sentence. I sprang upon him with one bound, and shook him by the collar as a terrier does a rat.

"You slanderous old rascal," I cried, "if you speak another word I will cram it down your throat."

Had he been inclined to speak I did not give him much opportunity. In the shaking his teeth



rattled together like castanets, and his face showed the most abject terror. I hurried him along the passage to the outer door, and then said :

"Let me give you a piece of advice for the future. Never insult a man in his own house, nor in the street, where he can help himself, but pick the time when his hands are officially trammelled, and then strike the coward's blow."

I lifted my foot—I always wear stout soled boots—and the Rev. Ebenezer Rubytip lay sprawling in the gutter.

*(To be continued.)*

## A HINT ON FAMILY AFFECTIONS.

**I**N an essay on Inattention to the Dependence of Cause and Effects in Moral Conduct, the writer says, with a truth which comes home to many bosoms: "These errors, this disregard of consequences and irrational expectation of advantages, without adopting appropriate measures to obtain them, may be particularly observed to prevail in domestic life. Of the miscalculation that we shall be loved and respected without evincing amiable and estimable qualities, we may there see abundant instances. Parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, reciprocally complain of each others's deficiency of affection, and think it hard that the tie of relationship should not secure invariable kindness and indestructible love. They expect some secret influence of blood, some physical sympathy, some natural attraction, to retain the affection of their relatives, without any solicitude on their part to cherish or confirm it. They forget that man is so constituted as to love only what in some way or other, directly or indirectly, immediately or remotely, gives him pleasure; that even natural affection is the result of pleasurable associations of his mind, or at least may be overcome by associations of an opposite character; and that the sure way to make themselves beloved, is to display amiable qualities to those whose regard they wish to obtain. If our friends appear to look upon us with little interest, if our arrival is seen without pleasure, and our departure without regret, instead of charging them with a deficiency of feeling, we should turn our scrutiny upon ourselves. The well-directed eye of self-examination might probably find out that their indifference arises from a want on our part of those qualities which are requisite to inspire affection; that is the natural and necessary consequence of our own character and deportment. It is a folly to flatter ourselves that our estimation, either in the circle of our friends or in the world at large, will not take its colour from the nature of our conduct. There is scarcely one of our actions, our habits, or our expressions, which may not have its share in that complex feeling with which we are regarded by others.

"It is true that all the pleasurable associations formed with regard to each other in the minds of

those who are connected by blood, do not depend on the personal character of their object, and that some of them can scarcely be eradicated by any possible errors of conduct. A mother's love is the result of an extensive combination of ideas and feelings, in which, for a long time, the moral and mental qualities of her child can have little share; but even her affection, supported as it is by all the strength of such associations, may be weakened, if not destroyed, by the ill-temper, ingratitude, or worthlessness of her offspring. The affection subsisting between other relatives must of course be far more liable to be impaired by similar causes, and must chiefly depend for its continuance on personal character. As vicious qualities may prove too strong for natural affection, so, on the other hand, amiable qualities are frequently found to inspire love, even under circumstances of a very contrary tendency; as may be seen in the attachment sometimes evinced by beautiful women to men of ugly features or deformed persons. To see the same countenance, however defective in form, constantly preserving an expression of tenderness amidst all the cares and disappointments of life, to hear language of uniform kindness, and be the object of nameless acts of regard, can hardly fail, whatever other circumstances may operate, to beget feelings of reciprocal affection."

**CIVILIZATION!**—Miss Bird, a lady who travelled through the interior of Japan, and visited places hitherto unknown to Europeans, took with her, as her only companion, a young man of about eighteen, Ito, who was to act as guide and interpreter. This young man was desirous to speak the very best English; to say that a word is common, or slangy, prevented his using it. He was accustomed to write down every new word he heard his mistress use, and then get its equivalent in Japanese. On one occasion she remarked that it was a beautiful day. Soon after, note book in hand, he said: "You say, 'a beautiful day.' Is that better English than 'a devilish fine day,' which most foreigners say?" The reply that the expression was "common" made him ever after use the word beautiful. Again: "When you ask a question, you never say, 'what the devil is it,' as other foreigners do. Is it proper for men and not for women?" He was told that it was proper for neither; it was a very "common" expression, and it was erased from his note book. At first he always spoke of men as "fellows." At last, having called the chief physician at the hospital "a fellow," he was told it was slightly slangy, and for two days he carefully spoke of "men." One day a boy with very sore eyes came to visit his mistress. "Poor little fellow!" she exclaimed. "You called that boy a fellow," said her pupil. "I thought it was a bad word." He never forgot a correction. He used always to talk of inebriated people as "tight." He was told that that was slangy; and when given the words drunk, tipsy, and intoxicated, asked which was the best English, and after that always spoke of people as "intoxicated."



THE PANEL SLID DOWN INTO THE FRAMEWORK.

## Sherborne; or, the House at the Four Ways.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems," "Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

**F**OLLOWED Mrs. Sherborne," the old lady continued, "wondering what would come next. The whole story was so strange to me: it had set going a train of ideas so new, so contradictory to all I had hitherto been taught to suppose, that I was prepared for anything, and inclined to imagine

anything. She took me into a little room or closet, inside her own bedroom, and looking furtively around, closed the door; then she seemed, as it were, to start up from a painful day-dream, and smiled; but the smile was a very sad one.

"'How silly I am,' she said, 'to peep about as if I expected to be taken up as a recusant; but the fact is, my poor child—yes, I call you so, for

you haven't the consolations *they* had who were hunted like wild beasts for their faith; well, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, or to say anything—it slipped out unawares; but, as I was saying, the fact is, these things carry me back to the days that I heard so vividly described that I seemed to have lived in them also.'

"In this little room, against the wall of the chimney belonging to the bedroom, stood an oak press for hanging up gowns. Mrs. Sherborne said, 'I feel very feeble to-day—and no wonder. Will you be so obliging as to help me. There, if you get on this chair, I will show you what to do next.'

"She pointed to a chair that was near, and stood with her eyes fixed on the panelled wall immediately above the press. I got upon the chair, and looked round for further instruction.

"'Now,' she said, 'put your finger or thumb (there is just room) about an inch down behind the centre of the press, and push it hard against the panel—you must feel for the spot—it is at the bottom of the panel, where the flat part joins the framework, about the middle.'

"I did as she directed, and presently found something yield, just like the spring of a secret drawer in a desk. Immediately the panel slid down into the framework, which was very broad, and disclosed a space about eighteen inches long, perhaps four inches high, and I should think the depth of two bricks, in the back of the chimney. There was nothing in it except one sheet of letter-paper, folded up, but not directed.

"'Yes,' she said, 'that is it. That place used to be full of records—records of things that will be denied by-and-by, as many of them have been already. In most places they were destroyed, or not kept at all, for fear of discovery; because no hiding-hole, however small, however well constructed, was really safe, when every Catholic house was not only ransacked with a view to discovering such hiding-places, but was likely to change owners, either by confiscation, the apostasy of the next heir, or the consequences of ruinous fines—not to mention being at the mercy of trustees, who, however, as a rule behaved well. But this was an out-of-the-way place, and though the inmates suffered much for the faith, they ran the risk of keeping many important records, hoping to keep them and the old property, or at least some of it—until at last there came one who destroyed them all.'

"I couldn't help interrupting her—I was so interested in what I had heard, and the interest grew so upon me. I believe that I said, 'Oh, why was that?' or something of the kind. She answered sadly:

"'He was my husband, and he had had great disadvantages. Well, they are gone; but I remember their contents nearly by heart. Oh, I could tell you much, and I will, if I live. Now, give me that paper.'

"I put it into her hands, and there was a dead silence for I don't know how long—it is difficult to compute time when a great deal of interest, a great deal of feeling, and a great deal of expectation are crowded into a comparatively short space of it.'

"There we stood, with a gap of sixty-eight years between us—she, absorbed in the memories

of the past, I, standing on the threshold of experience, whose beginnings I already felt and trembled at whilst I clung to them. I was eighteen—she eighty-six; but we were strongly drawn together in sympathy, for I was the only friend she had ever had all through the long years of her married life and widowhood, and she was the first person who had shown me that such a thing as friendship could be. And there are strange inconsistencies of the human heart—at least, we call them so, to save ourselves the trouble of looking a little closer. Why was I so deeply interested in the fortunes of the right line when Alfred Sherborne was the heir in the wrong one? Because I had made the honour of *his* family my own, and the heroic commends itself to the pride of birth as well as to the sense of duty. We there we stood—I still on the chair, she with her eyes fixed on the paper she held in her hand yet apparently not reading it. At length she said:

"'During that long gloomy period when Catholics could have no education in England and forfeited the rights of Englishmen like felons if they got it abroad, so that they could not succeed to the landed inheritance of their fathers, the custom was to send boys to Douai or elsewhere, under feigned names. My brother was sent to Douai under the name of Flaxley—a name known to no human being but my father and myself, and as there was no such name in any way connected with our family, we felt tolerably secure of his not being traced. Well, he didn't lose his inheritance in that way, as I have told you already; but he probably would, only the other way of doing the business was more simple, and looked better. Anyhow, this secret was known to him who ought not to have known it—never mind he and, what is more important, it would now be no chance of being known to those who ought to know it, unless I kept a record of it, with a description of him. I have kept that record there, in that secret place, for sixty-eight years, and here it is.'

"'And here it is!' repeated Mrs. Atherton, taking a paper from under the manuscript that she held in her hand. 'I have kept them nearly as long as she kept them. Sixty-eight fifty-five is a hundred and twenty-three—a while, isn't it?'

Then there came over her countenance an uncomfortable smile to which neither jest nor earnest could prove its claim; and not so much addressing myself apart from Don Pascolini, causing me to feel appreciably the precise value of the distinction, she said:

"There is a difference between those days and these; *you* live in easier times."

"Yes," said I. "Then the public was more just than the law; now the law is more just than the public. Then, a man's neighbour would stable his horses for him, that he might not be them forcibly bought for five pounds apiece; now the law permits him to be elected a member of parliament, but the electors take good care not to elect him."

"Here is the paper," said she, putting on the appearance of non-perception.

She held it out to us, but as it contained what she had already told about the young brother

age, the name he took when he went to college, description of his person and the rest, we merely glanced at it, and she went on to say:

"Mrs. Sherborne then put this document into my hands, which I was to take with me for fear I should forget the name, and said:

"If they can find my brother or his heirs, and I'll send a trusty messenger to me with the proofs, I will pay all expenses, and undertake that justice shall be done."

"How can this be without the consent of your father?" I asked wonderingly.

"The property is in my own power," she replied. "My husband left it so when he died, because my poor son was such a sad spendthrift, and in his youth gambled much money away. Of course I should leave my son and grandson amply provided for."

After repeating two or three times more what she wanted me to do, she hurried me off. There was something strangely impressive in the old lady's countenance and manner, as she took me by the hand, and, with the nervous strength of a screwed-up feebleness dragged me, so to speak, out of the room. It was what I could imagine to be represented by the highest tragical.

"Oh, I can assure you it *was* tragedy, and being less! There was grief, and there was revenge, and there was the struggle of inward emotion against despair that rolled in like a wave, and there was the inborn habit of dignity maintaining itself, as it were for its own sake, and there was nothing left to make it worth living. Yes! there was all that, and I was impressed by it then; but since then I have sometimes admired and sometimes despised it, just according to the light I saw it in—that is, according to whether I thought she was kept up by self-interest—which you call pride, and make a sin of, expressed by what *you* would dignify with the name of conscience, and I should call a morbid fixation of mind. For what harm had she done? She had sacrificed everything for the man she loved—and I would have done the same—and I was as far as it was possible for me to do it."

"I paused for a moment, and, as she had done many times before, looked at me sideways, to see what effect was produced by thus again giving me to understand that she had been hardened by suffering, and made "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh." Upon which I caused my silence to express an exclusive capacity for sympathy, and she almost instantaneously relapsed into her previous state of mental absorption in the past, said:

"Yes, I can see her now—oh! it seems but yesterday—standing in that little old room, with a time-stained sheet of paper in her hand, and a peer hiding-place above her, that showed by a bare framework of dust the space where the portrait had lain. Oh! I can revel, even now, and worn out as I am, I can revel in the silence that seemed to float in the very atmosphere of those old rooms and long passages. I revel in the poetry that hangs about the very faces of the people who lived and died there, and they didn't die in prison or under a gibbet—suffered there, and showed courage and constancy and strong patience. I revel in the memo-

ries of the place, and the stories I have heard concerning it, and the dreary imaginings that grow out of them by contemplation. I revel in all this. It is the only interest I have in life. In fact, I'm rather like the German student in 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine,' who lived his life in dreams directed at will, and vegetated at other times. Yes, I love and admire those people; they showed grand qualities. But what has all that to do with theology?"

Still I made no sign, though the temptation to tear the flimsy fallacy was great. Nor would I break silence even when she went on to say in a tone half sad, half defiant:

"Yet, at one moment, I *could* have been, and, *you* would say, ought to have been a Catholic. And then it melted away like the shadows of the night—shadows of the night."

"Does it never occur to you," said I, when she had repeated the words with significant emphasis—"does it never occur to you that it was rather a clouding over of the dawn?"

"It's of no use telling me that—none at all, none whatsoever," she answered bluntly.

"I ought to apologise for uttering a truism," said I.

She coloured, and continued her narrative as nearly as I can remember in these words:

"I started, then, on my strange errand, which was not an easy one, nor devoid of danger, in *one* sense, as you will see presently. Off I set, in a high yellow chariot, alone, but yet hardly fancying that I was so; for I rehearsed in idea my interview with—I knew not whom, the whole way to Bramscote. When I arrived at the rectory I started, and for the first time, began to realize the reality of my position, and I wished myself at home; but before there was time for me to think myself into a helpless state of fright, I was in the presence of Mrs. Thomas, her daughter, and, soon afterwards, of the rector. Mrs. Thomas was a little woman with blumpy features, and a twinkle in her eyes. The daughter looked about the same age as her mother, and otherwise resembled her, except as regards the twinkle, which in her case, was of a somewhat fierce character.

"The rector was a hale old man, stout and florid, with bristly powdered hair, and very grey eyes. He had written a book of Evidences, which consisted of some general platitudes about the Deity, and a few mild exhortations to believe in the reasonableness of religion. I knew them all three, but I was not the less put to it when, after talking to them for a quarter of an hour, and then again for another five minutes, as if to postpone the difficulty, I found myself face to face with the necessity of proceeding on foot to Bramscote, and somehow concealing what I was about. What was I to do? If I were to drive there the coachman must know it; and if I left the carriage at the rectory, one of the three, at least, would offer to accompany me to Dame Ayres's cottage. If I drove off, and put up the horses at the public-house stables, people's curiosity would be still more aroused; and if I got off without being accompanied and without suspicion, how should I account for the length of time I should have to be away? Well, I cut the Gordian knot at last, as



people do when driven to act by instinct. I said that I had to go and see Dame Ayres, and to do one or two other things in the village, and would come back afterwards to finish my visit. I said this so abruptly, and suited the action to the word with such promptitude, that they were all either taken in, or, at any rate, taken aback; and within ten minutes I had been to the cottage, talked with Dame Ayres, told her that I wanted to look for some wild-flowers in the wood, and fairly started on my unpleasant errand. I went into the wood, turned into the path that led soonest out of it, and soon found myself inside the park, walking rapidly along the foot-path towards the house, the chimneys of which could be seen among the trees in the distance.

"And then I stopped suddenly, and began to think of what I was going to do; or, more correctly speaking, different views of it came before me, almost without any effort of mine, and temptation made my heart beat till the sound filled my ears and shortened my breath.

"For was I not about to aid in transferring the inheritance of my betrothed to a stranger?

"But the temptation gave an uncertain sound as yet, and pictured its advice indistinctly. You shall hear it all as it comes in order.

"I stopped a few seconds only; then I walked up to the house at a rapid pace, and rang the bell. What a noise it seemed to make! But I had screwed myself up, and was not nervous. Not even the awful mystery attached to Catholic houses in the mind of an inexperienced girl, who, when a child, had been told all sorts of queer lies about them, could make my pulse beat quicker; for I was wound up to the point at which the nerves are kept steady by tension. Only when it flashed across my mind—just as the door was opened, by the bye, to make it pleasanter—that I was there as a stranger, whose name and birth would be unknown, I felt a hot flush in my cheeks, and a sudden movement of pride in my heart. But this, after the first surprise, gave me courage—there is nothing like pride to give one the instinct of self-preservation when one is in a disagreeable position."

Here she looked up again sideways, quickly tried to look as if she had not done so, and added:

"So, womanlike, I asked for Sir Joseph Arden; for I felt that I should be better able to preserve my dignity, under the circumstances, in the presence of a man than in the presence of a woman. Sir Joseph was out; so, as the next best thing, I asked for the priest. The old butler, who had been brought up in the palmy days of Payne the informer, looked at me suspiciously, and indirectly questioned the fact of his existence. But I was equal to the occasion. I said I wanted to go to Confession—I, who had the vaguest idea of what Confession meant, and who (mind you) later on, turned away from Catholicity because I could not make up my mind to do what I knew I should be told to do if I did go to Confession. Well, the old butler, being a pious Catholic, could not find it in his conscience to say 'No' unconditionally, under the circumstances; so he said that perhaps Sir Joseph might not be far off—in fact, very likely was not, and showed me into the library. Here I remained a few minutes—time enough for

me to examine the room well; but my heart was beginning to flutter a little, I hardly knew why—I soon found out though—and so it happened that I looked almost without seeing. Presently it came the priest. I forgot his name, and what he was like; but I remember that he had very fine courteous manners and an ascetic look. Well, I asked him (at once, or I should have begun to hesitate) whether there were any French people staying in the house. He said there were two—a count (I forget his name) and his wife. I said that I wanted to ask them an odd question, one which it was very unlikely they would be able to answer, considering the size and population of France. I wished to ask if they knew any of any one going by the name of Brabourne, descended from one who had been deprived of his inheritance, in 1746, when a boy at Douai; I was going them at the same time to consider my inquiry strictly secret and confidential, and not mention to any one that I had made it. The priest said he would ask the question, and left the room. Presently he returned, bringing the count with him, a high-bred old gentleman of the school. To make a long story short, what the count told me was this: He remembered an Englishman who had lost his inheritance in the manner described, and who had taken the name of Brabourne for a fortune. But he could not quite remember the name he went by at college; I asked if it was Flaxley, and he replied, 'That is it.' Well, I was on the track, so far; then he went on to say that he himself had been absent from France twenty-three years, and that he had no sight of the family. I asked how many children there were. He said three—a married daughter (I forget whom he said she had married), and I think, in Italy, and two sons, about his own age, of whom he had seen very little since they were boys, they having gone to Paris, whilst he had been living at his father's *château*. I asked what people they were. He hesitated for a moment, then said that he liked them much when he saw them; he believed that they had grown to be estimable men, and the eldest had distinguished himself at college. He was unfortunately guillotined, he understood, in 1793, as an aristocrat. The younger, who was by several years the youngest of the family, had married before the Revolution, and lost his wife within a year. There were no children by that marriage.

"Then," said I, "there will be an end of the family—at least, of the elder branch."

"I am not sure of that," said the count, "not long ago a friend of mine met him in London, and he told him that he had just married again. He had escaped from France in 1792, gone to India, traded with the fortune he had had with his first wife, made money, come to England, married again, and was going back to India soon. I heard of a second wife is, I hear, very beautiful. He met her accidentally. Her father was a young son with many children."

"Of an ancient family?" I asked, almost breathless—you will see why in a moment.

"Yes," he said, "of an ancient family."

"Is the name," said I, "is it Ath—?"

"Yes, Athestone," he said.

"Oh! then I had heard enough—quite enough."

to set my head in a whirl, and my heart in a flutter. I thanked him, and bowed myself out as quickly as I could. I told him that I had walked; and I hurried away, leaving him, I dare say, much puzzled as to who I was; for I had not given my name, and no one there knew me.

(To be continued.)

## CELTIC OR DRUIDIC REMAINS IN INDIA.\*

THE title of Celtic or Druidic remains is given to those structures of rough and, generally, unhewn stones, which are to be met with in certain countries, more especially in the north-west of Europe, which are supposed to have been erected by the ancient Celts and Gauls under the direction of their priests, the Druids.

As these monuments are to be found in regions where the Celts appear never to have penetrated, some archaeological savants think that the appellation of *Celtic* or *Druidic* is not a correct one, and have proposed to call them *megaliths*; but I will, however, make use of their usual title in the present paper.

These monuments or remains are of various names; such as *menhirs*, *Kromlechs*, *dolmens*, *barrows*, and *rocking stones*.

The *menhirs* (or *pulvens*), from *men* a stone and *hir* long, are elongated monoliths found standing perpendicularly in the earth, and called so, in various places, *devil's pulpits*, *fairy rocks*, &c.

The name *Kromlech* is given to the enclosures of rough stones, ranged either in a circle, a semicircle, an oval, or a square around a *tumulus*, *menhir* or *dolmen*.

The *dolmen* (from *dol*, a table, and *min*, a stone), is a table of stones supported by other stones. The *dolmen* also takes the name of *Kromlech* when it is surrounded by a ring of stones; it is termed a *cist*, *kist* or *cellar*, when it forms a kind of chamber shut in on all sides; and a *cairn*, *barrow*, or *tumulus* when it is covered over with a mound of earth. Finally, the name of *rocking stones* is given to those enormous stones placed on equilibrium on top of other rocks in such a way that a slight touch sets them in motion.

These various remains are very common in India, especially in the south. From Cape Comorin to the River Nerbudda and the Vindhya range of mountains; on the summit and the two slopes of the Ghats; but especially on the rocky, uncultivated plains formed by detached masses of rocks fallen down from the eastern Ghats, you meet almost at every step with erections identical with the above-described European ones. It would be absurd, no doubt, to take for *menhirs* set up by the hand of man every isolated rock standing in the middle of the fields or on the rocky and level mountains forming the largest part of the eastern Ghats; these are simply the *oaks* and *handiwork* of nature.

From the French of Bishop Laouenan, V.A. of Pondicherry.

But you see a large number of them placed in such a manner that it is impossible to look upon them as anything else but the work of man. They are generally surrounded at the base by a ring of rough stones placed there to retain them or to prop them up; others are balanced on stones of less dimensions than themselves; they are usually uncut, but some have been roughly hewn. You meet with some whose dimensions approach those of the largest *menhirs* in France and England; but they are, generally speaking, smaller than those of Europe; and it is the same with those of the *dolmens*.

In the mountains to the east of Bengal and the south of the Brahmapootra valley, the *menhirs* are more numerous than in, perhaps, any other country on the earth. They are the work of the savage tribe of Khassyas, who erect them in honour of some spirit, the soul of some deceased person, a warrior, a celebrated chief, or a beloved child. If a Khassya falls dangerously ill, or dreads some great misfortune, he promises to erect one or more stones in honour of the spirit of such and such a deceased, in whom he has confidence; and if he has been heard, he does not fail to fulfil his promise. Others imitate him under like circumstances, and the result is this large agglomeration of *menhirs* raised in honour of some defunct one whom nobody took any notice of during his life.

In the States of the Nizam, in the middle of India, closed in *dolmens* have been found, and erected near them stone crosses of large dimensions—the highest about thirteen feet, and another ten or eleven. These are formed of one single stone, but without ornamentation or inscriptions. Various hypothesis have been set up on the subject of these crosses. Some attribute them to the Buddhists. It seems more likely to me that the monoliths of which they are formed existed here, and had been erected for a long time in the form of *menhirs*, and that they were afterwards cut and shaped into their present form by Christians.

Indian traditions relate that after the martyrdom of the Apostle S. Thomas, a furious persecution broke out against his disciples, and that they were obliged to disperse into the forests and the mountains. In the same way, after the destruction of Kalianapore on the Malabar coast, by the sectaries of *Linga* in the ninth and tenth centuries of the Christian era, the Christians, who were very numerous in that city and neighbourhood, were driven to take refuge in the mountains in precisely those countries where the crosses have been found. Both may have made use of the existing *dolmens* for inhuming their dead, and transformed the *menhirs* into crosses to indicate that they were Christian sepulchres.

If you question intelligent or educated natives, more especially the Brahmins, who make it a point to preserve the ancient traditions of the country, as to the meaning of these raised stones or *menhirs*, they will tell you that they have been erected in honour of *Avandeyar*. Now *Avandeyar* has exactly the same signification as *Linga*, and between the *menhirs* and the *Lingas* a striking analogy exists.

The same as the *menhir* the *Linga* is represented by an upright stone, or by a column hewn



or unhewn; in the cultivated plains and near the temples and towns it is cut and carefully polished; in the interior of the pagodas it stands up facing the idol, and is wrought into a monolithic pillar crowned with a capital; in the uncultivated country parts and desert places it is in a rough state—the first stone next to hand taken by a timorous traveller and placed by him on the edge of a pond or of the road, anointed by him with oil and rubbed with saffron, and in this way turned into a divinity. Other travellers follow his example, new stones are added to the first, and in this way have been formed these aggregations more or less numerous of stones ranged in semi-circular or squares, which have become sacred places—churches in fact.

You see some, again, which are placed standing up in the middle of a ring of rude stones; others more or less roughly carved, and bearing on their tops a coarsely sculptured head of Barsava, the bull of *Siva*, the god of Linga. On others, totally unhewn, Barsava is represented by a second stone placed on top of them.

In some regions, particularly in the rocky district, extending from Girgi towards Bangalore by Vellore and Tripatore, you observe a large number of mountains whose summits have been denuded, so that the rock is made to represent a gigantic linga which can be seen afar off. On some of the mountains, where this could not be done, a wooden column takes the place of the stone linga. The name *avandeyar* is also given to the stone column which supports the apparatus used in watering the fields.

Avandeyar has evidently been in the south of India the predecessor and primitive name of the linga, and it is very probable that it is from the aboriginal inhabitants of India that Brahminism has derived the worship of this symbol.

In Europe, also, as well as in India, the menhirs were the objects of popular worship, a worship which Christianity has great difficulty in destroying.

The council of Arles, held in 562, declared a bishop guilty of sacrilege who did not destroy the trees, fountains, or *stones* in his diocese, to which the people lit torches and paid worship. The Council of Tours (567) adjured bishops and priests to oppose with all their power the worship of *certain stones, fountains or trees*, and to expel from their churches those who persisted in such worship. A Council of Nantes decreed that bishops should make every effort for the destruction of *those stones which, in the woods and bye-places*, were the object of demon worship, and had vows and offerings made them; and that the people should be warned that this worship was idolatrous. Similar edicts were issued by a council of Toledo in 681—of Rouen, at the same period; by Charlemagne in 789; by Canute the Great, and by King Edgar in 967. It is true these decrees do not indicate whether those stones were dolmens or menhirs; but if we remember the fact that many of the French menhirs have been turned into crosses and crucifixes, and the emblems of the Passion sculptured on them—that to the *menhirs* only, popular tradition assigns a *religious* origin, and not *funereal*, as is the case with the dolmens, we must conclude

that it was to the menhirs this idolatrous worship was paid, whatever may have been the actual idea with which they were originally regarded. In the same way, the new worship of Linga has caused the masses in India to forget the purpose and meaning of the *avandeyars*. One tradition alone has survived—that the *avandeyars*, menhirs, and other monuments of the kind are due to the same race which constructed the dolmens or cromlechs.

The dolmens, but, above all, the *hists*, or closed in dolmens, are extremely common in India. They are very rarely isolated; you meet them in groups more or less numerous. Some are wholly sunk in the ground, so that you can only know of their being there by the circle of rude stones surrounding them. Others are covered over with a mound of earth or *tumulus*, whose base is also encircled with a ring of stones. We have seen some in which the table-part was at a great height over ground; but most of the dolmens discovered are found placed on the top of a barrow or tumulus. The chamber formed by closed in dolmens, is not more than four or five feet long, and three or four feet in height and width. It is constructed of four flat stones laid on their sides, and the covering of one or two similar stones. One of the end stones is frequently found pierced with one or two circular holes. In the interior bones are found, usually small ones, like those of young children, and either calcined, or in their natural state; also urns made of pottery, containing ashes, some of them painted and ornamented; irons for lance and arrows; household utensils; iron and occasionally gold ornaments; and instruments of copper or polished stone.

The presence of these articles of polished or of copper stones in the cromlechs seems by no means to indicate that the monuments of which we are speaking date back from the age of stone, if ever there existed such a period; for, even at the present day, you find some of the wild and forest tribes of India, who either out of fidelity to the customs handed down to them by their ancestors, or because they have not the means of procuring for themselves different, make use of stone instruments prepared by themselves. Besides, the mingling of iron and even gold articles or instruments with those of stone shows that the use of metals was not unknown to the people who erected the cromlechs.

However this may have been in India, anywhere the dolmens were unquestionably tombs, and may be, likewise, *habitations*, as popular tradition everywhere unhesitatingly affirms. They are called Pandeyars or Villyars, or Valyars *Vidhans* (houses), or *Callarcis* (tombs), *i.e.*, the dwelling or tombs of the Pandeyars, Villyars, or Valyars. Up to the present, however, nobody has discovered to what tribe or race these names belong.

The first Europeans who observed these Celtic constructions on the Neilgherry mountains, attributed them to the Zodas, or Zodavars, who form the dominant tribe on these mountains. Noticing that these people are of European stature, with blue eyes and aquiline noses, they thought that they may have been a Gallic or Scythian colony.

which had brought the use of these monuments into India. But when it was found that the whole country, plain as well as mountain, was full of them, another explanation had to be sought for. Besides, the Zodas themselves, when interrogated on this head, invariably reply that these constructions belong to a people *anterior* to them, and now totally extinct.

The Kouroumbars, another aboriginal tribe inhabiting the Neilgherries and Ghauts, were next thought to be them. These Kouroumbars are looked on as having been the first inhabitants of the plain, formerly called Dravida, in the Famoul country, which extends from the south of Madras to Cape Comorin, between the mountains and the sea. They were nomad pastors, small in size, feeble in body.

It appears that, at a remote epoch, they formed great principalities spread over the peninsula; but that they were expelled by the populations who subsequently constituted the kingdom of Coromandel.

Only a very small number of them are now to be found, scattered over the mountains, and fallen back into a savage state. They live in the forests without any fixed habitations, sheltering themselves in caverns, the splits of the rocks, and in the hollows of old trees, and even in the branches. They go almost entirely naked, the women having no other clothing than a few leaves sewn together and hung round the waist. They live on wild fruit roots, reptiles and animals that they snare in a trap, and on the honey they find in the hollows of the rocks or trees. It is said that they make offerings to the Cromlechs or Cairns, and hold them in great veneration; but this assertion has not been verified.

It is certain, furthermore, that they no longer construct or make use of monuments or the like, and they themselves say that they have been erected by people stranger to them, and now disappeared. It is stated that the *Mala Arasars* (or kings of the mountain) a savage tribe in Travancore have still the custom of burying the ashes of their dead in a sort of miniature Cromlech, and that these monuments are very common amongst them. They carry the bodies of their dead into the woods which they deem sacred; build a kind of tomb with small flagstones; then burn the corpses, and deposit the ashes in the little hole upon a small stone; then, having made offerings of arrack and sweetmeats to the spirits of the dead man, which they believe to be still hovering around, in order to induce him to take up his abode in the tomb, they cover up the whole with great ceremony.

We have seen that, at the other extremity of India, the Khassyas have still the habit of erecting menhirs; they have also the custom of enclosing the ashes of their dead after having burnt them, in little monuments of stone or masonwork of circular form, very similar to the rough seats which are sometimes seen in gardens. If we ask the inhabitants of the plain who the Pandiyars, the Villyars, or Valyars were, who, according to them, constructed the cromlechs or dolmens, and erected the menhirs and rocking stones, they invariably reply that they were an extremely ancient people, *anterior* to all those existing in

India at the present day, and now entirely extinct. They describe them as being of tiny stature, but endowed with enormous strength (similar, in fact, to what we read about Irish *cluricauns* or *leprecauns*, the English *pixies*, and the *carniquets* of Lower Brittany), and that they resumed their dwarf statures when about to die. It will be remembered that we have stated that the bones found in the *cists*, are generally of small dimensions.

There is certainly a striking resemblance between this legend and the Breton one, which attributes the origin of these monuments, so common in Brittany, Karnac, for example, to dwarfs—half men, half goblins—who still inhabit them, come out of them by night to dance by the moonlight; and can, under certain conditions, remove them from one place to another.

But, still, who were these Pandiyars or Villyars, to whom Indian popular tradition attributes the construction of the dolmens and menhirs? We can in a measure trace up the Pandiyars and the Villyars (archers or hunters), only to find that these monuments are erroneously fathered on them. To conclude, then, the problem is still unsolved; and what renders it still more difficult to settle is the identity existing between the Celtic remains of India, and those which cover the soil of Scotland, Ireland, England, Scandinavia, France, and a part of Spain and Portugal; monuments which are found also in Italy, the islands of the Mediterranean, on the north coast of Africa, in Asia Minor, Circassia, Central Asia, and in Afghanistan. The same manner of interring the dead, the identical form of the tombs; the menhirs, whatever their original purpose was, and the worship paid them, do they not all indicate that these monuments belonged to one same human family? And if the response to this question be in the affirmative, what was this family, and at what epoch could it have inhabited countries apart from one another? To this we are unable to offer any satisfactory reply.

J. C.

---

A PERSEVERING "notions" canvasser walked into a lawyer's office the other day with a new kind of alarm clock. The man of quibbles was evidently interested and heard him patiently to the end. When it came to his turn to get in a word, which in these cases is about once in an hour and a half, he spoke as in hereafter contained: "My friend, I firmly believe that that alarm clock is worth seven dollars, as you state, and that you are foolish to offer it to me for two and a half; that it will go every half hour for sixteen months without winding up and wake up an elephant every pop. My heart tells me this is true, and I am simply aching to give you four times the price you demand. But when I inform you that I have an infant three months old at home afflicted with perpetual colic, and a baby going on three who insists on having a drink of water at regular intervals during the night, and never sleeps after four o'clock in the morning, do you not think that my investment in this beautiful invention which you are retailing might, in a measure, be characterized as extravagant?" That clock agent nodded, assented, picked up his hat, put up his alarm and retired.

## MY SISTER SARAH.

BY J. H. BRAME.

Author of "Truth Stranger than Fiction," etc., etc.

[CONTINUED.]

**M**Y readers have pretty well learned by this time, that I was not a saint, and I need scarcely add I was in a towering passion.

I rushed up into a lumber room at the top of the house, and from a collection of antiquated curiosities, I selected a postillion's whip—a whip that possibly had been upon more than one excursion to Gretna Green.

Coming back, I gave it two or three sounding cracks to try its strength, adding to Sarah's fright, and sending the cat scampering into some unknown regions.

"There," I said, hanging the whip upon a nail, "that is the Rubytip warning. Should he ever again venture inside this house, this little instrument shall warm his jacket."

Sarah had been too terrified by the unexpected scene to offer any opposition to my movements. She now rallied a little, and gasped out:

"I shall burn it."

I stopped short, and looking her steady in the face, I said:

"Sarah, on some points you are not wise, but if you possess the tithing part of the sense I give you credit for, you will let it remain."

I went up into my own room, and throwing off my coat and neck-tie, I gave the rein to my imagination, and dashed off a slashing satire, beginning:

See the Ruby-tipped with mud.

Perhaps it will be well to explain, that this brilliant effort of genius, like my midnight lucubrations, has never to this day been soiled by coming in contact with the printer's fingers.

The next morning I looked into the room, the whip was hanging on the nail as I had left it. Crissy was attending to the shop, and I sat down to breakfast with a grim smile.

Sarah watched me silently for a few minutes, and finding, I suppose, that I had recovered my usual tone and spirits, said:

"I hope you are better this morning, Ben?"

I replied with studied politeness:

"Thank you, Sarah; I am better. I am more than that—I am quite well."

"I have had a wretched night," she replied.

"I am sorry. What was it? Toothache or chilblains?"

"I was very sorry last night. That disgraceful quarrel—"

"A very proper feeling. I also was sorry."

"I never expected to see such—"

"Neither did I."

"Don't be foolish, Ben. You can be serious enough sometimes."

"As a certain gentleman of your acquaintance can bear witness."

"And as no doubt he will, before the magistrates this morning. I am expecting—every noise

I hear, I think must be a policeman coming with a summons."

"Oh, let them come if they like. If Rubytip wants to be laughed out of the place he cannot do better. Let me help you to another slice of ham. No; your appetite is scarcely up to the mark this morning."

"No. I was dreadfully upset last night, and thinking over it since, seeing you in such a fury—"

"Well, yes, I was rather warm, I know, but you would not think much of me if I were to allow anybody to traduce you, for instance, without making a move?"

"No doubt, from your point of view, all you have done is highly praiseworthy. Crissy is exceptionally fortunate in having such a champion. Would you have acted the same, had the remarks been made about me? Would you—would you Ben?"

"Well, as a rule, you can generally defend yourself."

"Don't equivocate, Ben; that is a new feature. I do not like. No, I am satisfied, had the case before me, you would have shewn more moderation."

"Explain yourself, my sister."

"I will. Do you think me either blind or stupid? Do you suppose I cannot understand the meaning of things that are daily and hourly passing around me? Explain! Of course I explain. You go out for a peaceful walk, and get mixed up in a brawl with some bad character, and are so elated with it, that I believe you would have fought with a windmill. You throw a gentleman into the street for saying a few words that you did not like. You lock yourself in your room at night, and when you ought to be asleep you are scribbling poetry—"

"What do you know about my writings?" interrupted I, "how did you get your information?"

"Never your mind. You know it is true. In addition to all this, haven't I seen the half-steps, glances, and listened to the sentimental phrases, and heard the modulated tone of voice? I am quiet, Ben. You asked for an explanation and here it is. You are in love—in love with this girl—are in love with Crissy, and you cannot deny it."

I jumped up from the table and left the room. Sarah was right. I could not deny it.

Hitherto, I had never acknowledged the truth to myself. It had never taken form and shape in my mind. It had long been a raging, roaring, torrent, foaming and tearing for entrance to heart, and now these few words of Sarah's, broken down the sluice gates, the frail structure of defence; and my heart was flooded with overpowering, all-powerful love.

I bowed my head upon my hands, and groined in agony of heart at my hopeless misery. I prayed as I never had prayed before, for strength and guidance; and as I prayed an idea gradually formed itself in my mind.

After an hour's sharp struggle, I put on my hat and went direct to Father Patrick, and no penitent ever made a cleaner confession of his sins than I did of my troubles.

"And now, Father Patrick," I said, "I want you to help me. Things have now come to this pass, that Crissy can no longer remain at me

house. Cannot you take her in to assist your housekeeper, or to help in the school, or do anything? I will pay all expenses, but I want you to come and ask for her. I don't want her to think I wish to get rid of her."

"I can do that very well," Father Patrick replied. "In fact, it will be an accommodation to me. My housekeeper wants to go and see her mother, who is in failing health; and as she has had no holiday for some time, I should like to give her a few weeks' outing. So if Crissy will come in her place I shall be very glad of her services. And now, Ben," he continued, "what about these other troubles? I cannot exactly see the tremendous mountain that is looming in the distant future. Crissy is a good girl, she is a business woman, and she has studied your subject well. Certainly, she would not study your subject and happiness less, as your wife."

"But, Father Patrick," I cried excitedly, "what are you thinking about? Look at Crissy, look at me. See her age, and see mine."

"Why what is Crissy's age?"

"Somewhere about nineteen."

"And you, Ben. How old are you?—thirty-five—forty?"

"If I am not mistaken, in a few months I shall be thirty-three."

Father Patrick's eyes twinkled.

"That is a serious age, certainly, and deserving serious thought. Why, in seven more years you will have reached the old age of youth. The simple fact is, Ben, you have been doing man's work amongst men, with man's thoughts and a man's brains, for the last seventeen or eighteen years, and you feel to have passed through a long life. At the end of another five and twenty years, when you begin to rake what little hair you have left on your head over the bald place on the crown, you will think yourself a young man, and wonder at the absurdity of people calling a man of fifty years, old. Such are the views we take at different stages of our journey through life. The question, whether Crissy cares about you enough to marry you, is one you must find out for yourself; but I am much mistaken if she will marry any man who is not a Catholic. I know you are a Catholic in heart, or I would not put it before you in this manner. Unfortunately, you are troubled with many things, procrastination among the number. You remember the parable of the vine-dresser, who promised to go and work in the vineyard, and went not. And how our Blessed Saviour pointed him out as more deserving of condemnation than the man who flatly refused, but afterwards, by the grace of God, changed his mind, and went. Cromwell gave this advice to his soldiers: 'Put your trust in God, and keep your powder dry.' Although there is not much to admire in that gentleman's character, the advice thus given was sound and practical. Put your trust in God, and do your own work. Put your trust in God and do your duty. I will say no more upon this subject just now. I know the troubles and difficulties that beset the path of a convert are greater than most people imagine. I will simply ask you to offer your trouble to God, and say the Rosary every night before going to bed. Promise me you will do so."

I promised, and I did it.

Father Patrick called in the course of the day, and Crissy at once acceded to his request. She was pleased, and ready to go before the day was out.

I felt pained and hurt by her accepting so readily the change that was my own planning. Why should she be so anxious to get away? She need not have feared that I should obtrude myself upon her. Surely she could have waited another day or two, and not be in such a confounded hurry. She had always been treated kindly and well, and although I am not handsome—Good gracious! whoever *did* see a handsome man?—I don't think I am more offensive in my behaviour than is natural to most men. It is all very well of Father Patrick to make light of my age, but what can he possibly know about it? I cannot bring myself to believe that *any* woman, not far advanced into middle age, will ever look upon me with a favourable eye. Look at the number of boys that are passing the window daily, not more than seventeen or eighteen years old, without either money or brains, with nothing to recommend them but pink cheeks and masher collars, and girls, who ought to know better, are fluttering about them, showing their delight at the boys' inane lisplings, as if they were words of wisdom.

Crissy, I always considered a clever, sensible girl; but why should she be so pleased to leave us? The place and work, no doubt, are monotonous, and so is everything if we come to that. We do to-day the same as we did yesterday, and shall do to-morrow the same as to-day. It must be so, there is no help for it. Why should her living here be more monotonous than at Father Patrick's?

If I had ever seen her show any liking for the young cads who come into the shop for no other purpose but to speak to her, I should have thought she had some object in that direction. But, no; Crissy is no flirt, and I can only imagine that in some way I have betrayed my feelings. Of course that is it. If Sarah could see it, why not Crissy? Oh, my darling! my darling, I know you hate me; but I shall always, always, always love you.

Crissy left that day; and Sarah, to whom I had not confided my plans, was mystified.

As days passed over without Crissy's return, and without her name being mentioned, Sarah grew visibly uneasy. She evidently attributed this long stay at Father Patrick's as something more than a temporary arrangement.

Of course Crissy's absence threw additional work upon myself, but the additional work came upon me gratefully; it saved me from thought, and saved me from myself.

At length Sarah suggested that I should obtain an assistant, as the effect of so many hours' working was showing itself in my countenance.

I thanked her, but declined.

Time passed on. Father Patrick's housekeeper had returned, and still Crissy remained. I was now receiving instructions, and went to chapel regularly. Sometimes I saw Crissy, but there was no mistake that she intentionally avoided me. Once I met her coming in from the school; she was in a hurry, but I caught her hand and stopped her. She coloured with displeasure. I dropped her hand, and, with a cold "Good morning," I passed on.

My pride was stirred to the very depths; this sort of thing should not occur again. Forget, I would. Let it cost me what it might, I was determined to wrench this foolish passion from my heart.

I plunged into politics, and drove myself almost mad over Greek verbs, and scarified my throat with German declensions.

Sarah at this time worried me considerably; she evidently thought she was at the bottom of all this trouble, and wanted to salve over the wound by a few kind words. 'But I did not care about them, and would not have them. Like that lady spoken of in ancient history, I refused to be comforted. One day she pinned me closer than usual, and began:

"Oh! Ben, I am so sorry. You are not a bit like yourself since —"

"Changed, am I? There is nothing to be surprised at in that, considering what a fine growing young man I am."

"Oh, Ben, I wish you would listen to me."

"Yes. Exactly. But, first, do you listen to this. Here is Gladstone has used 275 words to answer a simple question, and nobody can tell whether he means 'Yes' or 'No'; and here is another fellow jesting about "Nervousness," when to all appearances we are upon the eve of a cruel war. That is how the session is wasted. This is the sort of obstruction where the *clôture* could be applied with advantage."

"Well, never mind. Don't trouble about politics."

"I am afraid I must. I am afraid I shall have good reason when the income tax collector calls upon me again."

"Ben, I don't think you should evade all my remarks in this way. I have been a good sister to you. Did you ever find your shirt without a button, or your linen not properly aired, or your stockings with a hole, or the darning hobbly, or—?"

"No, Sarah, no. You have been everything a good sister should be, and something over. When that ship comes home, bringing the right man, you shall have— Why, what now? what the dickens! You are blushing—actually blushing, Sarah. What is the matter?"

Sarah by way of answer placed her hands upon my shoulders, and raising herself upon her toes, kissed my cheek.

I started as if a pistol had been fired off at my ear. This display of affection could only be a prelude to something dreadful.

"Don't be angry, Ben. I wanted to tell you—Mr. Rubytip—"

"What," I shouted, "has he been insulting you? I will break his ungodly neck if he has."

"No, Ben. Don't be so violent. Mr. Rubytip has asked me to be—to be his wife."

"The deuce he has! Where is that whip? I will soon give him an answer."

"Be quiet and reasonable for a moment; this is my affair."

"Well?"

"I have accepted him."

I put Sarah back into her chair, and walked across the room to the window. I pulled both my ears, they had no feeling. I looked up the street. I observed a lady who was passing that she had a button off her boot. A man passed the window

with a basket on his head. I was conscious of the odour of shrimps. I saw a girl cleaning a window opposite, and wondered why one pane required so much rubbing, until I saw she was fascinated by a young masher standing in the road, dressed within an inch of his life, and engaged in the intellectual amusement of sucking the knob of his stick. In spite of this, I felt I was in a dream. A boy was crying the latest war news—thirteen English killed, and 100,000 Arabs. All, however, would not do; it was a dream, and I should awake up presently and find it all a hideous dream. Never more would I indulge in lobsters if this was the result.

I turned, and Sarah caught me round the neck—she was in tears.

Now if there is one thing in the world more than another that I cannot resist it is a woman's tears. I am certain if I were a judge, and a prisoner's wife came to me with tears in her eyes, I should sum up that her husband was not guilty.

It will be understood, therefore, how I at once softened before Sarah's tearful face.

"Well," I said, "this has come upon me quite unexpectedly; but as you have settled the matter I suppose I ought to congratulate you. Mr. Rubytip and I have not been particularly good friends up to the present—"

"No, Ben, you have not. But when you know him better you will like him. He is so good—"

"Shall I? I am glad to hear it."

"Yes, I am sure you will like him. He is sorry he said what he did about Crissy—"

"That I truly believe."

"And I am sure he would not have said it had he known how sensitive you were; for, after all, he did not mean anything."

"Oh, didn't he? Then I did not mean anything by what I did. So if he is satisfied, I am perfectly."

"Then I hope you will see him, and shake hands, and be good friends."

"Well, as for that, there are a few preliminaries to be first adjusted. You, a simple, unsuspecting maiden, must be looked after by your big brother. How about settlements? What are you going to do about your Egyptians?"

"You need not trouble about that. The boys are mine and will remain so. I acquired my money too hardly to part with it easily. I should like to see the man who could wheedle me out of my own property."

"Then I may assume, you are not very much in love—not very far gone."

"Stuff! in love. I'd scorn such an action. One foolish person in a family is enough."

Upon this point I quite agreed with her. She continued:

"As for my further plans—"

"I think, my dear sister," I interrupted, "we will defer any further explanation until to-morrow. I have heard as much as I can very well digest in one day."

Yes; it was no figure of speech. In good truth I had heard enough in one short hour for a month's serious reflection.

At first, surprise was the predominant feeling. That they petted and fêted the pastor of Little Bethel, who had been studied and coddled by the

old—I mean the ladies of his congregation—until his wardrobe must have been crammed with chest protectors, and lamb's wool stockings and comforters, to say nothing of a hundred pairs of worked slippers; that, as it was currently reported, had been presented to him at different times, by his various admirers. This latter statement so far obtained credence that the wags of the place had given him the name of the "centipede."

To think that Sarah should be able to ride rough shod over all these competitors for his smiles; that she should drive her triumphal car, the victor of a hundred fights, over the necks of these devotees, was something too much for ordinary comprehension.

Poor Rubytip. At the best of times I had not thought very kindly about him, and latterly my thoughts had assumed a more decided form of feeling. He had tried to injure the reputation of one very dear to me, and the fact seldom came back to me without a wave of vengeful feeling accompanying it.

But now this feeling was mingled with something approaching to pity. That Nemesis should come upon him in the shape and form of Sarah, was a kind of poetical justice I could not have expected to find in this life.

That Sarah would soon put his affairs into a healthful state, I had no doubt. She would soon settle those maiden ladies' attentions, if they attempted to try them on with *her* husband. She would soon knock any nonsense he might have in that direction out of his head, and substitute a little practical good sense in its place. But before this was accomplished, I could foresee there were several bad quarters of hours in store for that gentleman.

I think I have already said I was receiving instructions from Father Patrick. When I first went I thought I knew a great deal. I could hold my own in a discussion; but, apart from that, I found there were many things of which I was profoundly ignorant.

I had to forgive my enemies, and love those who injured me. I was not conscious of ill feeling towards anybody but to poor Rubytip; and the events of this morning had considerably toned down that feeling. I felt I could forgive him; but I love him! It was a bitter pill. Bitter? Ugh! It was nauseous.

When I was a youngster, and wrestling with medicinal attentions, I was told to hold my nose and gulph down the draught, and I should not mind it. When I thought of this case I thought my nose would want a good deal of holding: in short, I did not see my way out of the difficulty, and, like a good many better men than myself, I shelved the further consideration of the trouble, and waited for something to turn up.

A paralysing thought suddenly sprung upon me. Surely it could not be; Sarah could not be so far advanced in lunacy, as to think of bringing her husband to this house, under the fond illusion that we should all live together as one happy family.

That was a thing I would at once crush out with all my might. Sarah could withdraw her share in the business if she thought well—my per-

sonal expenses were small, and it would affect me but little. But what could I do alone? At the thoughts of a housekeeper, I groaned in anguish of heart.

Perhaps, after all, it would be better for them to come and live here; come if they like. Yes, they *shall* come, and I will try my fortune in Canada. My life is now wretched, and with an entirely fresh change of scene and ideas, I may perhaps forget many things that I cannot forget here.

The idea so took possession of my mind that I thought of little else during the day, and in the evening, when Sarah resumed her broken conversation with me, I had in imagination passed through many of the miserable stages of leaving-taking with friends and people, whom I should probably never see again.

The thoughts of breaking up my home, where I had lived all my life, a home bound up with a thousand endearing associations, and seeking my living in another land, had such a humiliating effect upon me that I asked Sarah to take the whip down from the place where it had been hanging since the day of my Rubytip rupture, and to tell Rubytip himself I should be glad to see him whenever he liked to come. When I had done this I thought I had held my nose pretty well for the first day.

Sarah looked at me attentively as I was speaking, as if doubting my words. Then, with a sigh of relief, she said:

"You are a dear good brother. I know you are now doing violence to your feelings, because you think it will please me."

"Not altogether that, Sarah. Let me be honest as long as I can. On Easter Sunday I hope to be received into the Catholic church, and as a Christian I am bound to be at peace with all the world, and I do not see a better way than to begin with your future husband."

"Well, Ben, you are old enough to know what you are doing. If it will add to your happiness I will never say a word against it. I have no doubt there are good people amongst Catholics as there are elsewhere."

"I have heard something like the same remark before," I replied, "but it seems to be somewhat inconsistent. If the doctrines of the Catholic Church are as bad as they are represented, and a man lives up to his religion, how *can* he be good?"

"I cannot argue with you, Ben. One thing is certain—if all the Catholic girls were as good as Crissy they might be held up as an example to—"

"To the more enlightened portion of the world, I suppose you mean?"

"Don't be disagreeable, Ben. I am thinking only of your happiness. I spoke of Crissy because I know you are fond of her, and if I understand anything about a woman's heart—and recollect I was young once, and had all a girl's hopes and dreams—if I understand the meaning of words and looks, and other signs, she is equally fond of you."

"Sarah, it's time you were married; you are developing into a romantic old maid. You altogether mistake—you cannot understand anything about it. Why do you say this to me?"



Sarah put her arm through mine, and drew herself close to me.

"Why do I say this? Why? Because I am thinking of your happiness. Although Mr. Rubytip has asked, and I have consented to become his wife, do you think I would leave you to be waited upon and attended to by strangers? No; before I leave you, I must see you married and comfortably settled; and I feel satisfied nobody can accomplish that, but Crissy. I have always been fond of Crissy; and remember, Ben, if it had not been for me, *you would have turned that poor child out on that dreadful winter's night.*"

(To be continued.)

## CATCHING THE POST.

**A**MONGST reasons alleged for the lateness of London dinners, one of the commonest is based upon "the Post-office regulations." At first sight there does not seem to be much connection between dining and letter-writing; and the dwellers in quiet country places, where the postman calls rather lazily once a day, at a more or less inconvenient hour, are quite at a loss to understand how such an important institution as the chief meal of the day should be at all affected by so trifling an event as the departure of the letters. But in the City it is a very different matter. The whole tribe of factors, brokers, and agents of all sorts who work away in that focus of business under the orders of principals in all parts of the world, look forward to the hour when their day's correspondence is to be made up as the end of their labours. Not only the innumerable multitude of London representatives, or correspondents, or delegates, including solicitors managing country cases, journalists supplying foreign papers, and a crowd of touts and nondescript agents, but also all those important firms—banking, manufacturing, or commercial—whose principal relations are with foreign and provincial houses, similarly regard the happy moment when the mail bags have been made up as the signal for their release. During the last half-hour, and especially the last minutes which precede the shutting of the box, there is a bustle and feverish excitement amongst the clerks and their superiors which grows in intensity by a sort of geometrical progression as each second elapses. The budgets once completed and despatched, there ensues a sort of halcyon time in which the tension of mental and bodily exertion is suddenly relaxed. The man who a minute or two ago was heart and soul in his papers and at his desk, and had not a moment to spare for his dearest friend, is transformed as if by magic into an easy-going and leisure-loving person, ready to discuss the weather, stroll out towards the station, or lounge into the club. If he is of more vigorous and sociable habits he will rush off for a good ride or a good walk in the park. If literature or politics are his special delights he will be off to the club library or perhaps the House of Commons. Whatever his tastes may be, he will take an hour or so of what he

calls recreation, and then be ready for dinner. Paterfamilias, who has slaved indoors from ten or eleven till six, is bent upon edging in a holiday between his work and his food. As long as he is so-minded, and as long as the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand maintain their present arrangements, it is clear that half at least of the business men, whatever other people may do, cannot be driven to dine much before eight o'clock.

The day may variously be divided into more or less equal parts, according to the pursuits and habits of each individual. The greater part of mankind divide their day, by reference to the chief event in it, into before and after dinner periods—a division which was proper enough as long as the principal repast occurred about simultaneously with midday. But in these enlightened days post-time would constitute a far more sensible line of separation. Until that magic hour, a sort of weight remains on the mind, not only of business men, but of many another correspondent whose energies can only be roused sufficiently to take up a pen by the knowledge that the last chance of writing at all will be gone in a few minutes. The same cause which stimulates him to a tardy industry furnishes him with an excuse for brevity. It would be astounding, if only statistics could be produced, to see how many of the thousands of letters carried daily by the post contain allusions to the post-time as an excuse. However much leisure may be at the writer's disposal during all the rest of the day, however easy the subject of the composition, the epistle winds up almost in five cases out of every ten with the same convenient formula—"I must conclude now, to catch the post." Behold a never-failing expedient, justifying the most abrupt ending, and capable of accounting reasonably for any small mistakes in grammar, spelling, or even good taste, which may have crept into the document, and which could, of course, have been corrected if the post had not been "just going out."

The problem of "catching the post" is not a little illustrative of personal character. There are those who have all their letters completed ~~hours~~ before the time arrives for putting them into the box. These are the methodical people, who never miss trains or oversleep themselves, or indulge in other unpunctualities. Then there are the men who always catch the post, but only by working furiously against time for the last half-hour or so. Lastly, there is the correspondent who invariably allows himself too little time, and pays in expiation of his irregularities the penalty of extra stamps. Often they may be seen, these different class of letter-writers, wending their way to office or pillar-box, the punctual ones walking with calm and conscious dignity, the unpunctual tearing along with unbuttoned coat and ungloved hands, full of half-fastened and hardly more than half-finished letters. Stand outside any of the important post-offices from half-past five to a quarter-past seven, and you will have an opportunity of observing a good many peculiarities, and even eccentricities, of human character, evoked and unconsciously exhibited by the performers in a sort of moving comedy, gratuitously given daily under the title of "Post-time."

## MOTHERS.

**Y**OUTHFUL mothers—full of gladness,  
 As you stoop with loving care  
 To smooth a ruffled ringlet  
 On the baby's head so fair;  
 Say, what see you in the future,  
 That, that traitor tear should rise  
 To dim the happy lustre  
 Of your laughter-laden eyes?

Do you fear the feet you fondle,  
 May grow weary, tired, and sore,  
 Ere their pilgrimage is ended,  
 And their journeying is o'er?  
 Do you fear that dark temptations  
 May beset them on their way,  
 And the little hearts grow troubled  
 In a far-off coming day?

Oh, anxious, tender mothers,  
 There is One who reigns above,  
 Who loves the little children  
 With a father's mighty love;  
 And once on earth he gathered  
 Little children round His knee,  
 And caressed them on His bosom,  
 As they rested there so free.

Mothers—standing lonely, helpless,  
 While your prayers seem all in vain,  
 By the death-bed of your darling,  
 With a heart of woe and pain,  
 Oh, your arms are tight around them,  
 And you cannot let them go;  
 And you count the precious moments,  
 As their lives ebb out so slow.

Oh, think of that lone Mother,  
 By the Cross of Calvary,  
 How her soul was pierced with anguish,  
 As she stood beside the Tree.  
 You still can soothe your dear ones—  
 But her Jesus hung on high;  
 And through three long hours of darkness  
 Mary stood and saw Him die.

Oh, childless, lonely mothers,  
 Brooding with a tender care,  
 O'er a little broken plaything,  
 Or a lock of shining hair;  
 Gazing out with eyes o'er brimming,  
 To the churchyard on the hill,  
 Where beneath the peaceful heavens  
 Lay the dear ones, calm and still.

You miss, oh, lonely mothers,  
 The patter on the floor  
 Of the little baby-footsteps,  
 That will run to you no more;  
 Look up, oh sad heart weeping,  
 In your loneliness and pain,  
 In the "Kingdom of the Children,"  
 You shall meet your own again.

In the golden Courts of Heaven,  
 In the Palaces above,  
 There are angel-mothers pleading  
 For the children of their love.

Oh, I know they still can love them  
 With a mother's tender love,  
 And will be the first to greet them  
 To the home of bliss above.

They come, the angel-mothers,  
 In the watches of the night,  
 And they linger by their treasures,  
 With a face of angel light.  
 They are standing at the threshold,  
 They are waiting at the door,  
 Till their dear ones all are gathered  
 On the Everlasting Shore.

ANNIE J. COLLIER.

## EUGENE VILLEFORT.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE RUFFIAN BOY.

**H**E was a wild, fierce boy; his best friends could not dispute it. A savage boy—a ruffian boy. His temper, when aroused, was a kind of insanity; and it was very easily aroused too. Then, if a knife was at his hand, he would not hesitate to strike with it.

It may seem strange that a boy of such a dreadful temper should have any friends, but he had—such warm ones too.

These friends made excuses for Eugene Villefort. They urged that the boy's naturally bad temper was exasperated by his sorrowful circumstances.

With all his pride and fierceness, how he had worked for his widowed mother when his father was slain at Fontenoy! How in the bleak winds and snows of winter, defying the cold, and fearless even of the chance of meeting a bear or a stray wolf driven by hunger from the mountains, he would traverse the woods in the neighbourhood of the village of S. Rosalie, where he went to gather fuel, or perhaps watch a chance of a stray hare or rabbit, which he had permission to appropriate from the young Count de Mortemar himself.

Before the great Revolution, the game laws in France were as severe as in any country in Europe, and but for this permission of the Count de Mortemar, Eugene Villefort might have been heavily called to account even for taking a rabbit in the wild, fierce woods.

It was not a very great grace of the young Count de Mortemar, for Eugene Villefort's father had not only been a soldier under the command of the father of the Count, but, though not actually among the *noblesse*, he was descended from an ancient, gentlemanly family of Provence.

The young Count Adolphe was also deprived of his father as well as Eugene; but he fell not with poor M. Villefort in honourable warfare, but perished ignobly a few months after the battle of Fontenoy in a duel caused by a quarrel in a gaming-house at Paris.

The Count de Mortemar was a very gay, extravagant man. His wife also was a very gay lady. She spent her time chiefly in Paris; and

though she went to Mass, it was merely as a custom; she had no real piety, and neither care nor pity for the sufferings of the poor. She had, however, vast notions of her own importance, and held herself as much above the humbler classes as if they were lower than humanity, and she all but equal to an angel. These notions she infused into the mind of her son.

Now you are to know that it was the extravagance and luxury, the wicked pride and selfishness, and the irreligion of the great mass of the nobility and rich people of France that led to that terrible event, the first French Revolution, which broke out in 1780. That terrible epoch was yet to come; and the Countess de Mortemar, being somewhat restricted in her resources by her own and her husband's extravagance, was fain to quit her beloved Paris soon after his death, and take up her abode at the Château de Mortemar, some few miles from Lyons. Madame pretended that mourning for her husband and solicitude for the education of her son were her motives for this retirement. She was, in truth, impelled thereto by the pressure of her debts to the Parisian tradespeople, and the hope of repairing her finances by fresh impositions on the tenants of her son's lands of Mortemar.

"At the period of the accession of Louis the Sixteenth, the grievances which cried for redress in France," says a Catholic historian, "can hardly be exaggerated. The worst abuses of the feudal system had been retained long after all that was good in feudality had ceased to exist. The government was a court despotism, and the lower classes held in cruel and degrading bondage; when, therefore, they broke out into revolution, it was in that most terrible of forms—a revolution of armed slaves. But besides this, the seeds of infidelity had been sown far and wide in the early part of the eighteenth century, which now sprang up and bore their deadly fruit. Voltaire, the most impious of modern infidels, had organised a conspiracy for the abolition of the Christian faith; democracy and atheism went hand in hand; and the men who now rose to destroy monarchy proclaimed war at the same time against God Himself."

With the corrupt statesmen, with the impious philosophers, with the profligate courtiers, and vain, dissipated women, in whose iniquities were founded the horrors of the Revolution, had the Countess de Mortemar and her husband associated.

It may be supposed what manner of mother she made, and the style of her son's education. He was brought up to believe himself something actually superior to humanity, and looked upon the peasants on his estate as some kind of inferior beings to his horses and hounds.

Very hard indeed did the countess consider it to be banished from her beloved Paris, and a weary life did she lead the unfortunate young lady who was her paid companion, and very ill-paid into the bargain.

The tutor of the young count was a poor member of a noble family, a mere frivolous man of fashion, and quite unlike Father Paul, the gentle curé of the village of S. Rosalie.

M. de la Tour bemoaned his exile from Paris

almost as much as the countess; and Adolphe, after a pretence of study for about an hour or two each morning, was well-nigh abandoned to his own devices for the rest of the day. These led him into association with the grooms and huntsmen, and he passed the best part of his time riding, hunting, and shooting, and thereby contracting manners that were equally shocking to the refinement of his mother and his tutor.

Thus it was that the young count became acquainted with Eugene Villefort.

The system of his education, the overweening sense of his own importance inculcated by his mother, the adulation of the servants, and absolute awe with which he found himself regarded by the peasants, made no wonder that Adolphe de Mortemar was one of the most overbearing, selfish boys that ever lived. He was not, however, naturally all bad; he had kindly impulses, which were too often overwhelmed by the bad precepts which were instilled into him.

His residence at the Château de Mortemar promised at first to benefit poor Madame Villefort and her children—for she had two, Eugene and a fair delicate little girl nearly three years his junior. There were wilds and mountains in the neighbourhood of the château, for it was built on a spur of the Cevennes. This Paris-bred boy Adolphe was astonished out of his effeminacy by the wild aspect of nature about his ancestral home. The majesty of the forests of oak and beech that clothed the barren steep, the gloom of the pine woods above, and the fantastic form of the masses of grey rock that broke from amid the sombre verdure, brightened by the rushing waters of the many cascades that fell with the noise of thunder from the mountains to form the rapid streams that swept along the valleys to join the magnificent Loire, which has its source in these mountains, made up scenes of novelty both awful and pleasing to the boy, who had been nurtured amid the tame insipid luxury of wealth in a great city.

M. de la Tour, Adolphe's tutor, was content with ministering to the young count's mental culture. He was a gentleman of sensitive nerves who preferred the gardens of the Tuilleries or a ride in the Bois de Boulogne to all the magnificence of the lakes and mountains of Italy or Switzerland; and he told the countess, with less of circumlocution than might have been expected from so exquisitely polite and refined a person, that if her son chose to tear his clothes scrambling through thickets, or risk his neck in clambering mountains, with the extra chance of encountering a wild cat, or perhaps even a boar or a bear, he must remind madame that to attend the young gentleman in such fantastic excursions formed no part of his duty.

He would do much, he had done much, to be of service to Madame and M. le Comte. Had he not, in fact, quitted Paris, submitted to banishment from that beautiful city, out of which was no real life? That was enough—it must suffice. He would not become a mere savage, a mountaineer. The countess sighed and admitted the justice of M. de la Tour's plea. Did not she know what it was to be banished from Paris?

Helas! Adolphe was a headstrong boy. He

cared but little for her admonitions. But then Girard the huntsman always accompanied him, and he and his men were bound to protect their young lord, so she could not think that Adolphe would be in any great danger from wild cat, or bear, or boar.

Possibly madame, in the excess of her self-complacency, thought there was "a divinity to hedge" a count no less than a king, and that no animal in the Cevennes could be so lost to a sense of its own meanness and his majesty, as to assail with hostile intent a Count de Mortemar.

This agreeable estimate of things was unfortunately quite overturned by an adventure which Adolphe encountered a few weeks after his arrival in Languedoc.

It was on this occasion he was destined to make acquaintance with Eugene Villefort.

The young count had not only as ample a sense of his own consequence as his mother could desire, but he was also very perverse and obstinate, and possessed all that foolhardiness which is the farthest thing apart from real courage.

On an excursion into the woods under the charge of Girard, he had remarked a beautiful white kid disporting on the brow of a mountain, and took a great fancy to possess it and bring it to tame. The little white kid seemed to be the only child of its parents, for a staid-looking elderly she-goat kept beside it, as if guarding its away steps; for so sheer was the descent of the grey rocks, that if even the little kid had slipped, it would inevitably have been crushed to death in the fall to the valley below.

Besides the protection of its mother, a sturdy-looking he-goat, with formidable crooked horns and a beard of respectable length, was browsing in the herbage that grew in the clefts at the very summit of the rocks.

As if it were as easy as to cross a drawing-room, Adolphe imperiously demanded of the old huntsman to climb the rocks and bring him down the little white kid.

The old man laughed and shook his head. "Thirty years ago, when I was a young man, le Comte," he replied, "I was one of five youths of S. Rosalie who in bravado wagered to climb the 'Sugar-loaf Rock,' as that rock is called. I only reached the summit; Jacques and I only got midway. Of our two unfortunate companions, one fell and broke his leg; the other was killed."

"They must have been very clumsy," answered Adolphe scornfully. "But what a man can do once he can do twice; and I will give you fifty livres if you will once more climb the 'Sugar-loaf' and bring me down that little white kid."

"I would gladly do it to please you, my lord count, without fee or bounty," answered Girard; "but I pray you to remember that I am now an old man, and that what it was a peril to do when my foot was steady and my eye clear is impossible now."

"Do not tell me it is impossible, you stupid old man!" cried Adolphe. "Am I not the Count de Mortemar, and lord of all the people on my own land? And am I to be told that I cannot have a little white kid brought down for me from the top of a hill? If you are so lame and so

blind that you cannot climb yourself, fetch one of the common fellows who is younger."

Any answer which the old huntsman might have made to this cruel and insolent speech was interrupted by a burst of laughter so loud, rude, and mocking, that Adolphe turned in a fury to ascertain whence it proceeded.

Then he perceived standing on the pinnacle of a rock adjacent to the "Sugar-loaf," but many feet below it, a boy about his own age, roughly clad, but with a stalwart figure and handsome features. In his hand he held a rifle, and he had a hunter's knife at his side.

"Who are you, and what are you laughing at?" demanded Adolphe haughtily.

"I am laughing at you," answered the stranger; "and as to who I am, my father was a gentleman and a brave soldier, and my name is Eugene Villefort, but I am better known at S. Rosalie as *le garçon sauvage*—THE RUFFIAN BOY!"

## CHAPTER II.

### A DOUBTFUL FRIENDSHIP.

THE young Count was so much of a tyrant that he liked only dealing with slaves. Despite their perfect submission, and the manifest awe in which they held him, he missed in the peasants of S. Rosalie the smooth deference of the Parisian servants.

The contempt, the bold defiance, therefore, of Eugene Villefort angered no less than it annoyed him. He was not, however, as we have said, quite destitute of good impulses, but he was corrupted by a pernicious education. The good seed was indeed choked by tares.

He stared for a minute or two at Eugene, as though he had spoken in some unknown language, then he said:

"I do not suppose you know who I am? I am the Count de Mortemar!"

"I guessed as much, seeing Girard along with you," replied Eugene carelessly.

"Then I think, considering the difference between us, you might behave better than take the liberty of laughing at me," remarked Adolphe.

Instead of being confounded by this reproof, Eugene had the temerity to laugh again.

"I do not know of any difference between us," he returned, "to prevent my laughing when you make yourself ridiculous. You are the son of the Count de Montemar, and my father was a poor captain in the Count's regiment; but please to remember my father was a gentleman of the best blood in Provence. In all save land and gold I am your equal; and as for the money, there is many a bourgeois of Paris or Lyons richer than you!"

"You say you are called 'the savage!'" exclaimed Adolphe, "and it appears to me, you are so rude and impertinent that you deserved to be called so. But if you really are a gentleman, as you pretend, and the son of Captain Villefort, perhaps you will have the politeness to tell me why you laughed and how I made myself ridiculous."

"I have no objection to satisfy you," replied Eugene, still in that independent, fearless manner which so greatly offended the young Count. "Now, M. le Comte, though you have spent, as I hear, all your days in Paris, you must surely know that a kid cannot be carried off from the top of a mountain like a lamb out of a meadow; and I laughed at your absurdity in bidding Girard fetch you the kid. Do you suppose that the two old goats would suffer the little creature to be taken? As for rudeness, too, if such a savage as I am had spoken roughly to an old man such as Girard, it would not be much to be wondered at; but the Count de Mortemar, brought up in Paris, I should have thought would have known better and been more polite."

"Oh, *ma foi*, polite to be sure!" said Adolphe with a sneer. "Do you remember that Girard is but a *Jacques Bonhomme*, a peasant, one of my people?"

"I remember all that," answered Eugene; "and were I a rich Count, I should think too much of my dignity to be rude to a beggar, let alone to an old man whose fathers have been on the lands of Mortemar for hundreds of years. I am poor; I am glad to wear a frieze jerkin, to do odd jobs for the farmers, to pick up sticks to keep the *pot-au-feu* boiling, and save my mother and little sister from starvation, but I do not forget that my father was Captain Villefort, a soldier in the service of King Louis; and I should think I did less hurt to Girard than disgrace to myself if I forgot that I was a gentleman and spoke rudely to him."

This speech awakened Adolphe to one of his gleams of good sense and good feeling. Respect for gentle birth had been instilled into him like a faith, and, to give him his due, he little regarded Eugene's ragged jerkin, but thought much of his urging politeness even to the poor as the obligation of a gentleman.

"There is something in what you say," he remarked gravely; "but I should never think of choosing my words to a *Jacques Bonhomme*; they do not know the difference."

"Do not be sure of that," said Villefort. "At any rate, consider that surliness to poor lacqueys even disgraces yourself."

"I will consider that," answered Adolphe. "And now tell me, M. le Capitaine Villefort *fils*, how is it that I find you in my woods with a gun on your shoulder? Do you not know that the game in these woods is the property of the lords of Mortemar, or does it agree with your politeness as a chevalier to shoot their game without their permission?"

Offensive as was this question, Adolphe had such a merry twinkle in his eye, and put it in such a good-tempered tone, that Eugene took it with equal good-humour, and replied:

"I am not your vassal, my lord; and during the two years I have lived here with my mother and little sister, your farm-bailiff never forbade my shooting or fishing. He knew my father, and perhaps he thought that you would not grudge a bird or a hare to the son of your father's old officer. I never feared that you would be so discourteous. And now that we have met, my lord, I ask your permission to shoot in your woods, for

my mother is in poor health, and she cannot live on black bread and cabbage-soup; therefore I pray your leave sometimes to strike down for her a pheasant or a partridge."

As Eugene spoke he doffed his ragged cap, and bowed to the young Count with a grace and dignity which would not have been amended by velvet and ermine. Adolphe was greatly impressed. He took off his gold-laced hat and returned the bow with equal grace.

"M. Eugene Villefort," he said, "you are welcome to the best product of my woods and streams; and kindly also make my compliments to madame your mother, and tell her that the Countess de Mortemar shall forthwith be informed that the widow and children of my father's officer are living in this neighbourhood."

Who would have thought, to look at those two boys at this moment, that Eugene merited to be called "the savage," and that Adolphe was one of the most overbearing and selfish of young aristocrats? Neither was their demeanour that of the children which, in point of years, they really were, but rather that of two accomplished gentlemen of the world. And gentlemen of the world they really were, prematurely matured, the one by the hard lessons of poverty, the other by the still more hurtful teaching of the artificial life of Parisian fashion a hundred years ago.

It is bad for children to be made little men and women. Maturity comes all too soon.

Both the boys were just then at their best, and acting, not from their teachings, equally lamentable, but from the fulness of their hearts. They jointly got rid of their mannish airs too, and were presently talking freely in the style of friends; and Eugene, who was an expert climber, promised that Adolphe should have a young kid for a pet, perhaps the little snow-white fellow which had now skipped away from the brow of the mountain. For Eugene knew the old goats and where they had their homes among the rocks.

And good old Girard's eyes glistened with moisture, and he prayed *la Sainte Vierge* to watch over the friendship of Eugene Villefort and the young De Mortemar. Wild and vindictive he was, Eugene was a favourite with the hunter; and he had now another merit with Girard, in that it was through him that his young lord spoke kindly and graciously to the old hunter. And for some time things promised as kindly as old Girard or M. le curé, who also took an interest in that wild Eugene, could have wished. That very identical white kid on which Adolphe had set his fancy did Eugene take to the castle on the following morning, and he made the young Count as expert a marksman and as bold a cragsman as himself.

And Madame la Comtesse was very gracious, and expressed much sympathy with Madame Villefort, and supplied her abundantly with meat and delicacies from the castle, and Eugene and his pretty sister, Adele, were constant visitors there, and like children of the house. All promised well; only Père Paul shook his head and firmly impressed upon Eugene the necessity of curbing his terrible temper.

(To be continued.)





SHE PLUNGED INTO THE TORRENT.

## Sherborne; or, the House at the Four Ways.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems," "Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

AS soon as I had got a little way from the house, I began to walk very slowly, so that I was twice as long in going back as I had been in coming; and yet the time seemed a great deal shorter—I suppose, because there was nothing to mark it, my brains having been in a hopeless state

of confusion all the way. Not till I had returned to the rectory, made some commonplace remarks, and set out homewards in the old yellow chariot, did I begin to see what it was that made me tremble and hesitate at the idea of doing anything, and feel angry with myself and every one else. The solemn roll of the old yellow chariot, the solitude of the cross-country roads on



a winter's day, the stillness of the frosty mist that hung, grey and cold, over the fields by the roadside, cooled my brains and warmed my energies. I began to see something more than I had bargained for when I undertook to do Mrs. Sherborne's behests. When I undertook that office, I felt as a girl; *now* I felt as a woman. I mean that *then* my feeling about it was simple, and *now* it was complex. Yes, indeed, I began to see something more than I had bargained for. But I must explain one thing first about my own family, otherwise you will not understand why I was taken aback when the count told me about Thomas Brabourne's second marriage. My name is not Smith. I assumed it, without y's or e's, when I came to this house, because I wanted to be unknown, and leave an ancient family to struggle with the chances of silly representations and scampish heirs, without having its drawbacks increased by me. My real name is Atherstone—Mrs. Atherstone: in my young days unmarried women when they arrived at a certain age were called Mrs. instead of Miss. Now you see why the count's words affected me so much. The second wife of the direct heir was my own sister; and here began the tug of war in my heart.

"When Mrs. Sherborne told me (as you remember) that her brother had gone by the name of Flaxley at Douai, it suggested nothing to me; but when I learned that he had assumed the name of Brabourne, it flashed across me that my brother-in-law must be the heir she wanted. Thus, at the time of my conversation with the count, I suddenly saw too much and too little. Fool, dolt, idiot, that I was! I could only see that, if I helped Mrs. Sherborne to discover her brother's direct male heir, I should be helping to take away the inheritance from Alfred. Don't stare at me! Yes—from Alfred, my betrothed. I little thought that I should lose him by *not* doing so. Don't think I am ashamed of the way I acted. I have nothing to be ashamed of—everything to regret. But you must pardon the garrulousness of a poor old wretch, who has no life except in the past. I can't tell the story I *have* to tell, without giving vent to the memories of my own great sorrows—immense, complete, hopeless. I only live in *them*. And you mustn't mind—well, you have borne with my irritating digressions of another kind very patiently, I must say—you mustn't mind if I express myself strongly about what I am telling you; for I can't speak of it calmly—how can I, when I ruined our prospects and caused *his* death by what I did? I determined, after a terrific struggle (for bare truth-telling was the one and only principle I had been taught) I determined to keep back the truth, and say that the count had known her brother's younger son, the elder having been guillotined, but *not* that he had heard of him lately in London. I was very sorry to do so, and though I tried to comfort myself by hoping that he would have no son, and that so there would be no permanent injury, I could only succeed so far as to drown the scoldings of my own imagination (call it the voice of conscience, if you like) in what I considered just anger against everybody and everything for bringing me into the dilemma. I was an idiot to act as I did, because, what would it signify if he *did* lose the in-

heritance of the property? It wouldn't make him penniless, and it would have made Mrs. Sherborne do her utmost to remove obstacles which she would then have had the power to do, because his father, as well as himself, would then be dependent on her.

"Too late I knew what I had done; but you shall hear that presently.

"When I reached home, I found Mrs. Sherborne in the same little room where I had left her three hours before. The hiding-place had been closed; but the documents, together with various other papers of the same date apparently, lay on the table, and she was so absorbed in them that she was not aware of my entrance until I spoke. Then she looked up and through me. And I began to doubt and reproach myself, and hate my own thoughts; and then I grew angry, and listened no more to this internal voice, whatever it might be. In short, I cut off my own retreat by saying:

"I saw the count; I forget his name. He remembers your brother and his wife and three children—two sons and a daughter. The elder son was guillotined; the youngest son married but his wife died soon after her marriage, and left no children. He afterwards went to India, and—*and it is believed—he—died.*"

"Then the poor old creature—no! I shall not if I let myself talk in that way, she, Mrs. Sherborne, was so affected that she could neither speak nor take notice. Oh! I hated myself for what I did, but I did it: I let her think that I had told her all; I let the little flickering spark of hope die within her; I left her to the great sorrow which a word could have dispelled. She sank back in the old arm-chair where she was sitting, and covered her face with her hands. She said nothing, but I heard a very low wail, and I saw the tears trickle slowly through her thin fingers. Do you think I relented? No. I hated myself, and took a passionate delight in giving myself cause to do so: aye, and I felt a sort of hysterical pleasure in the remorse under which I was writhing. That day's work was the beginning of the end with her. She felt that she had no other chance, for she had few acquaintances, and her strength had been giving way perceptibly during the last few months.

"With me, too, it was the beginning of the end. I had taken my own line, and chosen wrongly. I felt that I was wrong, but I had not given way when I could, and a few days afterwards Alfred's father heard of our engagement. He had suspected it for some time, and sent him away, as I told you before.

"Some days passed on, and then Mrs. Sherborne sent for me early in the morning, before she was dressed, and looked at me so kindly that I could have torn my own heart out. She told me that she had wished for the marriage.

"For," said she, "I have a great affection for you: you are the only friend I ever had; and you are quite as well-born as he is. But there is a moving my son; for he will listen to no persuasions, and I cannot compel him to give in, because he feels he is in a manner independent of me because he knows that, although the property is in my own power, he is sure of it."

my brother had left a male heir, and I could find him out, it would be different.'

"How could that be?" said I, trembling all over, as the whole truth rushed into my mind like a flood.

"Because, my dear," she replied, 'it would then be a matter of conscience with me to leave the property to him, my brother's heir; whereas, now I am equally bound to leave it to the nearest heir I know of, which heir is my son. In fact, my husband (who had the honour of his family at heart), though he left the landed property to my disposition, bound me so far that I cannot leave it to a stranger if there is a male heir of the family in existence, at the time of my making my will. Therefore my son is now really independent of me, because I am obliged to make him my heir; but had I found my brother's heir, then my son would have nothing but what I should settle on him of personal property, and I could and would make the amount depend upon his yielding to my wishes; for they are just and right, and it is very disrespectful of him to behave as he does—very.'

"Then she remained silent for a few moments or minutes, I can't say which—it seemed an age, and the expression of her countenance grew ineffably sad, so that it would have been very painful to look upon, if I had been in a condition to feel anything but the awful struggle that was going on within me. You will wonder, perhaps, how there could be a struggle—how I could see before me what few ever see, another chance, and not clutch at it—how I could be able to hesitate when the obvious course to pursue would probably gain for me all I cared for in the world.

"Oh! but human nature uncontrolled is like a straw before the wind; it goes straightforward with the storm, and circles with the current. My heart's best affections were driving me to tell her everything, when a word from her raised a cross current of opposition in me—my pride revolted against confessing the whole truth—I turned aside, and my last chance was gone.

"It happened in this way: Mrs. Sherborne roused herself somewhat suddenly, and said:

"My dear, did you say anything to the priest about me?"

"No," I replied rather shortly.

"Now, I was conscious of believing—you see I am making my confession to you; but all that, remember, is past—past, I tell you. Don't forget that. However, I was then conscious of believing the Catholic Church to be the one true Church. I don't now, because I don't believe in any religion at all. Oh, yes! and I am not mad, though I must appear to you very flighty every now and then. I can't help it. I mustn't cry and break down before I have finished my story. Well, you see I was conscious of resisting my own conscience: do you understand that? Conscious of resisting it, because he was a Protestant. I loved him with that kind of self-annihilation that sometimes makes a woman give up her soul to the object of her love, partly from intense affection, partly from what would now be called hero-worship; and, in fact, with myself it was not exclusively a question of whether I should lose him or not, though that was the motive that deter-

mined me, but it was partly the fear of losing him, partly an unbridled passion of casting everything at his feet, and of sacrificing everything and everything to what I fancied was his interest.

"I had not forgotten her request. I remembered it all the time I was talking to the priest in the library at Bramscote, and I said nothing. That was the first step in dishonesty of purpose; this was the second, and the last, too, for the work was done, and when I would have given the wealth of a thousand worlds to undo it, the opportunity was gone for ever. The reason why I had said nothing about her to the priest was a wretched one, but intelligible. I was afraid of his coming, because I was afraid that, if he did, I might somehow be made to see more clearly into my own conscience than I wished to see.

"I was ashamed of having acted so, but I shrank from offering to remedy the evil. If she had said one word, I think perhaps I might have offered to go for him; but she was weary and weak, and she sat quite silent—how long I cannot tell, for I felt as if the moments were rushing away from me, and mocking my feeble, half-hearted attempts to clutch at them. And then her maid came into the room, and I went away in a state of mind impossible to describe, but never to be forgotten when once experienced.

"She remained upstairs and alone all the morning; the maid said that she seemed to be fatigued and in low spirits. Why did I not go to her, and tell her the truth, and offer to repair my neglect? I could easily have walked to Bramscote, I was young and strong, and across the fields it would have only been three miles; but I was like a person under a spell. Even the time combined to tempt me. It was within a little of the hour at which I was to meet him. And so I went, reckless of everything but one, leaving her to the fate which it was in my power to avert, letting my last chance go like a gambler's last guinea.

"I went to our place of meeting slowly, because I was making an effort all the while to satisfy myself that what I had done had no alternative. I thought I was strong, when I was only trying to drive away the humiliating suspicion that while I thought I was too proud, I was really too weak to confess that I had told a lie.

"Now, think what you will—what do I care now what any one thinks? I have set myself to tell the whole story, because the upshot of it is part of a complicated whole, and there is a dreadful harmony in it all which must not be broken. Then the question tormented me—What would he think of me afterwards were he to discover that I had acted so?

"The bare idea was intolerable when once I stood face to face with it, as I did before I arrived at the spot where we were to meet. I had not realized this before. Now I did realize it—now when I had done the deed, and consented to it twice again, and recognized the weakness that I had thought strength—I tell you it was intolerable to contemplate how I should fall in his estimation, and I was as ready as ever to throw my will in everything—ay, in everything, at his feet. The idea was so intolerable that it almost made me

decide to tell all, while there was yet time, both to him and to Mrs. Sherborne, and then go to Bramscote as quickly as possible, to do as I had promised. It would seem that I had my last chance that morning, when I resisted an appeal that might have moved a stone; yet now, within an hour, I had one more—the fourth that had been given me, and this time it came authorized by the one absorbing passion of my life.

"Of course you took advantage of it this time, many people would say. Of course I did not. Of course I shrank again from doing so: when I saw him all was forgotten but the one absorbing idea, and we wasted the time in unpractical declarations of hopefulness, which neither of us really felt. I could see that he had no belief in the words of hope, which he repeated again and again, to comfort me, and, if it were possible, to persuade himself. I think—I would I were not sure, that he was made reckless by seeing no hope for us. When it grew so late that I could stay no longer without discovery, he mounted his horse, followed me at a little distance, whilst I hurried homewards, and then he rode towards the river. I was seized with a sudden and uncontrollable terror. I ran back as far as I could, and called after him to stop and not to cross the river, but to go round by the bridge, a mile off; and in my agony of mind I said that I had something to say which I had forgotten, something of the utmost importance to us. The presentiment of some impending danger drew that cry of terror from me, and made my heart force my will. I determined to tell him all, and implore him to be prudent for my sake. He pulled up at once; and then I thought he was safe, and I thought I could save him without telling all. So when he asked me what I had to tell, I hesitated, and said that the floods had swollen the river, and made it unsafe to cross.

"Is that all?" he said, in a tone of disappointment which I can never forget—no, not if I were to live five hundred years.

"Just then he caught sight of some one on horseback turning a corner of the lane, about a quarter of a mile off, and he galloped away towards the river. It was too late to call him back then.

"I saw him plunge into the river at the ford. I saw his horse carried away by the flood. I saw the horse slip in struggling to clamber up the loose stones at the side. I saw the horse fall upon him, and get up dragging him stunned and helpless. I saw the horse rushing along in wild terror, partly swimming, partly carried along by the current.

"For the first few moments I stood, as it were, fascinated by the ineffable horror of the sight. Then I ran to the river-side and along the bank with the recklessness of despair. I ran, I know not how far, at a speed that would have seemed impossible, and with an endurance very far beyond my natural powers. At length I came within, I suppose, fifty yards of him, and then I plunged into the torrent. I sank and rose again on the dark seething water; then I struggled convulsively, not to get out, but to get on; then I felt a rushing of water into my mouth and ears, and a sense of suffocation, followed by a sudden

state of dreaminess, during which my whole life passed before me in an instant. And then I knew nothing, felt nothing, till I found myself in a cottage, with a doctor and several other people beside me. I had been carried by the current towards the bank at a sharp turn of the river, and been rescued by a labouring man who was passing. I scarcely felt the pain of returning animation, though it is no slight thing, as those who have been saved from drowning can testify; for with the first breath of returning animation came the consciousness of all that had happened. I saw it all pictured with a preternatural distinctness before my eyes, as I lay there—whether on a bed or on the floor I know not. The horrible agony of that moment so stimulated the vital powers, that I recovered myself more rapidly than any one could have expected; and, whilst the doctor was still administering restoratives, I started up wildly, tried to raise myself, and gasped out:

"Where is he?"

"Oh, there is a horrible quaintness in that juxtaposition of the awful and the absurd which you often see in the tragedies of real life. The labourer, who had heroically saved my life at the risk of his own, and whose honest face was beaming with sympathy, replied:

"Please, miss, he's drowned."

"His words ring in my ears even now. That tinge of the burlesque at such a moment seemed to mock my unutterable anguish, and say, 'You shall not even have the dignity of woe, for it is not your misfortune, but your fault.'

"I would be taken into the room where he lay. I threatened to dash my brains out against the grate (which was close to me) if they refused. I saw him: he was quite dead, icy cold. I remembered nothing more after that till after many days. I had been delirious with some sort of fever, I believe. My hair had been cut off.

"After a time I asked for Mrs. Sherborne, but without caring much what the answer might be. I had lost all, all interest in everything whatsoever, and took what was given me without pleasure or dislike, or recognition of kindness. They told me she was ill—dying. Gradually I understood what that meant, and, bit by bit, the whole story of her kindness to me and my ungrateful return was put together in my mind, like a piece of mosaic, till the vividness of the picture forced from me the resolution to tell her the whole truth now, and go to Bramscote for her, come what would.

"By this time I was able to walk, though with some difficulty, and I went straight to her room. She was evidently very ill, but perfectly sensible. Bitter disappointment had been her death-blow: what followed had but hastened the end a little. I remembered that, on my return from Bramscote, she was stricken down at once; and, at the first moment, wondered that the failure of what appeared to be a mere wild-goose chase should have affected her so tremendously. Thinking it over now, after the lapse of more than half a century, I adhere to the conviction which then forced itself on my mind: I was and am convinced that she read me through when I stood before her, withholding the truth on the very spot where she had made her last appeal to loyalty, to gratitude, to the plain dictates of humanity. It became evident

to me on reflection, and that for two reasons—her sad and searching look at me, and her appeal to my own interest afterwards.

"And now I was standing by her death-bed—for such in fact it was, though she lived a fortnight after that—watching the irremediable consequence of my own deed, my own deliberate choice, my own by neglect of warnings, my own by repetition. I stood there simply overwhelmed. Grief, regret, remorse, mourning, affection, love, despair, were blended in one tremendous sensation of pain, and continued more or less indivisible for many days."

(To be continued.)

## ALEPPO.\*

**T**HE great city of Aleppo, in the north of Syria, is one of the first rank in importance, and is remarkable for its distinctively oriental characteristics.

Let us take a general view of it before entering and threading our way through the labyrinths of bazaars, or *souks*, as the Arabs term the merchants' or vendors' quarters, consisting of multitudes of little streets, mostly covered in overhead.

The city extends along the side of a small river. Slightly elevated on the left of the Kuweik, it is surrounded by bare hills, which, after the harvest over, would have a desolate aspect were it not that the beautiful oriental sun clothes them, especially before he sets, with rich mellow tints of a kind unknown to our colder climes.

At the first glance, Aleppo appears to be grouped in a compact mass around a citadel, which stands on the truncated summit of an immense cone, over which there rises up from the midst of ruins the slender minaret of an ancient mosque.

Turning to the city, we find it divided into two parts, easily distinguishable. The one surrounded by old walls and half destroyed moats, represents the town of the past, and the most animated portion of the modern city. Here are the great bazaars, the consulates, the seraglio, or governor's palace, the state edifices, and the ancient Catholic erections. Since the Christians have enjoyed more liberty, a second town has been built outside the walls to the north, which is extending rapidly, and already possesses several quarters. Finally, before us we see an immense barracks, built on top of the hill to the east, and then the gardens, with which the bank of the river is nicely dotted.

And now for a closer examination, beginning in the old town.

Without waiting to stop in the exterior and modern souks, we reach a moat, here filled up, and we pass through a gateway, which reminds us of its guard house, of the fortified places of Europe. We are now facing the entry to an im-

mense bazaar, which consists of a maze of narrow, sombre streets, arched in overhead, through which the daylight penetrates at intervals, the upper surface of these street-arches, forming a vast esplanade, one would be glad to mount on in search of air and light, only for the great heat of the sun there, which these arches are built expressly to shut out.

In this immense quarter, we find grouped together representatives of one same form of industry or trade. In one street are nothing but goldsmiths, in another shoemakers only, etc.; cloth-merchants, confectioners, live side by side. So that each *souk* has its peculiar odour. The dust and smells would be absolutely unbearable were it not that we have here, too, shops in profusion, in which the famous perfumes of the east are sold, whose sweet odours wafted along, enable one to bear up a little with the dense crowds, and the flagless streets, through which in lieu of carriages (for which, in fact, there would be no room) horses, donkeys and mules pass pell-mell, and even camels, whose heavy burdens almost put a stop to the traffic.

From time to time you will meet to the right or left, an immense opening, arch or portal, beyond which you will perceive quite a vast court surrounded by buildings, almost European in style of structure. These are the *Khans* belonging to the big merchants, who receive goods from the interior and send them on to Alexandretta and over sea; and who also import European products for consumption in the north of Syria, Armenia, Mesopotamia, etc.

Around the stores and offices of these rich merchants, the muleteers and camel-drivers, loading and unloading, form quite a lively picture, with the bright colours of their garments and the animation of their voices and gestures. Here and there stretched out upon the ground lie some of them, resting themselves, or sleeping as soundly, as if in the quietest spot that could be found. These poor fellows are after a journey of thirty or forty days, from Mossoul or Bagdad, and will soon be off again, rising early in the morning and making the least possible stoppage in the daytime whilst on their way.

The chief commerce of Aleppo is in the hands of European firms, who are a credit to their respective countries, and highly respected throughout Syria. Nearly all the doctors, too, are Europeans.

In the middle of the old town stands the French consulate, under whose protecting shadow stood the Catholic establishments from which missionary work was carried on in days when there was less liberty for Christians under Turkish rule than there is, happily, now.

At the consulate, you obtain the services of a *Kawas*, or janissary, and one or two Turkish soldiers, in order to be allowed to visit the citadel.

These *kawas* are attached to each consulate, and are personages of some importance in the east. You can recognize them by their splendid costume, richer by far than a military uniform, and too brilliant even for a civil pacha. They wear a sky-blue jacket, with lots of lace and gold embellishments to it, attached to which are a kind

\*From the French of Father Mazoyer, S.J., in "Les Missions Catholiques."

of sleeves which fly about like wings when the *kawas* is moving quickly along. Their wide Turkish trousers are similarly ornamented; elegant boots, and a gracefully turned turban completing their showy attire.

The Turkish soldier, on the other hand, is far plainer and even poor in appearance. He wears a jacket like that of the French Zouaves; narrow trousers, tight in round the lower part of the leg; on his head a red cap, and usually plenty of spots and rents and such like, all over his uniform.

Having reached the front of the citadel, we come to a deep wide moat, between its base and the circular route that we have followed; this is crossed over by a bridge; and, then, after many detours, and passing through many massive gates, we come at last to the esplanade, now covered with ruins, caused by the earthquake of 1822. Across these accumulations we see a guard-house and two or three piece of artillery. These latter are used to announce extraordinary events, and on *fête* days; and also to fire the signal denoting the end of the *Ramadan*, or Turkish Lent. Close by, under a kind of hut, is the mouth of a well which supplies abundant water, and is of a depth similar to that in Cairo citadel.

To command the fullest view of this place, which is far more of a solitude, in fact, than a fortress, and to see the entire city with its amphitheatre of hills, you must mount the minaret which is still standing. The view thence is both sad and imposing—a city without the true faith, with its mosques and its cemeteries—abodes of death both for the soul and the body; the Mussulman houses, with their terraced roofs, surrounded by high walls, which make us think of those poor beings inside them, whom the Gospel has not yet set free, and who are there—captives—at the mercy of a passion approved of by the Koran. Towards the north west, quite close to the town, and even nearer than one of its quarters, lie the cemeteries. Nothing is so sad as these Mussulman graveyards, with their hundreds of headstones stuck in the ground, and ending in a point with a sort of gable end, sometimes daubed over with colours that shock the eye. There are no boundary walls, and nothing to calm the soul or to solace the grief, nothing expressive of the regard of the living for the dead.

The Christian cemetery is less desolate in appearance, but nothing like a European one. Still, despite the mental apathy, from which the Catholics here are not quite exempt, you find some evidences of the consolations of death and of the hope of immortality. If there is any subject for blame here, it is not the solitude of the cemeteries, but the familiarity with which the natives treat the tombs. Many persons come out here and use the tombstones as a kind of seat, where they talk, smoke, and eat; and enjoy the air and the open so far as the season permits.

Country villas are scarcely a possibility here. You will find along the banks of the Kuweik some orchards or cottage gardens; and to the north the Pacha of Aleppo's summer-house; but the Aleppo folk, including the Europeans, are obliged to pass the whole year round in the city, their only alternatives being to go to Armenia or

down to the sea-side, both of which are at inconvenient distances for people in business.

The new quarters of Aleppo might equally be termed the Christian quarters; not that there are no Mussulmans living here, and you even see some mosques also; but the great majority of the Aleppo Christians reside here. These quarters are named *El-kittab*, *El-azizieh*, (in honour of the Sultan Abd-el-Aziz), *El-salibeh* (of the Cross), and *El-zedideh* (new). The latter, the most recently constructed of all is separated from the others by one of the city cemeteries; it contains some very handsome dwellings. The *Cross* quarter is the aristocratic one; and here, too, you find the Maronite, Greek, and Armenian bishops, and the Syrian patriarch's residences, as well also as their cathedral-churches. From the number of Rites into which the Catholic population of Aleppo is divided it is evident that the bishops or archbishops here (in the East these are synonymous terms) and their cathedrals have nothing like the rank or importance of those in France. The Maronite cathedral now being built, the funds for which were collected all over the world, is scarcely equal to one of the ordinary country-churches in France. The ceremonies at Divine service are, however, carried out with the pomp and splendour peculiar to each Rite; externals are minutely attended to amongst these Eastern races in whose nature the *role* of the senses plays a chief part. They follow every part of the service with their eyes; their expression of countenance, their gestures and their sighs showing how closely they attend to its meaning. At certain moments, at the Elevation, or during Benediction, for instance, you would think some disturbance was taking place, from the beating of their breasts, and the place echoing with their sighs and sobs, and such exclamations as "Lord," "Oh, my God," etc. The men show their respect by removing the little white cap worn under the *turbouch* or conical red cap; and from the usual squatting posture shape themselves into something nearer the position of a person on knees. Mass over it is not unusual to see five women joining together and seating themselves in a circle in the church; then one of them takes a prayer-book and reads out for the other the acts of thanksgiving after Communion; they listen to her reverentially, and after this is done they get up and retire.

There are Franciscan, Capuchin and Jesuit Fathers at Aleppo. The Lazarists (or Vincentians) have merely a footing here, Akbes being their chief Syrian station, where they direct an important agricultural school. The religious communities of women are the Sisters of S. Joseph of the Apparition, who are very successful here, and the native Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It was only in 1874 that the Jesuits resumed their place amongst the missionaries of the North of Syria. Their ancient house here was partly let, and partly in the possession of the Lazarist Fathers; but they declined coming back to their old quarters, the Catholics here being well provided for; and they have settled down in the new quarters of Aleppo where their services were more needed.

## MY SISTER SARAH.

By J. H. BRAME.

*Author of "Truth Stranger than Fiction," etc., etc.*

[CONTINUED.]

**I** SANK back into a chair, and laughed long and heartily. It was the first time I had laughed for months, and it did me the world of good.

I then entered upon an explanation of the plans of action I had formed in my own mind. I would not hear of Sarah's settlement and happiness being deferred, upon the hopes of realising the Utopian project she had suggested, but would at once put myself in communication with the proper Canadian agents, and learn all particulars. Of course some little time must necessarily elapse before I could enter upon the question of dates. I would first see her comfortably settled, and then think about my own affairs.

At first Sarah listened to me in silent consternation; and upon recovering from her surprise, vehemently protested against my foolishness, as she was pleased to term it. In short, so strongly did she feel over the whole case, that for a single word of mine, I believe she would have broken off all relations with her betrothed lover. But this word I would not say; nor would I be influenced by all her eloquence. A martyr I wanted to be, and a martyr I would be.

Sarah adroitly turned the conversation into another channel, by suggesting a probable difficulty. Rubytip might object to the arrangement for taking the house; and he might also object to Sarah continuing in the business. This view had not occurred to me; but in such a case, I had no choice but to advertise it, and make the best terms I could with my successor. The thought, however, of the house passing into the hands of strangers, caused me the most poignant grief; and yielding to Sarah's persuasions, I agreed to consult with Rubytip before I did anything further.

Rubytip came, and the meeting was peculiar. A novice in skating makes a dash to cover his awkwardness, and to his surprise finds himself upon his feet, so in like manner, I made a plunge at Rubytip as soon as we met, and seizing him by the hand, I shook it warmly, congratulating him upon his approaching happiness. I got the first word, and kept my feet; but the truce thus begun, was almost at the same instant, in danger of being destroyed by my blundering.

"Yes, Mr. West," he said, "Sarah has consented to leave her childhood's home, and cast in her lot with mine. Yes, I am a happy man. Sarah is much too good for me."

"A great deal too good," I broke in abruptly.

I saw him wince, and I qualified my remark by adding:

"Yes, Sarah is too good for any man. In fact, I do not believe there is a man in the world who is deserving a good woman."

"A sweeping assertion, my young friend, very sweeping; but then excuse can be made for young blood. Ah! young blood, young blood. Every-

thing is now rose-coloured; when you have been married a dozen years, and have little else pattering about the rooms, you may then feel inclined to think that a man is deserving the place he holds in the world."

This was a subject I did not care about discussing, and as Sarah joined us, the conversation turned upon my contemplated emigration.

As Rubytip warmed with the subject, and dropped his Little Bethel drawl, there seemed to be an under current of sound sense in much he advanced, and I caught a glimmering of certain traits of character, such as, no doubt, had had their effect upon Sarah's actions.

After some considerable discussion, Rubytip put the case forward thus:

"You see, Mr. West, the facts are these: You wish to leave us; much as we regret it, you still persist. Therefore we can only advise you for the best, having perfect confidence in your good sense, and good feeling, that you will do nothing rashly, but consider well the step you purpose to take. For myself, I cannot entertain your proposal. I am comfortably situated where I am living, and have no wish for change. I am also desirous that Sarah should be relieved from the worry and anxiety of business; therefore, some other arrangement must be thought of. Although you have not said it, I know that both you and Sarah will be very sorry to see, or to know, that the house where you were children together, is occupied by strangers. To avoid as far as possible this unpleasant feeling, Sarah has suggested, and I need scarcely say that I entirely agree with her, that the best plan will be for Miss—Miss Duncan to take the place off your hands. You can make it easy for her to enter on possession; and, as Miss Christiana has practical knowledge of everything in the place, it will be a comfort to you when away to know she is happily circumstanced—"

I jumped up from my chair. The air was suffocating. I gulped down a glass of water, but before I could reply, Sarah said:

"Yes, Ben, we have talked this matter over, and it will no doubt be the best thing, provided Crissy is agreeable. You had better leave it to me to talk it over with her. You may depend that I shall not let your interests suffer in the negotiation."

I felt faint and ill, and retired to my own room. Rubytip and Sarah could not have been aware of the tortures they were inflicting.

What strange perversity of nature it is, that those we love best, we would treat the cruellest.

The thought of Crissy—blooming, beautiful, and happy—mistress of my house, at the time I was wandering in misery in a strange land, was a thought I could not endure. Could I have been certain she would have mourned my absence, and pined away in hopeless misery, I should have been contented. But Crissy happy was a thing not to be contemplated; it was too much to be endured.

Of course, if I had been a model man, and been really in love, I should have rejoiced at her happiness, procured at any cost to myself. I should have rejoiced to see her married, and paid her periodical visits, and bought an endless



number of forks and spoons for her infantile progeny.

Ah! love like that, I know, is found in novels; but I don't believe it is ever found anywhere else.

Rubytip and Sarah had worked together cleverly; they had allied their forces, and almost beaten me in the game. Supported by the knight, they had brought the queen down into my stronghold, and now by a false, or ill-considered move, I should be checkmated.

The chequered board required study, and I required time for thought.

Other things now occupied my attention. I was preparing to be received into the Church, and as far as possible I divested myself of all worldly thoughts and anxieties.

Acting under Father Patrick's counsels, I made an offering to God of all my troubles, with a firm intention of yielding obedience to His holy will in all things. With this feeling, I made my first Communion on Easter Sunday.

I saw Crissy at the chapel door as I was coming away. She pressed my hand, and I saw tears in her eyes. Neither of us spoke. She turned into the house, and I came home.

Two or three weeks passed without anything being done. The weather which for some weeks had been bright and mild, had changed to dull and stormy, with interminable east winds. Never had the fireside been more inviting, and I shuddered at the thoughts of a Canadian winter.

I was thinking of this when Sarah came in, and, drawing up her chair to my side, said:

"I think, Ben, we had better settle this matter at once; it is no use going on in this unsatisfactory manner. I have explained the whole thing to Crissy, and she is coming this afternoon to tea. Mr. Rubytip will be here, and we can talk it over together."

Time sped slowly enough, but at last the hours came round. Sarah called me. Rubytip and Crissy were both in the room. I hastily shook hands with them both. I could not look Crissy in the face, but somehow I saw she was blushing painfully. Sarah and Rubytip made the conversation, but upon what subjects I have no recollection. When it turned upon my emigration scheme I talked incessantly. I launched forth in the praises of the country, the laws, the people, the scenery, all of which, in fact, I knew next to nothing about.

After tea had been cleared away, Sarah said:

"You see, Crissy dear, Ben is determined to leave Sandyfeet; the place is too dull for him, or not large enough for his energies, so you will have simply to go into a few questions of accounts with him; and as I want Mr. Rubytip to give me his opinion upon some crochet cotton, we will leave you for a few minutes."

Left thus to ourselves, I felt that I could not meet Crissy's eyes. I walked across the room to the fireplace, and rested my elbows on the mantelshelf. From this vantage point I could see in the chimney-glass, and watch Crissy's every movement. I gazed long and ardently upon her sweet face, now, if possible, doubly dear, from the fact that I should soon see it for the last time. As I gazed my feelings were wrought up to a madden-

ing pitch of intensity; the tension and pain had become so great that I started as if from an electric shock when she lifted her head and said:

"Mr. West, *why* do you so much wish to leave us all?"

The bounds set to my raging thoughts were instantly broken down by this question, and my passion like a torrent burst forth, and with a fierce impetuosity I exclaimed:

"Why? Because I love you. I go because I love you, Crissy. I cannot live and breathe in the same air without you. I know I am unworthy, unfitting, unsuitable in every way for a young girl like you. But still I love you. I have loved you long. I have fought, struggled, prayed against this insane passion, but it is of no use; I cannot help it. I shall love you always, and go I must; it will be almost a death struggle, but I cannot stop here."

I saw Crissy was startled and frightened by this outburst. I covered my face with my hands, and my breast heaved convulsively with a depth and strength of emotion, such as I imagine can happen to a man but once in his life. For a few minutes all seemed chaos. In the confusion I was conscious of nothing but the ticking of the clock, which pursued its even course with irritating distinctness and regularity. I was aroused from this stupor by the warm pressure of a hand on my arm; and a soft gentle voice, but one I could have heard above the loudest tempest; which said:

"Ben, if you will go, won't you take me with you?"

I turned with a savage invective on my tongue, but the look in Crissy's tearful eyes shed a new world of light upon me, and I cried:

"Oh, Crissy, you cannot mean—"

Before I could finish the sentence, Crissy was weeping beside me.

A hiatus here occurs in my story.

Those who have passed through that fiery ordeal unless their memories are very defective, can remember everything connected with it; those who are now undergoing the painful pleasure need information; and to those whose time is yet to come, I would say, a little patience and you will realise it all.

When I had somewhat recovered my senses, my first question was:

"But Crissy, darling, are you quite, quite sure this feeling is anything more than pity and compassion, a feeling that perhaps you may afterwards regret as a mistake?"

"Oh, no, Ben. I have loved you from the first, from the first night I saw you, when you rescued me from a miserable death. I think I must have loved you always, before ever I saw you."

"But Sarah seems to think but for her intervention I should have put you out again on that, to me, happy night."

Crissy laughed merrily.

"Oh, yes, I know all about *that*. Sarah, although a little contrary at times, has been a good kind friend. It was by her doing I came to-day; and she made me promise to tell you all—all I have done. I don't think I could have done so only for that promise."

"Sarah is the best of sisters, and knows exactly the right thing to do," I returned.

"You remember, Ben, the day when I was insulted by those men in the landslips? After you had put yourself into such danger for me, I felt as if everything I did would betray my feelings, and I was obliged to encase myself in a thin coat of ice to conceal them. I am almost certain that Sarah suspected me from that time."

"I remember all the particulars well, darling. Some day you shall see the acres of poetry I wrote at that time."

"And Ben, later on, you know, with Mr. Rubytip—I was in a dreadful state of mind. I was so sad when Father Patrick came and asked me to marry him. Nothing could have happened better to save me from trouble. Was it not providential it occurred just at that *very* particular time?"

"What will you think, dearest, when I tell you Father Patrick's coming was my own planning?" And I told her all.

"Oh, Ben," she exclaimed, "so thoughtful, so kind and good, and I did not know."

"Then you do not think me quite—that is, altogether a sour, crabbed old man?"

"No, Ben. I would not see you different for all the world. You will always be the same to me. Your hair may become white, and your face may and wrinkled, but to me you will be always the same."

The sun went down behind the hills. The shades of evening gradually fell upon us. Lights sprang up in different points in the streets; from windows, from lamp posts, from hotel corners, from passing ships; but we heeded them not. The fire threw fantastic shadows on the hearth, darkness settled in the corners of the room, but we still talked on.

Crissy, still sitting by my side, clasped my arm, and rested her face against my shoulder. For a few seconds we would indulge in fireside thoughts, too happy to speak, and then again we were loose to our thoughts in pleasing "don't you remember:" in short, we bid fair to outrival *Amica's* reminiscences, when Sarah disturbed our dreams by bringing lights into the room.

"Well, young people," she exclaimed, "I hope you have settled all your business matters. For the last hour it must have been all mental arithmetic. How absurd of you both to be here in the night. Why did you not light the gas, Ben?"

"We did very well without it."

"Then I may assume, you have settled upon the route you intend to travel?"

"Most certainly. Crissy agrees with me in making a little alteration. Instead of going to Canada, we intend to settle in one of the united States."

Sarah kissed Crissy heartily, and then kissed me on both cheeks, saying:

"You are a silly fellow, Ben. You are an old man in some things, but in the art of love you are the veriest baby."

"I have no doubt you are quite right, Sarah. Crissy, of course, will stay here now—"

"Of course Crissy will do nothing of the sort. Crissy will go back to Father Patrick's; and when you want her, you must bring her away in a carriage and pair, in a decent manner, in

open day, and before all the world, and not be ashamed—"

"Ashamed? Sarah, you must be worse than crazy—"

"There, there. Don't bristle up like the Dragon of Wantley; we will accept that complimentary speech as delivered. Crissy, you had better muffle yourself up well, the nights are cold, and Ben will see you home. You had better start at once, as you have a long journey—or, rather, a journey that will take you a long time, if I understand anything about it."

When Crissy was fully equipped, and ready to start, Sarah kissed her again, and said:

"You will always take care of Ben? He is a good fellow, but a great baby. You will always be careful and have his collars well aired, and his stockings turned the right side outwards, he doesn't know one side from the other. There, there. Good bye; God bless you—God bless you both."

Sarah turned away abruptly; she was choking with emotion. I felt in my heart that nobody ever had such a good sister as Sarah.

The journey that night occupied a long time. I saw Father Patrick and explained everything to him. I need scarcely say that he congratulated me most heartily; his only regret being that he should lose Crissy, who had been of great service to him in many ways.

I wanted our wedding to take place the following week. I could not see what there was to prevent it; but Sarah would not allow things to be done in such an unorthodox manner. She adhered to her promise to see us comfortably settled before she would hear a word about the Rubytip union.

To my surprise, Sarah found a hundred and one things that required doing in the house, before it would be fitting to bring home my bride. She showed herself fully equal to the occasion. She was architect, clerk of the works, inspector and superintendant, and half a score of other officers rolled into one. Ceilings required cleaning, rooms and passages repapering, new carpets were wanted on the stairs, and an improved range in the kitchen.

Tradesmen were called in, and the work put in hand at once; and, as Sarah personally attended to everything, the workmen had but few opportunities of being idle.

When the work was finished, Sarah placed the receipted bills in my hands.

"There, Ben," she said, "these improvements were my suggestions, and it is only right I should pay for them. I intend to buy Crissy her wedding dress, and find the breakfast; and that is about all I can do at present. What little money I have in the business I shall let remain, trusting to you for the compound interest when I want it. I don't know that I shall ever want it; I hope not. If not, it will be serviceable for the next generation."

I think by this time everybody will agree with me, that Sarah was, indeed, a good sister. Although, I have found Rubytip a better man than I expected, I still adhere to my opinion that she is much too good for him.

I have but little more to add. Arrangements are now completed, and our marriage is to take place on Thursday next.

When that poor child came drenched and drabbled, to the door, on that bitter winter's night, who could have foreseen the blessings she brought with her?

I have passed through a short fiery furnace of torture; but looking back upon it all, I would not have it different.

When I read the elaborate details of those well-known worldly unions, marriages of convenience, and family arrangements, my teeth chatter at the thoughts of the cold formalities.

Crissy had written to the convent at Edinburgh, and through the nuns she got a letter conveyed to her father. This morning she received a reply. He is married; the lady who was acting as his house-keeper, is now his wife. The letter was full of blessings and good wishes, with a gold watch for Crissy, as a wedding-present.

If any of my readers should feel desirous of following so laudable an example, anything addressed to us at Sandyfleet will be sure to find us.

I feel my story would be incomplete if I omitted to say a word about our mission at Sandyfleet.

I have been so full of myself, and my own affairs, that I fear Father Patrick has been sadly neglected, and left in the back ground.

I must explain. Our mission is poor; the people of the congregation are poor; Father Patrick is poor. I don't suppose his income exceeds one third the amount paid as wages by a gentleman to his French cook. From this amount he has to provide for his school; and as far as he is able, for the wants of the sick and poor. Those who know anything about poverty and sickness, will understand all this.

If therefore, it be thought, I have already a repletion of worldly blessings, perhaps those kind friends, will instead, think of Father Patrick's struggles; and I will undertake to answer that he will be grateful for any of the crumbs that fall from the children's table.

My story, for the present, is now finished. If any of my readers should think it is all fiction, I can assure them, they are very much mistaken.

THE END.

---

**TALENT ACQUIRED.**—As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practice makes it what it is, and most even of those excellences which are looked on as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions. Some men are remarked for pleasantness in raillery, others for apologies and apposite diverting stories. This is apt to be taken for the effect of pure nature, and that the rather because it is not got by rules; and those who excel in either of them never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learnt. But yet it is true, that at first some lucky hit which took with somebody, and gained him commendation, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavours that way, till at last he insensibly got a faculty in it without perceiving how, and that is attributed wholly to nature which was much more the effect of use and practice.

## EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES.



HOUGH we English people have a habit of making great complaints against the climate of our country, and of talking about its uncertainty, its frequently ungenial character, we have ample compensation in our almost entire exemption from the terrible catastrophes, which occur to the countries of sunny skies, and soft and spicy gales.

Not that there do not exist records of earthquakes which have occurred in England, and by which churches have been thrown down, and much damage done to property. Such are recorded to have taken place in the years 1275, 1382, and in the year 1755, at the time of the destruction of the city of Lisbon by an earthquake, much disturbance was experienced in different parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. In recent times earthquakes have taken place with tolerable frequency in the British Isles, but they have, in general, been but slight, the most remarkable being one which took place on the evening of August 13, 1816. This earthquake was felt over nearly the whole of Scotland, but its action was more intense at Inverness than elsewhere. Most of the inhabitants of that part had gone to bed, when suddenly a violent, vertical shock was experienced, followed by a trembling which lasted for half a minute or more. People were flung out of bed by this shock; and all who had gone to rest, sprang from their place of repose, and joined the crowds who had rushed into the streets, which now became a scene of wild terror. Many houses were rent from top to bottom, chimney-tops were shaken down, and in one place a coping stone of great weight was thrown to the other side of the street, a distance of twenty yards. It is seldom that there has been loss of life. We all remember the last English earthquake in the year 1884, the worst which has been lately experienced in the country.

But then we have no volcanos, and they are to be even more terribly destructive than the earthquakes, with which they have an evident connection. We all know of the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the year 79, which buried cities, and their inhabitants, deep under its torrents of lava, and how, even to the present day, buildings and sometimes human remains are uncovered which were buried eighteen hundred years ago, at the time of this vast catastrophe. And yet there are those who, in modern times, have begun to doubt whether the records of ancient earthquakes can be veracious, whether tens of thousands of human beings have ever been destroyed by earth-throes. Let them read the account of the terrible earthquakes in Java, and their doubts will be dispelled.

The island of Java, in the eastern archipelago is one of the most singular volcanic regions of the earth. There are thirty-eight large volcanoes in Java, some of which are more than 10,000 feet in height. It is the peculiarity of the volcanoes of this region that they seldom eject lava, but enormous masses of mud—"rivers of mud"—they have been called, flow from them. Enormous

quantities of sulphur are also emitted with sulphurous vapour poisoning the air for miles around. On October, 1822, it is recorded "the mountain began to belch forth hot water, and a mass of mud and burning sulphur, and the streams of these overflowed fields more than ten miles distant."

The mountain of Galunggung is situated in the interior of the island, and in 1822 its sides were covered with forest trees. All around was a fruitless region inhabited by a numerous and thriving community. No tradition remained among the people that this mountain had ever been in eruption, though a circular hollow at its summit misled the student of geology that the mountain had once been an active volcano. In June, 1822, the waters of a river flowing from the flanks of the mountain became hot and muddy. They deposited a white powder, and were acid and bitter to the taste. On October 8th, at one in the afternoon, terrible roarings were heard, the mountain hidden by a dense smoke, and hot waters, muddy and sulphurous, poured down the flanks of the mountain on all sides, destroying and bearing away all that they encountered in their passage. Men saw with horror the river Chiroulem, Badang, carrying down towards the sea an immense number of corpses of men and animals—boar, crocodiles, tigers, stags and even entire houses. The eruption of hot and muddy water continued two hours, but these two hours sufficed to contaminate the ruin and devastation of a whole province. After it ceased, at three in the afternoon, a heavy rain of cinders and small stones succeeded, destroying such trees and fields as had hitherto escaped. At five, calm was restored, and all the villages around, every single habitable to a distance of several leagues from the mountain, had been covered in by mud. On the 9th, at seven in the evening, the mountain again began its work of destruction. The torrents of mud and muddy water now rushed so violently towards the valleys that they bore with them rocks and forests in such sort that hills were raised in places where a moment before there had been but a plain. It was soon impossible to recognize the valley formerly so fertile and well peopled. It was estimated that about four thousand people perished on this occasion.

The records of the eruption of Papandazung, in 1772, are not so abundant as those of this later volcanic outbreak, but it seems to have been even more terrible. This was once one of the highest mountains in Java, but suddenly the sides of the mountain gave way. A region fifteen miles long and six broad was engulfed. Forty villages were destroyed, some disappearing with the sinking earth, others being buried under the masses of mud and clay thrown out from the mountain. The cone was reduced from 9,000 feet in height to about 5,000. The ejected matter reached enormous distances, for Junghuhn, who examined the mountain in 1842, found that towns and villages far from the cone had been destroyed—buried like Herculaneum and Pompeii under a mass of ejected matter. About 3000 people perished on this occasion.

And we might have been born in that fearful region!

## INTERVIEWING.



HERE is something chilly and uncomfortable in the very name of an interview—a formal, stiff, and semi-official meeting, prearranged for a special purpose—which is seldom altogether agreeable to either of the parties, and almost always dreaded by one or other of them. It is one of the ordeals from which a human age has not yet delivered us, and remains a fearful example of the many similar trials imposed upon our forefathers. Perhaps the most perfect type of alarming interviews is that which takes place between the successful lover and his intended father-in-law. Novelists, who are not afraid to paint in gaudy detail the whole of a love scene, shrink from the more sombre terrors of that other *tête-à-tête*, in which the impassioned youth has to face a jealous parent scanning him with cool and keen and too often prejudiced glance. The natural advantage which superior age and calmness gives to the latter is immeasurably increased by the power he possesses of questioning his visitor. He stands on his own territory—usually in the strongly-fortified position of his library or sanctum. He has a right to know not only the "intentions" of the aggressor, but his prospects, condition in life, antecedents, and almost his balance at the banker's. The stoutest heart may well quail at the prospect of a duel of words fought with such unequal weapons. It is hard indeed, and altogether anomalous, that after the citadel has capitulated the garrison should be permitted to reopen the campaign, and bring into action all the heavy artillery of paternal authority. Yet let it not be thought that the bridegroom alone suffers from this sort of ante-nuptial trial. In all well-ordered families he has a troop of relations—beginning with the mother and ending with aunts, or even more remote connections—from whom there are expectations of great things. Before all these people—if they have never seen her—the young lady who is to be added to the family circle must in due form be trotted out. She will be invited in the most courteous style to "spend a few days with them." They will make her stay more or less agreeable, according as the proposed marriage is more or less desirable in a monetary point of view, and will conceal the real object of the invitation in proportion as the "expectations" give them a greater or less amount of authority to domineer or dictate in the matter. But no matter what be the behaviour of these hospitable strangers, the poor girl is painfully conscious that the whole visit is nothing but a prolonged interview, and that her manners and conduct, her face and figure, are all being watched with eagle eyes, and canvassed over amongst her kind entertainers every time that she happens to be out of hearing.

Next in interest, and in his claim for pity, to the accepted lover, is the unaccepted candidate. At the universities, and in all the grand examinations, there is a dire institution whose terrors are partly veiled under the cloak of a Latin name. It is called *viva voce*, and it is nothing more nor less than a personal interview, in which the examiner, safely ensconced behind the intrenchment of a

green table, probes with merciless severity the shallow knowledge or gross ignorance of the trembling youth opposite. At Oxford, indeed, there is a certain college, not unknown to fame, where would-be fellows are subjected to a still more insidious form of personal inspection. The aspirant passes through the formality of a paper examination, but it is, if fame speaks truly, in a far different field that his fate is decided. At the social board, where he sits as an invited guest, when all care should by rights be banished by hospitality, his speech, his behaviour, and even his garments, are scrutinised by critical ears and eyes. Instead of problems of Euclid, he is confronted with strange dishes which it is dangerous to attack, and he is required to exhibit his talents not in demolishing fallacies, but in eating damson tart with elegance and grace.

There is an art in passing all these social examinations, which is occasionally a hundred times more useful than any amount of acquaintance with conic sections and Greek particles. The Cæsars, the Napoleons, the Marlboroughs, even Livingstone and Lesseps would have been powerless without the tact necessary on such occasions. Scores of men might have figured on the list of heroes or celebrities had they known how to seize the opportunity of a first interview. And yet, perhaps, there is still greater skill in the other, the correlative art—of reading characters at first. The great commanders of armies and the great rulers of mankind have excelled as much in this as in any other quality of the mind. It is astonishing with what unerring speed they have pierced the thick varnish of affectation or hypocrisy, and with a few short questions laid bare the most secret weaknesses of the hitherto successful impostor. An interview between two men of talent is something entirely different from the constrained ceremony in which a weak man attempts to scan, and a still weaker one to hide, a doubtful character. The divine spark of genius is like a talisman which opens in a moment the gates of confidence; and a half-hour's conversation between two such men is worth a whole week's conference between two politicians of ordinary calibre.

We live in an age of interviews. The American journalist introduced, and, as it seems, with some success, the practice of calling upon official personages and extracting from their willing or unwilling mouths oracular declarations and prophecies. They of course dignified their invention by finding it a new name, and "interviewing" ministers is now a regular part of the functions of a fashionable special correspondent. Then, too, there are the official, semi-official, or "purely private" visits of one sovereign to another; and within the next few weeks we shall hear of many between the great Rulers and statesmen of Europe.

---

ONCE, at a dinner, where several artists, amateurs, and literary men were convened, a poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast the health of the *painters and glaziers* of Great Britain. The toast was drunk, and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed the health of the British *paper-stainers*.

## EUGENE VILLEFORT.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE LOVE-BIRDS.



EUGENE loved his mother, but affection for his little sister was enthusiasm, a devotion, intense self-sacrificing in proportion to the very fierceness of his temper. Indeed the one redeeming trait in a passionate nature, that it is as warm in its love as indiscriminate in its wrath.

Neither is the perfect equanimity of some sons to be taken as an excellence; it is as the result of a cold indifference as of a sweet position.

It is also not unfrequently allied to a sullen selfish character, so that the immovably person may be very unforgiving, keeping a grudge for small offences, and obstinately maintaining their own interests at any cost to others.

Poor, fierce, fiery Eugene! his own intense pleasure and profit, were the last thought of.

The very reverse was the character of Adele. Naturally he was selfish, imperious, and unloving, and the indulgence, the flattery, the luxury which he had been accustomed from his cradle, had aggravated those great natural faults.

As to Adele, she deserved all the affection of her brother; no creature more lovable or more ever existed. The sweetness of her disposition corresponded with the sweetness of her looks. Her beauty was of the class which we call angelic. Eyes serene and pure as a cloudless summer sky, hair like threads of gold, and cheeks like roses swimming in milk.

Eugene had pride and ambition as well as for his sister; his day-dreams were more for himself; he was himself to be a great man some day. How that was to come to pass was no means clear, even to his imagination; certainly not by his learning, for though he could read, run, and shoot, and swim, and, truth to say, he was an incorrigible dunce, and not a earnest care of Père Paul could persuade him to learn to read and write. But despite his inclination to book-learning, Eugene had managed to pick up the knowledge that the great men of the old time had very little of it, and that they had been Counts de Mortemar who were obliged to fix their seals to official documents because they could no more scrawl their names than he could. But they had been great soldiers, and Eugene made up his mind that he would be a soldier, which profession he was sure to obtain wealth and renown. It is true that he was well at that his poor father got none of the first and little of the latter. But he was to be more fortunate than Captain Villefort had been. The more the fancy of the young; they are always more fortunate than those who have gone before them.

Experience must be personal; it is never warning at secondhand.

Now, though the young Count de Mortemar, by reason of circumstances, had been compelled to attend somewhat to the acquirement of an intellectual education as well as of mere frivolous accomplishments, he had no more real inclination to study than Eugene himself. Upon this point, therefore, the rich boy and the poor one were thoroughly at accord; and Adolphe lost no opportunity of shifting off his lessons upon the plea of hunting, or riding, or coursing with Eugene. He certainly derived benefit from these out-of-door pursuits, was getting bronzed and muscular, and was altogether changed from the scrawny boy who had been born and bred in Paris, to the weakly indulgent mother than Madame de Mortemar might have allowed the neglect of his studies which benefited his health.

Among the other amusements of Adolphe and Eugene was the cultivation, almost with their own hands, of a portion of the castle grounds originally pertaining to the ancient pleasure. The walls that surrounded the pleasure were stopped by the steep heights of a mountain, and covered with brushwood and dark rocks. So sheer was the ascent of this mountain, that it was effectually protected the castle as if it had been scarped; it was, therefore, that the land in its vicinity had been chosen for the pleasure.

The least rude of the recreations suggested to the young Count by Eugene Villefort was connected with this bit of ground. There was an airy, long neglected, but now filled with foreign birds, which Madame de Mortemar had been at the expense which she could ill afford to obtain from a bird-fancier at Paris. An ornamental fish-pond, the waters of which had become green and stagnant, was cleaned, and gold and silver fish were disposed in the crystal depths. A magnificent vine that stretched along the south wall, shaded by the mountains, was trimmed and loaded, and in the glowing sun of a southern month the grapes flushed purple, like clusters of gillyflowers set in the framework of crisped saffron threads. Choice flowers and plants decorated the pleasure; roses of every shade, from faintest pink to deepest crimson, from rich yellow to pure white. There was the starry myrtle flower, the pale and yellow jasmine growing almost wild, the purple rhododendron grown to a mighty tree, the gorgeous pomegranate, the orange, and the citron.

So beautiful a retreat was the pleasure, that the invalid Madame Villefort, soothed by the song of the birds, the murmur of the waters, and the beauty and fragrance of the flowers, said that it was a scene from Paradise.

Certainly mortal fancy could image no Paradise more fair; and Satan, alas! was prompt to blast the beauty, as in the Paradise of old.

But if Madame Villefort and cross Madame de Mortemar, with her jaded taste, were refreshed and gladdened by that beautiful garden, in which the boys took so much delight and exercised so much industry, it was not their praise or gratification that either Eugene or Adolphe sought so much as that of the little Adele. It was the destiny of that charming child to captivate the affections of all who knew her; rich and poor,

young and old, evil-tempered or kindly, everybody loved Adele. Her fierce brother and the insolent young aristocrat Adolphe were equally devoted to her. The proud Countess, who held her inferiors in general as beings of almost another creation than herself, was gracious and even tender to Adele. She was the very delight of the good curé's heart, pure and holy, the child-saint of his little flock. In nothing did Père Paul rejoice more than in the influence which that fair girl held over the two boys, both of dispositions so contrary, but alike so full of evil.

Alas! how futile are all human calculations, even those of wise and good men. That affection of her brother and the young count for little Adele, in which Father Paul rejoiced, was to be the source of a most terrible catastrophe.

Among the feathered inmates of the aviary was a pair of those tiny beautiful paroquets, which, from their habit of fondly nestling together, are called *love-birds*. These birds had been purchased at Lyons from the captain of a West Indian ship. When brought to Castle Mortemar, Adele admired them so greatly that Adolphe resolved to present them to her on her birthday, which was in the month of October.

The young count spoke no word of his intentions even to Eugene, but sent to Lyons for a beautiful gilt wire cage for the home of the love-birds when in Adele's keeping.

It was a beautiful morning in October, two days previous to Adele's *fête* day.

Adolphe was not alone in preparing a present for the beloved little girl. The curé had ready a new rosary, mother of pearl and silver, which had been blessed by the Pope. Madame la Comtesse, more worldly in her gift, had a dress for *fête* days, pink and white silk trimmed with beautiful lace, such a dress as in her poverty Adele had never worn, and which was not perhaps a very judicious present. Adele's mother and brother had their presents ready too, a picture of Our Lady, which had been a school gift to Madame Villefort herself; and from Eugene a cross, curiously woven by his own hands out of the berries of the forest. Of little intrinsic worth would be those humble gifts, but both mother and brother knew how the tender and loving child would value them for their sakes.

Eugene and Adele, and Madame Villefort too, were staying at the castle. Her enforced country life had done something towards amending Madame de Mortemar's frivolous habits; she began to take a little pleasure in doing good, and was not quite so insensible as formerly to the sufferings of the poor. Despite her ill-health and poverty, Madame Villefort was an intelligent and agreeable companion. It was from her that Adele inherited much of her sweetness of temper; and when the Countess sent a message to invite her to the castle, she would not betray the pain and weariness she felt, though she would much sooner have kept her bed in her poor cottage.

And now Madame de Mortemar, in most gracious mood, had declared her intention of making Adele's birthday a festival for all the villagers of S. Rosalie. Great preparations were made, and there was to be dinner in the park, and dancing on the lawn, and fireworks in the evening.



The weather was most propitious ; clear and dry, with just a breeze sweeping off the summits of the mountains to temper the extreme heat of the sun ; for though the month was October, you must remember that it was October in the south of France.

It was the day before that which the grand lady at the castle had resolved should be such a happy one—a bright, sparkling, sunny morning. Adele and Eugene were in the pleasure an hour before breakfast. Eugene to cut and trim his flowers, which were his especial care. Adele laden with a basket to be filled with the choicest blossoms to decorate the altar of S. Rosalie on the morrow ; for Adele, who the preceding year had made her first communion, was to have the happiness of communicating on her birthday.

The basket was half filled, and Eugene, mounted on a ladder, was cutting rich clusters of the year's last roses from the summit of the high wall, when they were startled by lamentable shrieks and cries. These cries came from the direction of the aviary, and were in the voice of little Pierre, a child of the gardener, and a pretty intelligent boy, of whom Adele had taken a great deal of notice. He was but a little creature of seven years old, and the young Count and Eugene had employed him to pick up dead leaves, brush away spiders and their webs, and other such light tasks as his strength was equal to.

Adolphe had also been in the habit of taking the child with him in his morning visit to the aviary when he made a tour of inspection, when woe betide the servants, whose duty it was to feed the birds and keep them clean, if the young Count's sharp eyes detected the smallest symptoms of neglect !

Pierre, as was natural, took great delight in this daily visit to the beautiful birds, and sometimes would steal into the aviary before the arrival of the young Count, as the key was always left on the outer side of the door, as no strangers could obtain access to the pleasure.

On this morning Pierre had as usual stolen into the aviary. His object was to let loose the love-birds and feed and caress them for the last time ; for, truth to tell, little Pierre envied Adele the promised possession of them, and to this child only had Adolphe made known the destination of the birds.

The pretty creatures were perfectly tame, and when Pierre opened their cage they hopped on to his finger, fed from his hand, and nestled in his bosom. Alas ! in his eagerness for the last time to caress his feathered favourites he had forgotten to close the door of the aviary.

There was a scraping of talons on the marble floor, a rush and a skirl, and a terrible shriek from Pierre as a huge wild cat sprang upon his breast, seizing one of the birds in her mouth and tearing away the other with her talons.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### FATAL PASSION.

IT was by his wild, unreasoning fits of wrath, that Eugene Villefort had acquired the appellation of "the ruffian boy."

Now, there was this excuse for Eugene, that he had been brought up in the hard school of poverty and privation ; there was everything to exasperate, nothing to soothe the violence of his temper.

As a rule, Adolphe de Mortemar was no violent, but usually gave vent to his ill-humour in cool, sneering insolence, which was, perhaps harder for the recipients of it to endure. But then, Adolphe had been taught that gentlemen should never be angry, not because it was unchristian, but ungentlemanly and vulgar, and characteristic of low people, of the *canaille*. Nevertheless, upon extraordinary occasions, M. Comte de Mortemar could be as fierce and furious as Eugene Villefort himself. But, then, you see he had not been taught that intemperate anger would offend God, but that it was derogatory to his class. So one bad passion was merely against another, and anger was to be overcome by reason and prayer, but by pride.

What manner of defence was this ? The remedy was as bad, if not worse, than the disease, and Adolphe's worst fits of anger had been prompted by his pride, by some fancied affront to his dignity. He was slowly strolling towards the aviary a little after his usual time, for he had been visiting the dog-kennel to see some pups of a couple of favourite greyhounds, and in his hand he held a silver-mounted dog-whip. Pierre's shriek called him to quicken his pace, and truly the scene confronted him might have angered a lad of more patient disposition.

Out from the open doors of the aviary sprang a wild cat almost as large as a panther, quick, fierce, and but little less dangerous. Its tail curled and bristling, its eyes flashing like two balls of green fire, and the feathers of the unfortunate paroquet protruding from its jaws, it made towards the south wall of the pleasure, tore way up the vine, which had doubtless assisted its descent, and sprang from its summit into the branches of an oak which stretched transverse from the side of the mountain, among the roof of which was the lair of the wild cat. Such was the creature's activity, that it was gone before Adolphe had time to inquire of Pierre what the aviary door had been left open and what he was doing there.

The shrieks of the child Pierre had now subsided into sobs and moans, and had not the young count been transported by passion, he would have felt pity for the little boy, who presented a miserable object. His hands torn and bleeding by the talons of the vicious brute, from whom he had bravely, but all unconsciously, at the peril of his life, torn one of the paroquets.

Poor little Pierre ! when the catamount let her prey and made off with its mate, she had already bitten the poor bird through. It gasped and seemed to Pierre's fancy to raise its eyes lovingly to his face, and then expired.

"How did it happen ?" cried Adolphe in accents that trembled with rage. "How could the aviary door, the paroquet's cage open ? How came you here ?"

Little Pierre, the gardener's son, was a child of the same gracious disposition as Adele Villefort—pious, loving, and of all things truthful. It never

entered Pierre's head to excuse himself with a falsehood, so he said, sobbing :

"Oh, M. le Comte, it is all my fault ! I wanted to caress the pretty birds for the last time, since you said I was to take them to Ma'amselle Villefort to-day. So I came to feed them and play with them for the last time, and I took them out of their cage, you know—I always do—and they were hopping about, and I had forgotten to shut the aviary door, and the strange cat got in. And oh, M. le Comte, I tried all I could to save them. She has torn my hands to pieces. Oh, do not be so angry ! The whip cuts so. Oh, do not lash me so ! Oh, do not ! Oh, my eyes, my eyes !"

"You deserve to have your eyes cut out, you little villain, you pig !" exclaimed Adolphe, fairly mad with rage, as he again struck the poor child across the face with the dog-whip.

Thus it was that the shrieks of Pierre reached the ears of Adele and Eugene, who both came running into the aviary.

"Oh, Adolphe ! for shame ! for shame !" cried Adele. "It is wicked, it is cowardly to beat the poor little fellow so !"

"Bah ! what is he ? One of the common people ! He is no better than a dog, a puppy, and I will whip him like one. Stand aside, ma'amselle ; it will be best for you !"

Then, as Adele, persisting in her endeavours to save the little boy, whose face was swelled and bleeding from the lash of the dog-whip, threw her arms around him, upon her fair visage fell one of the blows which Adolphe still rained down on the little Pierre. Then came the catastrophe, in less time than it takes to describe.

Eugene had followed close upon his sister's footsteps ; he had been cutting and pruning the tree, and had the knife, a strong and sharp one, in his hand, as Adolphe had had the dog-whip. He, too, cried "Shame" on the young count ; when the lash came down upon his sister's face all his wild passions were aflame in a moment.

"Insolent aristocrat ! coward ! coward ! Do you dare strike Adele ? I will kill you ! I will kill you !"

With that terrible threat Eugene rushed with the knife uplifted upon Adolphe de Mortemar, whose career was in danger of being prematurely ended. But, alas ! it pleased heaven to spare him by summoning home one of its own angels ! Adele shrieked and threw herself between the infuriated boys. Her foot slipped, and she fell upon the upraised knife, which was buried to the hilt in her innocent bosom !

## CHAPTER V.

### AFTER THE SACRIFICE.

OH ! what a world of misery, of anguish, which the penitence of a whole lifetime can neither repair nor atone, may be wrought in one brief minute of uncontrolled and reckless passion !

Eugene threw himself on his knees, and raised his sister's form with bitter lamentations.

"Adele ! my Adele !" he cried.

The wound bled inwardly, and the purple life stream bubbled from her lips as she strove to speak a few words of comfort to the wretched boy.

"Poor Eugene ! Do not grieve ; it was accident ! *Sainte Vierge*, pray for him, comfort him ! Oh, mamma ! Adolphe ! Pierre ! do not cry ! Kiss me, dear Eugene, kiss me !"

Adolphe and Pierre wept, so also did the servants, who came running, startled by the fearful cries. With the servants came Adolphe's tutor, M. de la Tour, and a young man in the garb of an ecclesiastic. The frivolous M. de la Tour was startled out of his accustomed affected demeanour, and looked truly shocked and distressed. The stranger looked grieved no less than shocked.

As for Eugene, the rash, passionate boy, he made no sign, he shed no tear, he uttered not a word. He stooped and kissed his sister, and in the look of love and compassion that shone in them the film of death was for a moment lifted from her sweet blue eyes, then they grew fixed and glassy, a convulsive shudder passed over her, she drew one deep sigh, and in that sigh her innocent spirit fled. Still Eugene knelt motionless, supporting her in his arms, but as the awful shadow, the grey tint of dissolution, which none mistake even on first beholding, settled down upon her features, he looked up, and observing the strange priest, asked in a tremulous whisper the momentous question :

"Is she dead ?"

The stranger, who recognised in this desperate deed the dangerous character of the boy, would not startle him with a direct affirmative, and answered :

"She is badly hurt ! A surgeon is sent for ; we shall hear what he says."

Eugene then turned an inquiring look upon M. de la Tour, who inconsiderately replied :

"Alas ! my poor Eugene ! she is dead ! she is surely dead ! You will be taken before M. le Maire at Lyons. But you need be under no fear ; it was all an accident."

Eugene's face grew white and rigid as M. de la Tour spoke, and the glare of his wild black eyes was the more terrible by the contrast. Then he cried scornfully :

"Do you think it is for myself I fear ? Oh, no ; no ! Adele ! my little sister ! I would have died for you. But he who dared strike you with a whip shall not escape. I am the ruffian boy. My sister has died to save you, Count Adolphe, but I will kill you yet—I will kill you !"

As he spoke the frantic lad drew the knife from the bosom of the murdered child and rushed desperately upon Adolphe, and would certainly have executed his threat had he not been seized by two of the servants, who, though tall strong men, with difficulty held him back.

"Oh, Eugene !" sobbed the young count, "I deserve all you say—all you can do ! I did not mean to hurt Adele, for I loved her. I was in a passion. I meant those birds for her, for her birthday !"

"I do not care ! I do not care !" shouted Eugene, foaming with fury. "You struck my sister, and it is through you I have killed her ! I

will be revenged! Dread me! fear me all your life long, Count de Mortemar! Though you escape me till we are both grown men, my vengeance shall at last overtake you! I swear it—I swear it!"

And Eugene did swear! He used imprecations that would have been terrible in the mouth of a vicious man, and that from the lips of a boy were truly awful; then overcome by his own fury he grew black in the face, and fell to the ground in strong convulsions.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## TO MY LADY.

---



WHEN you are with your dearest friends,  
And in your blithest mood,  
When all around you looks most fair,  
When you're by others woo'd,  
Are you quite happy all the while?  
Are you from care quite free?  
Or in the midst of pleasure, love,  
Have you a thought for me?

Do you think of me, remembering  
The love I offered you;  
And scorn the giver and his gift,  
As both alike untrue.  
Then listen to some other's voice,  
Whose tones chase from your heart,  
Even that bitter memory  
Wherein I had a part?

Or do you deem I loved you once,  
Though only for a while,  
And thinking of that short liv'd love  
Sigh to yourself, or smile—  
Sigh for the vanish'd dream that once  
Seem'd earnest to your eyes,  
Or smile because since those fair days  
You have grown worldly-wise?

To-night I almost see your face  
Before me, 'mid the gloom,  
And fancy that my wish has brought  
You to this quiet room,  
Where I sit pond'ring over thoughts  
That sprung from heart and head,  
Perchance as restless as my own,  
Of the undying dead.

They are your rivals, dear,  
These few old fashion'd books,  
All that I have to free me from  
The glamour of your looks,  
All that can fill my empty life  
Or give it a new aim,  
More stern than dreams of love could give  
The hope of future fame.

Some day, my lady, far off now,  
When you are growing old,  
And have outliv'd romantic dreams,  
Perhaps you will be told

That he who lov'd you long ago  
Has gain'd the fame he sought;  
You may hear this but cannot know  
How dearly it was bought.

The page before my eyes grows dim,  
Your image grows more clear;  
Too well I know nothing on earth  
Could render you less dear;  
In vain I try to cheat myself,  
And, looking forward, trace  
New aims achiev'd, new hopes fulfill'd,  
I only see your face.

What is the good of thought and toil?  
What is the good of rest?  
What is the good of living on?  
'Tis weary work at best.  
What is the good of love that was  
Never quite understood?  
Of these vain driv'ling memories  
Alas! what is the good?

God keep you, my beloved,  
Your fate is in His hands,  
God give me strength through life to do  
Whatever He commands.  
Perhaps you may believe me false,  
Perhaps I have seem'd so;  
How true has been my love for you,  
God grant you yet may know.

E. M. J.

---

"WHAT do you ask for this sketch?" said Sir Joshua Reynolds to an old picture-dealer whose portfolio he was looking over. "Twenty guineas, your honour." "Twenty pence suppose you mean?" "No, sir; it is true would have taken twenty pence for it this morning; but if you think it worth looking at, all the world will think it worth buying." Sir Joshua ordered him to send the sketch home, and gave him the money.

---

## NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

THE Editor desires to call the attention of Contributors to the following rules regarding MSS. :—

1. Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each contribution must bear on the first page the sender's name and address, and the conditions on which it is forwarded.
3. In no case can the Editor undertake the task of passing an opinion upon the merits or defects of poems or stories submitted to him; nor can he specify the reasons which may influence him in rejecting any contribution.
4. As MSS. are sent voluntarily, the Editor will not hold himself responsible for their safe return; but when an address wrapper accompanies the contribution, care will be taken to have such contribution duly posted in the event of its rejection.
5. When a stamped, addressed wrapper is not sent, the MS. will remain for six months at the office, where they will be obtainable upon application, either personally or by enclosing addressed wrapper. Beyond six months no application can be entertained.

# "IT SAVED MY LIFE"

"For the Fever had obtained a strong hold on me. In a few days I was quite well."—*Extract from letter of O. Fitzgerald, formerly Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian in Albania, referring to*

## LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE

WHICH IS EFFERVESCING AND TASTELESS, FORMING A MOST INVIGORATING VITALISING, AND REFRESHING DRAUGHT.

*DRs. PROUT, MORGAN, TURLEY, GIBBON, SPARKS, DOWSING, STEVENSON, CARR JACKSON, and many other Medical Gentlemen, have given unqualified testimony to the importance of the discovery and the immense value of*

## THIS GREAT REMEDY



as possessing elements most essential for the restoration and maintenance of Health, with perfect Vigor of Body and Mind.

It gives instant relief in HEADACHE, SEA or BILIOUS SICKNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, LASSITUDE, HEARTBURN, and FEVERISH COLDS; prevents and quickly cures the worst form of TYPHUS, SCARLET, and other FEVERS, SMALLPOX, MEASLES, and ERUPTIVE SKIN COMPLAINTS, and various other altered conditions of the blood. It is the cure for CHOLERA.

**CAUTION!**—Dr. Wilson writes: We all know how much rubbish is put in the market in imitation of it.

In Patent Glass-Stoppered Bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 21s. each.

## LAMPLOUGH'S CONCENTRATED LIME JUICE SYRUP.

Perfect Luxury. Taken effervescing with Pyretic Saline a most agreeable Summer Drink. Sold by all Chemists in Patent Glass-stoppered Bottles at 2s. and 4s. 6d. each.

H. LAMPLOUGH, 113, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON, E.C.

## A CHARMING PRESENT FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS

Beautifully bound in Red and Gold, half-yearly Volumes of

## "THE LAMP,"

At 5s. each, or free by post 5s. 6d. NOW READY, Vol. XXVIII.

Cases for Vol. Two Shillings each.

CHIEF OFFICES: 25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.  
And at all Booksellers and Newsvendors.

## Hop Bitters

Are THE PUREST, CHEAPEST, & BEST BITTERS EVER MADE

They are compounded from HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, PODOPHYLLIN, DANDELION, the oldest, best, and most valuable medicine in the world. Contains all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, being the greatest BLOOD PURIFIER, LIVER REGULATOR, and Life and Health Restoring agent on earth.

## No Disease or Ill Health

Can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

TRY HOP BITTERS TO-DAY.

May be had of all Chemists throughout the World.



# BEETHAM'S Glycerine & Cucumber

Is INVALUABLE during the SUMMER months for PRESERVING the COMPLEXION from the effects of the HOT SUN, WINDS, HARD WATER, &c. It KEEPS THE SKIN COOL and REFRESHED in the HOTTEST WEATHER, and entirely removes and prevents all SUNBURN, REDNESS, IRRITATION, TAN, &c., and renders the SKIN delicately SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE. It is the most perfect Emollient Milk for the SKIN ever produced, and NO LADY who values her complexion should ever be without it. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists. Free for 3d. extra, by the Sole Makers, **M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.**

# Louis

## VELVETEEN

**GENOA FACE. FAST WOVEN FILL.**

Every Yard of the Genuine bears the Name "LOUIS" and the Wear of

**EVERY YARD GUARANTEED.**

**Patterns Post Free.**

**THOS. WALLIS & CO., HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.**

# PERRY PEN COMPETITION, 1885.

## 13 GOLD & SILVER WATCHES

*TO BE GIVEN AWAY AS PRIZES*

**FOR THE BEST SPECIMENS OF WRITING AND DRAWING  
WITH PERRY PENS.**

PRIZE "A"—For Boys under 12 years of age.

A KEYLESS SILVER WATCH .. Value 30s.

PRIZE "B"—For Girls under 12 years of age.

A KEYLESS SILVER WATCH .. Value 30s.

PRIZE "C"—For Youths aged 12 to 15 inclusive.

A SILVER WATCH .. .. Value £5 5s.

PRIZE "D"—

*For Youths at School under 18 years of age.*

FIRST PRIZE — A GOLD WATCH, Value £10 10s.

SECOND .. — A SILVER .. " £5 5s.

PRIZE "E"—

*For Ladies at School under 18 years of age.*

FIRST PRIZE — A GOLD WATCH, Value £5.

SECOND .. — A SILVER .. " £2 10s.

PRIZE "F"—

*For Ladies 15 years of age and upwards.*

FIRST PRIZE—A GOLD WATCH .. Value £10

SECOND .. — " .. " .. £5

PRIZE "G"—

*For Gentlemen 15 years of age and upwards.*

FIRST PRIZE—A GOLD WATCH .. Value £10

SECOND .. — " .. " .. £5

PRIZE "H"—

*Open to both Ladies and Gentlemen—For the best Specimen of Drawing executed with Perry & Co.'s Crow-quill Pen, No. 600.*

FIRST PRIZE—A GOLD WATCH .. Value £10

SECOND .. — " .. " .. £5

*Ask your Stationer for the Rules of this Competition, or send Two Penny Stamps to*  
**PERRY & CO., LIMITED, STEEL PEN MAKERS, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.**



## Cuticura

A  
**POSITIVE CURE**  
for every form of  
**SKIN and BLOOD**  
**DISEASE**  
FROM  
**PIMPLES TO SCROFULA,**

the Skin and Scalp, with loss of Hair, when the best Physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold by all Chemists, or post free of **FRANCIS NEWBURY & SONS, 1, KING EDWARD STREET, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.** Price: CUTICURA, 2s. 3d.; RESOLVENT, 4s. 6d.; SOAP, 1s.

Prepared by the **POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A.**

Write F. Newbury & Sons for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

**ECZEMA**, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with **CUTICURA SOAP** and a single application of **CUTICURA**, the great Skin Cure. This repeated daily, with two or three doses of **CUTICURA RESOLVENT**, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and uniritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure **ECZEMA, TETTER, RINGWORM, PSORIASIS, LICHEN, PRURITUS, SCALD HEAD, DANDRUFF**, and every species of Itching, Scaly, and Pimply Humors of the Skin.



DIVINE SCIENCE

HUMAN SCIENCE

# THE LAMP.

*Established Half a Century.*

## CONTENTS:

PAGE	PAGE
ENHARBORNE: OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS (Illustr.) 65 81, 68. 111	UPON THE TERRACE (Illustr.) 97
RELIGUES OF MY MOTHER 69	THE CHURCH OF THE "SPASM," OR SWOONING OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AT JERUSALEM ..... 100
SOME ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN ..... 69	A PLAY WITHIN A PLAY ..... 102, 102
RUGBY VILLEPORT ..... 71	PROTESTANT TESTIMONY 105
NOTES ON ELY AND S. F. WELDRIDA ..... 75	HELIS ..... 106
THE TWO MUSICIANS ..... 76	HOSPITALITY ..... 109
THE DUK & DE CHAMBERD ..... 80	IN THE CLOCK TOWER (WESTMINSTER) ..... 111
AT THE GOLDEN GATE ... 85	OLD LIFE MAXIMS ..... 112
A CANDID ADMISSION ..... 86	A CLAIMANT THIRTY YEARS AGO ..... 117
NOTES ABROAD ..... 86	A REMARKABLE CURE ... 118
THE HARBON'S RUSH ..... 89	INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS ..... 120
ADRE LIZET ..... 92	SOME SELF COLLECTED EPITAPHS ..... 126
CAGED! A GAGL-BIRD'S STORY ..... 93	
STIMULANTS — TOBACCO AND SNUFF ..... 95	
ETC., ETC., ETC.	

### OFFICES:

LONDON,—25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, E.C.  
DUBLIN,—SMITH & SON, MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.  
M. H. GILL & SON, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE  
STREET.  
LIVERPOOL,—SMITH & SON, CASTLE STREET.  
MANCHESTER,—J. HEYWOOD, DRANGATE.  
SMITH & SON, 1, NEW BROWN STREET.



# BRADFORD'S



## PATENT "VOWEL" A1 Washing, Wringing AND Mangling Machine

Is PERFECT as a Washer, a Wringer,  
and a Mangler.

See "Vowel" Testimony, containing the experi-  
ence of over 500 users.

Trial free, carriage free, full instructions free,  
and satisfaction always guaranteed.

Mangles from 45s. Wringers from 25s. Write for New  
Catalogue.

THOS. BRADFORD & CO., High Holborn, LONDON;  
Victoria Avenue, Manchester; & Bold St., Liverpool.

"VOWEL" A1.

Will wash eight shirts  
in ten minutes.

### EXTRACT.

"The 'Vowel' A1 is the  
best value of any thing in  
my house, and the best  
laundress I ever had. We  
have really no trouble with  
our washing now, and that  
is high praise, considering  
the constant worry and  
trouble before we had the  
Machine."

PURCHASER'S LETTER.



ANYONE wanting  
A WRINGER  
and MANGLING  
MACHINE should  
remember the

BRADFORD'S are admittedly the best, and  
the true sense are the cheapest. Thousands  
of these invaluable machines have been doing  
service for from 10 to 20 years, and are little  
worse for wear. See CATALOGUE.

## CLARKE'S

# Pyramid Nursery Lamp Food Warmers

N.B.—CAUTION.—The Patentee, in reply to numerous consumers, begs to state that he will  
only warrant his PATENT PYRAMID FOOD WARMERS to answer the purpose for which they  
are recommended when the Pyramid Night Lights are burned in them; the common night lights  
will not give sufficient heat. Persons who find a difficulty in obtaining the Pyramid Night Lights in  
good condition, are requested to write to the Patentee, who will give the address of his nearest  
agent. The Pyramid Food Warmers are sold by all respectable dealers throughout the kingdom  
3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.

See that the Patentee's Name is on the Lamp.

# JOSEPH KIRKMAN AND SON

PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS,

3 and 9, Soho Square, London, W.,

Beg to call attention to the following Specialities now being Manufactured by this eminent Firm

- No. 1. BOUDOIR GRANDS. With Patent Steel Frames.
- " 5. SHORT GRANDS, 6 ft. long. With Patent Steel Frames.
- " 9. BOUDOIR COTTAGE. Solidly Constructed, New Panel Front.
- " 17. OVERSTRUNG SHORT COTTAGE. With Iron Frames.
- " 20. OVERSTRUNG UPRIGHT GRANDS. With Iron Frames.

## ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.

Price 1s. per 100, by Post 1s. 3d.

## ORDER OF SERVICE FORMS

(HIGH MASS AND VESPERS)

For Sundays and Holidays of  
Obligation.

THIS little Sheet will be found very useful,  
especially where the Singing is Congregational.  
A specimen sent gratis and post free on application  
to the Publisher.

25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

## Gregorian Chants

FOR

The Mass,

According to the Eight  
Tones.

Harmonised for the Organ, and arranged for Unison  
or Part Singing.

By EDWARD FAGAN.

Price from One Shilling each.

25, Whitefriars Street, London, and  
BURNS, OATES, and Co., Orchard Street, W.



"THE PRIEST CAME INSTANTLY."

## Sherborne; or, the House at the Four Ways.

By EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

Author of the "*Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems*," "*Grey's Court*," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

WHILE I remained by the death bed of my benefactress, my overwhelming sensation of grief was characterized by remorse, whereas afterwards passionate regret was the predominant quality of the feeling by which my heart was tortured till it could feel no longer.

I went up to the bedside, and told what I had told without delay or excuse; and it cost me no effort to do so, for I was calmly reckless. I had hoped whatever in this world or the next, for I had rejected the one—yes, yes, don't tell me I

didn't, or try to persuade me that I can undo it—I had rejected the one, and thrown away the other; but I had some good feeling left, such as a dog shows towards a person who has been kind to him, and I was perfectly reckless as to what any one might say, think, or do about me. So I said just this:

"I have deceived you. Your brother's heir is alive—his only surviving son. The count told me so."

"May God forgive you, my child," she said. "I dare say you were fearfully tempted, and I, at least, have no right to reproach you."

"'But I will at once repair the mischief I have done,' said I, 'cost what it may. I will order the carriage this moment, go to Bramscote, make the count find out your brother's grandson—he is in England, perhaps, and bring the priest straight back to you.'

"I then rang the bell violently, and when the maid came running in, breathless, thinking that her mistress had been suddenly taken worse, I told her to order the carriage immediately—any carriage—whatever could be got ready soonest. She stared, but I repeated the order in a tone that stopped all questioning. Mrs. Sherborne looked at me earnestly, and said (oh! I recollect every word she said):

"'Thank you, my dear, for that. It is the one matter that concerns me now.'

"'But I must get ready,' said I, for I thought that there was no time to be lost.

"'Stay a moment,' she replied. 'I wish to say one word more. I have told my son all, and implored him to make restitution for me, if he ever finds my brother's heir, reserving for himself what was his father's fortune, what was mine by my father's marriage settlement, and what was his own younger son's portion. For you know, or perhaps you don't, that he is the youngest of eight children—all dead; and it has been the same with his children, too—it has not prospered, that evil deed of mine. Now, I intreat you, never miss an opportunity, and if you succeed in finding the heir, remind my son of what I said to him, and if my son should be dead, tell *his* heir. Tell how ill it has prospered. Tell—oh! you know what to tell; but I fear that he will not do it, still less his heir. I am weak and can talk but little at a time, and I must reserve my remaining strength. Go, my child, and bring the priest. God bless you for thinking of that! Stay a moment. Open that top drawer of the chest of drawers between the windows—the top drawer nearest this way; take out a bunch of keys, and open my desk with one of them—it is labelled. In the desk you will find the paper directed to you. It tells what I have left you in a codicil of my will, which I made six months ago; and also about—having Masses said for me—I feel sure that you will do it, and I could trust no one else. Oh! how I wish you would see him yourself when he comes. Now go—my strength will not last much longer—go—as fast as you can.'

"I threw on a bonnet and cloak, ran downstairs, and jumping into the carriage—it was a gig—told the coachman to drive to Bramscote as hard as he could go. He looked at me inquiringly for an instant, touched his hat, and put the horse into a gallop.

"When we reached Bramscote (and whether the people who met us stared or not, I never noticed) I sprang out, rang the bell violently, and, as soon as the door was opened, said, 'I want the priest to come with me to a dying person—go and fetch him;' and I stayed in the hall while the servant took the message.

"The priest was at home, and came instantly. I don't know how three people sat in a gig, but I know that we did so, and we drove back as fast as we had come. I took him to Mrs. Sherborne, and, shutting myself in my own room, walked up

and down—I know not how long. I could not be still, though I was so weak that I could hardly stand if I stopped for a moment.

"Well, I am coming near the end of the story—the miserable story which has been trying your patience so long. I will finish it in a few words. The priest remained with Mrs. Sherborne two hours, I should think, perhaps more. She talked wonderfully, and lived for a fortnight after that I was with her when she died. I have never heard from my own family since then. I have written many times, but had no answer. What they ever heard that my keeping back the truth from Mrs. Sherborne had deprived my son of his husband of the estate, I don't know. I should not be surprised if it were so. But I cannot be sure that the two persons—he, my brother-in-law, and the lost heir, are identical. My efforts to discover it at the time were fruitless. I had counted on Mr. Sherborne's return, but he had left Bramscote. Mr. Sherborne was very angry when I pressed him to try to carry out his mother's wishes. He said that his son had lost the property legally for treason (which was untrue), and hinted that I had trumped up the whole story, or been bribed by my sister to bother him about it; and he talked in the same strain to other people. But I never saw him again. He died many years afterwards, as I think I told you. It was thirty years ago. I was a very old man. He had left the property to a great niece. She was married to a Mr. Beaufoy who had another property at the other side of the county. I forget the name of the place. She had two sons. Her husband died soon afterwards; she lived with her sons at Hazelley. My health, which entirely broke down at Mrs. Sherborne's death, incapacitated me, for many years, from making any effort to find the lost heir. For many years I never left my room, scarcely my bed. They said I had injured myself internally when I jumped into the river. At the time I was able to get about, Mrs. Sherborne's eldest son was dead. He died in the year 1837, that was twenty-three years after—twenty-three years. Then the niece came to Hazelley, and lived there till she died six years ago. I know nothing about it to her, because I knew it was no use talking to a woman whose son was to inherit. Well, then, she died, and this man came into possession—he was her second son, and he took the name of Sherborne, as his brother had done. I went to him one day and told him all as old Mrs. Sherborne had desired. He got rid of the question by saying that, as the heir had not been found, it would be idle to make magnanimous resolutions. What he would do if the heir were to be found I cannot say. He is not married, and he must be over forty, or thereabouts. They say he had a disappointment some years ago. At any rate I will try him if I can. It is the only object of my life. Now, can either of you put me in the way of finding the heir? I have no friends, no acquaintances, and as a last resource I came up and addressed you both in Bramscote Park. Although I had noticed you and the priest walking with Mr. Sherborne by my house on your way to Bramscote the day before, our meeting last night was quite accidental. I generally steal out towards dark, and on that occasion I happened



to extend my walk along the path where you met me. As soon as I saw a priest, I said to myself, 'Who knows but he may be able to help me?' At all events I am sure of being well advised as to what I ought to do—yes, yes! I know *that*. And when I saw he was a foreigner, I thought I might have two possible chances—the chance of his making inquiries for me in England, and the chance (dim and distant if you will, but still the bare chance) of his being able to trace out something abroad. I have neither friend nor acquaintance, and, as I know that a priest is never surprised, can hold his tongue, and is trained to advise, I followed the impulse of the moment and spoke. Why didn't I speak to the priest of the nation, you will say, as soon as I became sufficiently recovered from my long illness to turn my mind to the subject once more? I will tell you why.

"After Mrs. Sherborne's death I became hardened. I said to myself, 'My half desire to be a Catholic has only brought desolation into my heart. If I had not felt that half desire I should not have been afraid of speaking to the priest about Mrs. Sherborne when she sent me to Bramscote with that intention; and if he had come to see her, as no doubt he would have done, I could not have ventured to withhold the fact that her brother's heir was alive and in England, because she would certainly have mentioned the subject to him. Therefore it was not my fault, but the fault of the religion.'

"That was what I said to myself; and I brooded over it, and hated the sight of a priest, and neglected, as far as that went, her last wishes. For I lived a sort of unspiritual interior life, contemplating the memories of past passions; and it was many, many years before the volcano that was in me became quite extinct. Time, age, and solitude have done their work now; and I had almost made up my mind that I would write to the priest about it when I met you both. Can either of you help me? Oh! don't say you can't."

"The main difficulty in the case," said Don Pascolini, "would be to persuade the man in possession to give up the property."

"Don't be in a hurry, and see only the difficulties. Think it over, and come to me to-morrow, for pity's sake. I am old and very much broken down, though I may seem to be active. I shall not budge. Promise me you will come."

"I do promise," said Don Pascolini.

"You," said she, turning to me, "may perhaps find it more difficult to get away—you will be out voting. I think I can manage after a fashion without an interpreter. Goodbye, and thank you. I am very much obliged to you both."

She rose, shook hands with us, and sank down into her chair, evidently exhausted more than the mere fatigue of telling a long story would warrant. When getting up again with an effort, just as we were leaving the room, she rang the bell, and opened gracefully. The same old woman who had opened the door when we arrived came hobbling to let us out, and we set off homewards at a pace that was not kept up very long.

At the end of the first half-mile Don Pascolini took his hat on his forehead significantly, and began to step short. Observing this, I slackened speed. He appeared to appreciate the change,

but said nothing, nor did I. Not till we were inside the park at Bramscote did either of us break silence. Of course I spoke first, having nothing to say worth hearing; and, as might be expected, I said just the wrong thing, just what I would not have said, too, if I had learned to feel responsibilities before my habits were formed. I said:

"That was a very interesting story; but is it worth while doing anything about her, not knowing what it may entail?"

He made no answer, but just looked up for an instant with an expression of slight disappointment, by which I felt thoroughly reproved.

"Then you think you can do something for her?" said I.

"I cannot say yet," he replied.

"In spite of her repeated protests," said I, "I fancy that she has a half-unconscious longing to be received into the Church."

"Possibly," said he; "I hope it may turn out so."

"What do you think?" said I.

"I think you are right," said he.

"But will she follow her inclinations or resist them?" said I.

"If you had seen as much of sin and suffering as I have," he replied, "you would know too well what an unstable thing human nature is to trust it much."

By this time we had reached the house, and on looking instinctively at our watches, found that it was nearly three o'clock.

[Here ends this fragment of autobiography in a manner that reminds one of the symbolical hot potato, so suddenly does Reginald Moreton drop it. His own words give some clue to the reason of his so doing. He said that he would omit the part of self, in a certain sense; and he kept his word, for he has described others, not himself. But it is not so easy to remain always an outsider in the drama of life, and he discovered the fact about this time.]

## CHAPTER X.

[As Moreton's private journal here comes to an abrupt and premature end, whilst the interrupted story, which is indeed sufficiently strange to interest the general reader, has not even begun to develop itself, the Editor (who is anonymous, because he is in no way connected with the events about to be recorded) will continue the narrative, endeavouring, for the sake of unity, to identify himself with Moreton's manner of writing and habits of thought.]

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.—KEATS.

NOT if it is a young lady with whom you are hopelessly in love—

As Reginald Moreton thought, while he meditated with much prudence and profundity on that subject, the cause of his meditation being Miss Arden.

Sir Roger Arden had three daughters. The eldest was a nun in a convent at Ledchester, about twenty miles off; the other two we have already seen—and so had Moreton, especially the elder, of whom he has left us no description at all.

It may be remembered that at the dinner-party, a young man, of whose name Sherborne had with

some impatience declared himself ignorant, was observed to let his attention wander definitely away from the lady who sat next to him. The definite attraction was the youngest Miss Arden. But where was the other? Moreton has told us nothing about her, though she was at that dinner-table, among the three or four and twenty people whom he described rather minutely; but he was not so reticent with himself. Exhaustively, to his own mind if not to the subject, did he theorize on the fate of the hypothetical man who should have an unrequited, or otherwise unfortunate, attachment to just such a girl as she was; and, with the comic seriousness of one who is playing with edged tools, he decided that such cases were fatal to the universality of Keats's dictum, inasmuch as, under such circumstances, the thing of beauty would be a grief instead of a joy—a very great grief, so great, that at length, when he thought of it in her presence, and still more in her absence, he began to find the idea first disagreeable, then annoying, then indefinitely painful. But when it came to that, he said to himself sharply:

"Nonsense, to suppose that I should have thought of imaginary cases, as if it were myself all the while."

Having decided thus, to his own disturbance rather than satisfaction, he allowed himself, without let or hindrance, to seek her society and make the most of it; nor did he meet with any impediment, but, as it happened, quite the reverse. For it so chanced that the rest of the party staying in the house had settled down into their talking by a kind of natural selection, as people in country houses are wont to do; and thus it came to pass that, finding his choice often limited, he limited it still further, seeing no danger to himself, but only to some person or persons unknown, who might not be as careful as he was in taking their own heart-soundings. Thus he talked to her a little at various times afterwards, until—But this sentence must be finished in the next chapter: in this it has no place.

Sir Roger Arden, who retained the spirit, and kept up the practice, of a certain old-fashioned and inherited friendliness in hospitality, which is now so rare that people would seem to have sold this portion of their social birthright, and left the price of it among the unclaimed dividends, had invited him, not for three days' fatiguing festivities, with a *battue* in the middle and a long railway journey at each end, but for a full fortnight, with a margin to it; and had expressed himself to that effect more than once. This invitation Moreton had accepted with genuine, not conventional pleasure, a pleasure derived as much from the way in which it was given as from the visit itself. For, indeed, it is a pleasant thing to meet a man who has the art of making you feel that he is glad to see you; and it has the peculiarity, which those who suffer from its absence had rather it had not, of being uncommon; but especially pleasant is it when the manner that impresses it is the reflex of a reality within, as Sir Roger Arden's was, and not a fair imitation, which betrays its spuriousness at the first test.

Another guest was going to stay as long—the young man who would not attend properly to the instructive conversation of Mrs. Linus Jones. H:

turned out to be a Count de Bergerac, and a Pontifical Zouave.

Don Pascolini, too, had deferred his departure. Of the remainder, some were to return for a ball, after visiting elsewhere, at distances varying from five and twenty miles to three hundred; others migrated finally at the end of the conventional three days. From the end of these three days until the day before the ball which was to take place at Bramscote, Moreton and the Zouave had full opportunities of making their own game, if they had any game to make.

The length of Moreton's visit accounts for the length of the broken-off autobiography, which was written during that time. The immediate cause of his writing it was this: returning late, after his interview with Mrs. Atherstone, and finding, as might have been expected, between luncheon and afternoon tea in a full country house, that every one had disappeared either out of doors or upstairs, he, for want of necessary occupation, began to reflect on what he had just heard; and he said to himself:

"I will write it all down; for though, of course, nothing can come of it, it is very interesting as far as it goes, particularly those simple records of persecution, in the different shapes it assumed against the much-trying Catholics of England."

He went to his room and sat down to write; but after he had written about half a page, the idea occurred to him that the story had better be prefaced by some account of the house where it was told, the person who told it, the cause of his going there, the place he came from, the reason why he was at that place.

And thus he found himself beginning the autobiography which afterwards came to so abrupt an end. By the time he had finished the first chapter, and carefully flattened the pages on some fresh blotting-paper, people were again talking by natural selection in the library, accompanied by the soothing strains of a hissing urn. It was the witching hour of afternoon tea, and Moreton could not choose but talk to Miss Arden; but would he have chosen differently if he could.

Many people would have thought that their conversation had nothing in it, and yet would have felt otherwise of its effects on themselves. The mountain air refreshes us, though we are so constituted that we cannot see it, and the tone of that conversation would have benefited many hearers who were quite incapable of knowing why. Each not only drew from the other, without effort or self-consciousness, the best that was true there, but also saw it in the most favourably true light, as when, in the physical order, we see a building bathed in moonbeams, or a line of distant hills at sunset; and this unconscious insight made them perfectly natural to themselves as well as to each other.

Yet, even in this similarity of feeling there was a difference; for was not one of them a woman and not only a woman but a girl, and not only a girl but a Catholic girl? The difference of course was this: Miss Arden was natural, but not conscious of the fact as applicable to the occasion. Moreton was natural, and conscious of an external cause for being so. He was not, indeed, conscious about himself in reference to himself



absolutely, or in reference to her as individually affecting his self-esteem, which I suppose would be self-consciousness *pur et simple*; but he was conscious about himself in reference to her, and he made the subtle distinction that it was in reference to her separately, not in connection with any feelings of his own. Lucian, in his "Dialogues of the Dead," represents Menippus walking after Cressus and Sardanapalus, telling them that he will persistently continue to din into their ears, "Know thyself;" a piece of advice which, by that time, they might be supposed no longer to require. He would have been of more use apparently at Moreton's elbow just then, while the "heart" of the tea-urn was "hissing in steam on its own" square table, and divers people were trying to like the coloured milk-and-water which, in country houses of the period, is sometimes dispensed, with much dignity, between the hours of five and six p.m., under the name of tea.

After a while the party began to disperse, and Moreton with the rest; but there were many more days before him in that house, and he made use of them in a way which caused the limits of time to seem beside the question of the moment; so that, taking the beautiful in a comprehensive sense, we may fairly suppose him to have had a vague impression that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

(To be continued.)

### RELIQUES OF MY MOTHER.

THESE little reliques of my mother—

How precious are they in my eyes,  
Though nought they seem unto another,  
Yet for her sake them do I prize.  
No miser holds his golden treasure  
More dear than I these trifles few,  
Their worth to me no gold can measure,  
For, mother, they belonged to you.

Here are the cuffs for me she knitted,  
The very winter that she died,  
Ne'er since have I my hands permitted  
To wear them, they are laid aside,  
Her latest gift—a little token  
Of all the love she had for me.  
Ah! now all earthly ties are broken,  
How great her love I clearly see.

Here is the case that holds her glasses,  
Methinks I see her wear them still.  
At me she smiles, and oh, there passes,  
Right through my heart a yearning thrill.  
Oh mother! dearer now than ever,  
God grant that we may meet again  
In heaven's courts, no more to sever,  
No more to suffer grief and pain.

May God, Who bids us all to honour  
Our father and our mother dear,  
In His great mercy look upon her,  
And to His glory bring her near.  
There, purified from sin's last traces,  
To praise her Saviour evermore;  
And pray for me, too, whilst she praises,  
That I may join her gone before.

JOHN WILSON

### SOME ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN.



HAVE always loved animals—from the time when, as a very small child, I carefully treasured microscopic frogs and such interesting specimens—till now, when I think nothing in this world comes so near perfection as my horse; and as I always see with the greatest pleasure anything written by a real lover of animals, I think perhaps some of my readers may resemble me in this respect, and may find some little interest in these recollections of a few of my friends.

No one, I think, who studies the various characters of animals, can fail to be well repaid; and I, for one, am never tired of observing and marveling at their many great and noble qualities—their ready sympathy, their keen sense of humour, and, greatest of all their charms, to my mind, their exquisite gift of *silence*, which raises them at once above the commonplace (to which so many of mankind are hopelessly condemned), and makes them such perfect companions.

The idiosyncrasies, too, of individual animals, and the friends they form with others of quite different species, are a very interesting study; one of the most curious instances of this last-named peculiarity that ever came under my notice was the case of a horse belonging to a friend of mine, whose most devoted ally was a pig. During the summer months the two friends lived in an orchard, from which they constantly escaped into the adjoining field; and, as the gate which separated the two was fastened with a chain and a piece of wood, nobody could imagine how they got through, till at last they were watched, when the pig was seen to lift the gate (which hung a little) on his nose while the horse took the piece of wood from the chain with his teeth. The rest was then easy, and they walked through the gate to "fresh fields and pastures new." This would scarcely be believed, I daresay, by many people, who take no notice of animals, and are perfectly astonished when they do anything clever.

One of the first pets that I can remember distinctly is a dog that we had when we were children; a very fine black and tan terrier of a kind that I very seldom see now. He was given to my mother when he was quite a puppy, and a more light-hearted and mischief-loving dog I have never met. The recollection of his laughing face comes back to me as I write, undimmed through such a long vista of years! All puppies, as a matter of course, gnaw everything indiscriminately; but in him the propensity survived long after he ought to have attained the years of discretion, if discretion ever does belong to any particular year or years, which I for one do not believe! I think he must have had the organ of destructiveness very largely developed. I do not know whether this organ in dogs lies anywhere near where it is supposed to lie in the human head—(though my faith is not strong in craniology) certainly we always knew when he was in a particularly mischievous mood by his carefully rubbing both his ears over with his paws. Nothing was safe from his ravages; I have yet a little prayer-book whose four corners he neatly bit off,

the cover of which bears still the numerous marks of his teeth which he left upon it.

I remember his once deliberately tearing up one of a pair of new boots belonging to the cook, which she had put to air before the fire, and as she was a very violent woman I fear he must have had rather a bad quarter of an hour.

His worst fault was his love for hunting sheep, for which it was quite useless to punish him. I believe he considered a good beating a very small price to pay for the delights of the chase, for he was quite incorrigible. His last offence in this line was committed while I was at school, when he not only hunted a sheep down and broke its leg, but so worried it that it had to be killed on the spot, and of course my father had it on his hands. I have heard my elder sisters say they were rather tired of mutton for some time after. So poor Prince's doom was sealed, and we were obliged to part with him.

Another of our earliest pets was a canary belonging to my brother; he had a great many birds of one kind and another, and I only mention him as he was remarkable for his inventive genius. One instance of this only I will give, and that is the way in which he used to let us know when he was hungry. He had rather a small seed tin in his cage, and when he had finished his allowance and wanted more he used to unfasten his little tin and throw it out upon the ground. I have seen him over and over again put his head out of the hole where the water-glass ought to have been (but was not) to see if the fastenings were undone outside, and I think this rather a curious instance of invention in a small bird. He grew so tame that he used to be always let out at meals, when he would help himself to any dish which pleased him in spite of all remonstrances. He also did various clever tricks, and was altogether a most fascinating little fellow; but I grieve to say he came to an untimely end, for one day, when my mother was ill, he was taken to her room to visit her, for she was very fond of him, and I suppose the strange room confused him, for he flew at once into the fire, and although he was immediately rescued and apparently unhurt, the shock must have killed him, for the next morning he was dead at the bottom of his cage. I am glad to say I was at school when the tragedy occurred.

Another pet we had as children was a handsome Australian parrot. His plumage was very gorgeous, but the most remarkable thing about him was his extreme huffiness. His dignity was overpowering, and if one thing offended him more than another, it was a noise. He would scold and shake his tail—his way of expressing great displeasure—sometimes if we only raised our voices a little higher than he thought quite necessary. He used to whistle: "Oh dear! what can the matter be?" and the ridiculous picture he presented when he got out, and sat scolding because he could not remember the tune, is before my eyes now as I write.

Since I have grown up I never keep anything in a cage, as I am too fond of liberty myself voluntarily to deprive any fellow-creature of it; I have many pensioners that come regularly to my window to be fed, and remind me with loud chirps and pecks at the glass if I have omitted

to put food ready for them. And here I would say one word to those who love birds sufficiently to be willing to take a little trouble to feed them in winter; and that is on the importance of animal food, especially during anything like hard weather. So many people throw out crumbs, and they are comparatively of so little use. If they would instead have little scraps of meat that would otherwise be wasted (I have all pieces saved from plates at lunch and dinner) collected and put somewhere, where birds can get at them they would save many valuable lives, and with very little trouble and no expence such as many lovers of birds that I know, go to, in regularly buying seed, suet, and other such dainties for their feathered friends.

I have had, at different times, two or three owls, and charming pets they are, as they soon get tame, and are then most gentle, affectionate, and never treacherous. The first I had was a beautiful white owl, that I caught one spring in the ruins of an old abbey. I left him in the garden after having had one of his wings cropped, and he soon got to know me, calling out to me directly he saw me, and sitting on my finger while I walked about the lawn picking up slugs for him. My father constantly told me that I should have my eyes pecked out, for I used to let my pet kiss me, which he did by moving his beak over my cheek; but I was never afraid. I think when once owls are tame they are to be trusted, unlike parrots, which never seem to me to be very particular *what* they bite if they are frightened. My love of liberty led, indirectly, to the loss of my owl—for his wing grew, and he flew away, and I never saw him again.

The next I had was a small brown owl, that was brought for me in the autumn. So I put him in the stables, where he seemed very happy, and made great friends of the horses. I used constantly, however, to bring him over to the house, when he would sit by my side while I was reading, or working, sometimes playing with my work, and always quite content if he were near me. But I cannot write of him. . . . He lived under a white rose tree by the north wall in the sunshine, and in the summer sweet flowers were around his grave, and I stand before it sometimes till all is hidden by the mist in my eyes. . . .

I have said very little in these few sketches about horses, though I have known many; but I must reserve recollections of them till another paper. I cannot, however, conclude without one word about my horse. I mentioned her in beginning this article, and "with her name thus much shall end;" though, as I spoke of her as perfection there does not seem to be much more to be said. We are such perfect friends that my one fear is that I may outlive her, and the only change that I could desire in her is that she should be half her age. For, shall I own it? she is ten years old. . . . She is even a little over ten. . . . but, like many another lady who arrives at a certain age, and wishes for a halt in the unresting march of time, she has made up her mind that she is not going to be any more than ten for a very great many years.

G. M. D.

## EUGENE VILLEFORT.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE CHRISTIAN BROTHER AND THE BOY PENITENT.

**A** TERRIBLE week was that at Castle Mortemar. Folded in her shroud and crowned with a chaplet of white roses, Adele, on the anniversary of her birth, lay in her coffin.

Her unhappy brother was in a raging fever, imagining in his delirium that Adele stood over him, and reiterating his vow of vengeance on the young count.

The Countess de Mortemar was really in a state of nervous prostration which she had often affected, but poor Madame Villefort, whose life had so long been one of suffering, seemed to rally under this dreadful blow. Piously submitting to the terrible dispensation which had deprived her of her daughter, she rose from her sick couch to attend her unfortunate son. Guilty no less than unfortunate was Eugene, for he had truly said that he would have died for his sister; he had killed her, and though it was an accident, the horrid crime of murder was on his soul, as it was his intention to have stabbed the young count.

As to Adolphe, after the first horror had passed, he began to find excuses for himself and to justify his own violence, which was the primary cause of the catastrophe. He had no pity for little Pierre, though the poor child was in a dangerous condition, for the muscles of his right hand had been torn and lacerated by the talons of the wild cat, and the wound was likely to gangrene. All the dreadful business, argued De Mortemar, had come about through Pierre going into the aviary and setting free the love-birds; and since he, Adolphe, had intended them for Adele, it was natural that he should be angry, and Pierre deserved his whipping. As to Adele, he no more meant to strike her with the whip than Eugene had meant to stab her, and a lash from a little dog-whip was a very different thing to a stab with a knife. Now remorse and self-reproach disturbed the Comte's content, and it was very soothing to excuse his own fit of passion, and put all the blame on poor little Pierre and wretched Eugene.

Madame de Mortemar, too, in her fondness for her son, was only too ready to adopt his views, and was at great pains to console him, to assure him he was not to blame, and to put him at ease with himself.

M. de la Tour, also, whose fashionable equanimity eschewed all violent passions, heartily joined in the verdict that it was all Eugene's fault. He went a step further in finding excuses for Adolphe than did the young gentleman himself, for he discovered that in the association with Eugene the count had been infected with his bad qualities. What else could be expected from suffering a peer of France to make a companion of a lad who, though he had some good blood in his veins, had, through his mother's poverty, mixed so much with the rude, ignorant, common people, that he was no better than they, rather worse, perhaps, for he was called the "Ruffian Boy." Was he a com-

panion for the Comte de Mortemar? M. de la Tour took great blame to himself that he had not strongly advised madame to forbid Adolphe making a friend of young Villefort, who had made him half a ruffian like himself.

When M. de la Tour thus stated the case to Madame de Mortemar, she whimpered a little, and reminded him how sickly and feeble her son was when they first came to the Cevennes, and how in shooting and riding and scrambling about the mountains with Eugene he had become strong and healthy. The tutor was a little puzzled at this; but he shook his head, took a pinch of snuff, and then gravely observed that it was a matter of doubt whether the robust health which Adolphe now enjoyed was compatible with the refinement and equanimity of a Parisian gentleman, to whom the muscles and brawny frame of a peasant were by no means necessary.

But it was not his foolish mother and frivolous tutor only who spoke with Adolphe about the terrible catastrophe. There were two others whose speech contained no comforting assurance for him, who did not impose any portion of his sin upon the shoulders of Eugene, and who held him but a degree less guilty than the unfortunate boy whose future life must be made up of remorse and sorrow. Bitter but wholesome was the counsel of these real friends of Adolphe. In vivid colours they showed him his own portrait, and in pain and humiliation he was fain to admit its truth. There was no deliberate cruelty, no meanness in the violence of Eugene. The fatal knife was in his hand; he beheld the little helpless child of seven years old, and his dear sister, lashed like dogs in a kennel, and his impulse, however blamable, was to defend and avenge them. By this showing it seemed that the worst portion of the sin was not with Eugene, but with Adolphe.

And who were those bold speakers whom no mean deference to rank and wealth could hinder from proclaiming the truth?

They were the curé, Father Paul, and that young ecclesiastic who had been on the spot with M. de la Tour at the time of the catastrophe. He had arrived at S. Rosalie the night before. He was a young brother of that religious order instituted by the Venerable Abbé de la Salle, whose especial duty was to follow out that greatest spiritual work of mercy, "to instruct the ignorant."

"Ignorance," said the holy founder in the very spirit of prophecy, "is the very root of evil, especially among the poor." It is upon the ignorance of those whom he would corrupt that the infidel practises. Terrible strides was the infidel then, making in France; the selfish luxury of the wealthy classes and the unutterable misery of the poor equally helped to propagate the principles of the atheist. But there were many "faithful found among the faithless," and among them the "Society of the Christian Schools" was prominent.

A more devoted and enthusiastic member of that estimable institution did not exist than Brother Antoine, who, toiling at Lyons, had made his way to the obscure village of S. Rosalie, eager to enlighten the poor barbarous inhabitants of the Cevennes. He had waited on Madame de Mortemar to obtain her aid in the establishment of a

school at S. Rosalie. It was he who joined Father Paul in representing to Adolphe that his violence of temper was little inferior to Eugene's, and much more inexcusable.

These representations were not without effect. The young Count sincerely mourned over the sad fate of Adele, and in after life and amid the dissipations of Paris, the remembrance of that angelic child would sometimes sadden the gay world.

Sweet Adele! she had not died in vain, for the character of her wild brother was wholly changed. Not suddenly, however, was that happy change effected. Three weeks had the sod in the churchyard of S. Rosalie covered her innocent bosom, ere the unhappy boy fully recovered from the delirium of his fever. He was reduced to the extremity of weakness: he could not speak above a whisper; he could not lift his hand to his head; but in his heart he sullenly nursed the grim determination to be avenged on Adolphe; and like Adolphe, he found excuses for himself.

Brother Antoine still remained at S. Rosalie, residing with the curé. He lingered in Eugene's behalf. He had learned from Father Paul that if there was much evil in the character of Eugene there was also much good.

In his conversation with Father Paul he discovered that the woodcutters and charcoal-burners of the district of the Cevennes, were not more ignorant or uncultivated than Eugene Villefort, the son of a gentleman. It might have been urged that Madame Villefort herself might at least have taught her son to read and write, since her daughter Adele, two years younger, not only read and wrote well, but was skilled in the feminine art of the needle.

Alas! while Madame Villefort on a bed of painsickness managed in spite of her sufferings to instruct Adele, poor Eugene in all weathers, the heats of summer and the snows of winter, toiled early and late at the rudest labour, literally to keep his mother and sister from starving.

Poor Eugene, however, had but little inclination for book-learning; his eye was as keen as the eagle's, and he could run down a deer on foot, or chase the chamois from peak to peak of the mountains, but a child's hornbook was unintelligible to him. But to ballads and legends, or even tales of travel and adventure, orally delivered, he would listen eagerly. He had just the virtues and the vices of a human being almost in a savage state. Most abundantly did he prove the hypothesis of the venerable Abbé de la Salle, that their ignorance is the root of evil among the poor. It was his destiny also, in the time to come, to verify the prophecy of the holy founder of the Christian Schools, "that good and pious teaching will dispel the errors which ignorance has caused."

Eugene was reduced to the extremity of weakness. It was a pain and effort even to speak, but in his morose and sullen mood he preferred silence.

"Do you think I shall ever be well and strong again?" he inquired one day of the doctor.

"I hope so," answered the medical man; "but, Eugene, more depends upon yourself than upon me. Our good curé, Père Paul, or our visitor, Brother Antoine, will be your best physicians now. When you were in a burning fever and raging in delirium, the ailment of the body was

first to be considered. But as that terrible fever was caused by your anguish and consternation at the effects of your violence, so now that the crisis is past, and you brood darkly over the fatal and irremediable results of your blind passions instead of humbling yourself in sincere repentance, no skill of the physician can avail you, and the consequence will be raving madness, which probably will last your life."

Eugene listened to the doctor with the suppressed fury of a tiger in a cage, and looking up when the worthy man ceased speaking, he cried out ferociously:

"It was Adolphe's fault! It is through Adolphe I killed poor Adele, and I will be revenged on him—I will be revenged;"

"Unhappy boy!" said the doctor, as Eugene fell back exhausted, "you will kill yourself as well as having killed your sister, if you give way to those gusts of passion. Medicine is useless; the exhortations of Brother Antoine alone can heal you now."

Whether the solemn tone of the doctor made an impression on Eugene, or that the rash, passionate boy feared death, his sullen demeanour vanished from that day. He listened patiently to the exhortations of Brother Antoine, and wept instead of raving: he prayed, and would have fasted, but that he was forbidden until his strength was restored. He became as docile and obedient as he had once been refractory, and seemed altogether a changed boy.

After much consultation between the curé, Frère Antoine, and the two ladies, Madame Villefort and the Countess de Mortemar, it was finally determined that Eugene should accompany the Christian Brother back to Lyons, and be entered as a pupil in the schools of that city. The good brother also procured for Madame Villefort, on whose already delicate health the late disasters had made terrible inroads, a refuge in one of the charitable establishments at Lyons.

It was the eve of the day fixed for the departure from S. Rosalie of Brother Antoine and the now subdued and penitent Eugene. The good curé, as well as the brother was elate at the change in Eugene. They hoped that the strong and resolute character of the boy would now work as much for good as it had formerly done for evil; for Eugene applied himself so vigorously to study, that he, who had previously made a savage boast of his ignorance, could, in the space of a few weeks, read well and write tolerably. His profound penitence, his efforts to subdue his fierce temper, were evidenced in every action and every word. He prayed, he fasted, he wore sackcloth next his skin.

Yet on the morning of his departure from S. Rosalie Adolphe appeared with a pale and troubled visage at the breakfast-table, and told of an incident which strangely contradicted the supposed salutary change in the character of Eugene.

Never since the lamentable day of his sister's death had Eugene appeared at the castle. His repugnance to visit the scene of his involuntary crime amounted to horror.

The Countess sent for him, but neither the curé nor Brother Antoine pressed to accept her invitation, which he therefore respectfully declined.

He had left S. Rosalie at daybreak, accompanied by Brother Antoine and Madame de Villefort, in one of the Countess de Mortmar's carriages, which was to meet the Lyons diligence a few miles farther on.

Adolphe had retired the night before in mournful mood, for he, like Eugene, had become fully conscious of the measure of his own fault, and the portion which his own evil temper had had in the catastrophe to Adele. Fain would the young count have seen Eugene and taken a friendly leave of him, and he had shed tears when Eugene refused to come to the castle.

Adolphe's chamber was in the east wing of the castle, a room on the first floor, overlooking the pleasure where the hapless Adele was killed. An ancient ivy covered almost the whole of that portion of the building. It clustered round the chamber window, and in the happy days of their first intimacy it had been a favourite sport of the agile Eugene to climb by the strong tendrils of the ivy and leap through the window into Adolphe's chamber.

Adolphe, on that night before Villefort's departure, had closed his eyes with sad, reproachful thoughts, and, startled from his first sleep by a tapping at the casement, was much surprised to find it wide open, and Eugene, as of old, standing upon one of the great stems of the ivy, and leaning into the room. The young count sprang joyfully to his bed.

"Ah, dear Eugene!" he cried, you have come to bid me good-bye—to forgive me! We shall be friends—we shall be friends again in the end to come!"

"I have not come to bid you good-bye," answered Eugene. "I have come to tell you that I will yet be revenged on you for the death of my sister. If I wait for twenty years I will have revenge: after that we may be friends again. Look out, M. le Comte; never forget this promise I have made you!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### AFTER MANY YEARS.

The flippant, unthinking Madame de Mortemmar had been inexpressibly shocked by the circumstances attending the death of Adele, but was alarmed by Adolphe's account of the last visit of Eugene. Wild and fierce he was known to be, but neither deceitful nor eloquent. But what dire hypocrisy, most dreadful in one so young, must there have been in the assumption of repentance!

Madame de Mortemmar hastened to make the demands of Eugene known to the curé, who would believe that the boy deliberately contemplated harming the young count, and suggested to his conduct betokened a fresh access of his madness, and anxiously wrote respecting him to Brother Antoine.

From the reverend brother came a consolatory reply. Eugene was well. Eugene exhibited the same dispositions; his penance was profound, it was touching. Madame de Mortemmar need be under no fear for her son; no threatened vengeance of Eugene would ever injure him.

Madame de Mortemmar did fear, however, for years afterwards, and even though she learned that in the establishment of the Christian Brothers at Lyons Eugene went by the name of the "Boy Penitent," she apprehended that, in a fit of monomania, he would some day take the life of her son.

Time rolled on, and the death of a distant relative of the countess, who left her a large fortune in specie, enabled her once more to resume her place in the Parisian world of fashion, so much better suited to her tastes than the pious solitude of the Château de Mortemmar.

Adolphe grew up to be as gay, as thoughtless, and we must add as selfish and dissipated, as any of the young French noblesse. His mother died; he married an heiress; and the sad fate of Adele Villefort and the terrible threat of her unhappy brother, whom M. de Mortemmar had quite lost sight of, were either wholly forgotten or banished as a disagreeable reminiscence, if by chance a thought of them occurred to his mind.

But the Count de Mortemmar was not destined to spend all his life in frivolous dissipation and selfish idleness. The whirlwind sown by those dissipated nobles, of whom De Mortemmar was one, had grown its harvest of the storm.

It was the momentous year 1789; the States-General had been invoked and had given place to the National Assembly. The French Revolution had commenced. Its progress was as rapid as it was terrible.

On the 21st January 1793, King Louis XVI. was put to death by his rebellious subjects. The mild and amiable character of that unfortunate sovereign, seems but to have exasperated the malice and cruelty of his foes.

The Queen, Marie Antoinette, and Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister, were also beheaded; and, more cruel than all, and alone sufficient to fix an everlasting blot upon the National Convention, was the systematic torture inflicted upon the poor little Dauphin. Consigned to the guardianship of a villainous cobbler, the poor child was beaten and starved and slowly tortured till he died.

The nobility, the clergy, the respectable middle classes were swept out of existence.

The rulers of France were avowed atheists, who impiously set aside all religion.

Throughout this dreadful period Paris was the headquarters of crime and horror; but it spread over France, and no city suffered more than wealthy and beautiful Lyons, which was depopulated and laid waste.

The carnage was at its height; every five minutes the axe of the guillotine came crashing down on the neck of some innocent victim. But that mode of slaughter was not sufficiently expeditious, and men, women, and even children, were crowded into boats and barges, which were driven out upon the waste of waters with a plank knocked out, so that the unfortunates were drowned.

The burning rays of the summer sun streamed down upon the streets of Lyons. The blood which had been that morning spilt, curdled and baked about the scaffold and on the pendant axe of the guillotine, which horrible machine, for a marvel,



was not in active use. But there was a great tumult in the neighbourhood of the Hotel de Ville. A horrible crowd, regardless of the noonday heat, with blows and execrations drove two men towards the building where the Council of the "Committee of Public Safety," as the demagogues of the Revolution styled themselves, was then sitting. So ferocious was the conduct of the mob, that it seemed extremely probable that the two prisoners would escape the judgment of that detestable tribunal through the summary proceedings of the mob. The municipal guards were powerless to keep off the assailants, even had they been inclined, which they certainly were not, to encounter rough usage themselves in defence of a priest and aristocrat.

At Lyons, as in Paris, there were women among the mob, and they were its worst element—wild girls, unsexed, ferocious creatures, foul in their speech, dragged in their attire. Gaunt and muscular creatures, too, many of them were, who tore and struggled and fought their way through the crowd.

"Give him to us!" they shrieked; "we will deal with him—Mortemar, the tyrant of the Cevennes, the foe of the Cevenne people. Give us that traitor beside him, that wolf in sheep's clothing, that lying priest, who wears the red cap of liberty to cheat the Republic! Give us Mortemar. Give us the priest who has kept him hidden so long, and sent his cubs safe off to perfidious Albion!"

Then a wilder, furious cry rose from a gaunt, brawny virago brandishing a pike:

"Has the priest saved Mortemar's children?" she screamed. "I will kill him with my own hands! I will tear him to pieces. Five of my children died of famine fever in a week, and shall Mortemar's children live?"

"Yes, thou fury! for whose sufferings, let them have been ever so severe, I am in no way accountable! Mortemar's children do live, thanks to this holy servant of the altar," replied he whom we have known as the boy Count Adolphe de Mortemar, now a man advanced beyond middle life, whose demeanour was as haughty and fearless in that terrible moment, when in the disguise of a peasant, he stood bruised and bleeding before the wild virago, as when in glittering court costume he had kissed the white hand of Marie Antoinette.

This cool defiance made the woman frantic.

"Ah, dog of an aristocrat! pig of a priest!" she cried. "A woman will teach men how to deal with you!"

The deadly thrust of the pike with which she cleaved her way through the crowd was meant for De Mortemar, but the point entered the bosom of the priest, who fell mortally wounded into the arms of the count, whose life he had temporarily saved by the sacrifice of his own. With an exultant cry the fury wrenched forth the weapon, and was about to deal a second stroke at De Mortemar, when she was dragged back by a hand stronger than her own.

"Who dares meddle between a woman of the people and a vile aristocrat?" she shrieked, foaming with fury as she vainly struggled for release.

"And who dares say that Loupgarou is other than a man of the people, ay, though he takes

part, not with this aristocrat, but with this priest?" replied her captor.

A formidable-looking figure was he who announced himself by that formidable title of Loupgarou, the Wehr-wolf—a man nearer seven than six feet in height, whose harsh, stern features were dyed almost to African blackness by the southern sun. He was probably not older than De Mortemar, but hardship and misery—the misery of the extreme poor—does more than half the work of time. His countenance was deeply furrowed, and his coal-black hair flecked with grey.

"Mère Belle de-nuit!" said this man, shaking the virago as a mastiff might shake a snarling mongrel. "My score against Mortemar is heavier than thine. My wife, my two eldest boys, perished of hunger one bitter winter while I was out on the mountains tracking game for M. le Comte. I was wounded in an encounter with a bear, and this priest saved me at the peril of his own life. He had been a hunter, not a priest, in his boyhood. He helped me home to my poor hut, bound up my wounds, and buried my dead, who lay there untombed. He did more than that, he saved my youngest boy, and carried him away that far land beyond the wide seas whose people have shaken off the tyranny of the King of England. Since the people have risen up against the tyrants Père Guillaume has come back to Lyons. He told me he had sworn a great revenge against Mortemar, and prayed me to help him work it out. I procured him the post of a prison jailer. The poor Père Guillaume! it is sorry vengeance on Mortemar to be killed by you, Mother Night shade!"

The crowd held back while Loupgarou spoke, thus, still holding the furious woman. He was power among them this man. He had been the leader in all the scenes of carnage and violence and such was their faith in him, that they suffered the priest to draw his last convulsive gasps from the bosom of the kneeling aristocrat, while Loupgarou stood over them firm and unyielding as a Colossus.

The failing eyes of the priest were raised with kindly look to the face of De Mortemar, and there was recognition in the gaze of the latter, as he glanced from the swart visage of Loupgarou to the pallid features of the expiring ecclesiastic.

"Now, luxurious and hard-hearted noble," exclaimed Loupgarou, "do you know us at last? It is Eugene Villefort, *le garçon sauvage* of Rosalie, the 'Boy Penitent' of the Christ Brothers, who has saved your children, and whose life-blood ebbs away to save for a little while the shedding of yours! A little while only, for vengeance is of another sort than Père Guillaume's, and your head shall fall before the axe he has set; for I, tyrant aristocrat, am the son of Girard your huntsman!"

Count Adolphe heeded not the vindictive words of his former vassal, as his tears fell on the face of his expiring friend.

"Oh Eugene, generous, noble Eugene! is this the fashion of your threatened vengeance? How truly good, how magnanimous, must always have been your nature!"

"Ah, no, my friend, my dear Adolphe," answered Eugene faintly; "left to the prompt-

ings of my own wild, fierce nature, my revenge would have been like that which is promised to you by this poor fellow who calls himself Loupgarou. But it has been permitted to me to verify the prophecy of our holy founder; I had been still a savage but for the teaching of the Christian Schools."

The last words of Eugene were breathed forth in a deep drawn sigh, and with a smile on his pale lips he lay dead in the arms of De Mortemar.

The influence of Loupgarou over the populace was so great that they allowed him decently to bury the body of Eugene Villefort; but if he had shed it, which he did not, he would have been powerless to save De Mortemar, who was guillotined before the sun had set.

THE END.

## NOTES ON ELY & S. ETHELDREDA.

(A SLIGHT TRIBUTE OF SYMPATHY FROM THE EQUATOR.)

**T**HE abbot of Ely was one of the three great abbots who held the office of chancellor for four alternate months every year. It was usual with King Canute to celebrate here the annual feast of the Purification of the Virgin. In his first voyage hither by water, attended by Emma, his queen, and his nobles, the king was standing up in the boat, watching the church which they were approaching, when, from a great distance across the mere, they heard the voice of the choir singing their canonical Hours, and praising God with accord. The king, enchanted with the harmony, instantly broke into extempore Saxon song, and bade his nobles to join chorus. The monks of Ely long preserved this song, of which the first stanza alone has been preserved:

*Dum contraverunt, monachi in Ely,  
Dum Canutus Rex, navigare prope ibi,  
Nunc, milite, navigate proprius ad terram,  
Et simul audiamus monachorum harmoniam.*

It may be translated:

*Sweetly sang the monks within Ely,  
When that Canute the King sailed along:  
"Row, my knights, row nearer the land,  
And list ye these monkys' song."*

It was on this occasion that the poetical king renewed the charter of Edgar before the high altar and the tomb of S. Etheldreda.

Emma, Canute's queen, who frequently accompanied her husband to this winter feast among the monks, was fond of Ely, and gave the abbey many costly presents. Among others are especially mentioned a purple cloth, worked with gold and set with jewels, for S. Etheldreda. On Canute's death, Earl Godwin, eager for Harold and the Danish accession, seized Prince Alfred, the son of King Ethelred, who had a claim to the succession through the Saxon line, put out his eyes, and sent the poor lad to the monastery at Ely, where he soon after died, and was buried with due honours at the west end of the south aisle. Alfred's brother, the saintly Confessor, was educated at Ely, where his parents had offered him to God at the high

altar, and it was a tradition with the monks that the royal boy used to delight to sing the psalms and godly hymns among the children in the cloister, and always held the abbey in high regard.

After the Conqueror's defeat of Hereward the Wake, and the subjugation of the Isle of Ely by the Normans, a fine of one thousand marks was levied on the Ely monks, their treasure soon after confiscated, a Norman abbot appointed, and eighty knights' fees required from the abbey. Abbot Richard, the tenth abbot, who fell into disgrace at court for thrusting an impudent jester of the king's out of doors, completed the east end of Ely Cathedral, and removed the bodies of the Saints Etheldreda, Sexburga, Ermenilda, and Withburga into the new church. Richard was the last abbot of Ely.

In the reign of Henry I., Hervey, Bishop of Bangor, was appointed first Bishop of Ely, and obtained many privileges for his diocese. His successor, Nigellus, got into trouble with King Stephen, and had to pay a fine of three hundred marks by stripping the shrine of S. Etheldreda. This shrine, the very palladium of Ely, was shaped like a gable-ended house and plated with silver gilt. It shone with pearls and crystals, and was bossed with emeralds, beryls and topazes. On one side of the shrine alone there were sixteen figures in relief, and more than two hundred precious stones. Yet Nigellus was generous to the church when better days came, and gave to Ely an alb, richly adorned with gold embroidered figures of birds and beasts; an amice, set with jewels; his court collar; and a cope, which bore the proud appellation of "Gloria Mundi."

On Henry's accession, Nigellus became one of the barons of the exchequer. This same bishop founded a hospital in Cambridge, which eventually became S. John's College.

Geoffrey Rodel, a friend of Becket, and afterwards one of his persecutors, was Bishop of Ely in the reign of Henry II. He repaired the Etheldreda shrine, and built part of the cathedral tower. His successor, William Longchamp, was the prelate who acted as regent for Richard I. during the Crusades. He was finally driven to France by John and the barons, and died at Poitiers, but his heart was brought to Ely.

Bishop Northwold, a good and charitable man, who was also a judge in Eyre and an ambassador, built the presbytery at Ely, at an expense of five thousand three hundred and fifty pounds, added a spire to the great western tower, and rebuilt the episcopal palace. He was buried at the feet of S. Etheldreda, and, when that shrine was demolished, his effigy, being laid on Bishop Burnet's tomb, passed in time for the effigy of that bishop.

The next bishop, John de Kirkeby, treasurer to King Edward I., left his church at Ely, the "Bell Inn" in London, and nine cottages in Holborn, which afterwards became the town mansion of the bishops of Ely. The terms of his will were that one thousand marks should be paid to his executors for this bequest. In the bishopric of John Hotham, the central tower of Ely fell at night, crushing the cloisters; and the sacristan designed a new octagonal tower with dome and lantern,

which was completed in twenty years, and cost two thousand four hundred and six pounds; the bishop completing the presbytery. He purchased for the See a vineyard, orchard and several additional houses in Holborn.

Bishop Redman, who died at Ely House, Holborn, in the reign of Henry VII., rebuilt S. Asaph's Cathedral, which had been burnt down by Owen Glendower. It was the custom of this prelate in his journeys at every town, if he halted even for a hour, to have a bell rung to summon the poor to partake of his charity.

Bishop West, the son of a Putney baker, was chaplain to Henry VII., and was employed by Henry VIII. in numberless embassies and negotiations, including the marriage of the Princess Mary to old Louis XII., and the great celebration of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. This bishop kept one hundred retainers, and relieved two hundred poor daily at his gate. He is buried at Ely, in a beautiful chapel near the presbytery built by himself. His motto, "Gratia Dei sum quod sum," is carved on a moulding running round the whole chapel. Bishop Thirlby, in Queen Mary's reign, must have been a gentle-hearted man, since he shed tears when he was compelled to publicly degrade Archbishop Cranmer.

In Elizabeth's time, the bishops of Ely were cruelly robbed by the court. The queen actually kept the See vacant eighteen years, devoting some of the revenues, all of which she received, to relieve the distresses of the King of Portugal. She also, by an Act enabling her to alienate episcopal lands, seized manors and estates of the value of one thousand one hundred and thirty-two pounds, paying for them by nominal gifts of parsonages inappropriate to the value of one thousand one hundred and forty-four pounds, and she compelled Bishop Heton to lease Ely House in Holborn to Sir Christopher Hatton.

One of the most beautiful spots in Ely Cathedral is the Lady Chapel, a master-piece of Gothic architecture, considered by many judges to be almost unrivalled. It was begun in Bishop Hotham's time (1321), a monk being overseer of the works, and the sub-prior the architect. It was completed in 1349. It is a tradition at Ely that John de Wisbeck, the overseer, when digging the foundation with his own hands, discovered a brass pot full of money, which he devoted to the workmen's wages. It took twenty-eight years and thirteen weeks in building, and is thought to have been taken as a pattern for King's College chapel at Cambridge; though, as Fuller says, if that be so, the child hath outgrown the father. If this chapel had been placed at the east end, Ely Cathedral would have been the largest in England. The chapel is a hundred feet in length, forty-six in breadth, and sixty feet high in the inside. It has neither pillars nor arches, and depends for its support entirely upon four single buttresses at each side, and the double buttresses at the corners. There were originally inside and outside this chapel, one hundred and forty-seven images, besides small ones above the altar. Of the thirty-two figures formerly niched in the corner buttresses, not one is now left, so ruthless were the image-breakers of the Reformation and Commonwealth.

Trinidad.

J. R.

## THE TWO MUSICIANS.



On a pleasant autumn morning at the beginning of the seventh decade of the last century, the landlord of an inn in a little Italian country town between Fardi and Ravenna stepped forth to meet the diligence which was accustomed to rest here for a short time at this hour. He knew that he was not likely to receive any very interesting or important persons, but yet he could hardly conceal his vexation when, the driver having opened the door of the crazy old carriage, there only stepped from it a youth about sixteen years old, slight in figure, with a noble but pale countenance and dark sparkling eyes. The young man was plainly dressed; he wore a long grey coat, and a black cap covered his lightly powdered hair. In spite of the uncourteous manner of the driver, and the evident ill-humour of the landlord, the young man saluted the latter in a friendly manner, and ordered a simple breakfast. Then he left the dining-room and chose a seat which pleased him in another apartment.

In this room two men were already seated at a well covered table, the linen snow white, and the bright glasses filled with golden wine. In a corner, apart from the men, who were talking in a loud voice and with much gesticulation, sat a respectable old man refreshing himself with some wine of the country and bread and cheese. His tired look showed that he had been long wandering, even more plainly than his thin walking-stick, the wallet by his side, and the dust upon his coat and shoes. He returned the general salute made by the young man as he entered with courtesy, the two men at the table he apparently too much to do with themselves to pay any attention to an inconsiderable stranger.

The young man sat down on a bench by a window which looked upon a neat garden, and began to examine the room as well as the person it contained, for both seemed to excite his interest. With an almost sad expression of countenance he looked at the old spinet which stood near the man. Then his eyes turned towards the old man himself, whose appearance seemed to rivet them, but when he turned them towards the table, which the two gentlemen were seated, a scornful smile played about his lips, for their conversation was carried on in so loud and unrestrained a manner that no word of it could be lost.

One of the men was an old withered little person, who was always called *professor* by his companion; the other was a middle-sized man of about thirty years of age, with a pale, close-shaven face, and long black unpowdered hair which fell in rough masses upon his short black velvet coat. The buckles of his shoes and knees were ornamented with precious stones, and the long fingers of his bony hands, as well as the buttons of his waistcoat, sparkled with brilliant stones, and yet the wearer of these costly things had nothing distinguishing either in carriage and manners.

"You have worked very well for me, professor," he said to his companion, again filling the glasses. "The hall will be overflowing for the

concert to-morrow evening, thanks to your exertions. Bravo! bravo! your judgment shall not be disappointed. But how can it be otherwise where the name of Nicolo Caravi appears upon the bills? Did I not send you the opinions about my success in Termini and Faenza? What did they say about it? Has not the expectation of my appearance been raised to the highest pitch?"

The person addressed took a draught.

"Certainly, certainly," he said, "a concert is a rare thing here that the chief people of the town let slip no opportunity for hearing good music. But yet there is more than one doubter here—pedants, who think they understand these matters, and yet refuse to recognize genius unless it is stamped with their own work."

"Certainly, certainly," sighed the other. "I, too, have had experience of this. My laurels would shine still brighter if envy and cabal did not tarnish them so many leaves. But yet the name of Nicolo Caravi is a bright meteor for all eyes on the horizon of art."

"I firmly believe so," said the professor with enthusiasm. "Though I have not yet had the pleasure to hear you, the notices you send me are so convincing, that I truly believe I ought to sound the trumpet for you in every direction, and flatter myself that people swear, upon my word, that there is no greater pianoforte player than Nicolo Caravi. I will answer for it, my respected friend that your success in this town will not be less than that at Forti and Ravenna, and that it will be greater than your triumphs celebrated at Rome, Naples and Vienna."

"Speak not to me of the great towns of my own country," broke in Caravi. "The so-called nurseries of talent are only nests of wretched intriguers, where true talent is crushed, pedantry and art is bound in fetters. No, it is only in smaller places that the genius of Nicolo Caravi can unfold. When my fingers break upon the keys like a storm, and every one listens with rapt attention, when I entrance the whole audience with my fantasies, and above all the women, the fair, innocent——"

"I have done much for you with the women," interrupted the dry old professor with the expression of a virtuoso. "With them one of the first things is personal appearance, and I have not hesitated to describe the artist according to their wishes. It now remains for you Mr. Professor to fulfil these expectations; and since I have seen you with my own eyes I have no doubt that our womankind will rave about the artist as well as his art. To the welfare of both, my dear colleague!" he concluded, as he filled his glass and emptied it at once.

The artist and his admirer rose, and the latter then again settling himself in his seat closed his eyes and sank back in comfortable repose.

While the two gentlemen thus exchanged their thoughts, the old man in the corner of the room seemed to pay some attention to their words, for he often nodded his head in a thoughtful manner, and half rose from his seat to resume it in an undecided way. The young man by the window continued quietly his modest meal.

After a while the agent of the great artist suddenly aroused himself.

"I must go and employ myself again in your interest, my dear colleague. You cannot make use of this old thing for the exhibition of your talent, there is no question about that; and as mine is only hired, and is besides not worthy of a genius like yours, I will try if I can procure a nice one from the wife of the mayor. I am not without influence in that quarter," he said with a satisfied air, and the two guests separated with mutual compliments.

Caravi now suffered himself again to sink comfortably into his chair, while he filled his glass and renewed his interrupted meditations. But he was not permitted to do this, for, as if he had made up his mind, the old man had risen from his corner, and approached the young Apollo.

"Pardon me, signor," he said in a modest manner, but with a firm voice; "I learn from your own words that you are a zealous servant of the holy art, and I know that the votaries of the muse of music interweave with their laurels the forget-me-not of grateful hearts."

The genius did not allow him to go on.

"What do you want, old man?" he said.

"You are disturbing my thoughts. Is it an alms? I am sorry. I never give to strangers; go to someone else."

The face of the old man became scarlet.

"I am no beggar, sir," he replied. "Though my dress is threadbare, and my shoes and staff serve instead of a conveyance, it is not to your purse, but to your profession that I would appeal."

The young man at the window, who had listened to this dialogue with evident interest, remarked how Caravi's countenance cleared up at these last words.

"Oh!" he said after a while, in a condescending tone, "what, no money. What, then, do you want of me, good man?"

"Look, signor," replied he; "I am the son of a man whose name was once held in honour among the musicians of my native place; but he lost his reputation, and perhaps not without his own fault, became poor, and died in misery. Even if I had possessed talent my father did not wish me to become a musician, added to which the shady side of the profession alone met my view, I hardly guessed at its full brightness."

"You go far afield," said the virtuoso, gaping. "You are yourself an old man and you begin to speak of your father."

A shadow passed over the features of the old man, but he controlled himself and continued:

"Pardon me, signor, I would only show that an artist's blood flows also in my veins, and so make my request of you more intelligible. I have not inherited my father's talent, but I have his great love for music, and it has never left me, not even when I was left in solitude in a little village. I am on my way to my daughter, who is married to a good man in the Roman States," he continued, though Caravi's impatience did not escape his notice, "my wife is dead and my grandchildren will take care of me. Whatever property I had I have sold, and in order to spare my grandchildren I am going on foot from Ravenna. I have denied myself already some indulgences on their account, but there is one which I cannot re-

fuse myself—the pleasure of hearing a renowned artist; now the opportunity offers, and for this I make a sacrifice of my pride. While in my own village I had to give up this happiness. Years have passed since I heard from a master's hand the last chords of a sonata of Porpora, and the present opportunity is too tempting for me to make use of it. Pardon a simple old countryman," he concluded, "to whose solitude your name has not yet penetrated—"

"It is equally unknown to me," sounded half aloud from the window, for the young man had almost involuntarily betrayed his thoughts by speech.

But the young traveller preserved his equanimity; for, instead of any appearance of crushed humility when he observed the look of anger darted by the great artist at the uncalled for intruder, a smile which passed over his refined features was his only notice of it.

"I understand what you want," said the artist to the old man. "You want a free pass to my concert to-morrow, but I am sorry that I have nothing to do with business matters. Professor Baldini, the gentleman who was just now sitting with me attends to all this; you must apply to him."

"By to-morrow evening I shall be far from hence," said the old man sadly. "I was thinking of something quite different; perhaps it is asking too much, but"—and the words passed slowly from his lips—"the genius of art, like the sun, shines upon the rich and the poor, and if it would on this day cast one of its rays on my old age—if I were so fortunate—"

"I do not understand you," said the virtuoso haughtily.

"Signor!" and for the first time the sound of the old man's voice had a tone of entreaty, "for the sake of holy art—I shall bless you, and my grandchildren shall learn your name—a little piece, be it ever so short! I seem to have met with a good spirit whom I am driven on to invoke. There is the pianoforte—here is the artist."

The virtuoso rose in anger from his seat.

"Are you mad?" he said. "Is it not unreasonable to ask me to play to you and to the uncultured ears of kitchen maids and grooms—I, who, never before my concert takes place, move a single finger in a strange place, and especially on such an instrument as that! I think age has made you childish."

Saying this, he turned away from the old man and left the room, shutting the door noisily after him. The old man continued to stand grasping the table with his hand. He hardly knew himself, that tear after tear flowed down his furrowed cheeks to his silver beard.

Then a light hand was placed upon his shoulder; the young man had left his place by the window, and approached him with gentle steps, and in the ear of the old man, in which Caravi's harsh voice still sounded, a clear young voice whispered to him:

"That man is not a noble artist, you may be sure, signor. A true artist would speak differently of his profession from the way in which we have heard this young man, and must possess a different kind of heart from his."

"I thank you for your kind words, young sir," replied the old man warmly. "You are right and this comforts me. You know how a true artist ought to feel—perhaps you are yourself the way to become one; but, I beg you," continued with energy, "if you ever attain eminence of which this gentleman boasts, serve your present feelings, and do not learn to think as he does."

"Never, my good man, be sure of that!" replied the young man warmly. "You are right. I am a music student; Germany is my home, Naples the object of my journey. I have introductions to the great master Paesello, who expects me. I cannot indeed call myself as yet after Signor Caravi's fashion, I am not yet able to offer you what he can; but if you are longing after Madam Music, I will gladly do you in her name. My good father who accompanies me is detained at Fardi by a slight indisposition, and I am going on to Ravenna to join him. There a family with whom we are acquainted expects us, with whom we propose to remain for a day, and there we hope he will be able to join me."

"Then my heart's wish will be gratified," said the old man with a joyful look. "Thank you a thousand thanks, young sir. Yes, let me hear you. It is not to the ears of a scornful critic that you bring your tones, but to an overflowing heart."

The young traveller opened the spinet with a smile, and passed a light hand over the keys. The instrument, it is true, had been neglected, and was weak with age, but yet not so as he had feared at the first sight of it. He moved forward a stool, and, after some preluding, he began to play.

It was a little melody of Haydn's, which he gave as a fantasia in various forms, and longer he played, the more brightly did the light of genius light up his soul and his countenance.

The effect produced upon the rustic lover was indescribable. He sat there with folded arms and a bright look, as if he would devour every note. This did not last long, for he did not remain the only listener. At his playing the world around seemed to forget itself, and what even to think of, had around the anger of Caravi's artistic pride was now filled in his unknown colleague; lads and lasses pressed to the threshold of the half open door, the comfortable face of the landlord appeared at the garden window, which shone with the enthusiasm of his southern nature, and behind the outside shutters of the room the passers-by stopped to listen.

Then a shrill voice put an end to the inspiration of both player and listener. All those who stood in his way moved aside when Nicolo Caravi again entered the room with hasty steps. His eyes sparkled with rage, but there was upon his pale features an expression of secret anxiety which was evident enough to the noble young man.

"Then you are the noisy player," he began, "who are threatening to destroy the good taste of the people here, and perhaps threaten to end to set up as a rival to Caravi. I request an



explanation. Perhaps you have the arrogance to call yourself an artist?"

When the young man ceased playing the listeners dispersed; the household returned to their usual occupations, and the three guests were alone in the room as before.

"You are quite right, signor," replied the young man, "it would be presumption in me at my age, and with my little knowledge, to call myself an artist, but in hope of God's help, and in confidence in my own exertions, and in my dear teacher, I hope I may become one at some future time, and to be able to measure myself with them," he added, impressively, and with sparkling eyes, "when there is a rivalry between German science and Italian melody."

"You can do so already," cried the old man in energy. "I assert what my heart tells me, the flowers which you now offer will unfold and bear immortal fruit."

The young man's colour rose at this honest praise, and he pressed the old man's hand.

Caravi continued to give vent to his aimless indignation, and now assumed a different tone towards the young musician, whose talent he was only too well aware was far superior to his own, and might even imperil his success if not removed out of his way.

"Indeed," he said, "your playing is not bad, but you are quite wanting in instruction in the right school. You Germans—I think you are too well aware was far superior to his own, and might even imperil his success if not removed out of his way.

"I indeed," he said, "your playing is not bad, but you are quite wanting in instruction in the right school. You Germans—I think you are too well aware was far superior to his own, and might even imperil his success if not removed out of his way.

"Oh, is it so? Then a travelling virtuoso?"

A cloud overspread Caravi's brow.

"And you intend then to indulge the musical here with your moonstruck fancies?"

"I think of giving a concert here," said the young man evidently much amused.

"Man, are you raving?" said Caravi beside himself. "Do you not know that I, Nicolo Caravi, play here to-morrow evening? that all the places are disposed of? What have you to hope that you should come here—an unknown person, a boy?"

"If for nothing further for the sake of the opinions of a few judges, and the happiness of having given pleasure to, be it ever so few, people by my exertions."

"And when"—and the hands of the virtuoso closed into fists—"when do you think of playing? my concert is to take place to-morrow."

"The day after to-morrow," said the young man carelessly; "and in order to bring my name a little into notice, and perhaps to gain a patron so, I propose to give a lecture gratuitously in this room to-morrow evening; I believe the landlord has no objection to this, and will put no hindrance in the way."

"That is still wanting. But you will not play—you will positively not play," shouted Caravi. "Listen, I forbid you, I, Nicolo Caravi. You are sent hither by my enemies; an intriguer."

"Well, well, signor," cried the young man with a smile, "one could almost believe that the great Caravi, the world renowned, is jealous of a young scholar, or is afraid of him. If I choose to play," he concluded decidedly, "I shall play, and I shall see who can prevent me."

The virtuoso almost trembled; the expressions of the young man inspired him with both fear and respect.

"But I beg you, my dear young colleague," he resumed in an altered tone, "be reasonable; I mean well towards you. The public here is accustomed to brilliant performance; your simple discourse, however worthy of praise, will fall coldly. Think what a distress a failure is for a beginner. What could you play to rouse enthusiasm, after Nicolo Caravi's genius has touched the keys."

"Now, I have an idea of bringing out whatever Signor Nicolo Caravi plays to-morrow, on some other evening myself, and so to refresh the public with the remembrance of what was offered to them by genius, though in a weakened form," replied the young man, whose mirth increased.

The virtuoso's eyes shot lightning.

"Well, young man," he said, "your self-conceit borders on madness! Do you not know that Nicolo Caravi only plays his own unprinted compositions, which no mortal dares to copy? Or are you bold enough to borrow from me such a passage as this?"

Saying this, he threw himself before the instrument, in spite of his former contempt for it, thundered with and thumped upon the keys till the strings groaned and more than one broke with a shrill cry.

The young man smiled. The playing of the great Caravi was as meaningless as his words. Idle noise only fit for the applause of people ignorant of art.

"Well?" asked Caravi, as he rose in the full dignity of his self-satisfaction, and measured the young man with a look meant to annihilate him, "now, young man?"

Instead of an answer the "young man" placed himself on the vacant stool before the spinet, and played from memory what he had just heard, but in a much more finished manner and overcoming difficulties which he himself created.

"Man!" Caravi placed both his hands on the shoulders of the traveller, half in rage and half in admiration, "is it the evil one?"

"The evil one?" and a youthful laugh broke out. "No; but I think he sometimes helps me."

"No, no," protested the old man, who during this time had modestly drawn back, "do not wrong yourself, signor. God has shed a ray of His light upon you, and the fairest flowers of His paradise spring up in your soul."

A short pause ensued. Signor Nicolo Caravi appeared to be conferring with himself.

"Listen, my young friend," he said, at last, in an almost fatherly tone. "I mean well towards you, and will prove it." Saying this he cast a significant look towards the young man's well

worn coat, and continued: "You are not yet living in luxury; I should be sorry to see your hopes of earning something here disappointed, but I can answer for it, that you have little prospect of success. Be reasonable, then, and choose the certain rather than the doubtful. Here are fifty lire," he continued, placing a gold piece upon the table, "take it, and promise me that you will leave this place by the next post, to employ your talent at some miles distant from here."

The young man stood for a moment as if struck dumb by such a stroke of pecuniary policy; then he took up the money, and raising his hand with an expressive movement:

"The treaty is concluded," he said. "I swear that the horses which are now being harnessed to the coach which brought me hither shall at once carry me away. Take this money to your grandchildren, my good old man, in the name of holy art."

And as he uttered the words, he pressed Caravi's gold coin into the hand of the old man.

But the old man hesitated to accept it.

"You have already given me so much pleasure," he said with emotion, "and now am I to have this large present which you have purchased by your own sacrifice? I bless you for your kind intention, but I should feel myself guilty did I abuse the kindness of your noble heart."

"Take it without uneasiness," resisted the young man. "Though my dress may be shabby the kindness of my empress, the great Maria Teresa has provided for my journey to Italy, and the hospitality of Master Paesiello awaits me at Naples, to whom I bring letters from good Father Hadyn."

The great Caravi looked with surprise at the graceful speaker.

"Haydn!" he stammered; "and recommended to Paesiello. Who are you, then, young man?"

"Yes, who are you?" cried the old man in his turn. "I must tell my grandchildren about you, and they must know your name that they may honour him who bears it, and who, yet so young, is an artist in the true sense of the word, and I dare to prophecy that it will long outlive him."

"My name is as humble as is my coat," replied the young man, as he was in the act of leaving the room, at the entrance of which the driver appeared with a summons to depart. "My name is Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart; salute your grandchildren from him, and you, signor," he said, turning to the virtuoso, "if your profession should ever bring you to Salzburg, do not forget to pay a visit to my father's house."

And he sprang into the carriage; the old man's eyes followed him with grateful looks, the great Caravi's, who at this moment felt very small, were full of wrath.

Of the success of the virtuoso in that little town, and indeed of himself, the records of art are silent, but the name of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart shines brightly upon its pages, and gratitude often presented him with crowns similar to that offered him as described in the preceding sketch.

## THE DUKE DE CHAMBORD

**I**N the year 1830, the feast of the Epiphany was celebrated at the court of Charles X., according to the old Catholic custom. For the last time under the reign of this monarch one of these ceremonies was that a cake should be offered to the assembled guests in which a bean had been concealed, and whose name was called the bean-king, and had to choose a queen. Besides the king, there were several members of both lines of the house of Bourbon at the table. The Duke of Aumale distributed the cake. All at once the Duke de Chartres called out:

"The Duke of Bordeaux (Chambord) is king."

"Why did you not say so, Henry?" the Duchess de Berry asked her son.

"Because I was sorry to be more fortunate than the others," replied the prince.

The little king chose his aunt, the Duchess of Orleans, for his queen of the day.

The accession of the little king was made known to the people without, and shouts of joy filled the streets of Paris. Charles X. was well pleased and asked many questions of the little Duke of Bordeaux, the answers from a boy of ten years old already showing his noble character.

"As you are now a king, Henry, which of your predecessors do you propose to imitate?"

"I will be good like you, grandpapa, firm like Henry IV., and mighty like Louis XIV.," replied Henry, after some consideration.

"And whom would you name as your prime minister?" asked the king again.

"The one who flattered me least."

"And for your private adviser?"

"The one who always tells me the truth—Baron von Damas."

"Very good, Henry," interposed his mother, "but what would you ask of God in order that you might be able to reign well?"

"Mama, for firmness and justice."

Providence has not willed that the Duke of Chambord should realize the ideas of the Bean-king; but for the whole of his life he remained true to the promise of his youth.

---

**ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.**—James IV., King of Scots: "An experiment made under his direction shows at least the interest which James took in science, although he used a whimsical mode of gratifying his curiosity. Being desirous to know what was the primitive or original language, he caused a deaf and dumb woman to be transported to the solitary island of Inchkeith, with two infant children, devising thus to discover what language they would talk when they came to the age of speech. A Scottish historian, who tells the story, adds with great simplicity: 'Some say she spoke good Hebrew; for my part I know not from report.' It is more likely they would scold like their dumb nurse, or bleat like the goats and sheep on the island."—Sir W. Scott: *Tales of Grandfather*, chap. xxiii



HE SAW HER FOR A MOMENT ONLY.

## Sherborne; or, the House at the Four Ways.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems," "Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER XI.

**A** FORTNIGHT or more had passed, and Reginald Moreton, our ex-autobiographer, arose from sleep, on the morning of the last day but one of his stay at Bramscote, not exactly oppressed, perhaps, but at least heavily weighted in his mind. Lord Byron tells us

that he woke up one morning and found himself famous. Reginald Moreton woke up, and found himself, not indeed famous, but what comes to the same thing, conscious of an alteration in himself relatively. Why people feel such things more when they wake in the morning than when they went to bed, let psychologists decide; but, at any rate, it happened to be so in the case of

Reginald Moreton; and if we say that so it ever is, the experience of every one who has had anything to feel will confirm the statement. The hopes come freshly before us, like flowers after the dews of the night; the fears are more vivid, for they appear suddenly, as it were, out of the darkness; the wounds, if any there be, have grown stiff and sore. Altogether the æsthetic side of our nature becomes morbidly sensitive, as we open our eyes to the outer world, and take in by involuntary contemplation the things that lay dormant in our memory while we slept.

Reginald Moreton experienced all this. The tenor of his life had been disturbed, and as he woke that morning the disturbance was renewed; the valves of his heart were moved by an influx of remembrances from a point of time, like the sound of a canon-shot that leaps across a chasm and echoes from the rocks beyond. There were two causes of disturbance, but the one was a ripple on the surface, the other an undercurrent, stirring unexplored depths; the one gave him a hint of dramatic possibilities very strange and uncertain, the other made him feel a weight, a chill, and a tremor about the heart by turns, whereat he shivered and looked forth into the morning mist, feeling much but not clearly.

The slight disturbance was occasioned by the strange story he had heard in the House at the Four Ways, and the strange old lady who lived there. But what was the greater disturbance? What made him shiver and turn pale so suddenly? Something which had changed the current of his life, and made clouds gather thickly in the distance.

If, within the space between the Land's End and John o' Groat's house, there was a woman more adapted than any other to attract a man whose ideal of woman was really high, and not a sickly morbid dream, it was precisely Mary Arden. Due allowance being made for the weakness of human nature, it was not too much to say of her that she was a comparatively perfect specimen of a young Catholic lady. Moreover, she was beautiful—not beautiful as an angel, whatever that may mean, but as beautiful as any beautiful girl you could find. No wonder the poor fellow felt a disturbance in his mind, and an intermittent chill in his heart, when he thought of her that morning, and remembered what it is that never did run smooth. There he stood, looking out heavily towards the morning mist, so grey and so still, and the trees wet with crystal-like drops of dew that were ready to fall on the dark tufts of grass beneath them at the first movement of the leafless branches. First of all he resigned himself to a little hypothetical self-deception, and supposed it possible that he had been impressed, not by the concrete image of Mary Arden, but by the reflex universal idea, in a realistic sense, of Mary Ardenism. Of course, this little straw sank as he grasped it, and then he had to face these two facts: that he was in love with Miss Arden, and that the chances in his favour were infinitesimal: whereupon he made so strong an effort to bear the almost intolerable burden, that all the objects of the outer world grew dim. The sun had risen above the hills behind Ledchester, and the night-dew sparkled

as it fell from the trees, when he turned away and left the room with a firm but unelastic step, to hear Mass. When he appeared at the breakfast-table long afterwards, people said: "What is the matter with him?" Noting which, he began to talk much and fast, so that they soon forgot what they had said; and Edward Arden thought him a jollier sort of fellow than he had seemed at first.

But how about Miss Arden herself? When a certain *préfet* apologised to Napoleon the First for not having fired a salute, he headed the list of excuses with, "*D'abord il n'y avait pas de canon*:" whereupon the emperor declined hearing the rest; and it would seem no less evident that if the lady were not affirmatively disposed, other impediments would be superfluous.

Now here is just the place to make an imaginary analysis of her feelings; but we will do nothing of the kind: for in the first place, we have not the remotest idea what they were; if we had, a Catholic maiden of the true type is too pure a creature to be made the subject of speculative sentimentality.

Poor Moreton! It was his last day at Bramscote, and yet he would have to spend a long morning in the society of Miss Arden at Hazleley, where there was to be a luncheon party, probably preceded and followed by expeditions. Anything better adapted than this to torture him slowly cannot be easily imagined. He turned several shades paler when he heard of it, made up his mind to sell the small property he had just bought in the neighbourhood, and walked slowly down to the Catholic church at the entrance of the village. At the end of about an hour he returned, wrote to his solicitor about the sale, and was ready for the expeditions; but he trembled when he saw her.

He saw her for a moment only, and from a distance, as he was going downstairs; yet that moment was quite long enough to make him wish it shortened, whilst he longed for its continuance; and here, but nowhere else in this book, there shall be given a very brief description of her. The pure whiteness of fresh fallen snow cannot be portrayed approximately, and more than one failure would amount to an impertinence: for one there must be, for I suppose it would be strange to leave the frame of her portrait empty.

She was of middle height, graceful in movement and in repose, and in that combination of both with expression of feature and instinctive training of charitable tact, which forms a perfect manner. Her figure, though in fact well-proportioned, attracted no attention separately; her features, though in fact well formed, owed their charm to the chaste light of spiritualized human sympathies that played softly on them like moonbeams on the rippled surface of the ocean on a summer's night. In a word she was a beautiful example of the most beautiful thing that can be found living in the world—a beautiful girl, Catholic in faith instincts, and training, beautiful in mind and body, beautiful as a girl, beautiful as a mother, beautiful in death. No wonder that Moreton, when he saw her for a moment standing there, unconsciously typifying to his mind and his heart the loveliness that domestic life may attain to, but seldom does—so



wonder, that when he looked on her, appreciated her, loved her, realized all that he dared not hope for, yet could not forget, he hurried away from the contemplation of the terrible contrast: for whether Dante's oft-repeated lines, "*Nessun maggior dolore,*" etc., require a grain of salt or not, certain it is that the immediate comparison of intense happiness with the moral certainty that it will be unattainable, is a trial as much greater than the memories of the past as present pain is severer than the aching exhaustion that remains behind what is past.

Perhaps a few words descriptive of Reginald Moreton, also, may not be out of place here, though it is difficult to find a good reason for describing a man's outward appearance, at all. He had finely chiselled features, a well formed figure, rising vigorously to the height of six feet, a pale complexion that grew paler when he thought or felt much, dark eyes with an habitually pensive expression and a latent fire in them ready for an occasion; a broad, rather square brow, a well-shaped head with well-balanced phrenological organs, a graceful, unaffected manner, a countenance in which power and repose, energy and gentleness were blended into one, except where there was a special call upon either.

Two or three more ladies were near, for some of the party were about to start on an expedition somewhere at a distance on their way to Hazeley. They were adapted to make quite another sort of contrast in his mind, if his mind had then been capable of receiving any additional impression whatsoever. They belonged to what newspapers describe as the Catholic body, and their own ladies were much decorated with costly silks that layed uneasily to the tune of clacking tongues, whose utterances were monotonously exclusive. He all know the fable of the ass in the lion's skin; but people like these, who put aside their proper dignity and superior advantages to make bad imitations of worldliness with swaggering servility, reverse the fable: they typify a very ill, inexperienced lion strutting about in an ass's skin, and making awkward attempts to bray properly. These were the people that immediately contrasted with Miss Arden as Moreton hurried through the hall; but he heeded them not; perhaps he did not see them.

Then Sir Roger came up, and asked him where he would like to go to Hazeley. He answered that he would rather walk, as he wished to call on his old home, Fernham Rectory, on his way: which was true in a sense, though it was not the reason of his electing to walk alone. Alone he walked, however, without waiting to see whether any one would join him; indeed, hoping to be left, not in peace exactly—for that could hardly be, at least as the term would commonly be understood under the circumstances—but undisturbed, or, as colloquial English would exactly express it, "by himself."

"I am a fool," he thought—perhaps it would be more correct to say mentally affirmed—"I am a fool to take this impersonation of an ideal for a reality. The fact is, that she is, or seems, nearer some half-defined ideal of my own than others who have fallen in my way; and so I become enthusiastic, and then, because I should have no

chance, up springs a romance at once, and I fancy myself miserable."

But the fact remained that he was in love with Miss Arden, and it simply annihilated his theory, which only lasted till he was within a hundred yards of the lodge. Then he hurried on, and tried to put thinking into abeyance, but quite failed to do so; indeed, the more he tried the farther he found himself from success. The effort only sharpened his attention.

One thing did, for a time, not indeed take his thoughts, but divide them; it was the recollection of Fernham, the house in which he was born. He must go there, and it was on his way to Hazeley, and he had just said that he was going there, and, moreover, in a certain indistinct sense, he desired to do so; but he began to walk slowly when the village became visible in the distance through the lodge gate, and he turned aside, as if to gain time. It so happened that the circuit he made took him through the small gate by which the old woman in the lonely house had gone when a girl of eighteen, with the power in her hands to mould the one great event of her life for good or for evil. He remembered the circumstance as he passed out into the wood, and then he began to meditate—or rather, listen mentally to what came into his head respecting that strange history and the question it had left unsolved.

"I cannot tell," he thought, "why this story begins now to interest me so much; for as to the question who John Sherborne's male-heir may be, it has no practical bearing at all. The present possessor of the property is legally entitled to it, and he certainly would not entertain for a moment the idea of doing a thing that the world would call Quixotic and laugh at—especially when he could say, and perhaps truly, that he did not believe the cock-and-bull statements of a crazy old woman, who had lived alone for half a century about another old woman who died half a century ago; and her brother, who very likely died young, or was never born, seeing that there is no authentic evidence about him whatever, except the crazy old woman's account of what she alleges to have heard from the other old woman and from a Count Somebody. That is what he could and would say, though, as a matter of fact, the old woman is *not* crazy, but has her wits about her more than most other people, and evidently tells what she knows, as well as believes to be true. Certainly it is a curious fact that no one has prospered in that house since John Sherborne was dispossessed of his inheritance—no direct heir of the man who supplanted him has lived to inherit; but then it may be said that such things will sometimes happen where no wrong has been done, and not always where it has, all the evidence in Spellman's 'History of Sacrilege' notwithstanding. So that, in fact, if John Sherborne's heir were to turn up this day and prove his identity, things would remain precisely as they are. Yet the story is extraordinarily interesting—full of pathos."

The village of Fernham, where Moreton himself had been born, was about two miles from Bramscote. He came upon it at a turning of the road, and recognized the chimneys of the rectory be-



tween the leafless boughs of some beeches. Involuntarily he slackened his pace, for the image of Miss Arden had just begun to float before his eyes again, and impress his heart from within a clear atmosphere of its own, almost as powerfully as if she had been present. The interest he had been trying to feel in the question about John Sherborne's heir, and had really felt in Mrs. Atherstone's own story, had taken up just enough of his attention to make him realize more vividly that which expelled it and again mastered him. It mastered him again for a while—that was why he slackened his pace; and then—so strange, at least apparently, are the vagaries of impulse in suffering human hearts—he began to muse in a dim and dreary manner on both subjects, mingling them with recollections of his childhood as he drew nearer to the rectory.

But here we come to a point at which a new chapter suggests itself.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE ancient Romans, like all respectable heathens, had a good deal to say about love of country. They felt and, to a certain extent, understood it thoroughly. But then *religio loci* was limited in two ways: it was of course in the natural order only, and it cannot with propriety be said to have included the idea of home, as we understand the word.

What we mean by the word "home" presupposes a state of things in which woman plays a part that she can never play in a society that is Pagan. Paganism, with or without a mythology, can produce female slaves and strong-minded heroines: it can never produce a true wife and mother, dutifully strong through love, and gently influencing for good those who come within her sphere. In England, thank God! home, in the Christian sense of the word, is still to a great extent a reality; for we are a retentive people, and three hundred years have not sufficed for the total uprooting of Catholic principles. A ray of the supernatural still lights up the natural beauty of a virtuous humanism in many a household whose inmates would be indescribably astonished and scandalised if they were told that it comes from that which they have been trained to misrepresent on principle, and hate mildly. What will become of domestic life in another generation, if the influences now wildly working continue, is a question which fathers and mothers had better ask themselves before it is too late: we have only to do with the time ranging between Moreton's childhood and the period of which we are speaking.

When Moreton was a child, the house in which he was born could justly claim, without prejudice to its next inhabitants, the title of home. His recollections of it during his early childhood were pleasant, and their effect morally advantageous when he had entered otherwise armed into the battle of life. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that they sowed the seeds of that yearning after the objectively true, which afterwards led him up to the Church. In the mind of a little child, all that its mother teaches is objectively

true. Not only have the first simple ideas of religion, derived from a good devout-hearted mother, a real objectivity, because they are really true as far as they go, but all other things learned from the same source are taken as such by the child; for a little child knows nothing about opinions—it simply believes, as a Catholic does in matters of faith. Whatever remains of definite religious belief among the Protestants of England, is mainly, if not altogether, owing to the little Bible stories they learned from their mothers.

But we are now concerned with Moreton's early home, his parentage, and his history, up to the time of his visit to Bramscote.

Moreton's father was, in the first place, a thorough gentleman; and, lest that comprehensive term (almost as comprehensive as the Established Church) should be misunderstood in the present instance, we may as well define in what sense it could fairly be applied to him.

We understand the term "gentleman" in two senses—as signifying (rather vaguely sometimes) a certain social rank, and as expressing certain qualities which we attribute to that rank. In the latter sense it has three meanings. First, it means graceful manners and social tact, as ornamenting a solid religious and moral nature, not as a decorative addition, but as part of its solidity; secondly, it may mean agreeable manners and social skill, strongly built into a foundation of honour and pagan virtue; thirdly, it may mean the faculty of making one's own selfishness harmonize with that of other people in a calm and dignified manner. Of these three types, the last is common enough—quite enough and rather more: the second was characteristic of a school that began with wigs, and went out with flannel shirts; the first, if it be a school at all in these our days, is reduced like a school of small boys, broken up by some infectious disorder, and represented by a master or two and a few solitary scholars.

To that school Moreton's father belonged. Left an orphan when but a few months old, he had been adopted by a lady, a widow without children, who brought him up as her own son, and left him all her disposable fortune—about a thousand a year. Affectionate, simple-minded, accustomed from infancy to see Protestantism in its most attractive and specious form associated with what he justly loved and respected, he drew out of the depths of his invincible ignorance a large amount of Catholic intention, and acted upon it, quite unconscious of what it was, or whence it came. His graceful manners and social tact were a solid and an integral part of this, and therefore he might be called a gentleman in the sense first mentioned.

He was twice married. His first wife had a daughter, who had married some lustres ago, and lived in a distant county. Moreton had just been staying with her, when he came to Bramscote. By his second wife he had a daughter, who died early, and a son, Reginald—the poor fellow who was now making an appeal to one set of feelings in order to divert his attention from another, and whose life, up to the time of which we are speaking, may be told in a very few words.

He went to a public school and into a regiment of the line, served in the latter about two years, and then, reviewing his income one day in juxtaposition with matrimonial eventualities, emigrated to Australia, where he remained until, at the end of rather less than three years, a small unexpected accession of fortune enabled him to retire from a mode of life which had not begun to be at all profitable, and which he had long since begun to dislike emphatically. As he had no family ties—his father had died soon after he entered the army, and his mother a year afterwards—he did not stay in England on his return, but set off for Italy in less than a fortnight after he had landed. Then, at the age of twenty-four, he in a sense began life anew; for he said to himself, "My life has been made up of unfinished beginnings, from my school-days until now." Then he read much and thought more, and conversed with many people; and craving distinctly to know the truth for which he had previously longed with a vague disquietude, he received in Rome the gift of faith; and then he felt at rest, so that he could afford to be satisfied with having no prospect of ever making his mark in the world. He remained abroad three years more, travelling much, but passing some time in Rome, to his great satisfaction and advantage, and then returned to England. How desperately he now tried to wish that he had not done so.

The sight of his old home, as he drew near to it, and recognized in rapid detail its familiar features, was a sort of counter-irritant for a limited time, relieving his deeply-seated sorrow a little, just as long as it could keep his active attention, and that was no longer than the length of time he remained within the premises.

The rector was Mr. Linus Jones, whose acquaintance, as also that of his oppressively popular wife, we have already made in a former chapter. Both were at home, and in walked Moreton, drawing a long breath to steady the unequal beating of his heart as he entered the house where he had seen his father and mother for the last time. Whilst awaiting the entrance of the worthy rector and rectoress into the drawing-room, he looked round, and involuntarily compared what he saw with what he remembered. The room looked smaller and newer. Instead of the old odds and ends of Georgian mahogany, made almost picturesque by shabbiness, admixture of Dresden china, and the dark shadows of trees and high barrels growing up close to the windows, there were papier-maché chairs of Lilliputian size, walnut-wood tables symmetrically laid out with knick-knacks from Barry's, an upright pianoforte by Oetzmann and Plumb, and a low book-case, edged with green velvet, containing among its foreign literature, "Les Paroles d'un Croyant" in ominous proximity to "Ecce Homo."

On the walls were hung prints of three distinct sorts—religious, sentimental, and Landseerian—framed accordingly. The religious pictures were in Oxford frames, and were as follows: Ledchester Cathedral, the state bishop of the diocese, the three irrepressible chorister boys with their mouths open, a portrait of Jeremy Taylor, the ex-Père Hyacinth, Ary Scheffer's "S. Augustine and S. Monica," a cross with a text growing out of some flowers, Edward the Sixth, and Doctor Dollinger.

There were three of the sentimental sort, in frames of very dark oak slightly carved, viz., Millais' "Black Brunswicker," a poacher in goal, and a country lad making love unsuccessfully to a girl standing against the wall of a cottage. The Landseerian class was represented by the well-known three horses drinking, a Skye terrier sitting up on his hind legs under a parrot-stand, and two or three Highland scenes. On the large round table in the middle of the room were "The Evening Standard," "The Guardian," "Le Maudit," the last volume of Dr. Hook's "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," Miss Braddon's last novel, a printed Report of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Mr. Ffoulkes' "Divisions of Christendom," "The Christian Year," and a thin volume bound in green morocco, and entitled "A Garland for Garibaldi," by Hermione Alberta Crumps. Moreton gave a rapid glance at these things in detail; then the room and its contents faded away from his mind, and his eyes no longer took note of them. He saw what his memory raised up, not what was physically before him.

*(To be continued.)*

## AT THE GOLDEN GATE.



AM sinking, sister, sinking—dying ere  
my youth is fled,  
I can see your form but dimly, as you  
kneel beside my bed.

For my eyes are glassy growing, and my feet are  
stiff and cold,  
While my frame is racked with fever and a pain  
words leave untold.

When the winds of Spring were sighing I was  
light of heart and strong;  
Now the Summer leaves lie dying and I hear the  
angels' song.

When the primrose pale was springing, all my  
thoughts were of this earth;  
Now each shortening day is bringing dreams of  
my eternal birth.

I have sighed for love and pleasure in the days  
now passed away;  
But the joys of earth seem hollow as I think of  
them to-day.

And methinks if I were given strength to live my  
life again,  
I would train myself for Heaven, far from all the  
haunts of men.

Yet I know not: God is ruler; and 'twould not be  
just to deem  
That the world of love and labour is a false and  
fruitless dream.

In that world, as in the cloister, burns the fire of  
love divine,  
Both are noble in their children, both are part of  
His design.

And the life of calm seclusion that is filled with  
grace for one,  
May be aimless to another with the world's keen  
race to run.

I will only pray, my sister, that when you are left  
behind,  
You may win your crown of glory in the life for you  
designed.

Walking onward meekly, purely, like a pilgrim  
through the land,  
Gathering flowers of holy fragrance to be placed  
in God's own hand!

I am weary now, so weary I can speak but little  
more,  
Pray! oh, pray for me, dear sister, till this last long  
strife is o'er.

Raise my aching head a little, let me gaze with  
these poor eyes  
On the white-robed band descending from yon  
strangely shining skies.

See them now! they come to meet me! Hear the  
wondrous music swell,  
Kiss me once again, sweet sister, kiss me once,  
and now farewell!

Life is sweet, but death is sweeter, when it leads  
to life divine—  
Angels, bear me gently onward; King of Angels,  
I am Thine!

GEORGE HULL.

A CANDID ADMISSION.—Lieutenant — was at the storming of Fort —. His behaviour on that occasion excited general admiration. He was the first to ascend the breach and plant the colours on the captured redoubt. His gallantry was recorded in the orderly-book, and he was recommended for immediate promotion. Strange to say, the following morning he waited on his commanding-officer, and requested leave of absence to return to Ireland, his native country, and to resign his commission in favour of a younger brother, who was desirous of entering the service. The colonel, surprised at this extraordinary request on the part of a young officer with such bright prospects before him, very naturally asked him what motive induced him to make so singular a proposal; when the young man frankly told him that when the troops were moving forward for the attack, and the enemy's fire had opened upon them, he felt a strong, almost an insurmountable disposition to fall out, and he believed that nothing but the rapidity of the advance and the shouts of the men prevented him from disgracing himself; but after a short time, he added, his brain was on fire, he knew not where he was, and he found himself on the summit of the breach with the colours in his hand, he knew not how. But he added, not without hesitation, that he felt that the profession of arms was not his vocation; and fearing that at some future period he might not have sufficient courage to overcome his fear, he was desirous to leave the service with honour while it was still in his power.

## NOTES ABROAD.

**D**URING the month of June last, business obliged me to make a rather rapid journey to a small town in the north east of Bohemia; and, as my route lay through many most interesting towns and cities in Germany and Bavaria, I felt in duty bound, as a Catholic and a would-be-ecclesiologist, to make copious "notes" of those objects of interest, which it was my good fortune, in the limited time at my disposal, to make myself acquainted with. The result of these observations (taken under very trying circumstances) I am about to confide to the courteous readers of "The Lamp."

Eleven hours of a very fine sea passage from Harwich, found me in the ugly and uninteresting looking port of Rotterdam. Here I remained only long enough to observe that the chief characteristics of the place are apparently dingy girder bridges of abnormal size, and leaning houses; for indeed almost every house appears to lean more or less; one leans forward, another backwards; others to the right, and others to the left, and the general effect is decidedly peculiar making one imagine that the buildings in general have indulged too freely in strong drink, though I should surmise that, in *this* case, it is water that by loosening the piles on which most of the city is built, causes this unsteady appearance. After seven hours in a dusty railway carriage, broken by any incident, except the temper-try customs' examination on the German frontier, and, to one unaccustomed to Continental travelling, interesting experience of seeing and feeling the whole train in which one is, pushed on to a large barge, towed across the Rhine, and finally dragged up the other side, I at length caught sight of the mighty pile of the but recently completed Dom or cathedral of Cologne—the "Roof of the north"—and was soon leaving the train close under its noble walls. A night's rest at a "first class hotel" (it may have been such, I have a prejudice against both ants and beetles with which my room was swarming, and the constant smell of cooking is not quite nice either), a good meal, eaten neither in a train or a waiting room, refreshed me sufficiently to explore the glories of the cathedral, of which I had already caught glimpses enough to rouse a less susceptible person than I can claim to be. It is indeed too glorious a work for description. Regular plan, and almost uniform in detail, the impression it gives is as a whole, and is one of inexpressible grandeur and beauty. The first glance can in no way appreciate its scale. The proportions are vast, but most accurate and beautiful; so that first they only satisfy, and it is long before they begin to astonish. Unlike most of our English abbeys and cathedrals, Cologne only impresses with one general and magnificent effect. One could sit for hours and feel one's mind expanded and soar away in this prodigious church, forgetful of minute particulars. The eye sees rich details, gilded capitals, coloured imagery, and gorgeous windows, but rests on none of them; these are projected as being only subservient to the great idea.

or rather they are not rejected for (except in a few painful exceptions) they are too humble and well ordered to be obtrusive. They are just where and what they ought to be—necessary but quite subsidiary parts of the design, and claiming to be no more. It is just as in the performance of the Church's most solemn functions, where there are many degrees of ministers, each in his duty and order, and local position, contributing to make up the whole act of sublime worship. So the unknown architect of Cologne made every art and every substance minister, as it were a rational service, in its appointed subordination around the material altar, for which he, a true Christian poet, made this material shrine. He has fixed and embodied a truly heavenly vision, a not unworthy temple for His earthly Presence, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain. Indeed it is a poem in metal and wood and stone; a glorious example of that Christian art, which, in all its branches, leads the beholder directly to Him Who, by His Incarnation, permitted and authorised and sanctified our use of matter in His service and to His glory. At a High Mass here (most reverently and carefully performed) I was much disgusted by the thoroughly secular character of the musical accompaniments. Nothing can sound more out of place in such a building than the tuning of fiddles and the operatic thrills and runs of the various singers, who (led by an active gentleman with a wand) were located in a large gallery in the north transept. I remembered a remark of Pugin's under similar circumstances, "vaulted aisles, stately arches, solemn vistas, and the dimly lighted church all vanish, and in their place, is called up the gilded saloons of the opera house," in words to that effect.

To digress somewhat: At the Church of the Madeleine, in Paris, on the Sunday after the desecration of the Pantheon, and the Pagan Saturnalia of Victor Hugo's funeral, (being also the Fête Dieu or Corpus Christi), a harmonized Gregorian Mass was most exquisitely and devotionally rendered, the effect of the "*Miserere*" and "*Parce Domine*," after the procession, being touching in the extreme. I remark this by way of contrast, the Madeleine being a practical copy of the Athenian Parthenon (the columns, however, being Corinthian, and the other details Roman rather than Greek), and consequently it is purely Pagan in idea and construction, majestic and grand as it doubtless is. To return: In the cathedral I witnessed Benediction given; and the form being peculiar, it may interest to describe it. A single priest, vested in cope, and veiled, accompanied by four acolytes in red cassocks and laced mitres, and preceded by the cathedral beadle (a magnificent person, in a sort of red dressing-robe, all black round hat, and silver topped mace) carried the Most Holy exposed in the monstrance from the beautiful Blessed Sacrament Chapel in the south transept to the altar in the centre of the church, then stood leaning against the altar (on which were lighted only eight candles) still holding the monstrance, while the "*O Salutaris*" was sung, then Benediction was given, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed on the throne, the veil, cope and stole disappeared, and, in less time than it has taken to write it, the same priest was

in the pulpit commencing the rosary (in German) leaving two of the acolytes to watch on the altar steps. Nor was there any appearance of irreverence in this haste. "That which thou dost, do quickly" may be accepted as a permission, under far different circumstances than those when it was first spoken. The *chef-d'œuvre* of the School of Cologne, painted by Stephen Lothner about 1450 for the Dom, is worthy of some notice. It is a triptych, and in the central compartment is pictured the Adoration of the Magi, or Three Kings, whose relics are now enshrined in this very building. Our Lady, with her Divine Son in her arms, is seated on a throne; she is clothed in a dark blue mantle lined with ermine; the two elder kings kneel on either side of her, and the younger one stands on her left hand. Their attendants, bearing gifts and emblazoned banners, wait around. Behind float seven angels on a gold background. On the right wing of the triptych is S. Gereon in gilt armour and blue velvet surcoat, accompanied by men-at-arms. On the left are S. Ursula, a pope, a bishop, some youthful saint, and female companions. The back of the wings, when closed, contains the Annunciation; this, of course, I did not see. This magnificent work of art is alike distinguished for beauty and harmony of colour, and for its simple and solemn dignity of composition and arrangement, combined with a most elaborate finish in the details. To quote the words of an eminent art-critic, "A feeling of ideal grace and beauty is breathed over the whole work, and is just as conspicuous in the loveliness of the Blessed Virgin with the Divine Child, as in the serene dignity of the kings who worship, and the youthful fullness of form and tenderness of expression in the holy virgins and the knights who accompany them." It is to be regretted that copies of this most Christian work of art are so uncommon in our own country; the Dusseldorf Society have, indeed, published an excellent engraving of Our Lady alone, but the sickly and sentimental productions of modern French school-girls appear to find more favour than such grand and really devotional pictures as this we have been considering.

Leaving Cologne, passing through Bonn (where a glimpse is obtained of the fine though small cathedral in the Rhenish style of architecture, of which I afterwards saw numerous specimens) and rapidly proceeding down the Rhine—here very picturesque and lovely—I at length arrived at Coblenz. Here I halted long enough to make a hurried visit to the church of S. Castor. It contains the shrine of a S. Ritza—a saint previously unknown to me, even by name, but of whom I learnt, from the Latin inscription attached, that she was the daughter of Louis the Pious, who was also mentioned as the founder of the church; "*hujus Basilie fundatoris magnifici*." I noticed a fine tomb of an archbishop, under a canopy, and decorated with paintings of the Crucifixion and other subjects, on a gold ground. I much regretted not being able to visit the Liebfrauen-kirche, the two fine towers of which were pointed out to me. At Mainz, or Mayence, the cathedral is truly magnificent. It is a vast pile, with both eastern and western semi-circular apses, and five towers. The colour of its stone, a soft,

warm red, is both peculiar and beautiful. The interior is of great height and area, and is enriched by the sculptured or incised figures of archbishop-electors. These figures are colossal, and are placed upright against the nave piers; the effect, though somewhat novel, is both imposing and solemn, and cannot fail to impress one with the power of the persons thus commemorated. Mass was being said at the High Altar, with musical accompaniments (in wretched taste), and at its conclusion, the people sang something—a hymn I think—in German, with much energy. The sacristy contains a rich “treasure,” consisting of chalices, ancient and modern: MSS. books of the Gospels, sumptuously bound; reliquaries, and many other valuable articles of church furniture; but unfortunately I had neither time nor the necessary knowledge of German to find them out, so I can attempt no further description. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, my next halting place, did not to me present any readily accessible features of interest. Perhaps I saw it too early in the day for anything to be open. I sleepily inspected the exteriors of several large churches, in various styles, but saw little to make me wish to prolong my short visit. Though I have since learned that “the Jews’ quarter” is ancient, and retains much of its mediæval character, all I saw of Frankfort looked thoroughly modern, and I left at the earliest opportunity. Wurtzburg, the first city in Catholic Bavaria, at which I stopped, besides a formidable looking castle which I noticed, is most liberally provided with churches. One of these which I visited (its name I do not know) is an ancient Romanesque building, disfigured by a quantity of modern fittings in very bad style. Here there are some more archbishops as at Mainz; each one carries a sword (denoting, I suppose, temporal power) as well as a crozier. There is a curious brass font, with figures, and a long inscription in Latin. The sacristan or beadle here is both surly and mercenary, and I soon left him to nurse his bad-temper alone. My expectations concerning the next city I halted at—Nuremburg—had been very high, and I must admit that (though I afterwards changed my mind very considerably) they were at first disappointed. For on slight acquaintance, Nuremburg does not impress one very forcibly with the feeling of its antiquity. The reason of this, I apprehend, is, that the houses in it are generally high and massive, and strongly built of stone, upon which, in so clear an atmosphere, even centuries have left but few traces, of decay. Being so remarkably well preserved, and having little beside the style of their architecture to mark their age, they at first, not unnaturally, disappoint a traveller, who comes prepared to find them wearing the dilapidated and time-worn appearance usually presented by the remains of the domestic architecture of the Middle Ages. A short time, however, is enough to convince the artist or antiquary, who lingers among its streets, that scarcely any other town in Europe can retain more of its mediæval character. Regild and colour (as, in some cases, has indeed been done) the canopied images affixed to the corners of the houses, and the countless vanes which creak on the turrets and gables; pull down the inevitable sprinkling of modern “villas”; fill the streets with people in the quaint costume of

the fifteenth century; man the old castle and battlements with steel-clad soldiers; above all restore the Ancient Faith and ritual to the sacred fabrics, still rich in altars, roods, triptychs, statues, painted glass and tapestry; and nothing more would be needed to reproduce, in outward semblance at least, the Nürnberg of Adam Kraft, Peter Vischer, Wohlgemuth, and, greatest of all, Albert Dürer.

The celebrated church of S. Sebald is but one of a most picturesque group of buildings. It is a peculiar and magnificent edifice, with two towers and spires covered, like the roof, with coloured copper. The interior is truly gorgeous, almost too gorgeous to attempt a description of. The vaulting of the choir is exquisitely beautiful and intricate. The windows are large, and are nearly all filled with stained glass, most of which is old though apparently of different dates; the colour green seems to predominate. I noticed a modern panel with a portrait of Dürer in it; most absurd example of modern bad taste. The church looks like a Catholic one: most of the pre-Reformation features having, obviously, been undisturbed; in this respect it indeed forms a striking contrast to most of the stolen abbey and cathedrals in our own country, where Protestant robbers endeavoured as far as possible to obliterate every trace of the ancient Faith. I need only allude to the famous shrine of S. Sebald, and it must be well known to the majority of our readers, either from the numerous published plates, or from the excellent cast in the South Kensington Museum, in London. S. Lawrence’s is another noble church. It is remarkable for its deep rich colour of the stone of which it is built, and for two towers surmounted by metal spires most picturesque and beautiful. In the interior is the famous Tabernacle or Sakrament-häuschen of Adam Kraft. Longfellow makes mention of thus:

In the church of sainted Lawrence is a pix of sculpture rare,  
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted

This wonderful work is carved most delicately in stone, and tapers up to an immense height in intricate open work: it is reared against a pier in the choir to the north of the high altar, and is certainly graceful and elaborate, and not unworthy of the purpose it was intended to fill. I cannot, however, but think that the quaint conceit of making it supported by three kneeling or crouching figures, of the carver and two others, is both absurd and, in effect, displeasing.

I found it most difficult to realize that this was not a Catholic city. Everything one sees is intimately connected in one’s mind with Catholic belief and practice. Street images, elaborately decorated churches, containing flowers, rich altars, crucifixes and candles, all help one to the same wrong conclusion. Even the Pagan associations and meretricious fripperies that pollute most of the ancient churches of Italy, France and Belgium are absent here. It is indeed a treasure of Christian art; a unique and matchless monument of those pious “ages,” which it is now too-prevailing fashion to abuse and libel as “dark.”

A rapid journey of about four hours, through



wely undulating country, dotted with wayside hods and figures, brought me to Eger, the frontier town of Austria.

Here I again submitted to the customs' examination (for the illicit articles one is in the habit of attempting to smuggle in soap-boxes and shaving cases); and here, within nine miles of my destination, I reluctantly take leave of my most courteous and attentive readers.

AMBROSE.

## THE BARON'S RUSE,

INCIDENT OF BALLA-NA-DERG.

ONE calm evening in the Summer of 180—, two gentlemen were standing on the quiet platform of a rustic railway station in the County Clare. They seemed to be awaiting the arrival of the down train to Cork, which stopped to take up any chance passengers.

The younger of the two was a young man of not twenty-three; tall, well-shaped, and of fine bearing, with a handsome, noble countenance lit up by a pair of brown eyes, that were bright and penetrating as those of an eagle. His bearing was somewhat haughty; but to those who came to know him he was peculiarly affable and descending. His character was as noble as his appearance, and few could imagine that beneath the haughty exterior lay a fund of sympathy and kindness, that could become interested in the cause of the humblest, and be failed where a good or a kind act was to be done. This was the young Baron de Rohen, as he came with his companion on the evening referred to. The latter was a man of about forty-five, and his general appearance immediately conveyed the impression of his being "a man of the world." A thick beard covered his face for the greater part, and his small eyes seemed never weary of turning here and thither. This was Mr. Osborne, agent of the former's estate in Balla-na-Derg. They were engaged in conversation and to some remarks on the Baron's the agent replied:

"Yes, sir, you know, Mr. Brennan owes more than a year's rent, there are many but too anxious to pay his fine farm even at an increased rent." "Yes, yes, Osborne, but I think I have informed you of my aversion to quarrels with my tenantry, as I believe you understand my wishes in that respect, I'll leave the matter entirely in your hands, shall I not, to your sense of justice and fairness, in all such cases, for the result. I do not expect to hear from some months, at least; be very careful, then, sir; but I suppose I am at liberty to proceed in such measures as I may deem proper."

"Certainly," Osborne, certainly, always remembered his aversion to harsh means. But, by and by, he comes; Donel get in the luggage."

The train moved up to the platform and came to a stop; the young baron sprang into a

first-class compartment, stretched himself leisurely on a seat; the door banged to, the guard whistled, and away again went the line of carriages with the engine steaming at their head.

Mr. Osborne remained standing on the platform watching the rapidly receding train, until it disappeared from his view in a curvature of the line; then he turned in the direction of his own well-appointed residence about half-a-mile distant, and situated on the estate.

He was one of those men who consider themselves quite self-sufficient and superior to most of their fellows; he had been agent over the De Rohen estate but two months, and he brought a glowing recommendation from his late employer, who was the right stamp of a petty land-tyrant; true it was he gained this man's confidence, for both were alike in many respects; his collection of his rents was always prompt and full, and wrung from the tenants, who, Heaven knows, earned it in misery and toil, with the most unkind, unmerciful, and, but too often, unjust exactitude. But it is wonderful how report spreads. Though coming from a distant part of the country, every tenant on the De Rohen estate had heard of their new agent's former doings; and one man, a labourer on the farm of a tenant named Brennan, was foolish enough to make himself conspicuous among the gossips who discounted the agent's character. It was thought that this talk had lately reached the ears of the baron himself; but if so, it did not seem, though the best and kindest of landlords, to shake his estimation of the agent. Mr. Osborne had soon become aware that his ill-fame had preceded him, and he also saw it in the gloomy looks with which he was constantly met on the estate; moreover, he came to know that Brennan's workman had been among the foremost in relating his former cruelties and oppressions; but the sorest point was, that Brennan refused to discharge the harmless, gossiping labourer, at the request of the agent. But in dealing with the tenants, Mr. Osborne was accustomed to no half measures, and his spite made him determined to make an example of some one to satisfy for his ill-fame, and Andy Brennan, from all these circumstances, he selected as the victim, whenever seasonable opportunity gave him an opening to silence all resentment among the tenants by a timely and wholesome example.

Such were Mr. Osborne's cogitations on his way home from the station; here now, even sooner than he expected, was the opportunity he desired, in what promised to be a lengthened absence of his master, and he fondly hoped and believed he could smooth the matter over in the "boy's" eyes, if that person took the trouble to ask about it, on his return. But he did not recognize that he was dealing with a new master. When the agent reached home, he sent for his rent warner. This individual rejoiced in the name of Terry Malone, and was prompt in his attendance on his chief. He was directed to proceed to Andy Brennan's, and "warn" him to pay off his arrears before a certain day, such not being done, that proceedings would be taken to evict him.

Terry was not long in delivering his message; to his honest heart it was a sore, as well as a surprising mission; many were the stories he told

round the fireside of that same Andy Brennan, with the blazing logs diffusing warmth and cheer, of his landlord experiences, or mayhap of some of the doings of unfortunate '98.

But Terry should do his duty if he was to keep his place, and marvelling much at his strange message he delivered it to the astonished farmer just as he received it.

With a heavy heart did he leave Andrew Brennan's, and turning out of the breen that led to the house, proceeded along the road lost in sorrowful forboding. He had gone on thus for about a mile when he was suddenly recalled to himself by the appearance of a young lady gathering wild roses from the hedge that edged the road; a pony and light phaeton stood near. Terry advanced immediately, for he recognized in her the daughter of a gentleman in the vicinity, named O'Byrne, and the person engaged to be one day Baroness de Rohen. She, too, recognized Terry, and came to meet him with a bright smile. She wore a light blue costume of cotton, for the day was very warm, and her fair face was shaded by a large sun hat. Her features were handsome and regular; delicate eyebrows that shaded bright hazel eyes full of innocence and mirth, a straight small nose with a tiny mouth under which was a firm small chin, her complexion was naturally fair while the colour in her cheeks had all the beauty of the tints of the blush rose. She was of medium height, very graceful, and her step was full of sprightliness and ease. She was indeed a beautiful girl, and of a character most loveable, joyous, and with a smile ever on her lips, her motto was "gather the rosebuds while ye may;" the tenants around, with all of whom she was intimate, had, in their own expressive language, christened her by a name which meant in English "Sunbeam." Yet it is not to be thought that Eily O'Byrne was one of those frivolous persons who seem to think they are sent into the world merely to laugh; there were more serious and deeper strains in her character than appeared at first sight, and that exhibited when necessity required gold mines of patience and kindness and home affections deep-rooted and strong. She had moreover a good deal of practical sense and a determination that was not easily set aside.

"Good evening, Terry," said she, as she advanced to meet him, "where have you been hiding of late, it's an age since I saw you."

"Sorrah place, Miss Eily," said Terry, "but it's meself could hide this minit from all the min o' the parish."

"Now, Terry, you are joking, surely Terence Malone has done nothing to be ashamed of; but you do look downcast. Terry, tell me what is the matter."

"Well, then, miss, the long an' the short of it is that I'm after warnin' Andy Brennan with a threat of eviction this blessed hour."

"Now, Terry, you can't be in earnest; an eviction on the De Rohen estate! Have you heard of my engagement?"

"I beg a million pardons, Miss Eily; sure it's meself was overjoyed at hearin' of it; be the contents o' me fist no finer pair 'ill be in the country;" and Terry, forgetting his late doings, struck his

blackthorn vehemently on the road, and shook the young lady's hand again and again.

"Thank you, Terry, thank you," said she, laughing heartily, while her colour slightly heightened, "but do tell me what is it you mean by warning Andy Brennan?"

Terry hereupon gave a detailed account of the evening's employment. When he had concluded the young lady seemed distressed.

"'Tis but to-day, Terry, that the baron went away for some months' yachting, but I will go to his hotel in Cork. Yes, this must be my stop to at any cost. Andrew Brennan was indeed! whose ancestor, when he fell O'Neill at the yellow ford, left his widow and children mourning in that same house; good Terry, till we meet again."

Hastily arranging her flowers, the young lady stepped into the phaeton, whipped up the pony and with a farewell smile to Terry proceeded in the direction of her home. Terry stood gazing after her, muttering blessings on her head, when she disappeared from his view, when he turned his footsteps in the direction of his home dwelling.

A bright, cold morning in October. A north wind whistled through the trees, and came away in merciless frolic the yellow leaves which an early autumn made inroads on the summer verdure. Light clouds scudding away overhead, and now and then a slight shower made trees and field glisten in the sun.

Such was the morning on which Eily O'Byrne looked out from her boudoir window. She had written to the baron concerning the threatened eviction, and he replied that she need not be troubled by such an occurrence.

Yet the week had gone by, proceedings taken by the agent against Andy Brennan, and it was the morning on which the farmer was forced from his home; the baron had not been too late, and she feared he might be too late, to prevent that heartless act. She was surprised that she went so far without his advice, and that he did not take any action; it seemed inexplicable, evidently against his will.

Unfortunately the heartless act was a common occurrence in Ireland; and it might be thought strange that a daughter of a gentleman should give the matter more than a passing thought; but Miss O'Byrne was a different person; moreover, her's was a very ancient and it had been her misfortune to experience an eviction in the depth of winter.

She was staying with a friend in the day, whilst driving, the carriage was surrounded by a crowd of excited peasants, who were round a house on the roadside. Even what is done at an eviction. Miss O'Byrne was compelled to witness police and a young man, pinioned, from the horse which his grandfathers were content to dwell; then came the old father, bent and crepit; and last came the aged mother.



over to "The Oaks," Miss O'Byrne's home, to tell her of his "ruse." Hearing an account of the misdeeds of his new agent, De Rohen determined to try him by leaving the management of his estate apparently under his entire control, and we have seen how successful was his plan.

Eily O'Byrne was delighted at the happy termination of the affair, and was, indeed, glad that Mr. Osborne's connection with the tenantry was severed, for she, too, had learned many of his cruelties to former tenants.

I will not attempt to describe the festivities that took place in Balla-na-derg, in a little while after, when Eily O'Byrne became mistress of the old De Rohen mansion; the hills around were all ablaze with bonfires, all the the tenants were entertained at a splendid banquet given by their kind landlord and his fair bride, and Andrew Brennan sat on his right hand.

Peace and prosperity marked their days, and their lives were filled with acts of kindness and generosity, binding them to the hearts of a warm-hearted, ever grateful peasantry, and to this day their names are cherished and loved among the tenants of Balla-na-derg.

JOANNES.

## ABBÉ LISZT.

**I**N Weimar, immortalized by having been the home of Goethe and Schiller, under the shade of a court that, says an evening contemporary, has always fostered art and science, lives Franz Liszt. Liszt, musician and author, deified by one-half of the inhabitants of the small grand ducal residence, and regarded with cynical respect by the other, is certainly the lion of Weimar—the cynosure of the eyes of all pilgrims thither. To have sought out this oasis in the midst of the dreary cornlands of central Germany, and not to have seen the "Meister" (and this name is dearer to his ears than any other) is in the eyes of a German musician an unpardonable sin. Abbe Franz Liszt lives on the upper floor of a little house belonging to the grand duke in the outskirts of the town, bordering on the park. This cottage, known as the Hofgartnerei, is a charming retreat: the river Ilm meanders leisurely through the thick trees, and the groves along its banks re-echo at all hours of the day and night to the touch of the grand piano in the Hofgartnerei, under the "Meister's" hand; for Liszt is no ordinary mortal, and makes about three short nights and three short days out of twenty-four hours. His position at the grand ducal court is that of chamberlain. This is a sinecure office in his case, and is only intended as a tribute to his merits—a chain by which to attach him to the court: and this office secures him a sufficiency, though not more, while the royal kitchen caters for his midday wants.

The Meister is now about seventy-two years of age. His classic profile and thick white hair are well known to all devotees of music, and it would not, perhaps, be going too far were he to be described as being the greatest living musician.

There is, at all events, no living musician of any note that has not worshipped at the feet of the Gamaliel of the tonic art. Himself the pupil of Beethoven, the father-in-law of Herr von Bismarck and Richard Wagner, the preceptor of Rubinstein and Sophie Menter, he is the link between the music of the past and the music of the future. The Meister is only during the spring and summer resident in Weimar—the rest of the year is divided between Buda-Pesth and Rome. But, live where he may, he is constantly surrounded by a host of satellites, in the shape of pupils male and female. Some of these, Icarus like, soar high and melt into obscurity; for the Meister is most exacting preceptor, and his frowning approval often condemns an over-ambitious over-confident pupil to insignificance. "*Cæsar aut nullus*." The Meister's ideas, conceptions, and style of music must be scrupulously observed, or else—*fort*.

Liszt is a man of the world in the highest degree, a gallant host, a convivial guest, but adds to these qualities others of a far more rare kind. When his life one comes to be written will be recorded that no more self-denying and kinder-hearted man ever existed. Many a promising pupil would, but for his material assistance, have been unable to pursue his own career. In his early years he experienced the greatest triumphs due to his art, and took little pride in knowing in how high esteem his genius is held. The great refreshment of his declining years lies in handing down to posterity through the medium of others, whom he specially chosen, his conceptions of musical science, to be a living testimony to his greatness. There may be a little pardonable self-laudation in this, but there is no doubt that to have been a pupil of Liszt is a passport to most of the concert halls of the world. It must be remembered that "musical excellence" is the only introduction required to the charmed circle of which he is the centre; but it must be excellence such as to guarantee greatness in the future. Not one farthing of ordinary remuneration does he ever accept from a pupil. Between two and four o'clock in the afternoon of about three days in the week reunions are held in the Meister's salon. Pupils are then gathered together about twenty around his grand piano—pupils is, perhaps, hardly the name suited to the persons thus collected. It might be said that there were assembled a number of admirers looking to their pupils for words of approbation, encouragement, advice, and yet pupils they call themselves, for a pupil is invited to play. Liszt's *modus operandi* is to allow them to choose their own pieces. A young lady singled out seats herself; the Meister paces the room and beats time with his hand; all the eyes of the remaining nineteen are upon his face; a nod of approval and a sullen looks from the nineteen; at remarks such as, "Go on, go on," "That is your way," "I differ," the nineteen light up with glee and exultation, for this means failure on this occasion, and the sole endeavour of these rival artistes is to narrow the circle of the Meister's admirers to a few favourites. It is, however, the highest award that the player can be constantly interrupted, and if

Meister himself takes his seat at the piano and re-plays the few bars. This is recognition indeed. It is a bad sign if the piece is allowed to be finished without comment; the more frequent the interruptions, the greater as a rule the performer's art—except, of course, in the case of a really famous performer. For Liszt, though sympathetic, is sparing of his interest until a first rate standard has been reached.

That green-eyed monster, jealousy, plays no where in the world a greater role than in Weimar generally, and in the Meister's salon in particular. Every intrigues to gain the favour or to bring a rival into disfavour are unceasingly going on. To possess one of the hairs from the Meister's venerable head, to kiss his hand, constitute the ambitions of the hard-worked worshipper of Liszt. Liszt echoes not with the din of arsenals and workshops, but with the clanging and banging of the scores of pianos, each endeavouring to outdo Herod, and to forge weapons to assert the superiority of Liszt in the musical world. While the pupils are interchanging glances and looking for a chance, the great man sometimes—not uncommonly refreshes himself with a glad red wine. Four o'clock the seance is over, and now woe to the Meister, and woe to the happy possessor could he present a flower to any young lady as a mark of special favour. Those who know him are intimately will then successively upraid him, and will, until they have received other and dear tokens of recognition, plot against the now less possessor. Those who stand more outside the charmed circle will beg morsels of the pretty flower, and treasure them in their secret places as souvenirs. It may, therefore, be readily pictured that such marks of distinction are but seldom given.

The rest of the great Meister's waking hours are almost given up to the composition of oratorios, of which, "*Die heilige Elizabeth*," he conceived and introduced to the world at Marburg in 1845. Thus lives and thus works Liszt, the Altmeister of the tonic art: and so long as he lives in the classic groves along the Ilm will not miss a worthy successor to the celebrities that have made the name of Weimar famous.

Among Indians the most highly prized article of ornament is eagle feathers. They not only use them for making head-dresses and ornamenting their blankets, but use them as money in the purchase of fire-water, tobacco, and other necessities of Indian life. Among the Blackfeet the mode of skinning them is interesting. After holding an eagle on the "braves" repair to the mountains, where each digs a pit and covers it lightly with grass and grass. A piece of tough buffalo meat is put up in a wolf skin is laid on the pit. After the sun is risen the eagle swoops down, alighting upon the wolf-skin, which he begins to tear. The Indian who is concealed in the pit reaches out stealthily, seizes the bird by its legs and drags it to the pit, where he crushes its breast with his hands. The return of a successful party is the occasion of great rejoicing.

## CAGED !

A GAOL-BIRD'S STORY.

By R. O.



HE shades of night 'ad closed round Seving Dials, an' the public 'ouses was about for to foller their example. I 'ad been a-doin' a little bit on my 'ead at Clerkenwell—"three months with"—in consequence of a little misunderstandin' about a silk handkerchief.

I 'ad been let out that day; not a nice sort of a day to be turned into the streets, even out of a prison! Snow fallin' everywhere, thicker as the night come on, an' the wind blowin' colder an' colder every minute, freezin' the 'eaps of slushy snow. As I walked along, the winders was all bright with the warm fires a-blazin' within the swell 'ouses. I could 'ear the 'appy blokes inside laughin', an' dancin', an' makin' merry, and I knowed they all 'ad plenty to eat an' drink. The theatres was all ablaze with light, an' a-comin' out of 'em into their carriages was people as any thief what wasn't a rank outsider could have made a month's livin' out of in two minutes. I 'ad likewise noticed as there seemed a extra show on at the churches, an' by-an'-by out crashed the bells, ringin' thro the cold air thick with the fallin' snow, an' some people passin' me as I slouched against the wall says to each other, wery cheery, "A merry Christmas to you—A merry Christmas."

"Oh," I says to myself, "It's merry Christmas, is it? I shouldn't 'a thought it. I ain't pertickler merry myself—not what yer might call downright roarin' boisterous—so I s'pose that's why I forgot as it was merry Christmas."

"Now, then," says a perleeceman, a-comin' up to me, "what do yer want 'angin' about 'ere, eh?"

"Well, guv'ner," I says, "I want a good many things. I won't go so far as to say that I could 'nt do with a bit of a fire an' a bit of a bed! and I've sorter got a dim idea as I want a bit o' supper. Between you an' me," I says, "I could make a fool of about 'alf a roast bullock, with baked pertaters. But don't let it go no further," I says, "becos it might 'urt the feelings o' some o' these 'ere Christian people a-comin' out of Church."

"You'll 'ave to go further yerself," says the perleeceman. "None o' yer nonsense 'ere. I know yer. 'Ow would Buckin'ham Palace or Marlboro' 'Ouse do for yer?"

"I might put up with 'em for a night or two till my town 'ouse is in order," I says; "but I've left my dress soot be'ind me. Besides I ain't expected till the next droring room, an' I would 'nt care for to take 'em unawares like. It might inconvenience 'em, don't yer know. Maybe they wouldn't 'a 'ad the chimbley sweep."

"Move on," 'e says. "I know yer. Come, move on."

The perleeceman were quite right in one thing—it were quite true 'e knowed me, for 'e'd run me in many a time. So I couldn't be offended at 'is winnin' ways. I stepped from the wall across the



slippery pavement, an' I didn't know, till I come to move, 'ow cold an' numbed I was. But as I stepped into the road I must 'astumbled. I remember the blaze of two bright lights, a loud cry, the swerve of a pair of frightened 'orses, an' the 'orrid pain of a 'eavy wheel on my body; and then the lighted 'ouses an' churches an' theaytres, an' the gay crowds of people, an' the fallin' snow an' the bitter cold, my 'unger an' thirst, an' the kind perleeceman, all faded away.

When I opened my eyes again I was in a 'orspital. A clean white pillow was under my 'ead, an' clean white sheets covered my wounded limbs, an' I was lyin' on somethink so soft an' easy that I thought at fust the doctors must 'atook out all my bones in some operations; an', as I was always a bony chap, I began thinkin' as I did ought to be allowed the price o' them bones.

I just opened my eyes, an' looked once down the long room, an' see a whole line o' little white beds, all like mine—some with curtains drawn round 'em.

I closed my eyes again, an' sorter dozed off. Presently I 'eard a voice—a woman's voice—oh! sich a low, an' sweet, an' soft, an' gentle voice—talkin' to the poor chap in the bed next to mine, an' readin' to 'im out of a book. An' what she read was all about a Woman an' a Child. I'd 'eard somethink about it before, but I never took it in till I 'eard about it then, lyin' weak an' 'elpless. I couldn't understand it all, not bein' a schollard, but only Jack Scraggs, the gaol-bird; but I could make out enough of it to 'ang on by. Before she finished I knowed who the woman was, an' I knowed who was the Child. When she stopped speakin' I 'eld out my 'and an' beckoned 'er to come to me. An' when she come an' sat down by my bedside, I says, "Tell it to *me*." An' she went over all the story again, talkin' so simple an' easy I could make out almost all she said. When she rose to go away, evernin' 'ad come, for I see through the top of the winder a great star shining; an' I wondered whether 'twas like the star that was a-shinin' long ago above the woman an' the Child.

Every day she used to come an' talk to me, an' she told me more an' more every time; till I used to watch for 'er as anxious as the perleec used to watch for me sometimes.

Everybody was very kind to me in the 'orspital—the doctors, an' the nurses, an' the kind lady what used to come to read to us.

The mornin' I was discharged, two doctors come an' pulled me about a bit; an' one of 'em said I were all right now, exceptin' that 'e rather suspected hincipient valvular haggglomerations in my 'eart. I were told afterwards as 'e must 'a meant some complaint, but I didn't know it at the time, and I felt 'urt like. I didn't know what 'e meant, but it sounded bad.

"Mister," I says, "you're wrong. Don't go suspectin' me of sich a thing as that. I know," I says, "as my 'eart is full of all manner o' bad feelin's an' wickedness; but I ain't got no hincipient thingummy—indeed I ain't, sir. Far from it," I says. "I'm a-goin' for to try to lead a honest life. I'm a-goin' for to try to turn over a noo leat, please God—blowed if I ain't!"

Some'ow I don't mind talkin' about myself, an' a-tellin' all manner o' things about myself; but when it comes to speakin' about little Charlie, I feels took aback like. There comes a ugly sort o' lump into my throat, an' my voice gets sorter 'usky, an' I can't see quite clear through my eyes. I think, maybe, it's that hincipient what's-a-name comin' on. Yer see I never 'ad nobody to love, nor nobody for to love me, exceptin' little Charlie. I never 'ad no father an' no mother worth speakin' about; I never 'ad no brother or sister to look after. I never 'ad nobody to care for, nor nobody to care for me, little Charlie—little Charlie—the poor little tired widgeon I found forsook in the park. I can't tell about it properly, but all my life, so rough an' so wicked as it 'ad always been, seemed to grow into a poor, wee, lovin' Charlie.

It was in the park I found 'im, soon after I was discharged from the 'orspital. I 'ad been tryin' 'ard to live honest, but it were 'arder work than the treadmill. One dark night, after I'd been tryin' to get a job for a night's lodgin' without earnin' a copper, an' after bein' turned away from the work'ouse becos' they was a-doin' of sich a roarin' trade they was like the homberleebuses in wet weather—"full inside," I got into the park an' made for one of the benches. There was scarcely any moon or stars that night—only a dim gaslight 'ere an' there among the trees. In the reg'ler season for sleepin' in the park I 'ad a favourite pertickler bench which I always perternized, an' though it was too bitter cold for be the reg'ler season now—far from it—I made straight for my usual seat. When I gets to it, I finds somebody a-lyin' on it already, an' in my most specialist an' most pertickler corner.

It were too dark to see clear, but I could make out right enough that somebody was there, an' I didn't like it.

"Mate," I says, speakin' very calm an' polite to the bundle in the corner—"Mate," I says, "excuse me, but that 'ere corner where you're a-snoozin' is my own special an' pertickler corner, what I as reg'ler. If yer doubts my word, I says, "ask any lady or gen'l'man as is in the 'abit o' sleepin' 'ere. I'm well bekknown to 'em all," I says; "an' if yer want any other reasons, there ain't a perleeceman in this 'ere metropolis as don't know me."

The bundle didn't make no answer.

"Excuse me, mate," I says again, "but there ain't no other gen'l'man as uses this part an' wouldn't reckernise my right to that 'ere corner, an' be 'ave as sich. I knows a good deal about the lawrs of this country," I continners, "for me man 'as broke more of 'em than me; an' my opinion is as the lawr itself would give me the persession of that corner, in consideration of length of tenner. 'Ave yer," I says, "any objection, religious or otherwise, to go to some other bench, or at least for to move into the other corner? We'll share the clothes," I says, sarcastical, "between us, an' sleep together; an' I only open as yer won't want to get out of bed to say yer prayers, and that yer don't kick."

Still I didn't get no answer, an' I steps quietly up to the silent bundle an' turned aside the ragged

id shawl that 'id whatever was underneath. Just at the moment some o' the dark clouds partly leared away, an' the moon shone out, an' by its unt, glimmerin' light I see that the shawl was overin'—not a great, coarse, rough chap like me, but a little child. A little child of, maybe, seven or eight years old, with white, starved flesh, 'n' thin, worn, wee 'ands. Fallin' 'alf over 'is ale, pinched face was curls of sich beautiful air as I 'ad never seen before—hair that looked though it 'ad been all dipped in gold, or been leered some summer's evernin' by the settin' sun. 'e 'and was lyin' on 'is breast, like as though 'e 'ad put it there for warmth, an' in it was nest- of a little yellin' canary bird. As I looked down on this 'elpless young 'un in my corner, with 'e 'ad 'eld so close to 'im, tears come into my eyes for the fust time I could remember. I thought of the tale about the Child I 'ad 'eard in 'ospital, an' I wondered whether the Child 'e was on earth no more knowed about this 'e 'un sleepin' that bitter winter's night on a bench in the cold park.

Just as I was thinkin' that, the little 'un opened 'e eyes—big, timid eyes—an' see me bendin' over 'im—a rough, dirty fellow—a gaol-bird. But 'e didn't shrink from me—'e didn't cry, or 'ide 'elf from me. No; but 'e stretched out 'is 'arm, and 'is poor little 'and slipped into my 'ingers. Oh, often an' often I feel it there, 'e an' cold, an' so small an' tender, laid in my 'ad 'and.

Then 'is little lips opened, an' 'e says :

'I'm Charlie. Who are you?'

'My name's Jack, little 'un,' I says, wery

ly. 'Haven't you got any home, Jack?'

'No,' I says, 'I ain't got no home Charlie.'

'Then you're like me,' says Charlie. 'I don't got any home either. Mother died—oh, a long time ago it seems—an' father's gone away now. So I came into the park to sleep, bec' I don't like to sleep with the others under 'arches. So I came here—I and the little bird, 'e—the bird that used to sing to mother. 'e used to say he'd kill it, but, oh! I'm so 'e never did, because there's nobody to love 'e now but the little bird that mother loved, 'e. You won't 'urt us, Jack, will you?'

''e raised my 'and to 'is little lips, and 'e kissed it. Then, like as though there'd been a 'e there dammed up all my life, my 'eart over- 'eaved; an' I threw off my coat, an' wrapped it 'round little Charlie. An' soon, in my arms, 'e 'e asleep; an' when the mornin' broke I carried 'e out o' the park. Not to a work'ouse, or a 'sectarian Board School, but to 'e little bit of a 'e, where they took us in—me, an' my boy, an' 'e little bird.

That's 'ow me an' Charlie begun to live to- 'ether. I tried wery, wery 'ard to get a livin', 'e min' my 'and to anythin' that come in my way. 'e times was bad, an' often, as I went back to 'e Charlie without no money in my pocket, I thought 'e goin' back to my old life; but I know'd if I did 'e might get parted from the little fellow what 'e red me so dear, an' what would 'e become o' 'e without me?

When the summer come, we done a little bit

better. Sometimes me an' Charlie used to get out into the country a bit, an' used to see the green fields, an' the flowers, an' the great trees, with the blue sky over all. An' always Charlie brought the little bird with 'im. We'd bought a little cage; an' before we went back we always put in some cool, sweet, green grass, an' then Dicky would sing all the sweeter an' louder, an' 'op about so pleased, with 'is eyes so bright an' 'e beamin' that Charlie used to clap 'is 'ands for joy. I often think o' them walks in the country, an' o' all Charlie used to say, an' 'ow 'e used to love to run among the flowers. But when the days grew shorter again, an' all the flowers was dyin' an' the leaves fadin', everythink went bad again. God knows I tried 'ard—I tried my 'ardest—but every man's 'and seemed against me, an' I got poorer an' poorer, and work scarcer an' scarcer, till at last, as the winter set in once more, we was starvin'. We could scarcely even give a crumb to the poor little bird in 'is cage. An' then Charlie was took ill—ill becos' I couldn't give 'im food, an' drink, an' warm clothes. 'E'd been tryin' to sell matches in the streets for a bit, but at last 'e 'ad to give that up, for he was too sick to move. 'E used to lie so pale an' thin in 'is rough bed, while 'is bird 'opped about the pillow an' sang to 'im.

I want to tell all the rest quickly, for 'tis 'ard to tell.

It all 'appened becos of one thing—we was starvin'.

Oh! I wish I could put it into all the bells that will be a-ringin' again this Christmas. I wish I could put into all the sermons as will be preached again this Christmas. We was starvin'—like so many others are now.

I'd been out all day, an' brought back nothink. Charlie was lyin' in 'is bit o' a bed—the last time I ever see 'im again but one—the last time but one that ever I see 'is dear little pale face, or put my 'and on the curls that was all so soft an' golden. There was no fire in the room, an' one wee white 'and was pressed inside 'is ragged shirt for warmth, an' the little bird nestled in it—just like when I found 'em in the park.

I closed the door, crep' down the stairs, an' out into the lighted streets, full o' people 'urrying along to their comfortable 'omes, to their warm fires, an' groanin' tables.

An' that night I went back on the good resolves I'd made, for I stole. But 'twas only food I stole—only food—food for poor starvin' little Charlie, as was lyin' sick in that lonely garret, with 'is little bird pressed to 'is dyin' 'eart.

I stole. But 'twas only food—only food for little Charlie.

The touch of the perleeceman's 'and was on my shoulder again that night—the old touch; an' 'e says, with a smile :

'Up to the old game again, Jack, eh? Thought we should 'ave yer again before long. I know yer. Come along. Yer know the way.'

Once more I stood before the beak, an' for once in my life I asked for mercy.

'I did it, sir. I took it. But 'twas not for me; 'twas for my little dyin' Charlie. I left 'im starvin', sir, an' 'e loves me, an' I never 'ad no- body else for to love me but Charlie. The world's

so full o' plenty, it can't be right that 'e should die o' want. There's somethink all wrong, sir. Let me go, sir—let me go back to 'im. Some people 'as all they want, an' I've only got little Charlie. 'E's sich a little feller, an' 'e's so thin an' pale, an' weak; an' 'e loves me, an' 'is 'air's all soft an' golden. I can't 'elp it, sir—escuse me—I've got a hincipient somethink in my 'eart, an' it's a-comin' on."

An' I put my face in my tremblin' 'ands, an' cried.

Then the Beak says:

"Six weeks."

Caged again!

Again 'twas the day before Christmas as I was let out of gaol. Again there was slush, an' snow, an' piercin' wind, an' bitter cold. Again the warm 'ouses, an' gay theatres, an' lighted churches as I trudged along to the garret where I'd left Charlie six weeks before.

'E'd gone! Got up an' went away with 'is matches and 'is bird soon after I 'ad been took away from 'im.

Out of the 'ouse I came, an' on, an' on, an' on I walked, searchin' for my poor lost Charlie.

Under the arches where the black, dark river flowed, in the streets, at the stations—everywhere I searched for 'im, an' nowhere I found 'im.

At last somethink came over me—I don't know what—to go to the park—to the place where I fust see 'im, that night what seemed so long ago.

Into the park I got, an' straight on to the old seat I went.

An' there, crouched on the bench, I found 'im at last; an' 'ugged to 'is poor, cold bosom was the cage with 'is little bird.

The snow 'ad been fallin' thick on 'im—thick on 'is shiverin' body, thick on 'is starved face, thick on 'is beautiful 'air. Thick it lay now even on 'is little 'ands an' the tired, worn, weary feet what was never to run about the streets no more.

"Charlie! Charlie! Charlie!"

Open at last came the big, blue, timid eyes, an' again I 'eard 'is voice, but so faint an' weak.

"Jack!—I—was a-comin'—to meet you—at the prison gates. They told me—where—you was caged,—and I walked across—the park,—an' I rested 'ere, becos—I—got tired, an'—so weak—an' I fell asleep. Jack—Jack—do you hear the bells—the Christmas bells?"

"Yes, Charlie; 'tis Christmas morning."

"Jack, tell me—once more—the tale you 'eard—in the 'orspital—about the Woman an'—the Child."

An' I told 'im.

The little 'ands on the cage loosed their clutch, an' down it fell. As it fell, the door come open, an' up, up, through the snow went Charlie's bird.

An' up through the snow—free at last—went the soul of little Charlie—up to the Child Jesus.

Down on my knees I fell; an' one 'and I raised towards the little flyin' bird, an' one 'and I laid on Charlie's white brow. An' I cried:

"Flown—to God!"

## STIMULANTS—TOBACCO AND SNUFF.



HERE are so many different opinions in regard to the use, and even the necessity for the use of stimulants, and particularly for studious men, that we are induced to give the experience, related by himself, of a veteran scientific worker; a man who has published a hundred and fifty volumes, who never leaves his work-table, and does not take walking-exercise, and yet never experiences any trace of headache or brain-weariness.

The Abbé Moigno tells us that he has learned twelve foreign languages, all by a method he has published in a work he calls "Latin for All." That is, he drew up a catalogue of the fifteen or eighteen hundred root words, or simple primitive words which exist, and fixed their meaning in his mind by artificial memory formulas. Thus he took into his mind nearly 41,500 foreign words, which most often had no connection with the word itself, and from 10,000 to 12,000 facts with their precise date, and all this existed simultaneously in his memory, always at his disposal when he wanted the meaning of a word, or the date of an event.

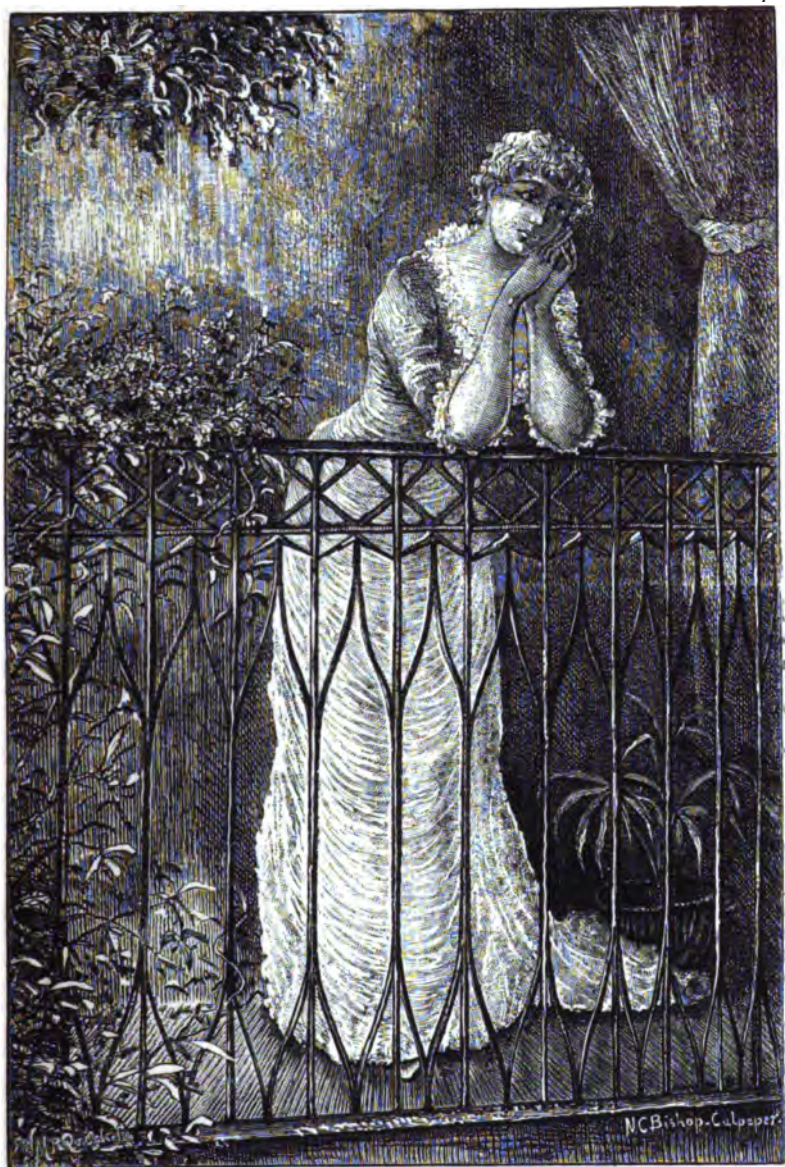
But lately he had fallen into the practice of snuff-taking, and during an abode of several weeks in Munich, where he passed his evenings in a smoking-room with the learned Bavarese, who would each smoke four or five cigars, and drink two or three cans of beer (the most illustrious of these *savants* Steinkeil used to boast that he smoked six thousand cigars a year) he attained smoking three or four cigars a day. We will continue in his own words.

"When I edited my treatise on the Calculus Variations—the most difficult of my mathematical treatises—I would, without knowing it, at times use up in a day the whole contents of my snuff-box, which contains nearly an ounce of snuff. Now I was painfully surprised one day to have recognized that I was constantly obliged to turn to my dictionaries for the meaning of foreign words which before seldom or never happened to me, and that the dates of numerous facts which I had learned by my own had fled from my memory.

"In despair at this melancholy failure, I took forthwith an heroic resolution, which nothing has been able to shake. On August 31, 1862, I had smoked three cigars, and taken twenty-centimes of snuff, and to the day of writing this, June 25, 1882, I have not since then taken a single pinch of snuff, or smoked a single cigarette.

"It was a complete resurrection not only of my memory, but of the general health and well-being. Eighteen years later I diminished my quantity of food by nearly one half, took less meat and more vegetable food, and attained such incomparable health as can scarcely be imagined—increase of capacity for work, unconscious digestion, wrinkles, pimples, etc., and I affirm with perfect confidence, that those who follow in my footsteps will be rewarded as I have been.

"I may finally add that I find it well for me to take at breakfast a small half-cup of coffee with out milk, to which, when only two or three tea-spoonfuls remain at the bottom of the cup, I add a small spoonful of brandy or other alcoholic liquor, and that is my whole allowance of stimulants."



## Upon the Terrace.

**H**OW many eyes look up to the stars to-  
night?  
Many a spirit,  
And angels hear it,  
Speaks in our ears, tho' never in our sight.

Night sinks down on my heart with a clasp of lead,  
And I wander  
Near Heav'n, and ponder  
By grass-grown mounds of the silent churchyard  
dead.

And the Blessed rise from their dreamless sleep to-night,  
So fair,  
And walk the air,  
Like shadows in the moonbeams silvery bright!

## SHERBORNE;

OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems,"  
"Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

**M**ORETON'S day-dream of the past, whatever might have been its natural duration, was soon interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Linus Jones. That sweet and superior woman received him in such sort that, under pain of seeming to judge rashly, he would have been compelled to say what he did not feel as to her words and manner. She thanked him for his visit, depreciating herself oppressively in fat tones that breathed forth patent self-consciousness from a wide expanse of visible personality highly scented with musk. Then, throwing into her eyes an expression of regretful sympathy, she said:

"I always feel so much for the children of clergymen—especially when I think of my own little ones, who may one day come to visit their old home, no longer theirs, as you have done to-day."

Moreton winced a little internally, but only replied:

"Not yet, I hope."

Then she said, "But I forgot—oh! I beg your pardon; it was the last thing I intended. I ought to have remembered that—that—"

"That what?" asked Moreton, though he knew perfectly well what she meant; for he said to himself, "I object to having an allusion swallowed up in a hiatus."

"Oh, you know," she replied, turning down the corners of her mouth, and curling them up again.

"How should I?" said he.

"Oh, of course," said she, "I mean—but I did not wish to say it."

"You began to say it, whatever it may be," was his provoking reply.

She coloured slowly, and said nothing, but sighed with emphasis.

Moreton's countenance clouded suddenly, and he said in a low voice, firm, yet rather forced, and slightly altered:

"You mean that the associations of my childhood must necessarily have lost their power over my feelings, because I am now a Catholic, and then was not."

"I didn't put it so," said she.

"No, but you meant it," he replied; "and considering the unfathomable interest concerning the Catholic faith, practice, history, and habit of mind, in which Protestants (myself among the number when I was one) are carefully trained and instructed, by means of histories, novels, poems, plays, operas, pictures, newspapers, periodicals, lectures, sermons, and conversational gossip of every sort, from heavy Puritanism down to a style which respect for the presence of a lady forbids me to name, I am not surprised at your con-

fusing Divine faith with natural affection. Should you like to know what I really do feel of these old familiar scenes of my childhood, how far they have even acted on my inclinations against my will, on my judgment against reason, and on my imagination against faith?"

She stared, and sat down, holding her hat in one hand, smoothing her hair with the other, and trying to look proudly unintelligent.

"Because," said he, "I am sure that you would like to hear the truth, and equally sure that you would never have."

Feeling that she had brought the unwelcome information on herself, she assumed a listless attitude, with her eyes fixed on the carpet. Moreton, in a clear voice, proceeded to give that information. He said:

"One thing alone held me back, for months, but for years, from taking the step which the grace of God and my own conviction compelled me to do at last; and that thing was simply the enormous power of early associations interwoven with my best feelings, my memories, and earliest impressions of God. I loved this place as I never can love any other. There hung around the grey walls of the parish church an atmosphere of bygone Catholicity, which made my affections cling to it were living, associated, as it was, in me with the position of my good father, who, through the ignorance of Catholicity in which his father had been imprisoned, would have been as added to a Catholic in fact as he was in natural disposition. If any power or influence on earth could have kept me back from becoming a Catholic, would have been the local associations connected directly and indirectly with the Establishment. And as for what I feel—standing here, in this house, so full of sweet memories, and no other ones—this house where I last saw my father, my mother, my sister, all dead, and the place changed, yet so suggestive of what it was, I tell you I could cry like a child, sob on the floor, and lie there forgetting your presence and your existence. Do you understand the difference between Divine faith and natural affection now?"

What her reply would have been if Mr. Jones had not entered the room at that moment we have no means of ascertaining. She could not have changed her countenance quickly, from which fact the reader may infer, if he will, that it had been composed, and said blandly:

"My dear, Mr. Moreton has been giving you such an interesting description of his childhood and all about this place, you know."

"I am sure that nothing would give me more pleasure than to show you round the old place," said Mr. Linus Jones to Moreton. "Or perhaps you would prefer to walk round by yourself. Pray do now. I care to say you would like to see the rooms you remember so well, and to talk about the grounds."

Moreton thanked him, but hesitated. "It is late now," he said. "George Sherbrooke has a large party to-day, and I am going to be with him at Hazeley."

"So are we," answered the rector.



He left the room, and returning quickly, said in a low voice to Moreton :

"You will not be disturbed. I have given orders about it. You will not meet any one."

"It is very kind of you ; I will not keep you long," answered Moreton ; and off he started, saying to himself :

"It is the last chance—I shall never come into this country again."

But he did keep them long, though he fancied he was hastening. He wandered through the rooms and well-remembered passages, now moving rapidly, now standing rooted to the spot, now pushing on again, seeing all, yet scarcely seeing his eyes. He wandered through the rooms, and stood still awhile, looking about him, but taking notice of what he remembered, more than of what he saw. More than half an hour had elapsed when he turned towards the door, saying half aloud :

"I MUST go back, I suppose, or it would seem so."

When he entered the drawing-room, painfully anxious to make his escape as soon as possible, he found not only Mrs. Linus Jones without her tactful husband, but Miss Hermione Crumps without, largely dressed and energising in an oppressive manner about haunted rooms.

"Am I to go through that dinner-party again about its distractions ?" thought he.

But they had it all their own way : sorrow had made him indifferent to annoyance.

"Oh, you know Hazeley of old—you must show me the haunted room," she said ; "the room we were talking about the other night at Bramscote, I know. You *must* show it to me. Now, don't there isn't one."

"Hadn't you better come with us ?" said Mr. Jones, entering the room, watch in hand. "We will be late if you walk—it is a quarter to now, and we have plenty of room."

And the end of it was, that Moreton arrived at Bramscote in a wagonette with Mr. and Mrs. Linus Jones and Miss Hermione Crumps—a situation plainly demands that this chapter shall come to an end.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Quoique leurs chapeaux sont bien laids,  
God dam ! moi j'aime les anglais.

BERANGER.

CRUMPS when Béranger wrote these lines fishermen's hats were uglier than Frenchmen's hats they were not : but the female hat of the present day, when raised up on the top of the hair, and leaning forward like a man craning his neck over a fence, is portentous. Its expression is unbecomingly and conspicuous, repelling, and, at least actively, immodest : it takes from the wearer the attractions, and apparently all her mental brightness, in short it would seem expressly decried for the purpose of seeming to have eliminated the qualities that form the distinctive charm of girlhood.

The luncheon party was numerous. Not less than a dozen people had come from Bramscote : neighbouring houses had sent forth guests to the

number of, perhaps, twenty more. The rooms were bristling with female hats of the period. In one or two cases the lady infused her own expression into the hat ; in some, and they were the most numerous, the hat impressed its own character on the lady. Two or three ladies there were who, though unable to infuse any expression of their own into their hats, because they had no expression to infuse, at least did not reflect in their countenances the tone of their millinery. These last were Catholics—very silly Catholics, and they were morally separable from their millinery, just because they were Catholics. Their millinery was vicious, and no amount of meretricious dressing could make it otherwise. They looked very silly, and the jerky pretentiousness of their manners plainly showed that they were as weak in mimicry as in wisdom : nevertheless, if any one had judged them merely by the example they gave in their folly, the judgment would certainly have been unjust, for it would have missed, not only what was best in them, but what was more truly theirs than the acquired absurdities that stuck to the surface of their reality like barnacles on a ship's keel.

And if any one, thus rashly judging, felt inclined to generalize yet more rashly from an *ex parte* opinion, the presence of the two Miss Ardens must have suggested not only a very different sort of generalization, but also more charitable possibilities as regards the others.

The two sisters resembled each other, not only in countenance and what countenance reflects, but even in features and manner ; still there was a difference in favour of the elder, and Moreton idealized not a little upon that fact in connection with a very high estimate of the younger. If we were to go no deeper than the surface of his appreciation we might appropriately suppose him to have realized the meaning of those beautiful lines in "The Giaour" :

She was a form of life and light  
That seen, became a part of sight,  
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,  
The morning star of memory.

Perhaps he did so ; but he realized a far deeper meaning. He realized that which consoled him as a Catholic, whilst it almost broke his heart as a man ; he realized the interior loveliness which animated and characterized her visible beauty ; he realized the obligation of being worthy to have loved her.

And so he went through the slow torture of that luncheon-party, sitting, as at the dinner-party, between Miss Hermione Crumps and Lady Alicia Grubhedge, while Miss Arden, exactly opposite, was talking to Count de Bergerac. The presence of the latter seemed unwelcome to his host. He looked past him, towards him, away from him, and was evidently thinking about him uncomfortably. It may be remembered that soon after their arrival at Bramscote, Moreton asked who he was, and that Sherborne turned away, saying, "How should I know ?"—an answer suggestive of ill-humour too sudden to be causeless. A cause there certainly was ; but what was it ? His own obtrusive attentions to the younger sister on the evening of that day seen need to account for his dis-

like of the stranger, who was a formidable rival, by reason of his religion and the lady's marked preference, not to mention that he was twenty years younger than Sherborne; but why care about him now, when he is devoting himself to the elder sister as attentively as if he had never seen the younger? And what could *that* mean, by the bye? Was Count de Bergerac a mere trumpery flirt? or, did he make so much of her because she was the sister of the other?

These questions might naturally have occurred to Moreton, seeing that, as the phrase goes, he rather went in for observing people and things; but they did not. He saw Mary Arden, heard her voice, thought of her. Her presence was to him exclusive, so that he spoke at random, and listened without attending.

At length a simultaneous sound of chairs in motion, followed by a rustle of petticoats, and a momentary lull of voices, told that luncheon was over. Several ladies at once came forward, and reminded Sherborne of his promise (which, by the bye, they had extorted from him) to show them all over the house: upon which, inasmuch as he led the way, though under mute protest, there was a general crowding to the front, every one wanting to see whatever was to be seen, and few caring what it might be. Moreton followed the rest, and so did Miss Hermione Crumps.

But she asked him no more questions about the haunted room; and, as much as possible, avoided speaking to him. Her woman's instinct had supplied the place of discernment, and given her tact for the occasion.

How he and others got through the expedition, we shall see in the next few pages. This chapter seems to end naturally with a question, which the intelligent reader will no doubt have asked ere now, viz.: Why did Moreton give up all hopes at once and, so to speak, finally? Cardinal Richelieu said, "There is no such word as 'fail';" at least, he says so in the play, for I have heard Macready and Charles Kean deliver the sentiment in a thrilling manner; and if that is not historical, why what becomes of the "Bénédiction des Poignards," in "The Huguenots," which we have all of us seen on the stage as real as life, the chorus dressed as monks and nuns, holding the daggers aloft in time to the music, and bawling with all their might? And if the very word "impossible" has no existence (which, as one says it, reminds one of the Irishman who said, "I'm not here at all,") why suppose the reality of the thing itself? But, however this may be, why, at least, did Moreton so far forget the ancient maxim, "Faint heart never won fair lady?" as to assume that his case must of necessity be a hopeless one. There are, at least, three possible solutions. That he had overstrained his sensitiveness till it was out of tune; that he resisted his own feelings because he knew their force, and dreaded the consequences of allowing himself to be deluded by false hopes; that he had some real or fancied means of knowing what the result must be. The two first of these suppositions give us the real clue to his state of mind; and, once at that condition, he exaggerated his own fancied unworthiness and the smallness of his fortune, until he became persuaded that Sir Roger must refuse him

the hand of his daughter, even if the young lady herself could be induced to look favourably on him. But there is another question, which, as must have occurred to the judicious reader, ought to be stated in connection with the preceding. What chance did Sherborne suppose himself to have, when religion, age, and the young lady's very civilly marked aversion, were patent facts? His perseverance would have almost made us suppose that he had boundless confidence in the persuasive effect of his own talking power, and that he literally persecuted her and her father with conversational diplomacy, perhaps on the principle that "some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps."

There may yet be another question in the reader's mind. How came it that Moreton, who had lived to the age of twenty-seven years without losing his heart, and who appeared to be very unlikely subject for dramatic sentimentalism, how came it that his affections had got out of hand in so brief a period? But, perhaps, the puzzle is only apparent. Can an absolutely exclusive attachment be formed before its exclusive object is seen? Will a man love the less because he has not previously made speculative attacks to do so? Does his heart arrive at a certainty of its own feelings by a slow process of induction?

(To be continued.)

## THE CHURCH OF THE "SPAS" OR SWOONING OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AT JERUSALEM.\*



ACCORDING to an ancient and constant tradition in Jerusalem, Our Lord Jesus Christ, bearing the Cross and crowned with thorns, went out of the Pretorium and walked along the road to far distant Calvary, under His heavy burden. His mother, seeing her Divine Son thus, fell into a swoon. After the persecutions of the Christians ceased, S. Helena erected a magnificent church on this spot consecrated by Mary's devotion. In the course of time this fine sanctuary underwent many sacrilegious transformations.

As its position was elevated, and an agreeable one, the Sandjak (or Governor) of Jerusalem, destroying the church all but its walls, made a splendid dwelling on it. But it was all to no purpose—the building was destroyed almost immediately. After this fruitless attempt, the government razed the sanctuary of Mary from top to bottom and built on its site baths, called *Hammam Sultan*, or the Sultan's Baths. Even at the present day, the old inhabitants, the octogenarians, relate that all those who frequented these baths never came out of them without suffering punishment.

"We have had experience of it," they add. This holy place was finally turned into stable.

\* From the French of Father Aigle, Missionary in Syria.

the local governor; but the horses put there perished.

All the pilgrims' records that we have agree fully with this popular tradition. Since the time of the Crusades they all speak of the "Spasm" or swooning of the Blessed Virgin having taken place near the Pretorium; they all mention the church built subsequently by S. Helena. Most of them specify the sight of the Crucifix; some in a general way; others very exactly.

Here give their evidences in chronological order.

In 1306: Marin Sanuto mentions it, Book iv., chap. x.

1395. The Seigneur d'Anglure, in No. 60 of his *Journal*, writes - "Here in this same street is the place where Our Lady (*pasmee*) fainted when she saw her dear Son crucified." Immediately after, he names the house of Pilate, in the same street, wherein Our Lord Christ was condemned to death. The place of the "spasm" is not detailed more fully. This, however, suffices to show that it was near the Pretorium.

1483. Father Falri, a Dominican of the Convent of Ulm, thus writes: "To the left of the street (he was coming from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre) there is a certain height, on which the most afflicted Virgin stood all the day of the day whilst her Son was before the judge at the Pretorium—in order to see her they would lead him. Now when she saw Him between two thieves, laden with a most heavy Cross, covered with blood, she fell immediately and swooned. Formerly there was a church on this place, which was called S. Mary's of the Spasm, because it was here she fainted. The Saracens have destroyed that church, leaving the walls standing, which were made of great stones, in order to build thereon; for the place is elevated and agreeable. But they have not been able to build anything on these old walls. What they built immediately fell down; and why there are nothing but ruins here."

1586. Zuallart, of the city of Ath in Belgium, visited the *Via Dolorosa*, commencing at the Pretorium. "At a hundred paces before the Arch of the *Ecce Homo* are to be seen vestiges of the church, very ancient, built by S. Helena in honour of the glorious Virgin Mary, called the Church of the Spasm; for the reason that the Virgin, going with some women, her relatives, to see what would be done with her most dear and beloved Son, Jesus Christ, and meeting Him there, so wretched and pitiable a state; scourged, crowned with thorns; beaten, punished; bearing the Cross. . . . Her tender and sorrowing heart failed her, and she fainted on the spot from grief and sadness. The stone on which she fell is placed in front of the principal altar of the church. But Father Bonaventure Curseti, Guardian of Mount Sion, seeing it profaned by infidels, bought it at a great price from the Sandjak (or Governor of Jerusalem), and carried it to the Convent of the Friars Minors at Mount Sion."

Zuallart adds that this church was about ninety paces from the angle of the street that leads to the Harem's Gate, now called the Damascus Gate:

"There, in my time," he states (1586) "the Turks had made new baths with arched roofs."

(5) 1580. Villamont, a Breton gentleman, visited the *Via Dolorosa*, on the 27th May. "About sixty paces on, are," he says, "baths built over the ruins of the church of the (*Pasmapon*) Spasm of the Virgin Mary. The stone on which she fell fainting, is at present in the porch of the church at Mount Sion, as the Franciscan Fathers inform us: from the 'Spasm' to Pilate's house is the distance of a good bow shot."

(6) 1615. Father Quaresimus, author of the great work, "*Elucidatio Terra Sanctæ*," begins by recording the words of Father Boniface of Ragusa, the Guardian of Mount Sion, from 1552 to 1560, proving the existence of the said church named after the "Spasm" of the Blessed Virgin, and of the stone before mentioned that was purchased by Father Bonaventure Curseti, Guardian of Mount Sion, and placed by him—*supra portam majorem domus Montes Sion*—at the great gate of the holy house at Mount Sion. Then he adds: "The first time I was in Jerusalem, 1615, this church of the Spasm was almost demolished, the upper part (doubtless the choir) only remaining; but when later on I returned for the second time to Jerusalem, the Sandjak (governor) had almost destroyed every stone of this church, and built a new house on it, which I saw on my second journey. In this church, which is on an elevated part to the left side of the street, the Sandjak has placed his horses, who frequently die there. From the place of the 'Spasm' to the *Trivium*, so called because three streets here end, is about thirty paces. (This trivium is evidently the angle of the Turkish baths, where Our Saviour first fell, forming the *third Station of the Cross*.)

(7) 1644. Father Surius, a Belgian Franciscan, pilgrim to Jerusalem, writes: "At 110 paces from the Arch of the *Ecce Homo*, lower down, to the left hand side of the street, is to be seen an old wall, built of large square stones, facing the north. These are the remains of the church of the Spasm, that was turned into three stables by Mahomet Bey." He afterwards speaks of the stone already mentioned, that was bought by Father Curseti.

(8) 1651. Canon Doubdon, of S. Denis, tells us: "At 110 paces from the *Ecce Homo*, on the left hand, is a little demolished chapel, of which only the four walls are left. At fifty paces further on is the place where Simon the Cyrenean helped Our Lord to carry His Cross."

(9) 1598. Canon Morison, of Bar le Duc (France) says: "At the ninety paces from the Arch of the *Ecce Homo*, and at forty paces from the first fall of Our Saviour under His Cross, is the church of the *Santo Spasimo*, a very pretty one; its little dome is not much injured, and it is used as a stable."

It is the ruins of this venerated sanctuary that the piety of the faithful now wishes to restore. They have belonged to the Armenian Catholic community for the last twenty-four years; and no doubt the Catholics of Europe will be glad to take a part in this great and noble work of rebuilding the Church of the Spasm of the Blessed Virgin.

J. C.

## A PLAY WITHIN A PLAY.\*

**I**T was twenty years last winter since the following events occurred, never to be forgotten by those who happened to be witnesses of them. Few indeed of these are now living, and we will therefore relate the story as an affecting example both of filial affection and successful endeavour, well deserving of being rescued from forgetfulness.

The newspapers which were at that time much less numerous than at present, announced the first appearance in public of a young actress. She had chosen for her debüt a French drama: "The Lady Reader." Her name was Anna de Lemos, and had become known to the public some months before, in consequence of a painful occurrence.

With this occurrence it was connected in the following manner. Her father, a man from the provinces, of a good but impoverished family, lived by the produce of his vineyard. He was a simple citizen of the old stamp, without ambition and devoid of the spirit of speculation. He passed his days one like another, content with the consciousness that he had a good name, that his daily bread was secure, and besides this that he should be able to give a handsome little dowry with his only child. He had been widowed for several years and had never thought of a second marriage. All his love was bestowed upon his daughter, and for her part she lived only for her father and the little household.

They walked out together every day, or made the few visits which they had to make. In the evening Anna read to her father, or played a little on the harpsichord, and sang some of the French romances which were then in fashion. Neither at home nor abroad was Anna ever seen without her father or the father without Anna, so that the neighbours often laughed as they said that some time or other Anna must choose a different companion.

But Anna was not the only treasure that the house of Joachim de Lemos contained; the heart of the old man rested on yet another. It was not then as it is now, that if a man has saved a handful of money or has gained it in trade, he changes it into paper; and to this paper he attaches the greatest value. At that time people in general were satisfied with the possession of the coin. When Mr. Joachim had sold a pipe of his wine, he counted his gold pieces, wrapped them up by tens, and placed them in safety in a purse. The purse was very old, and of rather a rough description, and was deposited in a closet in the wall, near the stove in the best room, the only one that possessed a fire-place excepting the kitchen. The cavity was closed by a kind of door which was clumsily fixed into the wall, and had long threatened to fall from its hinges from age. Not the less did Joachim de Lemos continue his custom of placing his rouleaux of money in this corner, and from time to time taking out what he needed. Before the door stood an old piece of furniture, such as is possessed by all good families; a kind of chest resting upon a table with

\* From the Portuguese.

four rounded legs; the chest itself divided in four little compartments enclosed by door ornamented with silver, which had a handsome appearance upon the dark wood of the chest or cabinet.

Now it happened one day towards the end of June that Joachim with the help of his daughter removed the cabinet from its place, and opened the door which enclosed his much-loved possession, and then stood there with wide-open eyes and dumb with terror, like a man who looks upon something which he cannot comprehend and still less can believe. In fact, terrible though true, the treasure was gone; the place empty; there was no trace of either money or purse.

The father and daughter only went out in daytime, but then always together; and left the house to take care of itself. It was never up, for no one thought of doing this in a corner where all doors within and without stand closed, and where even now, in houses of some construction, the doors cannot be closed, partly from want of bolts, and partly because from not being used, they have in the course of time, become worthless. There was more trust in truth and honesty at that time than now; but yet the door in the wall had always remained fast. The poor pillaged man forgot, however, that the fastening was so old that a very poor tool would be able to force it open.

Only once did the father and daughter, contrary to their custom, go out in the evening. It was on S. Antony's Day, when every year bonfires were kindled in the streets, and a great number of people came out to enjoy the cool evening till midnight. On this evening no true citizen of Lisbon who could use its feet would remain at home, and the parents must accompany their children. So Joachim had always kept this custom, for Anna, like all young girls, loved somewhat noisy but popular festivity and about it for a month before and a month after. On the evening of the 13th of June the old fire of pitch burned brightly in the less frequented quarters of the town, while from the chimneys and from the river, rockets arose with loud sounds. Had some good-for-nothing person taken advantage of the forsaken state of the house, to place a lawless hand upon forbidden treasure? This was the only credible explanation.

Anna did her best to comfort her father, but consolation was hardly possible. Night came and brought some alleviation to the girl's sad heart, for her sadness found relief in tears, but the father, who had lost with his money the fruit of a whole life's labour, the support of his old age and the fortune of his child—pictured a gloomy condition.

When Anna, early the next morning, had gone to her father's bedside she found an aged man, who made no return to her caresses and gave no intelligent reply to her questions; he did not appear to know her.

At that time the theatres of Lisbon were very different from what they are now. The opera theatres did not exist. San Carlos sufficed for the opera, and for plays the little theatre

Rua das Condes. In this last the first people in the capital recreated themselves for many years with the little pieces which came to them from the banks of the Seine, till at last a change to better taste took place, and even native talent was acknowledged and won laurels.

Anna de Lemos had been three times to this theatre in the course of her short life; the first as a very little girl with her father and mother during the carnival. She understood it so well, and could imitate the attitudes and behaviour of the actors, while she repeated their words exactly that her mother was frightened, and the little one after evening prayers rose up from her bed and rehearsed a comic scene which had been represented at the theatre, her mother reproached her and believed herself bound in conscience to forbid her little daughter from ever going to the theatre again. But her mother died, her godmother, who took in some degree her place with Anna, found it was impossible to deny her little enjoyment to the girl who led such a quiet and monotonous life, and therefore she had taken her to the theatre on her birthday, and would have done so more frequently had she been removed into the country with all her family. It was now three or four years ago, but on the return of her birthday she remembered her mother and the theatre with real delight. She did not, indeed, lament that this amusement was now quite out of her reach—for her father, after the death of his wife led even a more retired life than before—but she was able to recall all she had heard and seen on those occasions vividly that she lived the whole evening once again.

Even as a child had Anna given astonishing proofs of her memory and her gift of declamation. When she saw her father sad and depressed, or herself under any embarrassment, she would turn her discomfort into fun, and with a comic voice would begin to improvise scenes which she had once witnessed, with such changes as she thought fit, and to talk to the objects around her as if she made speak in reply. These little representations always ended with fervent embraces of her father, and with the return of good humour to her.

Her sorrow the maiden remembered that her father had said: "She must go upon the stage. She has a talent for it; she is a born actress." But as her father's face assumed a stern expression when he heard these words, she never thought seriously of them since. But when had the serious business of life been nearer to a girl of seventeen? Robbed of a time which was to have played an important part in her life, she was the only support of a sick father, wandering in mind. But necessity hardened this young soul, and she at once saw the path of duty closely pointed out.

To will and to do were with her one, and early in the morning she stole from the house towards the Rua das Condes. No one guessed her intentions; her father was in the half-slumber in which he passed the greater part of the day; it was a kind of quiet insanity which had seized him without any ill-humour or wild outbreaks. Those who saw him did not suppose that the mind of the

man who sat there so quietly was entirely vacant.

As she passed, Anna had requested a neighbour to look after the old man from time to time. She returned about noon; her countenance bore traces of tears and of emotion. Pale and unable to speak, she fell upon her father's neck and broke into tears. But oh! the poor man remarked it not, and Anna had no need to conceal her face from him.

Anna at sixteen was a pretty girl in the bloom of the early precocity of the south. She had besides what in her country is considered a great though unusual beauty, fair hair and dark brown eyes. Her features were fine and regular, her good descent was evident, and there was an air of sweetness and purity in her whole appearance. But the terrible sorrow from which she had suffered during these last days had given to her eyes and her whole face a truly tragic expression which not a little contributed towards inducing the director of the theatre to allow her to enter as a member of his company.

She had to give a proof of her powers, and was by way of trial engaged for a month at the beginning of the winter season.

If she had hoped to form an unconditional engagement she was mistaken, but as it appeared that she was choosing this occupation for the whole of her life from henceforth, it was better that the business should be begun in proper form and thus to avoid any kind of mishap. A circumstance also arose which we must not pass over.

Her father's misfortune and hers had of course become known in the town and had called forth general sympathy. Many banknotes from unknown hands found their way into this small house, and Anna had received them with deep gratitude to God, and was much affected that she could not even thank the donors. Some humble tradespeople who owed her father small sums paid them at once, and finally her godmother, whom she had in a few words informed of the misfortune, sent her a few comforting words as well as a handsome contribution towards the necessary expenses of each day. It is true that all this was hardly enough to defray the expenses of physician and apothecary, but Anna hoped that she should be able to get through the summer, and till the time when her labours would produce a return, and also the money for the grape harvest would come in as a help.

Her father had been visited by the two most famous doctors in the town. One of them, a humane man, had declared with sorrow that he could hardly see any hope of recovery, and refused all compensation; the other, less generous, expressed the same opinion and received the fees of his colleague as well as his own. On this account his further visits were declined. The sick man suffered himself to be treated like a child, and, excepting the supply of his daily food, required no attendance.

There was a further kindness which the neighbour we have already named could bestow: her son, a half grown lad, escorted Anna to the theatre, whither she often went, either in the morning or evening, sometimes for instruction and sometimes for rehearsals. She had always the



comfort of knowing that during these hours her father wanted nothing.

At last the day arrived for her first appearance. It was the 1st October. The whole town was more or less interested for the young debutante. The helpless condition of Anna's father was well known, and also that it was this which forced her upon the stage.

The little drama of which she had undertaken to play, the part from which it took its title, was to be represented in Lisbon for the first time, and its fame had preceded it. After the reader herself, the chief figure is a worthy old count, the bearer of an old name, and almost the last of his race; one who has never been false or unfaithful. He is a man of deeds as well as words, and would hold it as treason to swerve in the slightest degree from his principles. "Bodily death rather than moral suicide" was his device. Thus had his father taught him, to this he had held fast during a long life, and he hopes to die in the certainty that after his death his children will tread in his steps and by their blameless lives add new brightness to their name. But difficulties arose, and certainly from a side from which he would least have expected them. He had only a son and a daughter. The son is the young counterpart of his father; the same serious brow, the same quiet but penetrating eye, the same measured manner in all his movements and in his decisions, to which he was accustomed to adhere with iron determination, the same contempt for worldly trifles. This son has for some years been absent as the governor of a colony in the Pacific Ocean. His daughter, who is considerably younger than her brother is her father's only companion. He loves her tenderly, nay, passionately, for in her lives the remembrance of a dear wife who purchased with her own life that of her child. But for her own sake is Anna equally worthy of her father's affection. From a pretty child, uniting in some degree the firm features of her father with the beauty of her deceased mother, she has grown up into a handsome girl. Time has given finish to her form and features; she inherits one of the best names in the country, and has a considerable fortune. Her suitors were numerous, but her father delayed to give her away; he wished always to keep her to himself. At last the count thought he must make a choice.

This fell upon a young man whom he had long looked upon secretly as a son-in-law, and who was in all respects fitted to receive the hand of the young maiden. But Anna remained quite indifferent to all her father's proposals; she showed neither for one nor the other the slightest inclination. She became absent and silent, and was no longer the loving and attentive daughter she had been. But in spite of this change she does all she can to conceal her feelings. Her father sees, however, that there is something going on in his daughter's heart and thinks it wise to hasten her marriage.

The day of betrothal is fixed. Her father brings her the son of his old companion in arms, whom she has long known, and is now to take as her husband. Anna, without any valid reason, refuses to assent to the choice. The old count

insists upon it, kindly, seriously, encouragingly. Anna is silent and leaves the matter undecided; the count, however, considers the business as good as concluded, and enjoys the feeling that he has secured his daughter's happiness as well as the spotless traditions of his race.

Anna remained cold: did her father refer to the approaching event she simply repulsed his words. She went about like a sleep walker, as in a dream, she led within her a double life. She longed to two natures, and she wished only to belong to one; but this was impossible. To possess one she must give up the other. It gives great pain, but it is no yielding irresolute; she is of the same metal as her father, only so rough, not harsh. The die has long been cast in her heart; long since had her decision been made. She weeps not, she complains not, her cheek becomes paler, her brow less smooth, her eyes are veiled, her lips are dumb. But, alas, she never prays. Prayer is not yet a need to her. She had never yet felt a hardship, she has never had a will but her own, never have circumstances in any way crossed it. She did not know that she had a will, but the first contradiction that it met gave her this knowledge. She pushed it aside, stepped over it in a heartless manner. It is rare, Anna who cuts the links which bound her to her father, for these still retained their strength within him. He never suspected the possibility of treason. Anna's heart did not bleed, but she well knew that there was another which would.

On the morning of the wedding day, when the maid as usual entered the sleeping room of the young mistress, she found it empty—the bed was disturbed. No trace of its usual occupant was to be found in the house.

The count cursed the day which had given birth to one who could so forget her duty and her home as thus to act. He struck his daughter out of the book of his life, out of the book of the past, out of the book of his remembrance. He wrote to his son:

You had once a sister, she no longer exists either for me or for you. Ask no questions. Never speak of her again if you remain my son.

Month after month passed. The blow to the solitary man, now growing old, was a fearful one. He was a mere shadow of his former self. Sometimes when he could not succeed in closing the portals of his heart against a thousand recollections, he felt as if sorrow would kill him. It lay upon him with the weight of a mountain, it seemed to strangle him with a hand of ice; and death was the only relief to which he could look. He became more and more gloomy and reserved, always grave and secluded, he was now bitter and misanthropic. Could he look mankind in the face, he, the father of a daughter who, deaf to the voice of conscience had, in a moment of levity, destroyed the edifice of spotless honour, to the erection of which so many generations had contributed? Like a noble oak, to whose growth so many years have been needed, and is now struck to death in its perfection, so was the count withered by the shame brought upon him by his child. Three or four years passed slowly away. Sorrow did not deprive him of life, but it robbed him of the light of his eyes, and left its marks upon his being.

But we must now return to Joachim de Lemos and his child. As we have already said, he and his daughter had a general sympathy. This, as well as the new French piece attracted a vast number of visitors, and on the morning of the 1st October, the house was as good as filled, and Anna had some difficulty in securing a box for herself in the third circle. And for what did she want this? our readers may ask. To this box she wished to bring her father.

She required his presence in order to be able to perform her part, that she might not break down when on the rising of the curtain a thousand people should direct their eyes toward her as they would upon any object from which they were to derive pleasure.

Anna well knew what she was undertaking. She felt deeply and with inward timidity that she must give up her whole person, her whole being. She must give herself up to the judgment of men who were strangers, and to that of severe critics. Once upon the boards, not one of her words, not a look, not a gesture could be concealed from that argus-eyed hydra called the public. She must give herself up to her part; she must cease to be Anna de Lemos and become Anna de Boiraisin; in this she felt lay the secret of success. And how earnestly must she have desired a success upon which, so to speak, the life of her father, and indeed her own, depended. On this account she felt the necessity for a support which would uphold both her mental and bodily powers; she must be able from time to time to cast a look towards the only being who belonged to her amid this crowd of people, to her father, who required the offering of all her strength, the development of all the riches of her soul, in order that she should be able to prolong his poor sorrowful life.

All this stirred the maiden's soul till her sensitiveness rose to the highest pitch. The last hours were passed in feverish expectation, and when the minute came she took her father by the hand and hastened in company with the neighbour and her son to the Rua das Condes. After he had established her father as far as she could in the box reserved for her, she impressed a last kiss on his forehead and left him under the care of her two neighbours.

The theatre was occupied to the last seat, and the audience were in anxious expectation of the performance. At last the curtain rose and Anna de Lemos appeared.

She came forward with the evidence of the different emotions to which she was the victim painted on her lovely features. The importance of the moment, however, gave her strength to forget everything else, and she began with that truthfulness in which feminine gentleness and timidity are united with energy and dignity. If her heart had before this beaten with anxiety as to her reception, there now arose from all sides a real storm of applause and her name was called with enthusiasm. Pale as an alabaster statue, she stood there till the storm had passed and then she made a bow of thanks. The feelings of joy seemed as if they would break her heart, her lips quivered with silent gratitude, and she had to make superhuman efforts in order to suppress the tears which hung upon her eyelashes. For a

moment she was sensible of nothing but the beating of her own heart; then, by a sudden impulse she raised her moist eyes to her father's box.

There he sat, hardly visible, leaning back in his chair, and unable to understand what was going on around him, and why he had been brought to this place. He neither saw nor heard his child, and he did not know that it was she who was the cause of all that applause. The lights gave him headache, and the sight of so many faces increased it. He could not put it into thought, but he felt that he was not in his right place, that he belonged to his home rather than to the company of these noisy, laughing men, who were not ashamed to stare at him as if he was something to be looked at. He almost believed himself to be in a madhouse among lunatics, who were calling wildly to each other.

Alas! the only sign of approval for which Anna longed was not hers. She would gladly have seen his look directed towards her and a smile upon his lips as if in thanks; but it could not be; she must be content with the applause of the people.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## PROTESTANT TESTIMONY.



IN the very interesting work published by the Marquis of Lorne under the title of "Canadian Pictures" we find some observations well worthy of attention.

People often speak, says Lord Lorne, of the difference and inferiority in worth of the Christian Indian compared with the native as yet untouched by the influence of the white man. But this is not only a careless, but singularly unhappy mode of speech. It is not the *conversion* of the heathen which has had bad effects, but the contact with a civilization which has its debasing as well as some ennobling qualities. Nothing has kept peace among native tribes in their original wild state but the Christianity introduced by the missionaries who have, isolated and unsupported as they were in old days, yet produced a marked effect wherever they took up their residence. The early French missionaries prepared the way for the agents of the great free-trading companies. They gave to them the example to treat kindly, considerately, and justly the red man. It is only too true that the fur-traders dealt with that worst of poisons, brandy, in exchange for skins, but in the main they followed the advice and precepts of the Gospel.

The leavening element of the civilization of the Indian is the Christianity which may and does touch the savage so that he in time becomes naturally and invisibly better than before. For the proof of this assertion we need only look at some of the Christianized Indian communities which have sprung up in various parts of the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere.

It is horrible to record those nightmares of history which tell of the tortures inflicted by the Indians on their enemies, but it was the fate reserved for many a Christian martyr (Catholic) whose successors are now the trusted and beloved guides of descendants of these very Indians.

## B E L L S.

**T**HE earliest record of bells which history supplies, represents their use as substantially that to which modern church bells are put—to give notice of the time for public worship. In the instructions given to Moses on the mount, respecting the garments of the priesthood (28th chapter of Exodus), it is specified that there should be set “a golden bell and a pomegranate,” and again another golden bell and a pomegranate” (that is, alternately) “upon the hem of the robe round about;” the use and intent of these bells being to give intimation when the priest “goeth in and cometh out of the sanctuary in the sight of the Lord” (verses 34 and 35). We do not, however, derive the use of bells as summonses to prayer directly from this source, for they have been used in all ages for secular as well as for religious purposes, but nearly always as signals. In the Grecian army, the officer of the guard visited the sentries at night with a bell as a signal of watchfulness. This custom, in one of the sieges during the Peloponnesian war, nearly cost the Greeks a defeat. The enemy, who were besieging, having observed that the bell had passed certain parts of the walls, seized the opportunity, before its return, to fix scaling ladders where the defence was weakest; but, happily for the Greeks, the alarm was given in time, and the enemy repulsed from the city. In peaceful times, a bellman (codonophorus) walked before funeral processions, some space in advance of the corpse, not only to keep off the crowd, but to give sufficient notice to the *flamen dialis* (priest of Jupiter), for fear of being polluted by the sight or by the funereal music. In like manner, bells were put round the necks of criminals going to execution, that the public might be warned out of the way of so ill an omen as the sight of the hangman or condemned criminal.

There were also bells in the houses of the nobility, to call up their servants at a regular hour in the morning; the stated times for taking the bath were also indicated by the ringing of a bell. Of bells on the necks of brutes, express mention is made by Phædrus; and to take them away was considered theft in the civil law: they were thus fastened, that when the cattle strayed they might be traced, and were attached particularly to sheep. Thus, even the humble sheep-bell has its classic history. In western Asia, bells were employed by the camels belonging to the company of merchants who found Joseph in the pit where his brethren had left him. The modern traveller will also find them used exactly in the same manner at this day. The continual jingling of numerous bells is a remarkable characteristic of an oriental caravan; it encourages the beasts, frightens off animals of prey, and, above all, keeps the party together.

We thus perceive, that in the earliest times bells were used as signals or summoners, and it is not extraordinary that they should have been employed by the early Christian Church to give notice of the proper periods for public prayer. The first application of them to this purpose is ascribed by Polydore Virgil, and others, to S. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, a city of Campania, about the four

hundredth year of the Christian era. Church bells were introduced into Britain very soon afterwards; and by the end of the ninth century, scarcely a church or monastery was without several of these “lively harbingers of religious duties.” They gave rise to that memorable feature in church architecture, the bell-tower, an addition which is more susceptible of the grander beauties of architecture than any other part of the edifice. They became objects of veneration, and were regularly consecrated; the ritual for baptizing them may be found in the Roman pontificale. Sir Henry Spelman has preserved in his Glossary two monkish lines on the subject of the ancient use of church bells,\* the purport of which may run thus: “To praise the true God, to call the people, to congregate the clergy, to bewail the dead, to drive away pestilence, to rejoice at festivities.” Church bells are still used for all these purposes except one, being no longer rung to drive away pestilence. In more superstitious times, however, supernatural power was readily imagined of whatever was consecrated; and it was supposed that evil spirits had an especial horror of bells. In the “Golden Legend” of Wynkyn de Worde, it is said that “the evil spirits that be in the region of the air, doubt much when they hear the bells rung; and this is the cause why the bells are rung when it thunders, and when great tempests and outrages of weather happen, to the end that the fiends and wicked spirits should be abashed, and flee, and cease of the moving of tempest.”

From the time that church-towers were provided with sets of bells of different sizes so as to produce a variety of sounds, England became a bell-ringing nation. “Ringing,” remarks Sir James Hawkins, “is a practice which is said to be peculiar to England; which, for that reason, and the dexterity of its inhabitants in composing and ringing musical peals, wherein the sounds interchange in regular order, is called the ringing island.” The chief pride of an English parish was formerly its bells, and they still remain so in rural districts. To deprive a town of its bells was a mark of degradation, sometimes inflicted for revolt. An instance of this kind is recorded of Henry V., who took a bell from Calais (then an English town), and placed it in the steeple of his native Normandy. So great an amount of enthusiasm has been excited by the art of bell-ringing, that, as professorships and prizes have been instituted in the learned universities for eminence in mathematics, the classics, etc., so have the dilettanti in chimes left bequests in various parts of the country to keep up the superiority of England in the intricate science of “change-ringing.” This consists of single, plain bob, grandsire bob, single bob minor, grandsire treble bob major, caters, ten-in or bob royal, cinquees, and twelve-in or bob maximus, all which terms are explained in a treatise of high repute amongst ringers, entitled “Campanologia Improved, or the Art of Ringing made Easy.”† Bequests for this purpose were repeatedly brought under the notice of the commissioners for inquiring into charities in England

\* *Laud o Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerus,  
Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro.*

† London, 1800. 1733.

and Wales, some for the advancement and encouragement of bell-ringing, others for celebrating a great national event. The earliest gift for the latter purpose was left in 1683 to the parish of Harlington, Middlesex, and consisted of a piece of land, the produce of which was given to the parish ringers, "to provide them with a leg of pork for ringing on the 5th of November:" the latest was bequeathed in 1825, when Dr. John Jarvis left fifty shillings yearly to S. John's parish, Margate, "provided they should ring one peal of grandsire triples, or not less than six hours change-ringing, on the bells of the parish steeple on 29th January, the anniversary of the accession of King George IV."

In some places, one evening of the week is set aside for practice, through the "will" and liberality of a testator; and this is the case at S. Andrew's, Plymouth. There is a story told concerning this parish and its ringers, of a stranger having arrived at an inn in the vicinity, who was anxious to know for what reason the bells were then ringing out so merry a peal. It was vain, however, that he put the question to waiter, mistress, and chambermaid: they gave him the unvaried reply, that it was "Tuesday night, sir." The ostler was applied to with no better success; and on being further asked *why* the bells should ring particularly on Tuesday nights, he kept up the character of his craft for waggishness, by adding an ancient joke, intimating the true reason to be because "they pulled the ropes." The next appeal was to an intelligent-looking guest in the coffee-room. He also, looking up with the expression of a person pitying another's ignorance, replied, "Why, sir, 'tis Tuesday night." In short, it is said that the stranger left the town without obtaining a more explanatory answer to his query. The truth was, that some benevolent individual had bequeathed the parish-ringers a leg of mutton "and trimmings," provided they kept up their practice in the belfry every Tuesday night. The occurrence was so much a matter of course to the town's people, that they could not believe even a stranger could be ignorant of a fact of which they had been reminded from their cradle on every succeeding "Tuesday night."

Ring-clubbing is common all over England. They most consist of the regular "professionals" attached to the parish belfry, and of ambitious amateurs "gaping for vacancies." As every member of a large club cannot have sufficient access to the belfry, they provide themselves with small hand-bells to practice with. Sometimes great dexterity is thus attained not only in change-ringing, but in the production of tunes. The Lancashire bell-ringers, who frequently exhibited their powers in London and Edinburgh, were good specimens of this proficiency. In change-ringing no melody is attempted, for it is an arithmetical rather than a musical science. Its theory is simple, though the practice requires great nicety and attention. Let us suppose an octave of bells to be numbered from one to eight, a man to each bell-rope; if they be struck in regular succession, so as to produce the diatonic scale, that is a simple; but when the succession of bells is changed, as 1, 3, 5, 8, the ringer No. 3 must take care to succeed the stroke of No. 1, and

so on. Perhaps the next series of sounds immediately to follow No. 8 will be 2, 5, 7, 2, and thus almost innumerable changes can be effected. Indeed a single but intricate peal—such as grandsire-triples—will take several hours performing, so numerous are the changes it contains.

So peculiar is change-ringing to England, that even in so near a neighbourhood as Scotland, the churches seldom toll more than a single bell, whether it be for worship, for public rejoicing, or lamentation; the ringing in each case being the same. Peals of bells exist in Russia, but the mode of ringing them produces a most discordant effect. Kohl's account of Russian church bells is altogether curious: "The bells are not suspended in the cupola, but placed in a side building erected for the purpose—the Kolokolnik (the bell-bearer, or belfry). In the country churches, where the land is rich in trees, the Kolokolnik is generally an old oak, on whose boughs the whole chime is suspended, as if the tree bore bells by way of fruit. In some places the bells are hung under a kind of triumphal arch, as in Novgorod, but bell-towers are more frequent. These towers are hung as full of bells as a palm-tree is full of cocoa-nuts; small, middle-sized, and of colossal dimensions, tinkling, ringing, and bellowing. When such a Kolokolnik sets to work on a holiday, and gives its lungs full play, or when in a capital twenty or thirty at a time begin their concert—heaven have mercy on the ears that are not dead to every sense of harmony! It is a curious sight to see a Russian ringer begin his work. He does not put the bells themselves in motion; indeed they have no clapper. To every bell a moveable hammer is attached, and from the hammers strings are passed to the ringer. If he have only two to ring, he sits down and pulls on either side alternately; but when he has many, he holds some in his hands, fastens another to his back, and sets others in motion with his legs. The motions he is obliged to make have a most comic effect. A former czar found the business so diverting, that he used generally to ring them himself in the court church. What renders this noise so disagreeable is, that the people never allow the sounds to succeed in measured time, but hammer away, right and left, like smiths upon an anvil; however the bells are not attuned to each other, but clash one against the other in fearful discord. The bell-founder's art is a very old one in Russia. Herodotus already speaks of great castings of metal as practised in the Scythian land."

The manufacturers of bells give technical names to their various parts. There is the *barrel*, or body, the *clapper* in the inside, and the *cannon*, or loop, by which it is fastened to a beam; and, for change-ringing, the wheel, by which, on pulling the rope, the edge of the bell strikes against the clapper, which is stationary. Bell-metal is a mixture of 100 lbs. of copper with 23 lbs. of tin, that being the most sonorous composition. But it is the shape which gives the bell its sounding power; for all metals, even lead, will, when in the form of a bell, give out sound more or less. In regulating the size of the instrument, the best proportions are ascertained to be when the thickness of the edge is a fifteenth part of its diameter,

and the height twelve times its thickness. Bell founders have a graduated scale wherewith they regulate the tone of each bell by its size, thickness, and weight, so as to produce a true succession of the sounds of the diatonic scale. On the continent, where church bells are still consecrated, the casting of a large one is a great matter, and has been celebrated in verse by Schiller, in his famous "Song of the Bell." We quote Lord Leveson Gower's translation :

Through yonder clay at close of day  
The molten mass shall run,  
The fashioned bell itself shall toll  
Our weary task is done. \* \* \*

That offspring of consuming fire,  
And man's creative hand,  
High from the summit of the spire  
Shall murmur o'er the land.  
Like flattery's voice, from yonder tower,  
Shall speak the genius of the hour,  
Shall bid the sons of mirth be glad,  
Shall tell of sorrow to the sad,  
Reflection to the wise. \* \*

Lift the liberating latch,  
From the metals on their way ;  
First a hasty moment snatch  
Heaven's protecting aid to pray.  
Strike the stopper ! out it goes !  
Heaven protect us ! now it flows !  
Shooting sparkling through the mould !  
Now the fluid mass has rolled ! \* \*

Lo, from the clay asunder parting,  
Untarnished by the lapse of years,  
Rays of metallic lustre darting,  
All freshly bright the bell appears. \* \*

And now with many a rope suspending,  
Come, swing the monarch's weight on high,  
By our last toil, its throne ascending,  
To rule the azure canopy.  
Stretch the pulley—now he springs !  
Yet another—now he swings !  
Let him bid the land rejoice,  
Peace be on his earliest voice !

With the introduction of clocks came a new contrivance, somewhat on the principle of the barrel of a mechanical organ. A set of church bells, struck by means of clock-work, is made to play certain tunes at certain hours. Many of the London church clocks are provided with such an apparatus ; and the old Royal Exchange bells occasionally broke in upon the deliberations of the merchants with the solemn tones of the Old Hundredth and other ancient psalm tunes. In Edinburgh, the belfry of S. Giles's, or High Church, imitating the more lively tastes of our continental neighbours, indulges the surrounding citizens with waltzes, quadrilles, and other fashionable tunes, at stated hours of the day. A similar exception to the poverty of Scotch bell-ringing occurs in Glasgow, where there is a peal of twenty-eight bells in the Cross steeple. In the church and other public buildings of almost every continental city, musical machinery exists ; especially at Ghent in Belgium, which is not quiet a single half hour in the twenty-four. Whoever has been no farther than Calais, will not fail to remember the musical clock of the Hotel de Ville, which

plays a tune to a couple of knights, who come out to fight every half hour with the utmost punctuality. One of them has been regularly killed forty-eight times a-day since the old revolution, when the figures were attached to the clock.

Some notices of monster bells will serve to complete our sketch. On the continent of Europe, the use of a very large bell as a signal of alarm has been common for ages. The great bell of S. Mark's in Venice, was used for this purpose. The defiance of the chief magistrate of the Florentine Republic to the German emperor was, "Sound your trumpets, and we will ring our bells !" In Russia, where the people almost adore their bells, their size is prodigious. The largest, called Tsar Kolokol, or "King of Bells," one of the wonders of Moscow, weighs 400,000 lbs., and is twenty feet high, and twenty and a half in diameter ; but it is fractured, and consequently useless. The largest one now rung in Russia is the New Bell, cast in 1817 in Moscow, in the presence of the Archbishop Augustin and an immense number of spectators, who, in accordance with an ancient custom, threw in gold and silver plate, rings and other ornaments. It is twenty-one feet high and eighteen in diameter. Dr. Clarke, with a stretch of exaggeration hardly pardonable even in a traveller, declares that the sound of this bell "*vibrates all over Russia* like the fullest and lowest tones of a vast organ, or the rolling of distant thunder." The Chinese also possess some very large bells. A set at Nankin (anciently celebrated for the great size of its bells) proved too weighty for the tower in which they were placed, for they pulled the whole fabric to the ground, where the bells still remain. The Chinese are far from famous for the strength of their buildings ; but they ought to have made an exception in favour of this belfry, for one of the bells weighed 50,000 lbs., or double the weight of a bell at Erfurt in Switzerland. The sound of even the largest Chinese bell is very poor, for they are struck with a wooden instead of an iron clapper. In England, the "Great Tom" of Oxford, cast in 1680, has obtained the most celebrity. It weighs 17,000 lbs., and is seven feet one inch in diameter, and five feet nine inches in height. The great bell of S. Paul's, tolled only on the death of a member of the royal family, weighs about 12,000 lbs., and measures nine feet in diameter.

---

CHEERFULNESS IN WANT.—There is much variety even in creatures of the same kind. See there two snails ; one hath a house, the other wants it : yet both are snails, and it is a question which case is the better ; that which hath a house hath more shelter, but that which hath it hath more freedom ; the privilege of that cover is but a burden ; you see, if it has but a stone to climb over, with what stress it draws up that beneficial entrance ; whereas the empty snail makes no load ; and if the passage proves straight, finds no difference of way. Surely it is always an ease, and sometimes a happiness, to have nothing ; no man is so worthy of envy as he that can be cheerful in want.



## HOSPITALITY.

**A**MONG the duties which God imposes on man, hospitality has been, at all times and by all nations, the one which has been most faithfully observed. "Do unto others as you would wish to be done by," says one of the most beautiful proverbs. "Help me, and some day I will help thee." These true sayings, which can never be too soon taught to the young, will be proved by the little story I am about telling you, and which happened some time ago in one of the beautiful villages near Paris.

The Castel Renaud was about being sold by a *banker*, who had speculated largely and so became a ruined man. Alas! how often do we see these victims of insatiable ambition.

The new master of the castel was a retired manufacturer, over seventy years old, a widower without children. His life had been spent in doing good, and he wished to spend the remainder of it in the same manner, but he also wished to be sure that the recipients were worthy of his charity. So he resolved to test a few of the people who lived in the village near his new home, and as no one had ever seen him, and he arrived at the castel late at night, he could well carry out his plan. The next morning he dressed as a needy person, and, accompanied by his dog and a stout stick in his hand, his handsome white head covered with an old cap, he went to several houses and represented himself as an old workman without friends, unable to work on account of his great age, having no one to depend on but his dog and the commiseration of charitable people. He was more or less well received. By some he was treated rudely, by others he was humiliated; sometimes they even suspected him as a thief, although his honest, venerable face should have been proof against suspicion. He experienced the cruel fact that it is not always those who can best afford to give who had the most pity for the poor. When he came home at night, he wrote down in a book the names of those he had called upon, and made an exact note of the reception he had met with. One day as he was about finishing his *tip*, he passed by a large, handsome house, and at the gate he saw two young ladies, accompanied by their governess. They were richly dressed, and they were about buying silk sunshades from a pedlar, which they paid twenty francs for each out of a pretty silver-mounted purse. The old gentleman-beggar came up to them, feeling confident of a kind reception. What was his surprise to hear the eldest say, in a proud, insolent voice:

"Is this a way to come and beg without being known? Pass on at once, or I will have you turned away."

"One would never be done giving," said the youngest sister, "if we had to give to everyone."

The poor old man went his way without answering, and in the village he inquired who the young ladies were, and was told they were the daughters of a great landowner named Duval, and they had been brought up by a mother blinded by pride of

her riches, and whose selfishness could well be compared with her vanity.

A few weeks later it was a lovely June morning, the old gentleman was going his round as usual, when he perceived a modest dwelling. The windows were still shut although it was eight o'clock; he could not understand why the house was still shut at this hour, and his first thought was that it was not inhabited. He sat down on the stone bench near the door, put his stick down next to him, caressed his dog with one hand, and with the other took off his cap, and as it was a soft, balmy day, being a little tired, he fell asleep. He was enjoying his rest, when very quietly the door of the house opened, and two young girls of sixteen and fourteen, came out on the porch; seeing the old gentleman, and fearing to disturb him, they carried on their conversation in a low voice.

"I say, Lucy, are you afraid?"

"Not at all, sister; he has such a good, kind face!"

"And that great dog!"

"He is watching his master—quite natural."

"But if he should attack us?"

"There is no fear of that, Jennie, those animals are very fond of children."

"And if the old man wakes up, what shall we do?"

"We will ask him to come in."

"But suppose he is dishonest?"

"That is impossible; if he were, he would not sleep so peacefully."

"Mother will scold us, that is sure."

"Oh no, she always tells us to be kind to the poor."

"Quite true, Lucy, still I am not at ease."

"I am sure he is an honest man. See, he awakes; we shall soon see."

The old gentleman opens his eyes; and suddenly he perceives the two sisters looking at him, and he says:

"You are, I see, the inmates of this house?"

"Yes, sir," replied Lucy; "can we do anything for you?"

"Alas! my good children, I am not a sir, but a poor man, reduced to ask the assistance of charitable souls."

"Well, we have no money to give you," said the young girl; "our mother, who is a nurse, has been out attending a lady who is very ill, and she took the key of our little money box with her, but that does not prevent us from offering you some refreshment to keep up your strength."

"I will accept your kind offer, my good angels, for I feel quite hungry."

"I would offer you my arm," said Jennie, "but I fear your dog would bite me."

"He! He is the most faithful creature! Look, he understands that you are offering me your hospitality, and he wishes to caress you."

The dog came up to Lucy and licked her hand, and he wagged his tail to show his gratitude. On entering the house, the unknown guest was placed by the two sisters in a large old armchair.

"This was dear grandfather's chair," said Jennie, "and really you put me very much in mind of him."

"How often he took me on his knee," said Lucy, "and kissed me fondly."

"I should be happy to take his place," said the old gentleman, looking kindly at the girls.

"There, sir, take this glass of wine, it is our own make, and I am sure it will refresh you," said Lucy.

"And I can offer you my oatmeal cake that my mother gave me last night for my breakfast, with a piece of cheese which will assist your appetite," said Jeannie.

"And you, dear child, what will you eat for your breakfast?"

"Is there not plenty of bread in the house, quite good enough for me? I am sure I could not make better use of my cake."

"I wish we had something better to offer you," said Lucy, "but that is all we have."

The sisters did what they could to prove that what they offered was given with a good heart, and the dog was not forgotten. At last the old gentleman told them that he must go as he had some distance yet to walk before he reached his home:

"I shall never be treated better, no matter where I go," said he, "and I promise you to remember this kind hospitality. What is your mother's name?"

"Madame Chopin. She has been a widow for five years."

"Did you not tell me that she was a nurse by profession?"

"Yes, sir, and she is well known in the village."

"Good bye, dear children! We will soon meet again I hope. Be always good and charitable, and God will reward you."

"You must come and see us again," said Jennie, "and we will be happy to see you in grandfather's chair."

"Good bye once more," said he; "we shall meet again, perhaps sooner than you think."

And with these words he was off, looking back once in the while to express to the sisters the good wishes he made for their happiness.

A little while after there was a grand village *fête*. It was announced that Monsieur Germont, the new master of the castel, wished to give a large *fête* to all the inhabitants of the village. There was to be a ball in the large park, and a grand banquet was to follow in the castel, after which a present was to be given to each young girl without distinction of rank.

The servants of the castel had often spoken in the village of their master's generosity, so this *fête* created quite a curiosity among all the different classes of inhabitants. There was not a single family who did not accept the invitation. The evening was beautiful, and the park looked like a scene from fairyland with the coloured lights. Monsieur Germont, handsomely dressed, did not offer the least resemblance to the poor old man, who was so often met in the mornings, going about the village. Mingling with the crowd, he examined, at his ease, all those who were inscribed in his book, with the faithful notes of the different receptions he had met with. He remarked the Duval family, the two young ladies showing off their handsome toilettes, and refusing scornfully to mix with the crowd of dancers. He also perceived, in a little dark corner, Madame

Chopin and her two daughters, modestly dressed. The master of the castel pretended not to know them, but recommending them particularly as partners to several young gentlemen whom he knew; he had the pleasure of seeing them take a part in the amusement of the evening, which gave their mother great joy. At last the banquet was announced to be ready. Each one made haste to their place at the elegant table; Madame Chopin alone hesitated, when the same young gentlemen came up to her and her daughters to invite them in, and they were much confused to see themselves taken right up to the top of the table where sat Monsieur Germont. They could not imagine why so much honour was paid to them. At the right hand of the master sat Madame Duval and her two proud daughters. Never was a banquet more joyful, and pleasure beamed on every face. A general toast was given to the master of the castel, and he responded with much emotion:

"To you, my good woman!" said he to Madame Chopin as he raised his glass of wine to his lips, "to your two charming daughters also!"

They looked at each other, not knowing what they had done to merit so much distinction. All at once a large dog came bounding in, and having recognized the two young girls he barked joyfully, and came up to them to be caressed.

"Why, here is Faithful," Jennie cried out, "that dear old man's dog."

"I suppose his master is not far away," said Lucy.

"We must hunt him up in the crowd so that mother may become known to him. I am so delighted to think I shall see him again," said Jennie.

"And I too," said Lucy.

"And I am sure I should like to see him also," said Madame Chopin.

M. Germont was listening to this conversation, and was smiling secretly at the surprise in store for his humble friends. The banquet being over, the guests left the dining-room, and entered another large room where all the gifts were spread out on a long table. Each young girl looked at the presents with longing eyes. The *Mdles. Duvals* were eyeing a beautiful pink satin casket, and made sure it contained their gift. At last the distribution is about to begin. The door opens, but it is not the richly dressed master who comes in; it is the old beggar in the same clothes he wore going through the village. Each one knew him; Lucy and Jennie cry out together, joyfully: "It is he." The two proud young ladies cast down their eyes, and say with confusion: "Yes, it is he." The old gentleman tells the people that Monsieur Germont wished him to give to each young girl a gift to reward them for the help he had received from them. Those who had given him a few pence found them in a beautiful silk purse, which also contained a beautiful neck chain and ear-rings. One who had given him shelter during a storm, and had dried his coat herself before the fire, found a handsome silk dress wrapped up in the very coat she had dried. In one word, the least service rendered to the old man was generously rewarded. Now came the ladies, Duvals' turn. There was nothing left

but the pink casket, which they still eyed enviously. Their names are called, and the casket is handed to them. They hasten to their mother, who seems quite proud to think that her daughters have been treated better than the others; but what is their anger and surprise when, on opening it, it contained only a sheet of note paper with these words:

"Pass on, or I will have you turned away. One would never be done if we had to give to everyone."

The two sisters became pale with rage and shame; their mother took up the note, and having read it, immediately left with her daughters, who, I hope, profited by the lesson they had just received.

"To you, my good children, who offered me your kind hospitality with such good hearts! It was not education or the usage of the world which prompted you to receive me with so much kindness. It was your noble, good hearts. Receive from me your just reward. You told me I reminded you of your dear grandfather, as I was seated in his old arm-chair between you both. It was God who inspired you to talk thus, for from that moment I looked upon you as my children. You will live here at the castel with your good mother, and I will have you educated under my own eyes, and when I am no more, you shall enjoy my fortune. Grandfather's chair shall be brought here and placed in my room, and I will owe to you, my dear children, the consolation of my old age, and the happiness of the remaining days of my life."

It would be difficult to describe the astonishment and joy of the mother and two sisters; each knelt at the feet of the generous and honourable old gentleman, and they shed tears of joy. All those who assisted at this touching ceremony were happy, and they all asked blessings from heaven that the kind master of the castel might be spared many years. The dog, "Faithful," came up close to the sisters, licking their hands and looking up at them, as much as to say that he, also, wished to honour them for having afforded his master and himself hospitality.

M. C.

**FORGIVENESS.**—During the French Revolution, the inhabitants of a village in Dauphiné had determined on sacrificing their lord to their revenge, and were only dissuaded from it by the eloquence of the curé, who thus addressed them: "My friends," said he, "the day of vengeance is arrived; the individual who has so long tyrannised over you must now suffer his merited punishment. As the care of this flock has been intrusted to me, it behoves me to watch over their best interests; nor will I forsake their righteous cause. Suffer me only to be your leader, and swear to me that in all circumstances you will follow my example." All the villagers swore they would. "And," continued he, "you will further solemnly promise to enter into any engagement which I may now make, and to remain faithful to this your oath." All the villagers exclaimed, "We do." "Well, then," said he, solemnly taking the oath, "I swear to forgive our lord." Unexpected as this was, the villagers kept their word, and forgave him.

## IN THE CLOCK TOWER.

(WESTMINSTER.)



THE tower has its attractions. The enthusiasm of the visitor is, however, tempered before he has got more than half way up the 420 steps, each seven inches deep, which lead to the belfry. The first resting place is very near the top. It is a small room, or rather passage, leading off to the right from the staircase. It is lighted by an enormous circular window, twenty-three feet in diameter, which occupies the whole of one side of the chamber. The other side is carefully whitewashed, and must be rather a dazzling hall when all the gaslights, which stand out from it like hooks in a butcher's shop, are burning. Looking at this curious window, on which the sun is shining, the visitor will observe a long shadow passing over it at a steady, ghost-like pace, moving half an inch at a stride, then stopping for a second or two, and going on as before. Then it will dawn upon him that the window is nothing more nor less than one of the faces of the great clock, and that the steady moving shadow is cast by the long hand—a hand, indeed, eleven feet long. There are eighteen gas jets standing out from the wall. There used to be forty, but improved burners have made it possible to reduce the number by more than one half. Under the old system the jets came out from a pipe which runs close to the wall. But it was found that this proximity, while it reduced the amount of light thrown upon the face of the clock, further complicated matters by smoking the wall, and so reducing its reflective properties. The jets as they now are made stand out from the wall, and are movable like an ordinary gas bracket. The fixing of them in their proper position is a matter of much nicety, as a variation of the smallest fraction of an inch tells upon the light as seen from the outside. The old gas jets were lit by a system more ingenious than useful. The jets then were fed by a thick supply pipe, behind which ran a thinner pipe which supplied a series of jets fixed immediately behind the lights intended to serve the clock. Thus, the two pipes being disconnected, it was possible to turn off the light in the clock without disturbing the smaller jets behind, which were always left burning. When it was time to light up the clock the gas was turned on through the thicker pipe, and the jets catching fire from the always-burning little starlights behind, blazed forth. This was very pretty in theory, but it was found in practice that sometimes the starlights went out, when of course the gas jets to which they were attached did not ignite, being left to leak when turned on. The device was intended to save trouble in mounting the fearful flight of stairs. But as it came to pass that a man generally had to go up after the gas was turned on to see that all the jets had taken flame, it was agreed that it would be just as well to go up at first, and light them by a lamp. Up to within a recent period the gas in the Clock Tower was turned out at midnight, whereby a saving to the nation of eighteenpence an hour was affected. It occurred to Lord Henry Lennox, when First

Commissioner of Works, that this was an economy which was scarcely worth the candle, or rather the gas; and now the light in the Clock Tower burns all through the night.

The dial is the largest in the world. There are on the Continent some dials which are greater in circumference, but these, unlike the clock at Westminster, which is part and parcel of the building, are fastened on from the outside. The face of the dial is composed of a layer of opaque glass lying between two sheets of plain glass, the whole soldered in the manufacture. Some of the panes are cracked, though not through the agency of stone throwing, the dial being, of course, above that sort of thing. It sometimes happens that a bird, losing its way or blown by the wind, dashes against the small panes into which the dial is subdivided, and streaks them with cracks. The four narrow passages which are lighted by day through the dial and by night by the gas jets, include within them a square stone room, in which are the clock works. These, to the unprofessional eye, resemble chiefly a steam engine, an impression deepened by the prevailing smell of oil. The pendulum has a room all to itself underneath, in which it swings monotonously day and night. In shape the pendulum is something like the conical shot of a stupendous gun. The shaft is made of two metals, one of which contracts in heat and the other in cold. The result of this happy combination is that the pendulum always maintains the same length. If it were made all of one metal, people accustomed to set their watch by Westminster clock would find that they were, by comparison, slow in winter and fast in summer. The works proceed with a slow and ponderous click till such time as one of the four quarters of the hour is reached. Then there is a sound like a pistol shot; this comes from one of the vanes near the ceiling of the room, and is a hint to the initiated that the clock is going to strike. Nothing particular happens for a minute after the pistol shot. Then suddenly the steam engine appears to go mad; wheels wildly revolve, chains move distractedly up and down, the vanes rush round, the whole machinery heaves, and there is a general appearance of an explosion being near at hand. Close overhead sounds the clang of the chimes, which are not nearly so musical in the clock room as they are when heard from Westminster Bridge. As they cease the machinery has a great struggle with the vanes, which having started to go round are not easily to be stopped. A fierce contest, prolonged for some seconds, ensues, in the course of which the vanes let off quite a volley of pistol shots. But they are finally subdued, and there is heard in the room only the click of the pendulum. The clock is wound up by nothing less than a winch handle, which it takes two men to turn. Twice a week these men spend two hours in the room, solemnly winding up the clock, the winch going the whole time, except when the pistol shot gives notice that the chimes are about to sound.

Two more flights of stairs and we reach the room where the bells are. Here is Big Ben, reposing in serene majesty in the centre of the room, hung on cast iron girders, and attended by four satellites which are set four square, and whose business it is to sound the premonitory chimes.

On the south side of the bell there is a hole, which has its history. Shortly after the bell was put up it was found to be cracked. The exact spot where the flaw showed itself was discovered and was carefully cut out, as if it had been a cancer. Since then, as everybody knows, Big Ben goes on as if nothing had ever been the matter with him, and preserves his reputation as one of the most musical bells in Christendom. Under the staircase, in inglorious retirement, rests the striking hammer which was first used for the bell. It was found to be too heavy, and was disestablished; but nobody seems to have thought it worth while to take it away. Up more steps, and we stand on a floor of open iron work, looking down through which we can see Big Ben in the act of striking the hour. That we can hear it goes without saying, for the floor seems to tremble under the sonorous sound. Up an iron ladder, and we are in the room where what is erroneously called "the electric light" is stored. It is a curious mistake, which even permeates official departments, that this light should be called an electric light. As a matter of fact, it is an ordinary gas-light shining through two congeries of pipes which have the general appearance of gas stoves. These are set within an enormous lantern, the whole being placed on a tramway, which is run out during the session and flashes over the West-end of London the information that the House is sitting. There never was an electric light used here. Some experiments were undertaken with the view of adopting one; but they were always made whilst the House was not sitting. The risk of inadvertently signalling over the half of London that the House was up was too serious to be encountered, and the safer though less brilliant agency of gas has always been used. Above this again, up another iron ladder, and we come out upon the turret above which rises the spire. But it is coming down now, for the spire over the Clock Tower blazes in all the glory of going when the sun happens to shine over London.

#### OLD LIFE MAXIMS.

HAVE you somewhat to do to-morrow. Do it to-day.

"One to-day is worth two to-morrows."

"Since thou'rt not sure of a minute, throw not an hour away."

This will save many sorrows.

"For want of a nail, the shoe was lost,  
For want of a shoe, the horse was lost."

"A word to the wise is enough," they say,  
"Don't stop this time to count the cost."

"Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee."

"There are no gains without some pains."

"A little neglect may breed great ills."  
"As crops are spoiled that lack spring rains."

"A rolling stone gathers no moss,"

And "three removes are as bad as a fire.

Then have a fine abiding place,  
If thou would'st gain thy heart's desire."

"God helps them that help themselves."

"A penny saved is twopence clear."

"Many a little makes a mickle."

"A pin a day is a groat a year."



"AND LOOK THERE AT THE GREAT WINDOW SEAT!"

## Sherborne; or, the House at the Four Ways.

By EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems," "Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER XIV.

**T**HOSE energetic ladies who had insisted on lionizing the house—there were three of them, and Mrs. Linus Jones, the model matron, the irrepressibly popular neighbour, was one—had not proceeded far before they tacitly undertook to lead the way and pronounce a colloquial panegyric on its

beauties. Sherborne had evidently intended to have got out of this domiciliary visit, for his brow had clouded over, in spite of strenuous efforts to look pleasant before Miss Winifred Arden. He tried hard to persuade his persecutors that they had better get through the other expeditions while it was light, and he told them that there was nothing to be seen in the house worth looking at. But his remonstrances were of no more avail



against their cheerful misconstruction than waves against a sea-wall; and when they had thus got the better of him, they were so exuberantly pleased with the idea of being able to extract, somehow, a few thrilling tales of ghosts, and monks, and murderers, and love-sick heirs, and damsels working tapestry, to the end that good and evil, God and mammon, the antiquity and poetry of Catholicism, and the vested interests of the Establishment, should blend into a pleasantly mystifying unity, that their excitement soon began to steam itself off in vague loquacity and legendary generalities.

In wishing to see the house they had exhibited good taste, whether they possessed any or not. Hazeley would have repaid the notice of any one, with the exception of those who believe in decorators and makers of shining steel fenders, for it had the inestimable advantage of having been left alone during the worst period of taste. The dreadful Boldoni, who went about sticking up square masses of red brick on flights of stone steps, had not the chance of pulling it down; it was uncared for in the days of stucco, and escaped somehow the perils of experimental Gothic; so that it was genuine, and, like all houses similarly circumstanced, had a character of its own. There were bits, here and there, of the old wall, that might have been in existence before the wars of the Roses had enabled a race of toadying courtiers to succeed the barons of England, and cringe and steal in the name of the Gospel; there were bits even traceable, perhaps to the fourteenth century. But the period that characterized the house as a whole was the latter end of the fifteenth. Long, low, and regularly unsymmetrical, with gables of varied size and form blending into perfect harmony of design, it had evidently been built in the reign of Henry VII.; evidently had not been touched since, except for necessary repairs. The diamond-shaped lattice windows, too, through which light entered softly, and softly shadowed the deep recesses made by the inside wall, told the same tale; so did the massive oak beams, and the small carved panels, and the deep chimney in the hall, and the heart-of-oak rafters in the roof, and the low ceilings that could not have been six inches higher without perceptible injury to proportion.

The furniture was of a mixed kind—that is to say, some of it, including two or three bits of tapestry, was of the same date as the rebuilding of the house, and the rest had been added as required—some in the reign of Charles II. or James II., and some as late as the first and second Georges. There was nothing newer except a few small tables and thick silk window curtains and hangings, which appeared to have been made about eighty years ago, and some of the furniture in the bedrooms.

The mixture of styles, incongruous in principle, was scarcely so in practice, possibly owing to its having arisen from the necessities of wear and tear; for necessity, being above the law may be supposed to do no wrong, and therefore, not to offend against the laws of taste; possibly, also, because time, by mellowing even the latest of those fashions, had brought them into a kind of negative harmony. Altogether the house and its

contents bore the stamp, not only of age, but of that which age alone can give, yet gives not always in the same degree—the silent accumulation of unwritten and, perhaps, unremembered histories, histories often of trials and sufferings wilfully incurred or wilfully caused, histories in which sin and sorrow are the text, and happiness the occasional notes.

By this time they were in the gallery, a long large room upstairs, running about ninety feet along the southern front of the house, looking down upon the terraced garden, and far away over the distant undulating glades of the park. It was filled with rare old cabinets, china, and family portraits, and had a beautifully designed, rather than ornamented ceiling, with oak carvings, from which at intervals hung pendant bosses, with shields and other armorial devices, the colouring of which time had softened, but not impoverished. It so happened that the dates and the quality of the pictures curiously corresponded with the family history as affected by the pecuniary action of the penal laws. There were some very fine portraits of the Holbein period, several original Holbeins, a cavalier by some inferior painter, a lady tolerably painted in the style of Lely—but certainly not by Lely himself, and a lady and gentleman of the time of George II., very badly painted. In other words, the Catholic owners of Hazeley after the Reformation could, as a rule, afford neither the expense of having a portrait painted, nor the risk of introducing a stranger into the house for that purpose, except when there was an interval of comparative security, and they could find some one who would paint very cheaply. But, from the time when the estate fell into Protestant hands, in the manner described by the old lady in the desolate house at the Four Ways, the vacant spaces were filled with portraits of portly people like Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Lawrence, and others only second to these in their day; nor at the list end but with a full-length portrait of the present owner, and one of Sir Hugh de Sherborne the Crusader. It is needless to add that the last was a fancy portrait, painted about the middle of the nineteenth century for the present owner's mother, who, be it observed, had taken to the Puseyite persuasion in her latter years; which leads me to notice, parenthetically, the fact that a certain vague hero-worship of the middle ages is often to be found co-existent with a total misapprehension of what they were, and a chronic state of irritability regarding the Faith which made them so—nay, even co-existent with the open profession of modern liberalism. People who applaud Bismarck, and would shake hands with Garibaldi, expand with self-conscious satisfaction at the thought of some remote ancestor who, if he had come across such men would have cloven their skulls with his battle-axe.

"Oh, what a love of a Crusader!" said Miss Hermione, who would have been just as ecstatic if it had been a picture of Mazzini.

Several other people spoke to the same effect, though in terms more prosaic. Sherborne looked really pleased, for he valued his ancestry to the verge of excess. It was his weak point, and, at the same time, one of his best.

"Where is the haunted room?" said Miss Hermione to Sherborne.

"You must ask some one who is better informed on those matters than myself," he replied. "I never heard of one."

The question evidently annoyed him, and though he tried hard to make the best of it, its effect on his countenance was not what he would have desired under the circumstances; yet he might have saved himself both the trouble and annoyance: the lady on whose account he felt the one and took the other did not even perceive either. She was dimly aware of being besieged, and wished that some one would raise the siege; but her mind was quite void of any defined impressions about him. Miss Crumps perceived that it was useless to seek information from Sherborne; but she had begun to energise again in the matter of the marvellous in general, and was not going to be discouraged easily. She turned to Moreton, forgetting that she had recently seen cause not to do so, and said:

"Isn't there an old woman near here who knows all about it?"

Moreton was too miserable to be taken aback. He replied without hesitation:

"There *may* be. Does she ride on a broom-stick?"

But a woman is not to be put off so. She answered at once:

"I am sure now that you know, by your answering in that way."

"As a boy I knew this country very well," said he; "but I have never been in it since my father died till last week. I never heard then that any old woman knew anything about a ghost here or elsewhere; and how could I possibly have heard of it now, when no one but yourself has spoken to me on the subject?"

"I don't know about its being possible," said he; "but are you sure that you have not heard anything of the kind—anything strange and mysterious about this place?"

"I have from you," said he, hoping that some one would interrupt them.

"No; I mean from some one else," she replied, making herself appear to know all about it. "How could I?" said he, trying to look as if he had nothing to conceal.

By hearing it from the old woman," said

Moreton started, or thought he did so.

"Is that a random shot," said he to himself, "or an effort to verify a suspicion, or an attempt at extorting from me by surprise an admission of what she knows? But how can she know? There was no one with me but Don Pascolini, and no one to be seen either when we went in or came out. Can the strange old lady who told us the story be a monomaniac, and make confidantes of other people besides Don Pascolini and myself. It really looks like that."

"Well, then, you *did* hear it from the old woman?" said the pertinacious Miss Hermione.

"How am I to free myself from the questionings of this dreadful woman?" thought he.

"Suppose she really has heard something about it? Some fellow round the corner may have seen us come away from the house, and picked up or

guessed something more. Will nobody interrupt us!"

Mr. Linus Jones did so, by calling his sister-in-law's attention to the carving of a chimney-piece.

Moreton had been grateful to him that morning for an inadvertent but well-timed interruption: he was immeasurably more grateful now.

He slipped away under cover of two or three fat people, and, falling back among some strangers, he remembered no more about the interrupted cross-questioning and the subject of it—so suddenly did his own great sorrow rush again into his mind like a flood that has been dammed up; for a great sorrow it was—perhaps the greatest sorrow simply that could have fallen to his lot.

Any one who has ever had chloroform applied to his temples, when suffering from violent neuralgia, will not forget how it burned him, and how the neuralgia went on all the same, so that he felt two distinct sorts of pain at the same time, the one attracting most attention, the other taking the most out of him. Now this was just what Moreton began to experience as he walked through the crowd, shrinking from every one, avoiding notice, noticing no one except Miss Arden, and endeavouring to wish himself far away. The house and its history distracted his mind: it could not relieve his heart.

Presently they came to a small passage with a door at the end. Miss Hermione Crumps muttered, "Law! I shouldn't wonder if that were the haunted room," and led the way, followed by three or four large ladies. Moreton followed, saying to himself:

"I shouldn't wonder if the little room beyond, that I remember formerly, should turn out to be the little room where Mrs. Atherstone says that she saw the secret place in the panel."

"I am sure it's the haunted room," said the irrepressible Hermione, who had found her way in. "It looks just like one—it does, I declare. And look there at the great window-seat. *That* could never have been made for any good. I dare say there's a skeleton inside, if the truth were known."

"I should be sorry to interrupt your conversation," said Sherborne, with a slightly sarcastic emphasis on the words; "but if you wish to see the steam-saw, and the Roman encampment, and all the things that I was told to show, there is no time to lose."

The ladies went hastily in quest of new sights. Moreton remained for a while in the little room where old Mrs. Sherborne had told her pitiful tale of weak wickedness, and sorrow miserably merited. That pitiful tale seemed almost real to him, as he lingered behind and looked at the old press described by Mrs. Atherstone, and the unaltered panels on the wall.

"It must be true," he thought, felt, or suggested to himself, and could not tell which. "It must be true; for certainly she was sane, and I suppose no sane person would have told the story in the way she told it, if it were not true."

The sound of voices died away, but he lingered still, asking himself at intervals how his interest in the vicissitudes of that house, with which he had no concern, as far as he knew, could be kept

up at all while Miss Arden was under the same roof.

"After all," thought he, "the whole story may be the fiction of a diseased fancy. Imagine a person living fifty-five years in that plastered house at the junction of four roads, with a fixed idea and a maid-of-all-work! How one would invent and muse on one's inventions till one believed them to be true! But, really, knowing George Sherborne well, too, I feel as if the old lady's confidences had made me a sort of conspirator *volens volens*. It is a good thing that I am going away to-morrow; I shall have no more of her and her cock-and-a-bull stories. Is she mad, I wonder? It would seem so, by her supposing that there is any chance of George Sherborne's giving up an inherited property because an eccentric old lady swears that his great-great-aunt wished it to go in another line, though she left neither will, nor codicil, nor any sort of document to that effect. He would be a fool if he did, and I should be something worse if I troubled my head any more about it. I wonder what Don Pascolini thinks. I don't remember that he said anything to indicate what he thought. He appeared to feel more interested in her mind than in her story. I will ask him—but he is not here, and he leaves Bramscote to-morrow. Oh, what does it all signify to me! Of what consequence is anything on earth to me now!" And to prove that nothing on earth was of any consequence to him, he turned pale suddenly as the words came into his mind. Then he hurried away, guided by the distant sound of many voices, but turned yet paler when he saw Miss Arden talking to the Zouave, who was devoting himself to her with a quiet earnestness, highly symbolical of some special right to do so. Moreton at first stood motionless, his heart resenting the conclusions of his will, so that humanity struggled much within him, and asserted itself in protests that quickened his pulses, and made the blood rush up to the roots of his hair, all his resolutions notwithstanding; then he turned aside and became talkative among a small crowd of people waiting in the hall for their carriages, and finally, after looking at his watch, but not at the hands of it, went off as if in search of somebody's carriage. He left the house at a rapid pace, in the direction of Bramscote, while most of Sherborne's guests were going to see a model cottage, a view of the next county from a hill-side, a Roman encampment, and a steam-saw. How much amusement and instruction they derived from those sights has not been ascertained; but, when they had all gone back to their own homes, their host uttered an invocation, more forcible than parliamentary, in connection with the names of the three stout ladies who had insisted on the domiciliary inspection.

"And bothering about it just as if it were the Castle of Otranto," he said, lighting a pipe overmuch, till the tobacco fiercely upheaved and emitted a shower of sparks.

That evening there was to be a ball at Bramscote, "a sound of revelry by night," and the next morning a general departure of guests, not for a field of battle, but to the railway station. The two events affected Sherborne and Moreton differently. Sherborne said to himself with emphasis,

though not aloud, "The sooner they go the better, if it includes—the Zouave."

And Moreton, standing still for a moment, as he turned out of sight, said aloud, "The sooner the better, because it forces me away from where I—"

Of these broken sentences the one was, and the other had better have been, unfinished.

## CHAPTER XV.

But, oh, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!—*As You Like It*.

FEW passages, even of Shakespeare's, touch a more responsive chord in the human heart than this. Moreton, whose heart was as sad and desolate as it could well be without reproach of conscience, felt the truth of it intensely. Earthly happiness, in the truest, purest sense of that term so often misused, happiness that includes, induces, or suggests, the highest duties of people living in the world, he saw through another man's eyes; and he felt that it was a bitter thing indeed. True, the imagined eyes through which he saw this had no corresponding reality; but some time elapsed before he found out that the Zouave's attention to Miss Arden at Hazeley was on account of her sister, and when he did, his first impression may be rendered in these words:

"Does a certainty become an uncertainty by a removal of its fulfilment a little farther off?"

Pleasantly to all but to him the dinner passed off—so runs the common phrase, as if the pleasantest moment of a pleasant time were its termination. Pleasantly to all but him did the intermediate time pass, the time of preparation and expectancy, when every one looks and feels pleased, because pleasures in prospect are rich in promise, and not within reach of disappointment. Pleasantly to all but him the hours went by after the ball had begun, till the rooms were deserted, and the sound of the last carriage wheels had died away along the avenue.

Strictly speaking, perhaps, we ought to except Sherborne also, inasmuch as, in his rivalry with the Zouave, he was nowhere; but, in fact the force of a fixed idea had so fascinated his fancy, that he usurped the duties of common sense, and enabled him to maintain, by the support of artificial self-assertion, a negative confidence as long as the lights and the music lasted. How he felt when he was driving home, at three o'clock in the morning, through a frosty fog, is another affair.

The ball was what might correctly be called a very pretty one: everything you saw was fresh and moderately pictorial. The walls had lately been repainted; the curtains were sufficiently new to be fresh without being highly coloured. The mild brilliancy of many wax candles made each object stand out like a stereoscopic picture, well defined yet soft at the edges. The young ladies, too, were pretty in more instances than a few, and their collective effect was really charming in its own measure and degree, though somewhat vague, perhaps. It left a general impression of camellias, and jessamine scent, and golden masses of hair, and dresses of many soft hues, and blooming vitality radiant with smiles.

## A CLAIMANT THIRTY YEARS AGO

**T** is a remarkable coincidence that the judge who presided over the famous Tichborne trial should years ago have been engaged as counsel in a case where a claim for an ancient baronetcy was put forth, and resisted by the family on the plea that the claimant was an impostor. The cause in question came on for hearing at the Gloucester Assizes on the 8th of August, 1858. The stake at issue was the title and property of the Smyth Baronetcy, the rent-roll of the estates being valued at £30,000 a year. The claimant called himself "Sir Richard Hugh Smyth," and the defendant was the grand-nephew of the late Sir Hugh Smyth, Bart., of Ashton Hill, Bristol. Sir Hugh had died in 1824, leaving no issue, and the estates had consequently devolved upon the line of his sister Florence, whose grandson the claimant sought to dispossess. The case for the plaintiff was that Sir Hugh had, in early life, contracted a marriage with Jane, daughter of Count Vandenberg. A son was born at Westminster, but, the mother dying in childbirth, Sir Hugh determined to keep secret both his marriage and the birth of his heir, and the latter was accordingly made over to the care of a woman named Lydia Reed, with injunctions that he should be brought up in ignorance of his parentage. The secret was so well kept that it was not till some time after 1850, the claimant being then upwards of fifty years of age, that, by the discovery of certain documents, he became assured of his identity with Sir Hugh's heir, and of his right to the great estates of the Smyths. This story, claimant, who was early called into the witness-box, supported by a multiplicity of detail that staggered doubters, and created in the public mind a strong impression in his favour. On the first day of his cross-examination he was equally fortunate; but on the second day he utterly broke down under the questions of Sir F. Thesiger. One buttress of his case was the possession of an antique brooch, bearing the name "Jane Goodwin," which he affirmed he had found amongst his mother's property, and which had descended to her from her mother, Jane, daughter of Major Goodwin, of Court Maesbury. This was felt to be a great difficulty in the way of the defence, but eventually it proved their case. On the second day of the cross-examination Sir F. Thesiger had greatly disconcerted the witness by detecting him in an important self-contradiction, Sir Richard Hugh being so fluttered that he asked permission to retire for a few minutes. Whilst the proposition was being discussed, a telegraphic message was handed to Sir F. Thesiger, upon reading which he suddenly turned upon the witness, and asked him whether he had not instructed a jeweller in Oxford Street, London, to engrave the name "Jane Goodwin" on a brooch, and whether the brooch so engraved was not the one he had produced in court and swore was an heirloom in his mother's family? The witness, utterly unnerved, admitted the impeachment, and the learned counsel, himself overcome with the excitement that possessed the court at this moment, sat down. Rising again, however, and

There were about a hundred and fifty people present, the majority of whom lived in the county, and came, some from their more or less distant homes, others from different houses in the neighbourhood. All the people whom Moreton had met on the day of his arrival were there. Some of them were very much there, if their own consciousness of their presence be taken in evidence of the fact. Sir Bertram Fyfield played the part of himself with great fidelity, to the edification of the emptier-headed sort, amongst whom Sir Roger's second son was again more conspicuous than he could have contrived to be under any other category. Crayston had it all his own way this time, for Sherborne was too much pre-occupied to interfere with him; so he and two or three others talked their sparkling trash, in the interests of social rottenness, whenever they had a chance of doing so. But we have had enough of him; and the use of such people in description is like the employment of the hangman in real life, a necessity not to be admitted too often.

There was Mr. Linus Jones, rather overshadowed by the ponderous virtues of his wife, yet holding on with befitting dignity to a character of his own, and not at all a bad one either. There was Miss Hermione Crumps, from whom, when he saw her, Moreton turned and fled, for he feared her cross-questionings. There was Dr. Shale, who knew all about the pre-Adamite man; and there was his wife, who meditated mildly on his erudition. There was Mr. Glenfillan Bruff, the optimistic man who enjoyed so comfortably a comfortable estate, and a comfortable family living in a comfortable house, and who had such a comfortable confidence in the natural disposition of things to right themselves. He was half-bred, and he showed that he was by the preponderance of polish over habit. His respect for what he called "family" was great, but he looked on the traditional obligations of the same (which, by the bye, he got in a mutilated condition, owing to the manner of its transmission) as adapted for mottoes and rhetorical figures of after-dinner speech, rather than for practical use in everyday life. This sprightly little man, appreciating, after his fashion, the enjoyable advantages of the time being, agreed with everybody, as far as he could do so, without committing himself to any fixed opinion. He sympathised with Sir Thomas Grubbedge against the payment of Catholic chaplains in workhouses and gaols, and he assured Sir Roger Arden that he lamented the extravagances of "The Rock" newspaper; but no one could say that he had committed himself to a decided opinion on the principles involved in either case.

Then there were those Catholics whose absurdities had excited Sherborne's virtuous indignation when he had nothing else to discharge his pent-up annoyance at.

*(To be continued.)*

LIVE from day to day serving God. Do not make plans; God will call you when His day and yours has come. This is the simplest, the surest, the sweetest way of acting.

renewing the examination, he elicited that the claimant was a man named Thomas Provis, and that at a certain period when, for the purposes of his plan, he had alleged that he was lying ill in London, he was really in Ilchester goal for a term of eighteen months' imprisonment for horse-stealing. At this stage Mr. Bovill, the plaintiff's counsel, threw up the brief, "than which," as he assured the jury in the Tichborne case, "nothing in the world could have been more complete as supplied to counsel." The sequel of the claimant's history appears in the records of the following assizes, where he was convicted of forgery and perjury, and sentenced to twenty year's transportation.

## A REMARKABLE CURE.

**T**WAS the last evening of the year. The young wife of Dr. Westlake sat buried with some fine needlework in her comfortable room, expecting with some impatience, the return of her husband, who was detained an unusually long time by his evening visits to his patients. There was an expression of pleasant fun on the lovely face of the girl, which had something extraordinarily attractive in it. She was well content that her husband who was twenty years her senior, should treat her almost as a child, with whom he could laugh and joke but never talk upon any serious subject; but for all this she had the consoling knowledge how indispensable she was to the unpractical, learned man. Dr. Westlake, a serious and grave man, had for some years been settled in the capital of his county, where he had acquired a high reputation, particularly as a surgeon. He was a man full of peculiarities, and his rough manner with his patients, had something almost repulsive in it. He had, therefore, moved but little in society, when about two years ago he had married the charming and lively daughter of a well-known gentleman; and every one pitied the young creature who was fettered for life to such a singular person. But the clever Clara had become acquainted with the doctor by the bedside of her sick father, and had learned his value; and when in his blunt way he made her a proposal, she with joy placed her hand in his.

The marriage was a most happy one. The young wife studied her husband's many peculiarities and conformed her conduct accordingly. She soon found out that he considered his wife certainly as a charming companion along the path of life, well-fitted to amuse his hours of recreation, but that he would give up to her not one of his rights.

He liked to be asked for advice by his wife in all matters which did not strictly belong to her duties as mistress of the house, and the humble-minded Clara referred to him in all the occurrences of daily life which might contribute to keep her grave lord in good humour. She hoped from day to day that some opportunity would occur for proving to her husband that in a great many cases in life, the quick understanding and ready tact of

women more easily finds out what is best than the deep knowledge of the learned man, who in his lofty ideas often overlooks that which is nearest to him.

The finger of the old clock already pointed to the hour of nine, when the doctor, tired and half-frozen, entered the room, followed by the servant with hot water and restoring spirits.

"I have kept you a long time waiting, my love," he said, as he turned kindly to his wife, who was standing with his warm fireside coat ready to put on, "but now we will pass the rest of the evening quietly together."

When the servant had left the room, and husband and wife were seated side by side on the sofa, the young wife at last asked the question which she had been longing to put ever since her husband's return.

"Has anything extraordinary detained you so long, Arthur?"

Contrary to her expectation she was at once gladdened by a reply.

"Something very remarkable; and I will tell you about it," was the reply; and Clara settled herself more comfortably in her corner of the sofa, full of pleasure that she was thought worthy to hear from her husband's lips of the "remarkable" thing which had happened to him.

"I have not yet told you," began the doctor, "that three days since, Mr. Vincent's old Benjamin called me in as I was passing the house, and in a kind of despair told me that his master was dying. Though it was not quite so bad as that, my old friend was in a condition which at first sight greatly alarmed me. Vincent, who had lately become so corpulent, lay in his easy chair with closed eyes and blue in the face; struggling painfully for breath, while his factotum Benjamin, with a broken voice, related what had occurred. His master had made a good luncheon, and then, as was the custom, his "digestion-paper" was brought to him, for the old gentleman took in a witty journal which he regularly read after eating, because he had once heard that laughing helped the digestion. It seems that the anecdotes contained in this day's paper must have moved him to laughter, that he was almost suffocated. Benjamin at once opened the window and to his unspeakable relief saw me passing by."

"During the old man's explanation, my friend had become easier; he stretched out his hand towards me. 'You come as called for, doctor, but it is all over with me. I have laughed so frightfully that my diaphragm is displaced.'

"That is not so bad," I said, seeking to calm him, but he interrupted me:

"Not so bad to die of hunger? I now can never again laugh, and, in consequence, not digest my food, so I dare not eat, and must always be hungry. Oh, poor unfortunate man that I am!"

"While Vincent thus expressed himself, old Benjamin broke out into loud lamentations over the terrible fate that awaited his poor master. I had much ado with both of them. For my friend I prescribed a soothing medicine, and promised to visit him the next day, but I was quite convinced that he would have come to his senses by that time. Imagine my surprise when I visited him

the next day to find him weak and exhausted in his chair, and in reply to my questions learned that he had taken no food for four-and-twenty hours except a few spoonfuls of port wine! He who once rejoiced in such a happy appetite; 'for, as I can no longer laugh I can no longer digest,' he said beginning his lamentation anew.

"I talked to him and made every possible representation to him of his mistake, but I could produce no effect, and when I came to him again I found him so weak that I entertain serious fears for him if he does not soon act in a different manner."

The young wife listened attentively and could not suppress a slight smile. Then she said:

"But the poor man must be diverted from his sad thoughts and pleasant pictures placed before him which might perhaps cause him to laugh; then the evil would be cured at once."

"In the hope of diverting his mind I remained sitting by him for nearly two hours. We talked on all kinds of subjects; upon politics, upon the late railway accident, upon the famine in—"

The doctor was here interrupted by a peal of laughter.

"Oh, you too clever men!" said the young wife, clapping her hands. "Is it thus that you sought to cheer your old friend? Capital! Wait only and to-morrow I will undertake the cure of one of your patients. I owe a new year's visit to Mr. Vincent. You shall see what will happen."

A little startled, Dr. Westlake thought a little. A suspicion dawned upon him that thanks to his unfitness for a cheerful joke there had been something wanting in the physical treatment of his patient.

But like a noble minded woman, the clever Clara already felt some remorse for having caused embarrassment to her husband and sought at once to relieve him from it.

"Arthur," she said quietly, "now you are in the humour you must tell me how you became acquainted with Mr. Vincent. You long since promised me this pleasure."

As she said this, an expression almost of fun passed over the doctor's serious face.

"Am I then compelled to make myself a laughing-stock to my own little wife?" he exclaimed in unusual gaiety. "Be it so, then; I can relate you nothing on Sylvester Night."

"It is now nearly nine years since, hardly recovered from an attack of severe brain fever, I paid my first visit to this city. That I might make my journey in quiet, I chose a night train and, therefore, the more was I unpleasantly surprised to find my carriage gradually filling as we stopped at one station after another. Opposite to me sat a stout, elderly man whom the porter who attended to his luggage called Mr. Director. 'Perhaps he is the wandering director of some musical company,' I thought, as in the doubtful light I discerned the form of a violin carefully packed up with other things. 'Oh, must we also have music?' I thought with a shudder, for the noise and shaking of the carriage had brought on an intolerable pain in the head, and half-distracted I leaned back in my corner and closed my eyes.

"Then my irritated nerves were distressed by the noise of rustling paper, and looking up I saw to my inexpressible horror that my opposite neighbour was drawing forth the said violin from its covering, and was now removing the last sheet of paper. I sprang up as if bitten by a viper. The idea that the director should carry on his practising so close to me drove me half out of my mind. 'What are you about, sir?' I asked, setting aside all the claims of etiquette, and in a high state of excitement.

"'I would shorten the time of my long journey,' was the reply in a quiet tone, and without any sign of annoyance.

"'But, sir,' I said, in a state of increased excitement, 'if you are not transgressing any rule I entreat you in the name of humanity—'

"'Transgressing any rule?' interrupted the director, who had now in some degree lost his equanimity. 'What can forbid me—'

"But I did not let him go on.

"'Feeling for a sick man. I am suffering from a raging headache, and if you carry out your intention—'

"'To the Red Sea with you at once!' exclaimed my opponent. 'By all that's reasonable I ask how it can affect your headache if I cut a slice from the ham which I have here;' and as he said this he opened the paper, and a fine ham was presented to my astonished eyes.

"'A ham,' I stammered sinking back into my seat, 'I thought it—a violin—the same kind of shape;' a burst of laughter from my fellow traveller closed my lips."

The doctor's young wife had thrown herself back into the corner of her sofa, and laughed till the tears flowed down her cheeks. Even her husband with difficulty preserved his gravity at the recollection of his comical situation.

After a short pause, he continued:

"I have only to add that on the following day I called on Mr. Vincent the Bank Director in order to account for my extraordinary conduct and to ask his pardon for it. I no sooner spoke than he assured me that the matter required no explanation. And now you know in what manner my friendship for Vincent began."

When Dr. Westlake visited his patient on the following day, he found him seated at a well-furnished table, doing full justice to his midday meal.

"A happy new year to you, my friend, but you have come too late; your little wife has already cured me. She is a jewel, a treasure most precious!"

And before the astonished doctor could reply, the clever Clara slipped from the bow window where she had been concealed, and whispered in his ear:

"Do not be angry with me, dear Arthur, for having a little interfered in your work. I reminded the poor director, of the story of the violin-ham, and he then convinced himself that his diaphragm was capable of its usual functions."

The doctor gave an enthusiastic embrace to his clever little wife, and kept the instruction she had given him in his heart.



## INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

**S**URELY," some individual who has waded through the Revised Code, will doubtless exclaim, "we have day schools, poor schools, middle-schools, infant-schools *ad infinitum*, conducted on every variety of system, and adapted to every existing creed, or to no creed at all, as the case may be."

As, in discussing the practicability and necessity of Industrial Schools for Girls, some minute details cannot be avoided, any such individual is besought in all civility, to turn to the next paper, and interest himself the while in its contents. Every one knowing anything of the working of ordinary poor-schools, is aware of the early age at which the children, especially the girls are removed from them; and this is always particularly likely to be the case in Catholic schools, where the parents are of the poorest class, and require the aid of their children's slender earnings, or at least to be relieved from their maintenance. On a surface-view of the case, this necessity is not altogether to be regretted. A large proportion of the human race are, and always will be, compelled to support themselves by manual labour; and if so, it is surely better for those who are obliged so to labour, to be inured to its trials and hardships betimes, rather than to be unfitted for their coming duties by the over refinement and cultivation induced by the high-pressure Government system so lately in vogue. So lately, it is said, because the Committee of Education appear, by their Revised Code, to be now adopting a system more firmly based on experience and common sense than that which preceded it, and to be desirous of having fewer things, though better taught, than formerly; those said things being chiefly and mainly the three "r's" of the alderman "reading, writing, 'rithmetic," which are indeed the key to all other knowledge.

But to those disposed to look a little deeper into the matter, this early removal is attended, especially in large towns, with many and serious disadvantages. The children, however much attached to the schools and to their teachers, vanish, and are never seen again; while new faces occupy their vacant seats, soon to disappear in their turn, and to be absorbed in that greedy, busy vortex, ever ready to swallow them up. When we endeavour to trace them, and find the general conditions under which our little girls are employed, we cannot wonder that the small portion of knowledge so painfully acquired is soon lost; and what is far worse, they almost always cease to practice any part of their religious duties, and this mainly and chiefly by the fault of circumstances rather than their own. At thirteen years of age, girls, unless intended for pupil teachers, are generally removed from our schools, and for a year or two before are always liable to temporary absences from their class, if their services are in the smallest degree required either at home or by a neighbour. Their first Communion is generally made a year or two earlier than the age fixed by episcopal authority in France and Belgium, else

it would be probably not made at all, and indeed is frequently the signal for their removal. As a rule, the greater part of the girls are destined, and on the whole wisely so, for domestic service; and they begin usually by going out to service at some person's only a degree above themselves, for their food and two or three shillings a week. A few girls, belonging to parents a degree higher in the social scale, are kept at home till fifteen or sixteen, and are often well taught there to be generally useful—for what teaching can be more valuable than that of a thrifty mother? and these girls can then obtain respectable places in well-to-do trades-people and gentlemen's families, without having undergone the contaminating influence of a constant change of "little places."

These are the exceptions to the rule. Some mothers unfortunately are not remarkable for household thrift, though they are often extremely hard-working, and, from their extreme poverty, they are frequently obliged to be absent from home as laundresses, charwomen, or street-sellers; and even if they were at home, how are they to teach a girl to cook if there are no victuals to be cooked? and if, as is often the case, they live almost entirely on tea and bread-and-butter? In such miserable households, the prospect of a shilling or two a week and the food, for a growing girl, is very tempting, and we cannot wonder that even little places are sought for with eagerness. At such little places the girls often go to their wretched homes to sleep, and from seven in the morning to eight, nine, or ten at night, the girl is at the constant beck and call of her mistress and her child or children—Sunday the same as weekday. Londoners who keep only a little girl rarely attend either church or chapel, and cannot see the importance of their servant doing so either; if the girl does not like to stop, it matters little to them, they say; they can get another to-morrow perhaps for less; so, at the least fault, the little maid is sent away to try her fortune elsewhere, and with every fresh place of the kind grows more dirty, saucy, and vicious. The girl knows how to earn her living, and is pretty independent of her parents and home; she has formed, like a boy, walks with the baby in the parks and streets, and with the acquaintances of her own age and class, with whom she is forever gossiping and complaining of "missis," gaping at every crowd, and staring into every shop-window. If she was learning what would be useful to her hereafter, and fit her for the honourable situation of a domestic servant, her condition would not be worthy of commiseration; but her mistress is too busy too think of training her, and considers her in general as a little being to be vituperated as "*that girl*." The girls who are too independent for, or as they call it "above," these little places, and are obliged to go out young, are employed as errand-girls by third-rate shops and dressmakers, at artificial-flower making, parasol covering, and different kinds of machine-work. At the East-end of London, girls work in lucifer-factories, at shoe-binding, silk-weaving; all of which are extremely precarious employments except for the first-rate hands, and are liable to the constant variations of trade. Such employments emancipate girls from any sort of control, expose them to a greater

variety of dangerous companions, and to be constantly about the streets both early and late. Though they have more opportunities of attending to their religious duties, being free to spend their Sundays as they choose, they generally pass their one leisure-day in idleness and amusement, and are, as a class, fond of dress and gaiety, and are ill-conducted in every way.

Hitherto Industrial Schools, as far at least as concerns Catholics, are but few; and they aim rather at instructing in some handicraft trade, than in training for domestic service. What is required is, that an Industrial School should be attached to the parish day-school, into which the girls could be drafted when about twelve or thirteen years of age, and have attained a reasonable degree of elementary education. They would require training under a competent matron in cleaning the rooms they inhabit, in plain cookery, and, if possible, in laundry-work. Any remaining time they could easily fill up with needlework, and an hour or so schooling towards the close of the day would keep up their knowledge of reading and writing. Girls already in service, or who go out to work by the day, who are obliged to sleep away from their place of occupation, and have no homes, or rather no homes to which it is desirable to return, would find a house of this kind a most welcome refuge for the night, and the work which such inmates would entail might be performed by the girls of the Industrial School.

An Anglican clergyman, a friend of the writer of this paper, started a few years ago a kitchen, where good plain food is served out for the poor and the sick under the care of a matron, aided only by girls of the first class in the National School, which has already been of great service both to the parish at large and to the girls generally, many of whom, from their knowledge of cookery, have obtained respectable situations. Of course a great expenditure would be necessary in order to meet the case of our poor children, and to retain their services while their earnings are so much needed by their parents. They would require at least one good meal provided for them, and to be paid for their services at the same rate as they would command elsewhere. Unless such conditions were complied with, an Industrial School of this kind would be simply impossible.

In a work of M. l'Abbé Batain, "*La belle maison à la Campagne*," particular mention is made of *ateliers*, as industrial schools are termed in France; and he strongly insists on, as a general rule, the necessity of the girls keeping up some connection with their families, and, if possible, of their sleeping at home. The comforts provided for children who are boarded and lodged entirely apart from their families, he is of opinion tend to unfit them for the situations they must afterwards occupy; whilst the tranquil and secluded life they lead tends to form a virtue of routine rather than of principle, which is liable to give way when they are again, as they soon must be, exposed to the temptations of their daily life. On all sides, even under the most favourable circumstances, these poor girls are exposed to hardships and difficulties of which those above them have little conception; and it is surely better to prepare them to meet their trials courageously, than to over-

refine them by a life in which they are entirely separated from the world around them, and which can only last for a comparatively short period. As soon as the girls were really fit for any decent situation, such should be at once sought for them suitable to their capabilities and inclinations; and here the real work of their training for domestic service would begin. It is absurd to suppose, as some do, or pretend to do, that any school can turn out a perfect servant; perfection in any department must be the result of experience and perseverance. The most that we can reasonably expect is to turn out girls who have a slight elementary knowledge of domestic affairs, and who, by belonging to an institution in which her best friends would take an interest, has a character to support. Such a girl would advance a degree higher in the social scale, and would be of sufficient value to her mistress to entitle her to the privilege of attending Mass on Sundays, or perhaps even occasionally joining her old companions of the Industrial School, either for religious and moral instruction, or for innocent recreation. Among our Protestant friends, the ladies of the Visiting Association have found very little difficulty in inducing mistresses who have taken pauper girls as servants to allow them to attend church on a Sunday, or to join an occasional Christmas or summer gathering; and though the case of Catholics may present greater difficulties, they should surely not be considered insuperable. A woman in every rank of life generally possesses some kindly feeling towards those under her control; and many would be disposed to grant their little servant these trifling indulgences, if they saw that those above them in rank and education attached a strong importance to the matter. May we not reasonably hope that the general conduct of the girls who were allowed to practise the duties of their religion might be of such a character as to induce a mistress to overlook the trifling inconvenience of an occasional absence? In small households, such as that of a Catholic maiden or widow lady, a situation might occasionally offer for a young girl; and such, where there is another experienced servant who would undertake the trouble of training a novice, would be most desirable. But these must be few and far between; the majority of our girls, even after the training of an Industrial School, must not look higher than tradesmen's family, at least during their early days of service. The girls of the Protestant National Schools are gradually aspiring to be teachers, milliners and dressmakers,—any thing but servants; and we shall be reduced, *nolens volens*, to fall back upon the others to supply their places. The supply, in a numerical point of view, will be equal to the demand; but unless they are in some degree trained as suggested, their capabilities will fall far short of what is required. Sooner or later, with or without Government aid, Catholics will be absolutely obliged, in spite of the cost entailed, to provide more schools of such a character, unless they wish to see the whole fruit of their excellent primary schools almost entirely lost, and a race of girls to grow up without faith or morals as the wives and mothers of the future generation.

## A PLAY WITHIN A PLAY.

[CONCLUDED.]

**A**FTER this short interruption the play was continued. Anna acted in a masterly manner. She was simply only Anna de Boiraisin. The part had something in common with her own circumstances; there were at first certain natural points of connection with it, but by degrees these entirely disappeared; the true Anna was the very opposite of the one she represented. The latter loves the father who idolizes her, and preferring another love to his almost kills him. The former recognizes nothing but her father in the whole world; she fights, cares, works, struggles only for him, she would, if necessary, give her life to save his. But this circumstance helped Anna de Lemos; it made it possible for her to render with the greatest truth the part assigned to her, because while she spoke to one father she thought of the other. It was easy for her to meet the first with coldness and reserve, to listen to his loving and persuasive words with an iron brow and a stony heart, for her affections were fixed upon another father—her own.

If Anna de Boiraisin remained deaf to all the reasoning, to all the entreaties of her father, it was because Anna de Lemos had no love except for him.

But all this was the secret of the actress. Her only object was to render her part with the greatest possible truth. Within herself she was still Anna de Lemos; outwardly she was Anna de Boiraisin. There was nothing which could betray to the spectators the boundary between these two natures; they were astonished, delighted. How had this young maiden learned the aristocratic finish which it requires for most people years of study to attain? In all her movements there was a freedom, a self-possession, as if she had been born to the stage and had all her life been one of a company of actors. But every one knew that this was not the case; she had only just stepped upon the boards, and yet she held the spectators hanging in anxious expectation upon her lips, upon her movements.

"Do you see your child?" had the neighbour often asked of Joachim de Lemos; but no answer was returned.

Meanwhile his eyes looked curiously around. It seemed gradually to dawn upon him; he did not rightly know where he was, but a kind of remembrance came upon him that he had been in a similar place before. What did all this mean?

"Do you see your child, do you see your Anna?" again asked the good woman as she pointed with her finger to the actress.

Joachim recognised her, and there was as a flash of lightning over his face.

"Silence!" he said, placing his finger on his lips. "She is speaking to the old man; he must be the doctor."

The neighbour looked at him with open eyes. He had never yet spoken so sensibly. But she wished to correct his mistake.

"Not so; he is not a doctor," she said, shaking

her head. "The old man is her father, but he does not know it, he is blind; he does not know that his daughter is by his side," and she sighed and drew his chair more forward so that he might have a better view. "See how beautiful she is, how well and truly she acts! But he does not know her."

"Hush!" murmured the lunatic, leaning upon the edge of the box with both his arms, and his eyes did not again move from the daughter of the stage.

The two first acts were over. Between the second and the third there is an interval of ten years. The unfortunate daughter is forsaken by the villain to whose vows she had listened. Once in the hope that, once in the possession of her daughter, he should obtain the forgiveness of her father, had he persuaded her to so delusive a step as to put him in possession of her fortune, but when every prospect of a change of purpose on the part of the old count had disappeared the deceiver absconded. The poor forsaken daughter had never left her native town. She still remained in her father's neighbourhood, but kept herself concealed under a different name, in which there was the less difficulty as her father caused enquiries to be made after her. She had lived two years in a narrow back street, and suffered extremely from poverty, privation and surroundings so painful to a person of lady-like habits. Her pride rose, but she had willed it thus. Even so that all means had failed, and she was reduced to ill-paid needlework for her support, she could not reconcile herself to the thought of throwing herself at the feet of her deeply offended father, and begging for pardon and permission to return to him. All her resources were exhausted. She had brought away with her all her trinkets which at first she had pawned or sold under the pressure of necessity. Nothing remained but a locket with the picture and hair of her deceased mother. More from a feeling of unwillingness to draw upon herself the attention of the world by offering him this picture than from any feeling of regret at parting with a remembrance of her happy childhood and youth, had she for long delayed to dispose of it. She had now lived ten years of a most sorrowful life; her costly dress had disappeared and were replaced by poor ones, and she looked ten years older than she really was. She was very thin and her face was pale and hollow eyed.

She often thought of the parable of the Prodigal Son, and that instead of feeding on the husks of swine she might have partaken of the luxuries of her father's stable. But this son felt his misery and blushes over his own shame. "I will arise and go to my father," he said. A like voice spoke to the prodigal daughter, but Anna bade it be silent—she had not yet suffered enough; necessity must drive her to the last extremity; so long as she had health and strength to bear up she would do so. She would rather suffer the pangs of hunger than risk a reproach or a repulse from her severe father. Oh, if the faulty child only guessed how willingly pardon would be accorded by him! The whole calling of a parent is often only to bear and forgive.

In this case it was, however, somewhat different.

cut. It came to the ears of the poor unfortunate that the count took the most unfavourable view of her fault. She knew that the servants were forbidden to mention her name, and that he passed his days in melancholy solitude. Judging from appearances she could never hope for his pardon, and she would not venture upon an unsuccessful attempt. She often thought of writing to him, but how and about what? If she ever took her pen in hand the blood stopped in her veins. She knew not what she could say; she threw down the pen and mocked her own weakness. And then—was not the fault entirely on her own side? Had she not acted towards her father with unparalleled wilfulness; had she not repaid his tenderness with icy coldness, his fatherly care with treacherous treason? Could a man with her father's character ever forgive this?

So thought the unhappy woman, and came to a decision. It seemed as if she was waiting for something which should throw a light upon the needed step. Fate, as we call it, often comes to the help of men; without her being able to reckon on this aid, it fell to the share of the desolate daughter.

One day having made some necessary purchases, she was about to leave the shop and cross the street when a carriage passed. She looked at it without thought, and at once saw that the page, coachman, and horses were her father's. Pale, and trembling in every limb, she stepped back, a languid feeling came over her that rendered her faintness, her knees rattled her, and she was obliged to lean against a stool offered her by the woman who attended to the shop, and who had been looking out. The carriage had long passed, but Anna still sat there.

"You are frightened," said the woman kindly. "People should not drive so fast down those narrow streets. But the coachman holds his head high as his master. That was the carriage of the de Boiraisins, poor man! such a noble man! one of the best—and to be so fearfully visited! Countess Anna, good-for-nothing creature, has done a great deal on her conscience. Now he is in sorrow has made him so. He will not have to endure it much longer though! When a man is betrayed by his own flesh and blood there is no more to all happiness in life, and soon to life it-

The shopwoman went on with this talk while she was serving her customers, who seemed perfectly agree with her. No one thought of Anna.

Her father blind! and through her! She had listened to the words as a man reads his death-sentence. First she was oppressed by a feeling of pity; then came a sense of deadly pain.

The curtain rose for the fourth time. We no longer beheld the dwelling of the forsaken daughter, but an apartment in the mansion of the count, ornamented as formerly in the best taste. On the wall hangs the portrait of the lately deceased countess, and under it is the writing table of the widowed husband. The count is seated on a chair, wrapped in a large fur cloak. His gray hair floats around his hollow cheeks; his sightless eyes are closed; he sits there the image of resignation and of silent sorrow. Opposite to him Anna de Boiraisins is seated at a table reading to him.

Her appearance was altered, but for the better. She is simply but tastefully dressed, as becomes her present situation of reader in the count's house. She has occupied this post for about a year. Meanwhile her face has become smooth, her face more round. Her features are more calm, but they have a grave look which seems rather unnatural. She moves and speaks in a measured manner, as if she had to keep constant guard over herself, lest she should be betrayed into any sudden word or movement; as if she was always obliging herself to appear something different from what she really was.

She had her reasons for this. The count, who cannot see her, yet finds some inconsistencies in her character, over which he ponders. He is much beholden to her, very thankful; for since she entered his house, his sorrow has not weighed so heavily upon him, and his loss of sight has been rendered more bearable by time. Perhaps it is from the feeling that he has again a being who lives for him alone, who is to him eyes, feet, hands, or is it connected with the memory of the time when his daughter was all in all to him?

His daughter! What may have become of her? His heart is stirred at the thought. It is now five years since she left him, and it is a year since this stranger took her place. His reader is also his private secretary. It was remarkable how readily this lady learned the names of his tenants, the dates of their leases and many other circumstances which seemed to be attended with difficulties. And so with the servants of whom she had the management. A sign, half a word, and everything was done according to her wish. Servants who have grown old in the service of a good house, are generally critical observers and dangerous foes of a newcomer; but here the contrary is the case. It is true these good people see further than the blind count; it is a well-known secret in the house who "the reader" is; and it only remains a secret because she wishes it so to be.

When she reads or, forgetting herself, speaks more loudly than usual, her voice moves the count in a singular manner. It seems, then, as if long forgotten tones again sounded in his ears, but he is not allowed time to become more clear about this; his companion can at once engage him in conversation, never about herself but on his own interests; in fact, he could not easily have found any one to suit him as well.

But there was one thing wanting to which he had been accustomed from his daughter. The reader played the piano, but she did not sing—she had no voice. The count did not speak of this, but he sometimes thought a fresh young voice would revive him.

At noon on this day something unusual had occurred; the reader was slightly indisposed. She had taken cold, was hoarse; perhaps she had rather overstrained her voice.

The count, whom, as a rule, she accompanied in his walk, had, therefore, desired that she should remain at home. The weather was unpleasant, cold and damp; besides, it was winter, and the count did not desire that she should be absent in the evening. He had, therefore, with anxious solicitude sent one of his servants to a doctor to fetch some medicine which might be beneficial to

her voice and chest. Perhaps, too, the thought of her brought him home earlier than usual.

One of his servants who accompanied him led him to his sleeping room, which, for his convenience, joined that which he usually occupied. But did his ear deceive him, or did he really hear the sound of a voice which was accompanied by some chords of the piano? No, it could be no deception, the sounds did not come from without, there must be some one in the next room playing on the piano, and it could be no other than his reader. He went to the door which was between the two rooms and listened. He listened with great attention and entire forgetfulness of himself, for not only was the voice, though the tones were low, true and clear, and reminded him of a voice which he had often heard in past years, but the song was a little romance which was well known to him, and had been a favourite with his daughter. She used to sing it with a peculiar expression which the count recognized in precisely the old passages. But this must be simply imagination, the consequence of his surprise, and the remembrance of his lost child. But his companion had said that she did not sing; he did not recollect whether this assertion had been made very strongly, but it might not be the exact truth. She seemed to be practising the song, and, therefore, the subdued tone. Her fingers seemed to linger over the keys far after the song, soft as that of the dying swan had ceased, preludes succeeded with melodious modulations. Even these melodies the count thought he had heard before; but this was natural enough for every one played such things. Then, as if under a sudden impulse, the player stopped and the count heard her close the piano.

Impelled by the longing once more to try the old songs of her youth, and to hear once more the sound of her voice in these halls, Anna de Boiraisin had taken advantage of the count's absence to place herself at the instrument, and carried away by the bitterly sweet happiness that she enjoyed, she had taken no note of the time, which, under these circumstances, passed more quickly than usual. A servant came to tell her of the early return of the count; she at once closed the instrument and hastened from the room in alarm.

So far had Anna de Lemos filled her part to the full satisfaction of the spectators. Every eye was directed to her with a degree of admiration of which a star of the first magnitude might have been proud. She seemed to have been born for tragedy. Her whole being had something about it so pathetic, her words were so incisive, her deportment so self-sustained that she seemed like a Corypheus of the stage. But Anna de Lemos was on this evening to surpass the most brilliant star, she was to do what no one else had attempted, what no one either before or after had affected.

We are at the beginning of the fourth act; the table has been cleared, and the count has retired to his sleeping room. Then his servant leads him back to the sitting room where his reader is waiting for him. She begins at once to read for this is usually the employment of a greater or less part of the evening, according to the wish of the

count. She has chosen for this evening a very singular reading; she has a book prepared by she does not read from it.

Her secret, her deceit, weighs heavily upon her conscience. It seems like a daily an hourly to be by her father's side and not to dare to lay upon his neck; to be his child and not to be proud to avow herself such before all the world. And how long must this secrecy last? The people knew it even outside the house. What would the count say, what would he do if he had the chance to hear it from this or that person? Besides, has she not already betrayed him? He had heard her voice, the well known voice, what must he think? Would he repulse her, the unfortunate being who, without his knowing it, had crept to him, and had lived and breathed in his presence. Would a moment's passion annihilate the good which she hoped to have been done by a whole year of sacrifice?

Thus did Anna de Boiraisin turn over and over in her heart; she could not decide which part it would be best to take. A word had floated to her lips, a question after his daughter; but a glance at the high cold brow of the old man had deprived her of courage; knew that it was a forbidden subject. She could not sound the depths of her father's mind. Now that she feared that she had half betrayed herself, she thought it better to break the silence herself; she would implore his pardon in the name of his former affection, in the name of her mother who had given her life for her, on account of the repentance and the satisfaction which she had offered him impelled by the newly awakened love she now bore to him. Would not her voluntary return to him make amends for her former sin? If the cold hand of death should fall upon her, much loved countenance, and she should once more awake to the knowledge that he lay cold upon the couch, would it not be a thousand times better to venture to endure what would be most bitter to her, such a possibility. Every evening when she said to the master of the house good night, and lay down under the care of his servant, her soul was wrung with anguish by the thought that she might never see him again. She longed to take his hand and cover it with kisses, but she dared not do so.

Anna had begun her reading. She read from the open book in her hand, or rather she did not read, she invented, she related her own history. Who could relate it better than she could? She told all that our readers already know. She told how tired of her father's strictness, and the monotony of domestic life, she had listened to the persuasions of a villain, whom she had first met in a ball given by a lady who had been a friend of her dear deceased mother; how he never removed his eyes from her, how he whispered vows into her ear, and how, with no mother to counsel and no father to warn her, she gave implicit faith to his words; how her whole heart revolted from the husband chosen for her by her father, how she could not even openly to oppose her father's long cherished wish, and so, after a short time decided upon living with one who promised her a more happy life.

At first the count seemed hardly to listen. He was either half asleep or buried in deep thought. It is impossible to say, for no movement, no look

trayed his sympathy. This gave the narrator courage to go on with her story. Perhaps he would hear patiently what she could bring forward or her exculpation.

But, no; presently his brow contracted and became dark as the heavens before a thunder storm. Anna trembled, and believed every moment that his wrath would break forth. She felt as if lost, but with the courage of despair she continued her relation. She spoke of her repentance and of the unworthy conduct of the man to whom she had sacrificed her property, and for whom her love was gradually changed into hate, her inclination towards him into fear and abhorrence, and how, at last, wearied by tears of sorrow, and without hope of reconciliation with her father, he had left her in poverty and contempt.

Anna's voice failed, but a look at her father encouraged her; she did not know whether he was awake or dreaming, but she went on.

The youthful heroine of her tale lived two miserable years subject to all the horrors of outward want and complete abandonment; she struggled unceasingly for bare life. She often thought of her father growing old in the solitude of his mansion, while his child lived surrounded by people of the lowest class. She often thought of going to him, but she dreaded to find scorn and contempt when she sought for pity and forgiveness; she could not venture it.

At last she heard a fearful report; her father suffering from an incurable malady. He is dead, both his children away from him. Then a sudden resolution entered her mind; the path of duty lies clearly before her and she hastens to her upon it. Can she leave her father, whose rest must be full of trouble, to the care of strangers? Her place is by his side, it is her duty to lead his uncertain steps, and to offer to his broken heart the consolation which he so much requires. She hesitates no longer. She hurries to her father's mansion under an assumed name, and the service which she offered was accepted, and for a whole year she gave to her dying father the tender care which only a daughter or a wife could bestow.

At the count, who had been sunk in a dark slumber, made a movement, and fixed a fearful look on the poor girl. Anna's face crimsoned, she knelt herself at the count's feet, she embraced his knees.

"Father, father!" she cried, in heartrending accents. "Pardon! forgive your unfortunate child. I knew not what she did. Despire me not, remember me not. I have made heavy atonement for my sin."

But as if stung by a viper, the old count had risen and drawn back.

"Silence! Away from hence, serpent, whom I cherished in my bosom! Out of my sight; we have nothing in common. When you could have made my life happy you would not do so; now I will not! Out of my sight, heartless creature. I have cut you off forever as a wild branch from the noble tree of your race, and now you betray me anew! Away from hence! away!"

The words sounded in Anna's ears like the trumpet of the last angel. What a terrible punishment did she endure for her sin; but she

would again attempt to soften this hard heart. She could not leave him.

"No," she cried, "I will not leave you. Father, hear me; father pardon me!" and again she embraced his knees and watered them with her tears.

In vain did the blind man attempt to repel her.

"For the sake of my mother, who looks down upon her child, and for the sake of the inexpressible love with which I have tended you, forgive me! Take me again to your heart! Ah, how many, what countless times, have I wished to throw myself into your arms. Father, a word, only one word; do not refuse it!"

Thus she implored him. Then there was a moment of silence. It almost seemed as if she had gained the victory. Perhaps the count might have felt an emotion of heart that threatened to master him. But he soon threw off the gentler feeling as a feminine weakness.

"I never left you, but you forsook me," he said with pitiless severity. "You have brought shame and dishonour upon a race which belonged to the most virtuous in the whole country. No, it is not possible; I have cut you off! You no longer belong to us. You have no longer any part with me. Away from the precincts of this house!"

And while he uttered these words, not in blind passion but with evident consideration, he freed himself from the embraces of his daughter, and with outstretched arms turned towards the door.

Anna still knelt; but in vain did she raise her clasped hands to him.

"Father," she cried, in a tone which might have softened a stone, "father, you dare not thus send me from you. I am and must remain your child, your own flesh and blood. Remember that our almighty God Himself pardons the sinner who turns to him repentant. Forgive me, oh forgive me!"

But all was in vain.

"Cease, you mad woman," cried the count in his most wrathful tone. "Do you mean to make a fool of me? Hence! it is enough that I have been betrayed by you once. Leave this house this moment if you do not wish me to call the servants to my assistance."

As he said this he again turned away from his daughter who seemed as if she could not leave him and hardly heard his words.

"Let me kiss your hand, father, only impress upon it one kiss and I will leave you for ever."

"Away!" cried the old man trembling with anger. "You had no pity for my gray hairs, but covered them with shame; away from me!"

He was silent as if to hear whether his child rose to go. With a cry of anguish Anna turned towards the door.

At that moment a loud cry was heard from one of the boxes. All eyes were directed above.

"Be silent, inhuman creature! What are you doing with her? She is my child, my Anna, my Anna!"

And Joachim de Lemos was standing in his box, with flaming eyes and a face glowing with anger, while he stretched out his arm as if in revenge against the unnatural father.

A cold shudder ran through the veins of the spectators at this. The looks of all the house



were fixed upon that box, and then first did Joachim de Lemos become aware of what he had done and what he was. He sank back into his chair and covered his face with his hands.

But soon a pair of loving arms were thrown around him, a tearful face bent over him and covered his with kisses, and a soft voice whispered in his ear:

"You are restored to me."

"Anna, my child, my dear daughter," replied the happy father, "it is you I have to thank for this."

The report soon spread through the house: "He is well, his senses have returned. His daughter's playing of that piece has brought it about." On all sides such words as these were heard, and tears of grateful emotion poured down.

The representation was broken off. The whole house was as one man; and after a last round of applause, which Anna and her father received with grateful acknowledgements, every one withdrew. This was the first and last appearance of Anna de Lemos on the stage.

The fifth act of the little drama had a happier termination for Anna de Lemos than for her namesake, who soon after her repulse was called for by her father when on his death-bed, in order that he might ask pardon of his ill-treated child.

Anna de Lemos soon after this evening married an affluent tradesman in Lisbon. In the year 1849 she fell a prey to the cholera, which at that time desolated Europe, two years after the decease of her father.

### SOME SELF-COLLECTED EPITAPHS.

**T**HOUGH racy if not absolutely incongruous, epitaphs are common, and that several quaint, curious or elegant examples of the same have already appeared in print, yet is the authenticity of many of these doubtful, and collectors pass others on from one to another without, it is to be feared, exercising much, if any, care in their arrangement or verification of them. This is not however, the place to discuss this phase of the question, and my object in entering the list of contributors is simply to submit a few specimens of my own special gathering—for whose accuracy I can myself personally vouch—and leave the rest to the judgment of my readers. I have been all my life a, not, I hope, an irreverent visitor to graveyards and historic sites or monuments of all kinds, and I have especially cultivated an acquaintance with those remoter or obscurer rustic places that escape the search of the collector and the mouldering tombstones of which

With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd  
Implore the passing tribute of a sigh.

My connection of many years standing with one of the public departments of the State, has given me unusual opportunities of gratifying this harmless taste; and though one may visit a score of these places without coming across anything unusual, yet is the search not always fruitless, and one sometimes meets a date or an allusion in out-of-

the-way or unused cemeteries that may help to clear up disputed points of local history or chronology. There is, all the same, it must be confessed, a vast amount of sameness among cemeteries of all kinds, so much so, indeed, is this the case that one may say of them:

*Facies non omnibus una hec diversatamen  
Sed qualis delet esse torribus,*

and the "plentiful lack" of visitors to them is accounted from other grounds than those that are connected with the melancholy associations, their general *tout-en-semble* and surroundings inspire. This being so, while the time at my command was necessarily limited, my stock of "extracts" is also, I fear, rather limited, and some of those that I relied on most were, I found on a subsequent comparison of my notes with one or more of the quaint, curious or elegant compilers noted above, found stalled by them. If they escaped these they were sure to be found in the local guide-book, and I was more than once annoyed at finding the several of the decaying inscriptions I had laboriously copied in the church or grave-yard hard by were known by heart to the ostlers and waiters of my inn.

When stationed, a few years ago, at Warrington I visited, as is my wont, the grave-yard at Thelwall, and was not much surprised at finding the following in it. I had, I fancy, seen it elsewhere, and it is, also, I presume, in one or other of the stock collections, but nevertheless was it my own individual and unaided "find," and as such here reproduce it:

Here lies a faithful honest friend  
Deny it, if you can  
He never paid a lawyer's bill  
Nor caused another man.

This reminded me of an epitaph I had seen in the old cemetery of Aghadoe, Co. Kerry, which represented that one Hugh Falvey—who was said to have attained the patriarchal age of 114 years—had "never took a drop of doctor's stuff since he died," and though I am, just now, unable to name the locale of the following inscription, I feel that it must be one or other of the "Galloway acres" above referred to:

Adieu dear Partner of my Life  
Thou wert a good and faithful Wife  
The Lord thy virtues could no longer spare  
But sent for the Heavenly virtues to share.

Passing hence into Wales, and having looked in vain for any specimen of the quaint, curious or elegant order at Chester, and one or two other places in that vicinity, I visited the grave-yard at Mold, Flintshire, in April, 1880. The sexton called my attention to the subjoined inscription, and one of these displays such a curious misapplication of grammar as only an ignorant stone-cutter could be guilty of. But English was, some fifty years ago or so, a foreign tongue among workmen of this class in this part of Wales; and there are even now hundreds of well-to-do persons in the remote parts of that dominion who cannot speak or even understand a word of the language. The second is clearly one of the stock epitaphs of the "trade," which is to be found in

most if not in all the collections, and I merely reproduce it because I copied it myself on the spot on the occasion here referred to :

His soul with patience did endure  
Great sickness was sustain  
Medicine and Art could not succeed  
Death eased him from his pain.

LB—That there will no one be buried in this grave after the death of Anne Woods.

The other one reads as follows :

Life like an Inn where travellers stay  
Some only breakfast and away ;  
Others to dinner stay and are well fed  
The older only sup and go to bed.  
Long is the bill who lingers out the day  
He that goes the soonest has the least to pay.

While staying for a few days at Bournemouth, in August, 1881, I visited with others the fine old priory church of Christ Church, and inquiring as usual instances of centenarianism or other evidence of quaint device or curious legend among the inscriptions by which it was surrounded, my attention was directed to the following. I now much regret that I cannot exactly recall the circumstances under which they were written or to which they refer, but one of them clearly implies violence or a play of one kind or another—probably, however, a mere disinterment of the remains only is contemplated—and for the rest some local reader may be able to remove or explain the difficulty :

We are Not Slayne But  
Rayed to Life  
But to be Buried Twice  
By Men of Strife  
What Rest Could the Living Have  
When Dead Had None  
Agree Amongst Ycu  
Here We Tu Are One  
Here Ronis? Died April  
17—1641  
J.R.

Another simply commemorates the death by drowning of a child, and there is, at the top of the stone, a rough carving of a face with the letters "A" at either side of it—thus :

E N  
At the Eastern End of this free  
Stone, here doeth ly the Little  
Bone of Water Spuner  
that fine boy that was his  
Friend's only joy he was  
Drowned at Melham's Bridge  
the 20th of August 1691.

A late chaplain on the Bengal establishment gave me the following Latin inscription from a tomb with which he was connected, and in the graveyard of which it then existed. It was composed by a dissenting minister and reads thus :

Tempus est brevis : Sum Secodeorsum Mori

I thought, I suppose, be translated in this wise : "Time is short : I am cut down to lie on my back." I lately saw an inscription on a window in a suburb of London which indicated that—*hanc fenestra (sic) fieri fuit*," and there is no other that might pass for a counterpart to it, in Christ Church graveyard, just described, which runs as follows :

Infra hoc sepulchrum  
reliquiae positae sunt  
Of Anne The Wife of  
John Taylor  
Who Died etc., etc.

The first two lines are obviously copied from some other monument and would as clearly cover anything that might follow; whereas, the remainder should, to be applicable or even intelligible, have a different and more complex construction, and our author was too diffident of his Latin to proceed farther. He therefore chose the wiser part and completed the inscription in his own more familiar English.

I have already quoted the boast of Hugh Falvey's friends to the effect that he "never took a drop of doctor's stuff afore the week he died," and Mr. Lenihan, the historian of Limerick gives the epitaph of a countryman who erected a mausoleum "to the memory of my posterity." I saw a very similar inscription in a graveyard near Thaududno, but I had not "tablets" with me at the time, and the following which I copied *proprio manu*, in the Protestant cathedral of Limerick must close this short series :

Memento Mory  
Here lieth littel Samuel  
Harrington, that great undertaker,  
of famous citties  
Clock and Chime Maker  
He made his one tune goe  
early and latter, but now  
he is returned to Good his Creator,  
19th November then he  
Seest, and for his Memory  
This here is pleast by his  
Son Ben 1693.

As to the so-called grotesque and witty epitaphs of which one hears so much in the papers and elsewhere, they were conspicuous by their absence in the cemeteries visited by me. I looked in vain for every equivalent of such a funny inscription as the following, which I learnt, by the way, from the late Bishop Milman of Calcutta :

Here lies Moll  
Toll oll

A Rejoicing Husband,

and I was equally unsuccessful in my search for any parallel to either of those that follow :

Here lies at last prevaricating Will  
He loudly lied in life and now lies still.

Here lies Susan Grey  
Who would if she could, but she couldn't stay  
She had two bad legs and a very bad cough  
But the two bad legs they carried her off.

But such quaint or curious specimens have been lately laid before the public that one hesitates about doubting the authenticity of others of like import or character, and I saw nothing in either cemetery or church that indicated a desire on the part of the bereaved survivors to improve the occasion by representing themselves as the successors of their departed sires or other progenitors. There was no "Landlord of the Lion," or "beuve inconsolable Fournier" to proclaim their callings from the grave, or even insinuate that their respective businesses would be carried on as here-

tofore under improved management. And as to those epitaphs which may be called for want of a better designation, the "beary eulogistic" they are to be found, by the dozen, in remote country churches or churchyards. It struck me, on reading several of these effusions that their laudatory pomposity or extravagance bore no inconsiderable proportion to the obscurity of their subjects or surroundings; but every due allowance should be made for the feelings that inspired or prompted them, and who knows, after all, that

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with Celestial fire  
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

W. C.

[Following on the above interesting collection we add a few very curious epitaphs sent us by a constant contributor, with whose nom-de-plume, "Ambrose," our readers are well acquainted.]

In the church of West Allington, Devon, is the following extraordinary epitaph; it appears to be a most successful attempt to make a monumental stone, serve both as a memorial to a deceased person and also to administer a severe reproof to the parson of the time:

Here lyeth the Body of Daniel Jeffery the Son of Michael Jeffery and Joan his Wife he was buried ye 22 day of September 1746 and in ye eighteenth year of his age. This youth When in his sickness lay did for the minister Send—that he would Come and With him Pray—But he would not attend. But When this young man Buried was The minister did him admit—he should be caried into church—that he might money geet By this you See what man will dwo—to geet money if he can—who did refuse to come pray—by the Foresaid young man.

The following epitaph is to be found in the church of Pewsey, Dorset:

Here lies the body of  
Lady O'Leary,  
Great Niece of Burke  
commonly called the Sublime.  
She was

Bland, Passionate, and deeply Religious:  
also she painted in water colours  
and sent several pictures  
to the exhibition.

She was first cousin  
to Lady Jones;  
and of such

is the Kingdom of Heaven.

The familiar epitaph of Franklin, the celebrated American printer, will still bear transcription, as a specimen of the kind of effusion popular during the last twenty or thirty years of the eighteenth century:

The Body  
of

Benjamin Franklin, Printer,  
(Like the cover of an old book,

Its contents torn out,  
And strip of its lettering and gilding.)  
Lies here food for worms.

Yet the work itself shall not be lost,  
For it will (as he believed) appear once more

In a new  
And more beautiful Edition  
corrected and amended

By  
The Author.

The grotesque mixture of pure and undiluted Paganism and blasphemy, in the following (from Henfield Church, Sussex) is in the highest degree revolting, and well illustrates the popular state of mind at this period:

Here lyeth the body of Mrs. Ann Kenwellmerah A virtuous and worthy matron of pietie who dyed in the 68th year of her age Anno Dni. 1633. Here also lyeth the body of Meneleb Rainsford her grandchild the sonne of her daughter Mary who departed hence on the 21st day of May Anno Dni. 1627 in the ninth year of his age.

Great Jove hath lost his Gannymede I know  
Which made him seek another here below  
And findinge none, not one like unto this  
Hath ta'ne him hence into eternall bliss  
Cease then for thy deer Meneleb to weep  
God's darling was too good for thes to keep  
But rather joye in this great favour given  
A child is made a saint in heaven.

It is refreshing to turn from effusions of such a worldly, grotesque or adulatory character as the above, to the Christian legends, inscribed on the monuments of pre-Reformation time. These contain no laboured eulogy, no confident boasting; none of that presumptuous wording, so common now-a-days even; all that needed to be said is said in a few simple Latin or English words, which generally conclude with a touching prayer for God's mercy and for the suffrages of the living.

"Hic iacet," or "Orate pro anima," are generally the first, "cuius anime propicietur Deus Amen," the concluding words; or if in English perhaps, "Pray for ye soule of —. On whose soule and on all Christian soules may God have mercie, for Jesu's sake. Amen." While often from the hands or mouths of kneeling effigies issue scrolls bearing such pious ejaculations as the following, "Jesu fili Dei miserere mei." "Mater Dei memento mei." "Bone Jesu es mihi Jesus." "Misericordias Domini in eternum cantabo." "Quinque vulnera Dei sunt medicina mei." "Credo videre bona Domini in terra viventium." \*

In Burford Church, Oxon, are two effigies, whose hands issue scrolls inscribed: "Moder mayde cler (pure) have m'cy on me. Spycer." "And on me, Alys his wyff, lady thi joyes fyve."

Much may be learnt both of individuals and their times by the careful study of monuments and their accompanying inscriptions, while monuments themselves are often of no little interest.

AMBROSE.

\* "Jesus, Son of God, have mercy on me." "Mother of God remember me." "Oh, Good Jesu, be to me a Jesus" (Saviour) "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever and ever." "The five Wounds of God are my medicine." "I trust in the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

**TURKISH PROVERBS.**—He who seeks a friend exempt from all faults remains without friends. Death is a black camel which kneels before every door. The night is pregnant with the morning. God knows what the dawn will shine upon. If a lazy man says "I have no strength." Patience is the key to joy. Fame is not acquired on a feather bed. Receive your thoughts like guests, and treat your desires like children.



"HE OBEYED AN IMPULSE THAT WOULD NOT BE STRUGGLED WITH."

## Sherborne; or, the House at the Four Ways.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems," "Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

WE stop awhile in the doorway—the natural position of those who neither dance nor talk, and we watch the pretty scene—a pretty scene it is, whatever the school of Emocritus Junior may say to the contrary.

To say that the round dances and free-and-easy customs of modern ball-rooms are favourable to manners and modesty on the whole, and do not tend to wear away that chivalrous reverence for women, which, if a young man has not, he begins to acquire with mind and heart diseased, would be to make an assertion more conspicuous for its bold-

ness than for its conformity with experience; but there is no denying that the fresh bloom of girlhood, seen with its effect heightened, not altered, by attractively picturesque dresses and a clear mass of soft light, is a very pretty thing to look at.

And no doubt every man did, according to his measure, perceive that it was so, whether distinctly aware of his own impression or not; every one, that is to say, except Moreton, to whom the whole scene appeared, not indeed distorted, nor discoloured, but apart from him, separated by his own removal from the orbit of that little world. To him it truly was as if it were not.



Two practical difficulties arose without delay. How could he not dance with the ubiquitous and ever energizing Miss Hermione without seeming rude, or dance with her without stumbling over some of the unlucky questions that she was sure to ask persistently? And how could he not ask Miss Arden to dance, or, if he danced with her, keep silent?

With both these difficulties—difficulty is no word for the last, he dealt in a practical manner, as might be expected (though, perhaps, it would not) from the state of his mind at the time; for really deep feeling is practical, and makes the mind so. To escape from Miss Hermione's questionings without seeming rude there was no way but the pardonable, though not quite original fraud, of coming conspicuously towards her, and carefully getting himself into a dead block between two resolute dowagers, a servant carrying a tray to the musicians, and a tall, bearded curate talking to a stout young lady of aspect fierce; which is just what he did two or three times, with variations of detail, according to circumstances. And he did it gravely, almost stolidly, from blind instinct, not even seeing the grim absurdity of the thing. This went on for nearly an hour, when, finding himself in an ante-room where Miss Arden and some ladies were sitting, he obeyed an impulse that would not be struggled with, and after one or two commonplace remarks about a fine landscape hanging on the wall, asked her to dance. It happened that she was disengaged, and when the next quadrille had begun, he was neither able nor willing to escape from a position in which pleasure and pain could be recognized, but not distinguished.

At first he could say nothing, think of nothing, but trembled inwardly, and laboured without intention to regain the power of utterance. Shakespeare's words, "cold obstruction," can alone express the state in which he was, and in which he then believed himself to have remained very long, though it really lasted an unappreciable time, so intense was the effort he made to force himself out of it. What he said, when he did speak, (whether accidentally, or through unconscious cerebration, who shall say?) was just what he would have been likely to feel under the circumstances. He said:

"How the people crowded in one spot at Hazely after luncheon! and not for a short time, but all the time, so that I—one—nobody could get to—anywhere."

Now, if that meant anything, and had to be translated into its only possible meaning, it would stand thus:

"I care for no other woman in the world, and I feel that I have no chance; therefore I wish you to believe that I intend to seem as if I didn't care: and, at the same time, I don't wish *you* to believe that I don't care."

And, if any man, being exactly in Moreton's position could act otherwise at such a moment, he must be very, very—something or other. He must possess the self-control of a saint or have no feeling at all. But then in the one case he could not, and in the other he would not, have been exactly in that position.

Miss Arden looked up with that charmingly

natural expression of interest which is so delightful to every one except to the man who would like to monopolize it, and dreads the answer he expects it to give. It was the same expression which, till within the last four and twenty hours, had appeared to him so simply charming that he could not have realized the possibility of any accidental change in his admiration of it; and now, when her beautiful eyes were raised as before, their pure light, colouring what it rested on, as the rays of the harvest moon colour the landscape where it shines, he looked nervously down and about, dimly seeing through his eyelashes the handle of her fan, and the glove of the hand that held it. But she was speaking, answering him; and he must again say something, without being better prepared to say what he meant, or clearly knowing what he meant than before. She said:

"Yes, I saw you in the distance just before you came to the portrait-gallery. But you went away so early."

Moreton was now at his wits' end, and nearly the end of his self-control. "I saw you in the distance," and "you went away so early," rang in his ears, and his heart vibrated as he recalled the tones of her voice immediately after she had spoken. He idealized those tones after the mode of irrepressible wishes.

"God help me!" he said within himself, the exclamation seemed audible to him, so that he held his breath involuntarily, as if he might overheard.

"I went away, because—I couldn't stay," said.

And then, because her beautiful eyes looked appeared to look, puzzled as to the meaning what he had said, he repeated the words more nervously than before, adding:

"And I couldn't stay because I was—I thought—indeed, I felt it was impossible—as it was could not—ought not—"

Mary Arden turned her head almost imperceptibly away, and her long eyelashes fell over her eyes that just before had looked up with confidence. Those four broken sentences, the sudden loss of power to control his own words, the expression of voice, look, and manner, told a tale whose meaning no woman could fail to understand.

Whilst he was reproaching himself for what he had said, yet trying in vain to see how he could have resisted the impulse to say it, there was a slight change of colour in her cheeks, a pale hue, too gradual for a blush, and then a sudden paleness that might have been caused by fatigue or even by the colour of the light where she stood for the window curtains behind her were gone, and the light was rather strong.

The dance ended either just then or soon after, but he could neither measure that time nor remember how it passed—so protracted it seemed while it lasted, so short when it had gone by. He spoke no more, made no effort to speak, yet was unable to tear himself from the spot. He too, remained silent now, and by degrees moved away, whether instinctively or in consequence of pressure from the crowd which was beginning to express its impatience after the dance, who can tell? Such an incident in such a girl is like the rose-tint of the early

on a summer's morning : you can appreciate its pure and inimitable beauty, but you can neither see the light itself, nor trace the outline of its reflection.

Some one came up, and apparently disengaged, began talking to her. Moreton drew back with a sudden effort, hesitated for a moment, and fixing his eyes in a resolute, almost dogged manner on the ground, left the ball-room.

"What have I said?" were the first words that took shape in his mind. "What have I said? and what did I mean by it? and what did she understand it to mean? Why did I not plead some sudden business or forgotten engagement, and go off without giving any reason—do anything, rather than place myself in such a position as I felt myself drift into?"

He passed through the room, rapidly making his way among the crowd without seeing it; and the crowd, which, like others of its kind, looked so much and observed so little, made its way, if not without seeing, at least without particularly noticing him.

There was one person who took notice, but he was not in the crowd at that moment: it was Sherborne. He was standing behind the door of a smaller drawing-room, where people were sitting down in twos and threes, oftener in twos, within the shadow of the ball-room. Another door opened into a conservatory, which opened on the terrace; and Moreton, desiring nothing distinctly, except to go anywhere out of the way, was hurrying as quickly as he could in that direction, when a sudden crowding in a narrow space, among the ottomans and sofas, brought him close to the spot where Sherborne was. A voice that certainly was Sherborne's, but a very unpleasant specimen of it, addressed itself to him slowly and with much tedious deliberation, first in a short artificial laugh, and then in these words:

"So you're off, as the man said to his head when he couldn't tell his own name."

Moreton, pre-occupied as he was, and quite inattentive to everything except his own present position, started at the sound; but he answered without hesitation, "Yes, to-morrow," and edging his way through the group of people that stood between him and the conservatory, walked on.

Between the small drawing-room and the conservatory there was a sort of ante-room, half drawing-room, half greenhouse, separated from the former by glass only, from the latter by the wall of the house. It had two sofas covered with blue and white chintz, a nondescript vase or two, some Indian matting, and two heavy folding doors. As he went through this little room, which was now brilliantly lighted, he saw the Zouave talking very earnestly to the youngest Miss Arden—and so did he see Sherborne from the other door.

Passing through the conservatory and out upon the terrace, he gave one look at the lighted rooms, and turning away from the house, walked on slowly, in a direction which he took without choice of intention.

"Shall I go off at once," he thought—"now, and not return to fetch my hat—and write some excuse, running the risk of whether they think me mad or anything else that I may seem?"

But he made no answer to his own question,

though he asked it repeatedly in different forms of words, and put it to his will without words.

If Horace's opinion be true, as no doubt it is generally, that crossing the sea does not enable us to leave our sorrows behind, the inference is, that a lonely stroll by very fitful moonlight could hardly be expected to have a comforting influence over a man situated as Moreton was; and, in fact, the farther he went the more miserable he felt. The heavy mist, the dead stillness, and the sharp chill of the dew on the grass, emphasized and elaborated the impressions of the ball-room, epitomizing from time to time the whole subject in a series of propositions so rapidly that they were hardly distinguishable. For instance:

"I had no right to say what I said to her, unless I had been justified in saying more. I shouldn't have been justified, because I felt that—what *did* I feel about it? that she would or would not; for whether she would and her father would not, or whether both she and her father would not—God help me! If I were not a Catholic, and have consolations which unaided humanity dreams not of, I should go mad."

Then, after a while, he made a great effort to think, if not to feel more calmly; and he thought in this manner:

"Why am I so sure that it is impossible—if *she* would? I don't think her father is worldly, and I have now about a thousand a year—which is surely enough to live upon, and I am quite as well born as they are, if that is of any use in these days. I am wrong, as well as a fool, to give it up till I have given myself the opportunity of being refused."

The idea of being supposed, even by himself hypothetically, to have shrunk from the risk of refusal, with a bare possibility of being accepted, made him turn round, look back towards the lighted windows, and form a sudden resolution to risk the refusal.

"If I fail," he said, "as of course I shall, this world can take nothing more from me; and, whatever humiliation the world may attribute to such a refusal, I offer it as my homage to her whom I have very unworthily loved. He shall have the opportunity of snubbing me, and of laughing at me civilly to himself for having exposed myself to the snub without any encouragement from her, or reason to expect any; and any one that likes may have the gratification of laughing at me. I will speak to him to-morrow morning, come what will. But I know too well what will come of it." He turned away from the sight of the lighted windows, and walked on, thinking aloud:

"Yes, I know too well what will come of it. But I will speak to her father to-morrow morning, nevertheless; for what sort of love is it that would allow pride, in any shape whatsoever, to come between itself and its object."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE OLD WOMAN APPEARS AGAIN.

THE undetermined course of his walk had brought him across the flower-garden, and through an old orchard into the park, along which he wandered at random, till at length a gleam of moonlight



between two black banks of cloud showed him that he was among the fern, just where he had first met Mrs. Atherstone. The weirdlike appearance of the spot, which in the moonlight mist looked like part of a wild heath, the remembrance of his interview with that strange old lady at her lonely house, the intrinsic interest of the story she told, and his own impression that he had not heard the last of it, combined powerfully to make him think of the evening when he had first come the same way, and he looked up, almost expecting to see her again in the same place. A thick ground-fog, that did not conceal objects a little way off, but dimmed and confused them, hung over the grass, like a luminous cloud, from an indistinctly measurable height of a few feet, causing the clumps of fern to appear in queer and variable shapes hardly to be recognized; so that, when on looking up he seemed to see the figure of a woman a little way before him, he only thought it was the fern misshapen by the mist. But it was not the fern. It was the same old lady who had met him in the same place before. What could she be here for at this time of night? He stood still, awaiting her approach, much inclined to avoid her, but unaccountably impelled to resist the inclination.

"I can be of no use to her," he thought. "And, besides, it's all nonsense. It might do for the plot of a novel with a little alteration to make it look more natural; but as it is, there is nothing in it beyond the picture of unnecessary suffering, complicated wrongs, chaos of principles, hap-hazard theories of right, morbid musings, unsettled obstinacy, and indefinite aspirations, which the fundamentally rotten Reformation entailed upon us."

Nevertheless he stood still expectantly, and felt a strange desire to hear what she had to say, muttering involuntarily, as she drew near to him:

"If it were a question of anything that could possibly constitute a legal right! But the fact is, George Sherborne is legally the rightful heir—there is no mistake about it."

"Who cares for George Sherborne? Listen to me!" said the old lady in a tone that would not have disgraced Mrs. Siddons, so true is it that true art and true nature meet in true tragedy.

"You here, at this time of night, so far from home, and alone!" said Moreton, suddenly realizing the reality of her appearance.

"Yes; and why not? Who would hurt an old woman like me? And besides, the people about here think I am a ghost, or a witch or a ghoul—if they know what that means. They wouldn't come near me for the world."

"But do you walk about at this hour generally?" asked Moreton.

"And do you generally leave a ball-room at this hour," said she, "and walk about without your hat in the fog and dew of a November night alone, as if you had lost your heart and found no owner for it?"

Moreton winced at these last words, felt himself colouring conspicuously, and tried to hide his confusion by laughing it off; which is always a false move, for it hides nothing, and draws attention to the necessity.

"I think," said he, "that the people are right, and you *must* be a witch."

She replied, turning the light of her still undimmed eyes full upon him:

"You *have* lost your heart? But you needn't be afraid. I know nothing of your affairs."

"I wish I had gone some other way," thought he.

She smiled sadly, and said:

"I was only in joke—and for the first time these fifty-six years. It struck me all of a sudden as so irresistibly droll—just like the miserable drollery of a comic actor, whose furniture has been taken from his sick wife for a debt smaller than the price of one of the boxes at the theatre—so irresistibly droll it seemed in that grim sort of way, the idea that it could possibly signify whether a perfectly friendless old woman like me came out on a November night or not. But I will tell you at once what brought me here; and, indeed, you are the very person I particularly wanted to see. There is a young man staying at Bramscote, whose name I *must* know. I think he must be staying there, because I saw him yesterday riding with Sir Roger and one of the Miss Ardens. They passed by my house, and I happened to be near the window at the time. That is why I came here. I knew there was to be a ball through my gossiping old servant, who always persists in telling me the news, and this time fortunately; so I meant to get round by the windows, and try to see in—for they *must* have a window open somewhere, with such a crowd of people. But now, as you are here, I may be able to find out what I want more effectually, and without the chance of being seen. The young man I mean is tall—should think nearly six feet, dark, rather slight but muscular, and what is called wiry. He has slightly Roman nose, dark eyes and hair, some dark moustache, and looks to be about four or five and twenty."

"That must be Count de Bergerac," said Moreton.

"Provoking!" said Mrs. Atherstone, stamping her foot like a petulant child. "That won't do. But are you sure? Oh, *do* try and make it out for me!"

"I am sorry to say," he replied, "that Count de Bergerac is the only person staying at Bramscote who answers your description."

The poor old lady burst into tears, and sobbed bitterly for several minutes.

"I *did* hope it was he, and now—I am old and—and I see no chance."

"What *am* I to do? What can I tell her?" thought Moreton, pitying her immensely, and, in spite of himself, feeling an odd sort of interest about her visionary search for an heir who, except in a genealogical point of view would seem to be of no use if he were found.

"But I believe it is, after all," she said, recovering herself, "and it will turn out so, sooner or later. He is so like a miniature old Mrs. Sherborne had of her brother, that I cannot help indulging in a fancy which came into my head the moment I saw him. She gave it to me in hopes it might help me to trace him. This man—Mrs. Sherborne's brother, who lost his inheritance of the estate in the way I told you the other day, had

two sons, as you will remember perhaps, the eldest of whom was guillotined in Paris during the Reign of Terror, and the second went to India. You may remember, too—though it was rather a long story for any one to bear in mind accurately, hearing it only once, that the French *émigré* from whom I learned this in that very house down there, told me how the second son had married and lost his wife, and then married again, just before that terribly eventful visit of mine to Bramscote. Well, he told me, you know, that the first wife had died without children, and that the maiden name of the second wife was Atherstone—my own sister. Now, she may have had a son. If so—where is he? I tell you I have a very strong idea that the young man I saw on horseback yesterday is her grandson. The ages would do, and he is so like that miniature of the old lady's brother, who would be his great-grandfather. And that is not all. Look here! I have brought the miniature with me on purpose to compare it with him."

She pulled out of her pocket a miniature in a leather case. Moreton held it up in the light of the moon, which was at the full, and notwithstanding the heavy mist, brilliant at intervals. He was startled.

"It certainly is like Count de Bergerac," he said, "and if—but that would be a very wild supposition."

"What?" said she. "Tell me—tell me at once."

"Don't build upon it," he replied. "It is just possible, but very unlikely."

"What—what is it? Do tell me!"

"Well, it is just possible that he married the heiress of a French family, and that his son succeeded to her title. I don't know much about France; but certainly, there, as here, some titles go in the female line; and it may be that your father's son married the heiress of a French title, and that her son inherited it. It is just possible, certainly."

She fixed her eyes on the lighted windows of Bramscote, then on him with a very piteous expression, not easily forgotten, and then again for an instant on the house.

"I will tell you what you must do," she said. "Don't—oh! don't refuse me. There is no one in the world but you to help me, except Don Colini, and he cannot do *that*. Will you promise?"

(To be continued.)

S. CYR.—At the beginning of the French Revolution, a Marquis being about to quit Paris for a tour, was required at the barriers to give his name. "I am Monsieur le Marquis de Saint Cyr." "Oh, oh! we have no *Monsieurs* now." "Put me down as the Marquis de S. Cyr, then." "All titles of nobility are abolished." "Call me De S. Cyr only." "No person is allowed to have De before his name in these days of equality." "Write S. Cyr." "That won't do either; all the Saints are struck out of the Calendar." "Then let my name be *Cyr*." "Sire (*Cyr* is thus pronounced)—that is worse than all; *Sires*, thank God, are quite done away with."

## SKETCH OF JAMES STUART AS DUKE OF YORK AND KING OF ENGLAND.



N this paper we propose, in the first place, to sketch at some length the early life of James II., and, in the next place, to lay before our readers some slight outline of his character.

James II. was the representative, and, to our mind, the staunchest and ablest representative, of the traditional policy, and of the religious leanings of the House of Stuart, and for this reason he, more than any other member of his family, has been singled out, and mercilessly assailed by the opposite political school. His qualifications for command and government have been undervalued; the difficulties of his situation have been overlooked; his faults have been exposed and magnified; his best actions have been misconstrued; and his very virtues have been either ignored or made a subject for sneers and jesting. And this wrong has been done him, not merely by party-scribblers of that age, like Oldmixon, but in our own day by men like Hallam and Macaulay, whose learning, abilities, and brilliant style of writing must of necessity command our respect, and must give to their works an extensive circulation and influence. James has had some honest defenders, it is true, but since their works are little known, and certainly are not on the shelves of ordinary libraries, he remains practically undefended. Those, therefore, who speak or write of his character in a favourable manner must labour under the disadvantage of advancing opinions, which are opposed to the whole tone of modern historians, and which, on this account, will be looked upon by those whose reading is necessarily restricted as somewhat novel and very suspicious. There is, too, another circumstance which renders the task by no means easy of defending James II.'s personal character. Most persons, we imagine, form their opinion of that monarch only from such knowledge as may be drawn from a study of his short and troubled reign; but we are convinced that from such a knowledge no adequate idea of his character can be formed, and that those who attempt to pass judgment on him only upon evidence collected between 1685 and 1688 will do him a great injustice. In the limited space at our disposal we cannot expect to overcome these difficulties, and to break down existing prejudices altogether. But we hope that, by sketching the early career of James as Duke of York, by stating some facts which, though they are unquestionable, are not universally known, we shall overcome the difficulties at least in part; and shall be in a better position to do justice to a character from which it has been too long withheld.

James II. was born in 1633, when the disputes between the king and parliament had already broken out, and each side in a quiet but determined way was drawing its strength together for the coming conflict. A few years later the civil war broke out, and at the age of nine the Duke of York saw his father's standard raised at Nottingham, and was present at the battle of

Edgehill. We should imagine that the sight of a bloody battle-field would have struck terror into so young a child, as James then was, and would have caused him to shrink for ever afterwards from the horrors of war. But it is in keeping with the whole of his stern character that so far from being terrified, so far from shrinking back, he, even as a child, took to war as to his element, and at Edgehill acquired for its difficulties and dangers a love which he never lost. In 1645 we find him besieged by Fairfax in the City of Oxford. That siege proved unsuccessful. In 1646 the city was besieged again. It held out for a time, but at length fell into the hands of Fairfax; and the Duke of York was unconditionally surrendered to the successful general. He was carried to London and made over to the Parliament. His friends and servants, even to a favourite dwarf, for whose services he begged hard, were taken from him, and he was surrounded by persons chosen by his enemies.

Placed in this helpless and seemingly hopeless condition, deprived of friends and counsellors, cut off from every one to whom a word in confidence might be spoken, jealously watched by spies, who reported every look and action that might seem suspicious, closely guarded by rough troopers who had not respected their king and would hardly respect his sons, most children would have lost courage and would have pined away, or putting aside all nobler thoughts and, accepting their lot, would have quietly resigned themselves to the childish games and pleasures allowed them by their keepers. But, though James was a child in years, he was by no means a child in mind. He knew he had a part to play in the great world beyond his prison, and for that part he would reserve himself. Once he fell ill, it is true, but he quickly rallied, and it does not appear that he ever afterwards lost his heart in hope. He felt that it was for the interests of the monarchy that he should not remain in the power of the Parliament, and he formed a resolution to escape. Twice he attempted to put in force his resolution, and twice his plans were discovered, and he failed. But no failure, no danger could deter the boy, or shake a determination at which he had once arrived. He was brought before a committee from the Lords and Commons. They wanted information; they wanted, above all things, the names of his accomplices. They questioned him most closely, but he would tell them nothing they did not know before. They sharply threatened him with confinement in the Tower, but in spite of their threats he still was silent. And after a long and fruitless examination the members of the committee, soldiers and statesmen of the Parliament, were obliged to go away baffled by a boy but fourteen years of age. They forced from him one promise—that he would not receive written communications from his friends outside, and this promise he strictly kept, but, to use the words of his own memoirs, "Nothing they could do or say was capable of hindering him from endeavouring his escape."

A special watch was now set over him, but he continued to elude the vigilance of his keepers. He gained over to his interest a gentleman, whom

the Parliament had appointed for his service, and through this gentleman he communicated with Colonel Bampfield who had been engaged in the last attempt. His plans for flight were skillfully laid. It was of great importance that, after leaving the palace, he should gain time to make good his escape, before his flight was discovered and pursuit begun. For a fortnight, therefore, before he attempted his escape, he played the little game of hide and seek with his brother and sister, and for a considerable time together he would conceal himself; and in this way he accustomed his keeper to lose sight of him. At length his preparations were completed, and on the night of April 24th, 1648, the children began their usual game. The young Duke of York pretended to hide himself, but instead of hiding he hastily locked up a little dog that used to follow him about, and, hurrying at once through a private garden, he gained the open park, and entered a coach, which Bampfield had in readiness. They drove as far as Salisbury House, and, as if they intended to pay a visit there, they dismissed the coachman. They then walked quickly down Ivy Lane, made for the river, and, landing at a lower point, sought a friendly house, where the duke disguised himself in woman's clothes. Leaving the house again, they entered a four-oared barge, which was waiting for them at Lion Quay, and went down the river with the tide. The master of the barge suspected that there was something wrong, and declared that he could not take them past Gravesend. The entreaties of the strangers increased his suspicions. Through a chink in the cabin-door he watched the duke, and from his awkward manner of arranging female dress saw he was not a woman. Further concealment was impossible. The strangers discovered themselves, and threw themselves on the master's generosity. Nor had they cause to repent of the confidence they placed in him. He declared that he was ready to venture everything for the son of his lawful king. When he approached Gravesend, he put out his light, drew his oars, and allowed his barge to drift down the running stream. The fugitives passed the town in safety, and were soon on board a Dutch vessel which had been engaged to carry them to Holland. The next morning they anchored before Flushing. But here the master of the barge sighted what he thought was a parliamentary frigate in pursuit. He was terrified, and insisted on making at once for Middleburg. The tide was out, and the sailors, who knew the danger of the shallows, refused to work the ship. They were forced to the work by violence. The ship struck twice upon the bar, and was almost lost, but happily she passed the danger, and reached her destination. The Duke of York landed, and joined the Prince and Princess of Holland at the Hague. The boy had baffled the parliament, and carried out his resolution.

James was now but fifteen years of age, and yet he seems to have acted on all occasions with the discretion and energy of manhood. The fleet, which, in the Thames, had revolted from the parliament, and declared for Charles I., sailed to Helvelsluys, and anchored there. The duke went at once on board and took command till his

elder brother should arrive. Colonel Bampfield, who had aided in the late escape, was, unfortunately, of an unquiet, intriguing disposition and tried to sow dissension amongst the royalists in Holland. He had attached himself to the Duke of York, and now, for some purpose of his own, he tried to form a faction against the Prince of Wales, and to place the duke at its head. The young duke was by no means flattered by the importance accorded him, and, so far from accepting the position offered, he laid open the intrigue and dismissed the intriguer from his household. Bampfield had done him a great service, and this service he did not forget, for during all the years of his exile, though he was in poverty himself, he supplied his dependent's wants; but he would not have about his person, in intimate relation with him, a man who could be capable of dividing the royal interest and doing an injury to the royal cause. We might bring forward many other instances of the discretion, uprightness and promptitude in action shown by James during his early years, but we are anxious to pass on to the more important transactions of his life.

In 1649 Europe was startled by the announcement that Charles I. had been executed under the solemn formalities of law. At Paris James received news of his father's execution. Misfortune followed quickly on misfortune. Soon he had to mourn the loss of his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, and of his brother-in-law, the Prince of Orange. At this time, too, he heard of the defeat of the Scotch army at Dunbar; and not one far afterwards came tidings of his brother's overthrow at Worcester, of the complete success of Cromwell's arms and the firm establishment of republican form of government. The sorrows and misfortunes, which James endured, were rendered still more bitter by excessive poverty. In his distress he could not look for aid to the French court, which was itself in difficulties, nor to the refugees who, like himself, had been stripped of all they had, nor could he, say in his Memoirs, without violating his own sense of honour and of loyalty to Charles, appeal for help to the secret adherents of his house in England. Republicanism had triumphed for a time, the king had been put to death; his sons were exiles, all, who had been faithful to his cause, were deprived of their possessions and scattered throughout Europe. In truth the royal cause seemed hopeless. But James did not cease to hope. From the day on which he fled in disguise from London to the day on which he was recalled he never once lost heart, but looked forward with unshaken confidence to the downfall of the Cromwellian régime; nor could any distress, never depressing, nor any private wrong cause him to forget what he conceived to be his duty forgoing about that downfall. The royalists must wait; they must watch their opportunity; above all things they must be ready to take advantage of any opportunity that might offer itself. For his part he would be a soldier; he would become acquainted with the dry routine of military life; he would seek the best master, and under him would study scientifically the art of war, that so he might be one day able to compete on equal terms with the great generals of the Common-

wealth, and strike a blow for his brother's right. These are not mere words. James himself tells us, in his Memoirs, that it was with the intention of afterwards fighting for the royal cause that he entered the service of France, and placed himself under Turenne. He earnestly besought his brother to allow him to enter the French service without delay, but more than once his petition was rejected. At length Charles, wearied by importunities, gave his permission, and James, who was then nineteen years of age, joyfully prepared to join the forces of King Louis. He had neither money nor suitable equipments, but in spite of this drawback he would go. For money he borrowed three hundred pistoles, and with two Polish coach-horses, a present from his brother, and two sumpter-mules, lived for a time, meanly equipped and meanly attended, this prince of the royal house of England entered on his first campaign.

The enthusiasm, which bore down the opposition of his brother and his mother, and which overbalanced the shame he must have felt at the thought of joining in a mean and unbecoming style a brilliant military staff, composed of the nobles and princes of France, never deserted him. From the time he joined the army till he returned to England, he never sought rest or cessation from arms; he was never by his own will absent from the most trifling skirmish or the most unimportant siege. It may with truth be said that during all the years he served France and Spain he was almost daily exposed to the hardships and hazards of war. And this is the man, who, Lord Macaulay hints, was wanting in personal courage.

Unless we were to re-write the "Memoirs of James II.," it would be impossible to follow the Duke of York through the six campaigns in which he served between 1652 and 1660, or even to give a short account of the various actions in which he was engaged. It is enough to say that as a soldier he was loyal and obedient; that he shrank from no danger, and avoided no hardship. In his very first battles, in the actions round Etampes, in the attack on the Faubourgs he was found where the carnage was thickest. In the winter-march from Contrusson to Sommreyeur, he willingly shared the sufferings of the meanest soldiers; and around him saw many of his comrades fall frozen to death with cold.

As an officer he was attentive to his work, kind to his men, and careful not to lead them into danger rashly and without necessity; but when duty seemed to demand it, he would without hesitation expose his troopers and himself to almost certain death. As a general he showed himself discreet and energetic, quick to see and take advantage of an enemy's mistake, and to make the best of the various accidents of war. We cannot without admiration read of the readiness and versatility in leadership, of the dogged, unyielding spirit under misfortune and defeat, and of the heroic valour, which, at the head of his little band of exiled English, he displayed at the battle of Dunkirk; nor can we, though we are not versed in military science, read in the Memoirs the remark James passes on Turenne and his opponent, on their plans and operations, what they did and what they might have done, without concluding that he was born a soldier and was designed by

nature for a great commander. But we, who are not adepts in war, will best form a judgment on a soldier's merit by seeking and accepting the judgment of those who themselves are soldiers. Turenne was the greatest captain of his time, and it was Turenne's opinion that the young English volunteer, who had come to his camp to learn the art of war, would one day be renowned for arms in Europe.

Even now he was deemed equal to the most important trust. In the beginning of his third campaign, at the age of twenty-four, he was raised to the rank of lieutenant-general. Not long after this, both France and Spain in a marked manner bore witness to the esteem in which they held him, and to the value they placed upon his services. When by the terms of a treaty, concluded between Cromwell and Mazarin, the Duke of York was banished from French territory, he had offered him the highest military appointment which France was able to bestow. He was appointed captain-general in Italy under the Duke of Modena, when, in obedience to his brother, Charles, he laid down this honourable post, and entered the Spanish service. Spain, like France, soon recognised his merits, and offered him the chief command in her war with Portugal. Together with this command he was offered the lord admiralship of the Spanish fleet, a princely revenue, and the title *Principe de la Mare*, a title which up to that time had been reserved for the king's sons, and for the nearest kinsmen of the royal family.

This command he gladly accepted, but he never entered on its duties. An event had happened which completely altered his plans and career. The English people had grown weary of the republic. General Monk marked the change which had taken place throughout the country. He marched with his army upon London, and declared for a restoration of the Stuarts. Charles II. was recalled. With the Dukes of York and Gloucester he landed at Dover; and on the 26th May 1666 the royal brothers rode into London amidst a delirium of loyalty, such as England had never seen before and probably will never see again.

At a later period, when James was resisting the assault of the party, which afterwards opposed and finally overwhelmed him, or was eating the bread of exile at S. Germain, he might well look back with pleasure to the time which immediately followed the Restoration. That time was as a lull amidst a storm. It was free from the trials and hardships which had clouded his former life, and from the political animosities and strifes, from the defeat and sorrows which were destined to embitter his declining years. He not only occupied a position due to his exalted rank, he not only possessed a power and authority, arising no less from his natural gifts and from a temperament singularly energetic and ambitious than from his position in the nation, but it seemed more than likely that he would one day be called upon to fill his brother's throne, and to rule the loving, obedient and mighty people, whom, whilst he was still an exile, he regarded with an unreasoning admiration.

Even now he shared largely in shaping and guiding the foreign and domestic policy of England. With the king his influence was neces-

sarily great. The brothers were united by the strongest ties that can bind two men together. They were united by ties of blood, by family interests, by the memory of past sufferings, inclining in a common cause, and by the necessity of combining still against a common enemy. Charles had many faults. He was fickle—he was weak. He was untrue to those who had been true to him. But to James he was never in the least untrue. Charles in theory was a great man, and in practice he to some extent acted in accordance with his theory. He distrusted the motives of the most and most meritorious actions, and openly laughed at professions of attachment and fidelity. But he had fully tried the loyalty and attachment of his brother, and in him he never once lost confidence. "Were I master of more kingdoms than I have," said Charles, "I would trust them all in his (James's) hands." The love of Charles for his brother, his trust in him, his clinging to him and upholding him in spite of the political troubles and dangers of his reign is the one redeeming feature in a character which certainly needs a large redemption. *(To be continued.)*

## FANTASTIC REVENGE.



THE "*Tageblatt*" of Berlin gives a curious account of an oak tree which has been the chief object of attraction to visitors in the village of Noebdenitz, in Saxony. It is said to be 500 years old, and its aged and infirm branches are propped up all around its trunk. But the antiquity of this tree would be nothing very remarkable in itself were it not that the trunk has been used for many years past as a burial vault. Its lower part, which measures 14 feet in circumference, is hollow, and the aperture to the great cave is closed by a lattice work made of iron bars. Through this sort of window the unsuspecting stranger who is first led up to take a peep perceives with amazement the skeleton of a man seated in the middle of the hollow. His skeleton is the Lord of Wintersheim, who died about a century ago, and whose choice of a singular mode of sepulture is very minutely described by the inevitable "guide" who shows the place. He had married the heiress of Wintersheim, and being himself a man of no landed property, was often reproached by his amiable spouse with this discreditable poverty. Throughout his life he endured as best he might the glances and sneers of her who was, in more sense than one, his better half. But he resolved, at any rate to have a tardy revenge one day where the tongue of the Lady of Wintersheim could no longer wound him. He purchased from the parochial authorities of Noebdenitz the already venerable oak, and gave directions that his bones should be placed in its hollow trunk. Here, therefore, he has reposed ever since, sitting in state upon his throne and within walls which he could once call his own—a lasting protest against the charge of having owned no land. It is to be hoped that the lady whose hard words drove her lord and master to this ingenious a device, survived him, to see the effect which her taunts had produced.

## FIDELE AND BLANCHE.

NO ROMANCE.

**N**O, they were by no means fitted to play the romantic. With his black curly hair, his thick whiskers, his dazzling white teeth, Fidele was no doubt charming, but his nature was odd; he loved liberty, and was inclined to be murelsonne. His voice was not like the "breath of a summer breeze," as the poet sings, but was odd, and was raised on every opportunity. With her soft silken hair, her dreamy half-closed eyes, with her elastic and almost inaudible step, her slight and graceful form, Blanche was a beautiful creature, but there was a trace of cunning in her face, and she was of a peculiarly shy nature, so that she loved the seclusion of the house, and was continually occupied with her toilet. Her voice was generally a gentle murmur, rarely, a cry of complaint or melancholy song. By preference she aroused herself in the dead of the night, which, according to the poet, is the time in which the wounds of life are forgotten.

Two natures so essentially different were not calculated to act a romance together—no, that is evident enough, but that Fidele and Blanche might have been considered companions who ought to have lived together like brother and sister—that they should have grudged each other for food, and fought with each other like blood-thirsty tigers; that they should have undermined a long continued harmony of two families and brought anger and discord between them so as to bring about a separation; no, that was horrible, unfeeling, unheard of!

We will now relate succinctly the whole of this history.

In one corner of the German Empire is the pretty town of Roggenhausen. The natives are enamoured of their birthplace that they are accustomed to say: "There is only one Roggenhausen." Strangers, on the contrary, less enthusiastic, are accustomed to reply when they find that a new water pipe is needed, or some wall is in need of repair: "Yes; and it is a very good thing that there are not two. One Roggenhausen is as many as is required." To this a clever Roggenhausen would rejoin in a decided tone: "The time will come when Roggenhausen will furnish subject for the pen."

The little town of Roggenhausen has four gates which are named after the four points of the compass—Northgate, Southgate, Eastgate and Westgate. Besides these four gates, there is the Cowgate, but as it is not mentioned in the guide-book we shall take no notice of it.

Westgate is the chief of these entrances, for it leads from the high road, which, with its mile-stones, its telegraph wires, and its lime trees, is one of the favourite sites of Roggenhausen. On his account the most respectable of the inhabitants of Roggenhausen build their houses near the Westgate, where, during the whirling dust of summer and the bottomless mud of winter, they still live in the fresh air.

Among the houses before the western gate of

Roggenhausen, there might have been observed, and perhaps may still be seen, a pleasant looking two storied dwelling house, with white walls and bright windows. The house lay a little back from the road, and the space between was made useful as a garden. Behind the well tended hawthorn hedge were laburnums and syringa bushes; an iron gate with gilt points gave admittance, and in the middle of the garden was a many coloured flower bed, which was greatly admired by visitors. But as if the inhabitants of the white house could not have enough of the flowers of the garden, all the windows were adorned with rows of pots of the most beautiful flowers—geraniums and pelargoniums, fuchsias and roses. The house lay in the midst of this wealth of flowers, like a picture of comfortable repose and quiet peace, and it had, in fact, been inhabited for ten years by happy and peaceful people.

On the ground floor there lived the secretary, Letsom—Mr. Frederic Letsom, and his wife, Henrietta Letsom, *née* Wendeland and their four children—Jessie, Gretchen, Willie and Ernie, two little boys whose real names were William and Ernest. Mr. Frederic Letsom was the owner of the house which he had built with the little dowry he gained with his wife. He had let the second storey to two single ladies—sisters, the Miss Nuttalls. They lived upon the income from a property they possessed, and chiefly occupied themselves with knitting counterpanes of various patterns, and had had, as they were accustomed to assert, "numberless" offers of marriage, all of which they had refused, "because they could not make up their minds to separate." Certain it is that the sisters continued to exercise a happy deception on themselves, and that Lydia, the elder of the two constantly called her sister Sylvia "the child," though, a certain inquisitive Mr. Watkins gathered from a document of the mayor's that she must have passed her fortieth year. Whoever feels any interest in the subject may learn that the Miss Nuttalls only paid seventy pounds a year rent.

"We could easily get a hundred pounds a year for our second storey," Mrs. Letsom was accustomed to assert, "but ladies without children suit us much better for seventy pounds, than people with children for a hundred."

A bond of close friendship united the dwellers in the upper and lower stories. Miss Lydia had carried the little Jessie, and Sylvia the little Gretchen to the baptismal font; when the Letsom's killed, a dish of sausages or chops always found its way upstairs, and then the Misses Nuttall sent down a cutting of beautiful geranium in return; and when the spinsters made, on a Sunday, one of their capital puddings with raspberry jam, a specimen of its goodness was always sent below, and some new sort of fuchsia was then sent upstairs. If Mrs. Letsom found a pretty pattern in her workwoman's journal she sent little Jessie upstairs at once with the paper, and when the ladies had completed a counterpane they gladly let Mrs. Letsom have it at "cost price" to which she had not any objection. Three times a week did the two little boys bring up to the ladies the Roggenhausener's "People's paper, the organ of Truth, Freedom



and Right," in return for which they had preserved plums, and the ladies gave the boys a pretty book which their mother must also read. Mrs. Letsom admired Miss Lydia's summer hat, and was surprised at the price of the beautiful white feather, and Miss Lydia encouraged Mrs. Letsom this year to purchase a summer cloak, black and trimmed with bugles. Mr. Letsom joked about a handsome young man he knew for Miss Sylvia; at which Sylvia blushed and laughed till Miss Lydia declared gravely that Mr. Letsom must not put such ideas into the "child's" head. When the ladies were once photographed in the next town, and Sylvia, the "child," was represented as sitting upon a footstool, with a beautiful piece of work in her hand, and looking up smiling to her sister and protector, Mrs. Letsom chose one of the best copies, and after having it handsomely framed, hung up the memorial over the sofa in the best room. When Mrs. Letsom gave a tea party, to which only her married friends were invited, the Miss Nuttalls were asked to join it, and Miss Lydia baked some cakes which obtained for her a high reputation; and when a little dance was given by a neighbour, Mr. Letsom got the Miss Nuttalls invited, and himself danced twice with Miss Lydia, and three times with Miss Sylvia. He would no doubt have danced a fourth and fifth time with Sylvia had not Lydia taken him aside and begged him not to "excite the child too much." The ladies declared that they had been greatly amused, and said that Mr. Letsom was a gallant and worthy man, and sent him, besides, on his birthday, a pair of slippers of their own working, on which were dogs' heads in beads, surrounded by crowns of flowers in silk, the whole grounded in red wool. Mr. Letsom—but I think these examples are enough to show the bonds of friendship which united the Letsom family with the Miss Nuttalls.

This friendship had endured unshaken, untroubled, for ten years, and would apparently have lasted till the happy end of both parties, if Mr. Letsom had not taken into his head the unfortunate fancy to bring the little Fidele into the house. Upon Fidele's curly black head falls the crime of having brought discord into the abode of peace; for if Fidele had not existed Blanche would not—but I will tell the story in full.

One lovely spring evening Mrs. Letsom and the two Miss Nuttalls were sitting at the green table in the garden busied with their needlework, while the children were playing about them. The syringas shed a pleasant perfume and the chafers buzzed through the air. Carts rolled along the high road to the village of Bullerbach and a tipsy peasant might be seen reeling along. In fact the evening was as pleasant as only an evening in Raggenhausen can be.

Then the iron gate of the garden with its gilded spikes was heard to grate, and Mr. Letsom entered with a dark object in his arms which could not at first be guessed at. Mr. Letsom approached the table at which his wife and their inmates were sitting, and said cheerfully:

"Good evening Harriet, good evening ladies. I have brought here a little man who will keep watch over our house," and he placed a little poodle dog upon the ground with black curly hair,

thick whiskers around his nose, and bushy eyebrows under which two black eyes shone like two bright beads,

The children, who had rushed up to their father, exclaimed delighted:

"Oh, what a lovely dog! Oh, father, is it ours? Tell us, father, may we keep him? Give me the little dog, I will feed him."

Ernest would have seized the dog, but he was treated and hid himself under the flounces of Miss Sylvia's dress.

"If your mother likes," said Mr. Letsom, "I will keep the dog. I have bought it of Bartel the saddler, who says his mother is a capital washer, and as we are living in this lonely place outside the gate, and as there have been several burglaries lately—you consent then, Harriet?"

Mrs. Letsom murmured something about trouble and dirt, but at last gave her permission that the dog should be kept.

The children rejoiced, and began to choose a name for the little dog. Ali, Turk, Carlo, Hector, Flora, Pallo, till their father said:

"Do not confuse the poor little dog with a new name; the name of Fidele is already his. Come, Fidele! come little dog, come, Fidele, do not be afraid."

The dog poked his nose from under the flounce of Miss Sylvia's dress, but was not induced to leave his place of refuge till the children enticed him out with a saucer of milk, and when, after moment's hesitation his little red tongue began to lap up the white milk the joy of the children knew no bounds.

"How do you like the little dog, ladies?" asked Mr. Letsom of the Miss Nuttalls.

"Charming! he is charming," said Sylvia.

"So well behaved!" added Lydia.

The air became chilly, and the party returned to the house. When the Miss Nuttalls were in their own rooms Lydia observed to her sister that Mr. Letsom might have acted more judiciously than in purchasing that dog:

"Do you really think the dog charming?" she added.

"On the contrary," replied Sylvia, "I think the dog odious. But what do you think of him, Lydia?"

"One of the commonest creatures," was the reply.

The sisters took their tea, and chatted about this and that, till Sylvia suddenly observed:

"I see no reason, Lydia, if the Letsoms keep the dog, why we should not have a cat. A dog may shorten some of their idle hours, and as we are sometimes rather melancholy, and a model cat—"

"Yes, a model cat," interrupted Lydia—"would enliven us."

"Do let us have a cat, Lydia."

"You are a great child, a great baby," replied Lydia smiling, and shaking her head till her two curls danced; "when will you become reasonable, Sylvia? However I will not oppose your wishes. You know I have never the strength of mind to refuse you anything, and so you shall have your cat. Perhaps fate has already decided this, for this very morning—I concealed this from you, child—our milkwoman offered me a cat. She has six young kittens, all of them white with black tails, and if we would like to have one we have only to say so."

"Oh, pray, pray Lydia!" begged Sylvia in a delighted voice; "a white kitten with a black tail. Oh, how charming! And do you know that we will call her? We will call her *Blanche*. I read this only yesterday in a story as the name of a queen of Castile. Oh, I wish we had the dear little beast here now!"

"Children must wait and have patience," said Lydia, in a tone of superiority. "To-morrow morning we will bespeak the cat of the milkwoman, and the next day she will be here. And we will look out the new pattern for our carpetpane."

Sylvia understood her sister's hint, and was content on that subject.

The next morning the kitten was bespoken from the milkwoman, and on the following day was brought to the sisters in a covered basket of straw. When the milkwoman lifted the edge of the basket the cat leaped out of it, and the white little animal, with the black tail raised high, walked, gently purring, into the kitchen where, to Sylvia's great delight, it took refuge at her feet. Her pleasure found vent in a loud declaration of joy, so that Lydia was induced to remark:

"What a child you are, Sylvia. Try to subdue your temperature—I mean your temperament little."

The milkwoman departed after a few silver pieces had been placed in her hand, and *Blanche* was carried into the sacred precincts of the sitting-room with its ornaments of crocheted cushions and knitted covers. Here a gilded saucer of new lace was placed before her, which *Blanche* lapped with the delicacy peculiar to her race. Then *Blanche* made her toilette, in which she passed her little foot over her snow white face to wash it. Meanwhile a large blue-bottle fly having attracted her attention she would make a sudden dash in the air, so that the sisters shouted with laughter.

"*Blanche* has quite won my heart," said Sylvia. "Have you observed, Lydia, how delicately she eats her breakfast? Quite differently from that fat *Fidele*."

When Mrs. Letsom became aware of the addition to her inmates, she said to her husband:

"The Miss Nuttalls have got a cat; it is plain enough that they are old maids."

So *Fidele* and *Blanche* lived in peace in the little house before the Western gate of Roggenhausen. Their early days flowed on without their knowing each other, for the kind of life they led was quite different. Man has to go forth to meet the ills of life, while the discreet housewife works home.

*(To be continued.)*

## GOOD BREEDING.

Few to good breeding make a just pretence,  
Good breeding is the blossom of good sense;  
The last result of an accomplished mind,  
With outward grace, the body's virtue joined.

## ABOUT CRABS.



AMONGST crustacean delicacies, the crab was, without doubt, one of the earliest known to mankind, seeing that it was selected as one of the signs of the zodiac. There were representations of crabs on the slabs of the Kouynjik Gallery, in the British Museum, which proves that the Assyrians must have been familiar with them. Athenæus, in some comments on the "Miser" of Theophrastus, says, "the taste of the crab is one which many people have been very much devoted to, as may be shown by several passages in different comedies." We find the figure of this fish on many extremely ancient eastern coins, but for what purpose it was there represented, numismatists are not agreed.

Charles V. of Spain was passionately fond of crabs, which he had cooked in a variety of ways to his own fancy. In a book published in Barcelona, in 1650, the general method of this royal crab cookery is given at full length. The emperor's method of having a crab served up cold was as follows: A good boiled crab was selected, as heavy as could be found, with the joints of the legs stiff. The legs and claws being broken off, were cracked, the meat extracted and minced small. The body of the crab was taken out and mixed with the produce of the claws, with mustard, vinegar, and ground garlic. A certain proportion of salt and pepper was used. The dish was garnished with several kinds of aromatic plants; and the entire used in conjunction with a portion of oils from the Indies. When his majesty desired hot crabs they were commonly cooked in this fashion: After boiling, the meat was taken from the claws, cut very small, and mixed with eggs and cream, to which were added portions of butter and ground garlic. Flour or fine bread crumbs were then laid over the top, with pepper, mustard, and salt. The whole was placed in a dish and baked a certain length of time. Another royal method resembled our mode of scalloping the fish. Its contents were extracted, and mixed with bread and various kinds of spices, and then submitted to the process of baking, after which garlic, eggs, and cream were used. Sometimes a species of sweet wine was thrown over the whole. One of the emperors of Germany was also exceedingly partial to crabs, and regularly appointed days when they were to form a conspicuous item in the royal bill of fare. In several districts in the north of Europe it is considered exceedingly unlucky to dream of crabs, more especially at or about full moon. In the books on natural history written in the middle ages, crabs are frequently spoken of, as well as very grotesquely represented. We have heard of one wherein a crab is holding a conversation with a certain nameless individual, and very coolly inviting him to place his tail into one of his claws!

They have an odd way of eating crabs in China, as appears by the following extract from a recent record of travel in the empire of the Celestials: "When our party of six had seated themselves at the centre table, my attention was attracted

by a covered dish, something unusual at a Chinese meal. On a certain signal, the cover was removed, and presently the face of the table was covered with juvenile crabs, which made their exodus from the dish with all possible rapidity. The crablets had been thrown into a plate of vinegar, just as the company sat down; such an immersion making them more brisk and lively than usual. But the sprightly sport of the infant crabs was soon checked by each guest seizing what he could, and swallowing the whole morsel without ceremony. Determined to do as the Chinese did, I tried this novelty also—with two. I succeeded, finding the shell soft and gelatinous; for they were tiny creatures, not more than a day or two old. But I was compelled to give in to the third, which had resolved to take vengeance, and gave my lower lip a nip, so sharp and severe as to make me lose my hold, and likewise desist from any further experiment of this nature."

Pliny gravely tells us that the wild boar and common stag when wounded by noxious insects, cure themselves by eating crabs, a notion likewise confirmed by Plutarch. Pliny further adds, that, while the sun is passing through the sign of Cancer, the dead bodies of any crabs which may be lying on the sea-shore, are transformed into serpents! Ovid, in his "Metamorphoses," assures us that if we deprive a crab of its claws, and inter it in the earth, a scorpion will be generated from the part so buried.

The mode of capturing crabs is extremely simple. The wicker-work creels, or crab-pots, in which they are taken, are fashioned somewhat like a large mousetrap, with an opening of sufficient dimensions to admit a full-size crab. These creels must be set with fresh bait, unlike lobster-pots, which may be baited with any kind of half-decayed fish, or other garbage. When the crab-pots are baited they are sunk by the score or half hundred, on a rocky part of the coast, in water which is four or five fathoms deep. As many boats proceed to the same fishing-place, a line from the traps, attached to a floating cork (with a particular mark upon it), affords a sufficient eye-mark for the fishermen to find their game. But crabs are also caught in considerable quantities by the fishermen's children, in a still simpler way, viz., by means of a stick which they insert into the clefts of rocks and other places which crustacea are known to haunt. The times when the crabs are moulting are those at which the best harvest is obtained in this way. Many curious observations have been made by naturalists since the time of Réaumur, as regards the crab during these periods of change. It escapes from its shell a soft, helpless creature, incapable of exertion or resistance, and would speedily become an easy prey to any of the hordes of aquatic devourers so common in the sea, were it not for a curious and wonderful display of instinct on the part of those of its brethren in better form than itself. As soon as the denudation is complete, it has been observed that a stout specimen of the same species steps forward and defends it, and takes care of it to the best of its ability until the shelly case grows, and it is enabled again to protect itself, and present a strong back to its foe.

When the species are young, the change of shell probably occurs oftener than once a year, indeed some writers say it occurs once or twice a month, and there is most likely a time when the change stops altogether, and the animal may be considered as full-grown. If this sentinel be discovered and removed, another will be found to have taken his place after the following tide, and this will be repeated many times in succession. Mr. Bell, the author of "A History of the Soft Eyed Crustacea," supplies us with the following account of the process of exuviation, by means of which the crab casts its crust or calcerous covering, an operation rendered necessary by the principle of growth which is common to all animals but which is hindered in the crab and lobster by their shells, which prevent any gradual or continued expansion: "When the animal, by gradual internal increase, has become too large for its existing covering, it ceases for a time to feed, and retires to a secret and undisturbed situation, where it may undergo the process in security. If it be examined at this time, an evident loosening of the crust may be perceived, upon pressing it gently in different directions. Shortly afterwards it appears uneasy and restless, rubbing its limbs against each other, and moving the segments of the body in different directions. It throws itself on its back, and swelling out its body ruptures the membrane which connects the carapace (black shell) with the abdomen, and raises the former, so as to loosen it from its attachment. Resting from time to time, after its laborious efforts, it finally detaches the whole thoracic-abdominal portion, from which it withdraws its limbs, having, with much apparent difficulty and pain, disengaged the legs, and then antennæ, the eyes, and other appendages. It is impossible to imagine that the crust of the legs, and especially of the great claws of the larger species, could be cast off unless it were susceptible of being longitudinally split; and Réaumur states that such actually the case; each of the segments being composed of two longitudinal pieces, which are separating to allow of the passage of the new limb, close again so accurately that it is very difficult in the cast crust to discover the line of division. When the animal has disengaged itself of the crust the latter is found absolutely entire, and has exactly the form which it possessed previous to the operation. The new integument is at first soft and membranous, but speedily becomes encrusted with calcerous matter and as hard as the former. The additional size which is gained by each moult is very striking, and I have often felt, on seeing a newly emancipated crab by the side of the shell which it had just shed, that, were not the fact absolutely ascertained by observation, it would appear physically impossible that the larger body could have so recently been contained within so small a case."

The stories of crabs and other crustacea casting away their limbs when alarmed or frightened, as on the occasions of a thunderstorm or on the firing of cannon, are considered to be quite authentic. When a claw happens to sustain an injury, it is cast off by the animal, and a new one in due time takes its place.

## THE LAND CRAB.

There are widely different and strange peculiarities amongst the crabs. The migratory, or land-crab, is one of the greatest curiosities of the crustacean family. This eccentric species is a native of the warmer climates, and is plentiful in the Bahamas and other islands; living in the mountains in the interstices of rocks, in the clefts of trees, and in holes bored in the earthy parts of the hills. It travels once a year, in the early spring-time, from the mountains to the sea, in order to deposit its eggs, and, as they march like a well-disciplined army, in one or more battalions, numbering many millions of individuals, it must be an interesting sight to witness their advance. They march in a direct line, even attempting to enter the houses if they find them in their path. They will wait for weeks along the course of a stream in order to attain their destination, for they cannot cross a river, as they are easily drowned. Their migratory excursions are always taken by night, and during the rainy season, for although they carry a supply of water in their gills, it is readily exhausted. If interrupted while on the march, they offer a vicious and determined resistance, endeavouring to intimidate their enemies by making a prodigious clatter with their nippers. Arrived at the seashore they at once commence preparations for the operation of spawning, by bringing the water to lave gently over their eggs. This kind of bathing, to which they appear to be very partial, lasts for a few days, and when the process of oviposition is begun. When the proper moment arrives, the spawn, which strongly resembles a piece of herring roe, is shaken into the water, and the operation is completed. Notwithstanding that fully a third, and sometimes half, of the spawn is destroyed by shoals of fish that feed on the spot by a sharp instinct, millions are hatched in the sand, and in due time the juvenile crabs commence their march to the mountains, to join their parents, who having first undergone their moult, during which period they are, strangely enough, most in demand as a delicacy for the table, being captured while shut in their holes. Of this class, that called the "land crab" is considered the most exquisite delicacy. Those which Cuvier calls the "burrow-crab" proper, are thus described by that able naturalist: "The animal closes the entrance of its burrow, which is situated near the margin of the water in marshy grounds, with its largest claw. The burrows are cylindrical, oblique, very deep, and very close to each other; but generally every burrow is the exclusive habitation of a single individual. The habit which these crabs have of holding their large claw elevated in advance of their body, as if making a sign of beckoning to some one, has obtained for them the name of 'beckoning crabs.'"

It is said that the demand for these favourites of the gastronomic world (we mean the inhabitants of our own waters) is beginning to tell on the supply, and that if some means are not adopted to shield the young from danger, we shall shortly find them rising in price. To give an idea of the magnitude of the annual crustacean contributions to the London commissariat alone,

we subjoin some figures collected by Mr Mayhew:

Oysters	495,896,000
Lobsters (averaging 1 lb. each fish)	1,200,000
Crabs (averaging ditto)	600,000
Shrimps (324 to a pint)	498,428,648
Whelks (227 to half-bushel)	4,943,200
Mussels (1,000 to ditto)	50,400,000
Cockles (2,000 to ditto)	67,392,000
Periwinkles (4,000 to ditto)	304,000,000

It has been suggested that the art of pisciculture could be called in to aid in arresting the rapidly diminishing supplies of crustacea. Oysters have been bred in innumerable quantities along the seaboard of France, and even mussels are carefully cultivated as an article of food. Why, therefore, should not piscicultural operations be adopted to multiply the crab?

## "ONE MORE."

AN OLD SKIPPER'S STORY

BY R. O.



KNOWNED puffetly well all along that he were after something of the sort. It began by him a-seeing of her home one night from a concert.

What there is in these here new-fangled concerts I can't see; none of yer squalling, screechy haltoes and tenners and falsetterses for me. Give me a good roaring old chorus, with everybody a-clinking their glasses, and where it don't signify what toone you likes to work in—the more the merrier. But, as I said, it began along of one of these concerts. Katie—that's my daughter; and a pretty well-fitted, trim-built little craft as ever I see, tho' I says it—had been to sing one of her songs—the "Old Grey Robin" I think they call it—no; "Old Robin Grey," that's it—and just on account of it a-coming on to rain a bit, he must conwoy her into harbour. I heerd the knock, and I went to the door myself.

"Oh, thank you, papa dear," says Katie, giving me a kiss and a hug, "this is Mr. Charlie Hall, who has been so kind as to see me home."

"Good evening, Captain Quarters," he says, a-ailing me.

"Good evernin', Mr. 'All," I says, a-ailin' him back. "I daresay my daughter," I says, "could have fetched port all right without none of your conwoy," I says; "but as you *are* here," I says, very polite, "cast anchor for a spell," I says.

"Do you mean come in?" he asks laughing, and in he comes very quick.

I'd been having a glass of grog, or maybe five or six, whilst I was waiting for Katie to come in; and I see Katie up with the tray and put everything in the cupboard soon as we got in the room.

That was always the one weak p'int in that

girl's character. Soon as ever I give up the sea and settled ashore to watch over her, which was when her mother went on the last cruise of all, poor lass!—that wench began a-limittin' my grog. She wasn't nasty about it; but, when she thought I'd had enough, off went the tray; and, if I said I wanted some more, she used to come and kiss me, and say: "I don't think you do, papa dear, do you?" and somehow I never did want no more then.

Well, just as we all three got settled round the fire that evernin'—Katie by the table and me and young 'All, one to port and t'other to starb'd of the coals—I fills up my pipe and hands over another long clay to him, along of some nice black tobacco. He fills his pipe, but, as to smokin' it—well, he puffed and gasped and coughed, and grew black and green and blue in the face; and at last he said he remembered he had promised his widdered mother never to smoke cavendish.

"He's a milksop," I says to myself.

Not that he were a bad looking sort of lubber. He stood somewhere about six feet, and had a fine navy-blue sort of a heye, and a figurehead as was neat and smart.

Soon I wanted another glass of grog—wanted it bad. Of course if young 'All had a glass, I should be forced to drink one with him: so, when Katie wasn't looking, I says in a 'usky voice, "Awast!" I says.

"What's the matter, captain?" he says, bending forrard.

I jerks my thumb to Katie, and winks very deep and artful, thinking he'd understand what I was driving at. Then I says:

"Katie, my dear, I think Mr. 'All would like a drop of grog!"

But I fancy that artful girl must have give him a look, for I'm blowed if he didn't say:

"No, captain, thanks—I'm a—sort of tee-totaler!"

"He's a lubberly, chicken-hearted milksop," I says; and I set my face agin him from that very first evernin'.

The excuses that young man made for a-coming to my house after that was something awful; and bye-and-bye I noticed Katie and him was a outrageous long time in sayin' "good-bye" at the front door. I says so to her one night, and she says:

"I'm afraid there is a swelling in the wood in that front door, papa—it dosen't shut at all easy!"

I must say that when young 'All put the matter to me it were done shipshape and proper.

"Captain," he says, "I love her; I'm a-getting on very well, and have you any objection to our being engaged?"

"What are yer?" I says.

"I'm something in the city," he answers.

"Werry good," I says, "I must have a court-martial on this here matter," I says; "ring that bell."

He rings the bell, and in comes our ugly little servant girl.

"I want Miss Katie," I says, "and some rum and hot water."

When Katie come in, looking so sweet and

timid and bashful, I thought of her mother—the poor dead lass I loved so deep and tender—and felt a choking come up from my poor old heart into my throat, but I only says to 'em as they stood afore me:

"I shan't have no engagement just yet," says; "I can't spare my little girl till I've got more of the man who wants to take her from me, but you can come here, mate, occasional," I says to young 'All, "only I shan't have no engagement just yet."

"But I'm afraid they didn't quite catch my meaning about no engagement, for there was such a time at the front door that night that I stepped into the passage to look after that swelling of the wood, I 'eerd what young 'All said. He says to her, says he, "One more!"

And after that, he come in occasional at night, and the swelling of the wood in the front door got worse and worsen.

One morning at breakfast, as I helped my wife to another rumpsteak, I made a remark that the postman was very late in passing.

"He's got caught in a squall, I expect," says I, or got throwed on his beam ends by the ice."

"Why, don't you know, papa," says Katie, "this is Valentine's Day, and of course the postman had such a lot of letters to deliver, he sure to be a little late. I expect a letter from you this morning," she says.

"Who from?" I asks.

"Have another egg, papa dear," she answers.

Sure enough there come a valentine for Katie from the young man she was not engaged to. It was a hijeous thing—a lot of flowers and very much and a lubber with a torch, as Katie said was a hysen, standing by ready to set fire to the house; and at the top was a Cupid, in the most delicatest clothes I ever see. He wore nothing but a bow and harrer.

"Isn't it lovely?" says Katie. "Oh! papa, it's lovely?"

"No," I says. "I don't see no sense in having a thing like that; and that Cupid," I says, "ought to be ashamed of himself. Now then, a-been some sense," I says, "if he'd sent you a picture of a ship, with you and him a-steppin' on board saloon passengers, passage paid; or a picture of me at the top as a gardenin' hanger, a-superintending everything. But understand me," I says, "in proper clothes, not to catch my death of cold like that undelicate Cupid."

I remember that day well, because that was the time I had a row with Charlie 'All, and forbid him the house.

We was sitting together in the parlour that night, Katie away getting supper ready. All of a sudden he says:

"Captain, what made you so awfully bald?"

Now, I never liked his laughing, ridiculous ways; and I answers very short:

"Dooty."

"How do you mean?" he says.

"We was in the China seas, one time when I was a cabin boy on board the 'Morton Bay.'"

"Yes," he says; "go on."

"We was attacked by pirates," I says; "and

the captain ordered me to stand forrard, and never to leave a certain point on deck till he give me leave. They carried cannon, them pirates did, and they opened fire at me."

"You didn't move?" he says.

"Not a inch," I answered, looking at him steady; "but a cannon ball hit me on the port side of the head."

"You never stirred?"

"Not a inch," I says again; "only the cannon ball carried off all the hair that side. I think them pirates got the range after that shot," I says.

"Why?" asks young 'All.

"Because there come a second ball and hit me on the starb'd side of the head and carried off all the hair that side."

We didn't talk no more for a spell, and then he says, very serious:

"And how did you lose the top?"

"I was afraid there'd come a third ball," I says, "and the top came off in the fright."

"You've seen a deal of life, captain?" he says after a bit.

"Yes," I answers.

"Most of you old travellers have," he observes.

"Aye, aye," I answers.

"Some of you," he says, "have not only experienced a great deal, but you also remember a great deal."

"Cert'nly," I replies.

"Don't you think that, sometimes, some old travellers remember a little more than they experienced?" he says.

I got up to leave soon after that: and just as I was in the passage, when he thought I'd closed the door, I 'eered him say, "The bald-headed impostor!" laughing to himself as he did it.

Now to be called a impostor would have been bad enough; 'to be called a old impostor was worse; and to be called by such a epitaph as a bald-headed old impostor was unbearable.

I turned round into the room again, and there was a awful row. One word led to another; and last I told him never to come aboard my house more. And I says:

"Don't send no more of your valentines," I says, "with undelicate Cupids, to my daughter, as have been brought up stric' religious!"

He tried to calm me down, but it was no use.

"May I see Katie before I go?" he says.

"No."

Then he turned to the door, flung it open, and walked away with never a word.

He come round a few days after, but the raging swell in my stupid old heart hadn't died down, and I refused to alter what I'd said to him. If a lord from the admiralty had come after Katie I don't believe I should have thought him good enough—at all events, if he couldn't smoke cavenfish and wouldn't join in a friendly glass. I never knew properly how it happened; but I did find out afterwards that he met Katie and asked her to marry him right off. She wouldn't leave me like that, stupid and cruel as I was; and then young 'All threatened to go away and enlist for a soldier. She clung to him and begged of him to

stand by till the storm went down; but he was mad with love, I suppose, for he swore she didn't care for him; and in his love and anger, he kept his word, and he left her and enlisted.

Almost before we knewed what he'd done, his regiment was ordered off—ordered to the Crimea, and away he went.

It was bad weather in our little home after that. I wouldn't own to being wrong; but in my heart I knowed I was; and I used to sit lonely, night after night, smokin' and thinkin'—thinkin' about young 'All, with his neat, shapely figure head, and bright eyes and fair hair, and straight body—thinking of him away in the dreadful trenches, with the bitter snow falling on the livin', and the dyin', and the dead. Katie said never a word—never a word; but, oh! the awful look of pain in her bonnie, winsome face, growing so thin and so pale. And one evernin' I broke down. I was looking at Katie sitting by the table, just where she sat that first night young 'All come in. I was looking at her, and thinkin' of her mother—my dear lass who sailed safe into harbour so many years ago—and I knowed by the look on her face that her thoughts wasn't in our bright, cosy, warm little sitting-room, but away across the seas, where the soldiers was, out in the cold snow that awful winter; and I cried:

"Oh! my poor wench, what have I done?"

And my darling come to me, and threw her arms round my neck, and laid her poor little face against the tears on my cheek, and I said:

"Oh! my darling, I've made many a mistake as I've sailed thro' life; and now I know that when I sent away your bonnie lad I made *One More*."

The weeks passed slowly away and we got no news from Charlie or of him, till one night Katie come into the room with an open letter in her hand; and all the light was gone from her winsome eyes and her pretty face as she sank with a low cry at my feet, and hid her head upon my knees. I took the paper from her poor little fluttering, trembling hand. It was a letter from the captain of Charlie's company, dated "Before Sebastopol."

This is a part of it: "A fierce attack was made by the Russians last night upon our trenches. The night was bitterly cold and very dark, and snow was falling thickly when the attack was commenced. The enemy crept on us through the darkness of the snow, so silently, that we had very short notice. The fighting was very desperate, and we were almost driven out. Eventually the enemy slowly retired, and in pursuing them beyond our entrenchments, I got detached from the gallant fellows who were following me. Suddenly the Russians made a steady stand, and renewed the attack. One of the enemy disarmed me; my sword was lying broken at my feet; he had seized me by the throat. I was powerless in his grasp, and his sword was raised high for my death-stroke, when suddenly a soldier of my company, his arms hanging powerless by his side, for he was already sorely wounded, staggered up to us, and deliberately threw himself between my bared head and the Russian blade, and the stroke intended for me fell upon his own noble and gallant head. We fell together; I



staggered to my feet, and help arriving, the Russian fled. . . . The dawn was just breaking when I knelt beside the man whose heroic devotion had saved my life. He was lying in the snow, holy with his own brave-blood, a ray of the rising sun shining round his head like a halo of glory. He spoke only once as I raised him into the litter which bore him to the hospital, and the few words that my gallant comrade, Charles Hall, uttered bade me write to you. . . ."

An awful mist was in my eyes, and I could read no more. Then Katie put her hand into her bosom and drew out a paper, and she pointed, still without a word, but with still that awful look upon her face, to a list of soldiers' deaths; and the first name I see was Charles Hall.

"Oh, my darling, my poor darling, what have I done?"

She only clung to me tighter, and bowed her poor little head lower, as she sobbed out:

"You didn't mean it—oh, no, you did not mean it, my father. I have often and often thought of how many broken hearts there must be in the world, and it's only, father, that now there is *One More*!"

Days and weeks passed by—I can't bear to think of that time, much less to speak about it—and one night (I remember it same as 'twas five minutes ago) I 'eerd a step. Katie 'eerd it too, and for a moment a bright colour leaped into her face, and a light into her eye, but only for a moment, to leave her paler than before. P'raps you'll guess what's coming, the old tale of a mistake and miscarried letters, for our brave boy had recovered from that dreadful blow. Katie goes to the door—that swelling in the wood hadn't been noticed lately—I hears the click of the lock, and then one long, loud scream.

"Charlie!"

I burst into the passage, and there, fainting, was Katie, clasped tight and close in the arms of young 'All.

I've always believed as that sight sent me for a few minutes clean out of my mind. I tore back into the parlour like a raving luniac, mistook the cat for a lump o' coal and jammed her on top of the fire, and couldn't make out what she was yowling about, till our ugly little servant come flying into the room like a Yankee schooner before the wind. I took hold of her, and give her a roaring kiss, not knowing what I was doing. But she did seem to know, for she says, "Oh, Capt'ing!" and falls a-fainting into my arms. I throwed her under the table, and shouted "Fire!"

I needn't tell you what the end was. When, looking so grand in his serjeant-major's uniform, with the medals on his great big chest, Charlie took my little Katie to church, her looking so fair and beautiful in her white bride's dress, with the orange blossoms round her head, my heart was near to burstin' with joy and pride and thankfulness.

When it come to my part in the service to give an answer out loud, my feelings overcome me, though they'd been laying it into me for weeks past as I must be very careful to say nothing except the few words in the parson's log-book, and Katie had locked up all the grog since the night

afore. The parson asked very solemn who her away?

"I do, mate," I says; "and I'll be scuttled I could give her to a better man!"

When Charlie left the army, and Katie and settled down here, I come to end my days all of 'em, and along of the dear little children, little Katie and the little serjeant-majors who on a-comin' to town. God bless 'em! Bless little voices that is such sweet music to my ears! the little hands that stroke my face, and little soft lips that kiss my rough old cheeks say again, God bless my children's little children.

"Well, nurse?"

"Which I begs your parding, capt'ing; which, if you'll please open this little book you'll see what have just arrove; and which you please, capt'ing, it's *One More*?"

### MARY'S BIRTHDAY (SEPT. 8).

As out of the Cereus\* leafless and bare,  
There springeth a flower spotless and fair,  
So out of a race of innocence shorn,  
A beautiful child to earthland was born.  
And the earth shone brighter that far-off day  
And the wind and the sunbeams knelt to pray  
And the incense of flowers arose more sweet  
The Immaculate Human bud to greet.  
Did Mary, so still in her mother's arms,  
Any shadow see of life's coming storms?  
Did she catch the gleam of the graces bright,  
That would flood her soul with their dazzling light?  
Did she see the angels round her, I ween,  
Did she know what passed in her stainless scene?  
What she may have read of the future's scroll  
Oh, Natal day blest! we hail you with joy;  
You brought us pure gold without sin's alloy,  
You brought us a babe exempt from all trace  
Of the olden sin—"Mary, full of grace."

EGLANTINE

\* Night-blooming Cereus.

### NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

THE Editor desires to call the attention of Contributors to the following rules regarding MSS. :—

1. Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each contribution must bear on the first page the sender's name and address, and the conditions on which it is forwarded.
3. In no case can the Editor undertake the task of passing an opinion upon the merits or defects of poems or stories submitted to him; nor can he specify the reasons which influence him in rejecting any contribution.
4. As MSS. are sent voluntarily, the Editor will not hold himself responsible for their safe return; but when an address wrapper accompanies the contribution, care will be taken to have such contribution duly posted in the event of its rejection.
5. When a stamped, addressed wrapper is not sent, the MSS. will remain for six months at the office, where they will be obtainable upon application, either personally or by letter enclosing addressed wrapper. Beyond six months no application can be entertained.

# "IT SAVED MY LIFE"

"For the Fever had obtained a strong hold on me. In a few days I was quite well."—*Extract from letter of C. Fitzgerald, Esq., formerly Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian in Albania, referring to*

## LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE,

WHICH IS EFFERVESCING AND TASTELESS, FORMING A MOST INVIGORATING, VITALISING, AND REFRESHING DRAUGHT.

*Dr. PROUT, MORGAN, TURLEY, GIBBON, SPARKS, DOWSING, STEVENS, CARR JACKSON, and many other Medical Gentlemen, have given unqualified testimony to the importance of the discovery and the immense value of*

## THIS GREAT REMEDY



as possessing elements most essential for the restoration and maintenance of Health, with perfect Vigour of Body and Mind.

It gives instant relief in HEADACHE, SEA or BILIOUS SICKNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, LASSITUDE, HEARTBURN, and FEVERISH COLDS; prevents and quickly cures the worst form of TYPHUS, SCARLET, and other FEVERS, SMALLPOX, MEASLES, and ERUPTIVE or SKIN COMPLAINTS, and various other altered conditions of the blood. It is the cure for CHOLERA.

**CAUTION!**—Dr. Wilson writes: We all know how much rubbish is put into the market in imitation of it.

In Patent Glass-Stoppered Bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 21s. each.

## LAMPLOUGH'S CONCENTRATED LIME JUICE SYRUP.

perfect Luxury. Taken effervescing with Pyretic Saline a most agreeable Summer Drink. Sold by all Chemists in Patent Glass-stoppered Bottles at 2s. and 4s. 6d. each.

H. LAMPLOUGH, 113, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON, E.C.

## CHARMING PRESENT FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

Beautifully bound in Red and Gold, half-yearly Volumes of

## "THE LAMP,"

At 5s. each, or free by post 5s. 6d. NOW READY, Vol. XXVIII.

Cases for Vol. Two Shillings each.

PRINCIPAL OFFICES: 25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.,

And at all Booksellers and Newsvendors.

## Hop Bitters

Are THE PUREST, CHEAPEST, & BEST BITTERS EVER MADE.

They are compounded from HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, PODOPHYLLIN, and ANDELION, the oldest, best, and most valuable medicine in the world. Contains all the most curative properties of all other Bitters, being the greatest BLOOD PURIFIER, LIVER REGULATOR, and Life and Health Restoring agent on earth.

## No Disease or Ill Health

can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

TRY HOP BITTERS TO-DAY.

May be had of all Chemists throughout the World.

Digitized by Google



# Louis

## VELVETEEN

**GENOA FACE. FAST WOVEN PILE.**

Every Yard of the Genuine bears the Name "LOUIS,"  
and the Wear of

**EVERY YARD GUARANTEED.**

**Patterns Post Free.**

THOS. WALLIS & CO., HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

# BEETHAM'S

## Glycerine & Cucumber

Soon renders the SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE. It  
tirely removes and prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS,  
SUNBURN, TAN, &c., and preserves the Skin from the effects  
of exposure to the SUN, WIND, or HARD WATER, and  
effectually than any other known preparation. No Lady who  
values her COMPLEXION should ever be without it, as it is  
INVALUABLE at all Seasons of the Year for keeping the Skin  
Soft and BLOOMING. It is perfectly harmless, and may be ap-  
plied to the Skin of the tenderest Infant. Bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and  
2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Any size free for 5d. sent  
by the Sole Makers—M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Chislehurst.

## GREAT SALE for 28 DAYS ONLY.

### ENORMOUS SACRIFICE.

**LLOYD, TAYLOR, & CO., 98, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.**  
are NOW SELLING their IMMENSE STOCK of WATCHES and JEWELLERY at  
FIFTY PER CENT. BELOW ANY OTHER HOUSE. **ELECTRIC GOLD.**

LLOYD, TAYLOR, & Co. supply a SINGLE WATCH or article of Jewellery at the Wholesale Trade  
Price. Pay us a visit or send for Our New Watch and Jewellery Catalogue. 1,000 Illustrations and Testi-  
monials. Post-free to any address.

**1s. Keeper Ring. Electric Gold. Well Engraved. Worth 5s.**

We will send, post paid, to any address, for 15 stamps, any one of the three following Rings:—A LADY'S  
HANDSOMELY ENGRAVED FLAT KEEPER RING, A MASSIVE WEDDING RING, or A LADY'S  
HANDSOMELY ENGRAVED HALF-ROUND KEEPER RING; two for 2s., or 26 stamps; three for  
3s. or 39 stamps. Each Ring stamped 18c., and guaranteed equal in appearance and wear to one costing 6s.  
Selling by thousands; half a million sold in two months. Do not miss this golden opportunity.

**ELECTRIC GOLD JEWELLERY** of every description from 1s. 3d. upwards.

**RINGS, BROOCHES, STUDS, EARRINGS.**

**LADIES' WATCH.** Full jewelled, Crystal Glass. Post Free, 15s. 6d. **GENTS' SIZE,** 17s. 6d.  
**YOUTHS' SIZE,** 16s. 9d.

**STERLING SILVER. LADIES' WATCH,** 17s. 6d. **YOUTHS' WATCH,** 18s. **GENTS' WATCH,** 20s.  
**CHEMICAL DIAMONDS.**

**Pearl Ring. Set with 5 Pearls. Post-free, 1s. 4d.**

We are now sending, post-free, for 1s. 4d. or 17 stamps, one of our splendid Five Pearl Half Hoop Rings  
stamped 18c. and undetectable from a Twenty-Guinea Pearl Ring. Most marvellous offer ever made. Post-free  
1s. 4d. or 17 stamps; 2 for 2s. 6d. or 32 stamps.

**Enamelled Ring. Mizpah. Post-free, 1s. 4d.**

**LLOYD, TAYLOR, AND CO., 98, CHEAPSIDE.**



**HUMILIATING  
ERUPTIONS  
ITCHING  
AND  
BURNING  
TORTURES**

**A**ND EVERY SPECIES OF ITCHING, Scaly, Pimply, In-  
herited, Scrofulous, and Contagious Diseases of the  
Blood, Skin, and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, from Infancy to  
old age, are positively cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.  
CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses  
the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous  
elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching  
and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers  
and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet  
Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humours, Skin  
Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

Sold by all Chemists, and Francis Newbery & Sons, 1, King Edward Street, Newgate Street,  
London, E.C. Price: CUTICURA, 2s. 3d.; RESOLVENT, 4s. 6d.; SOAP, 1s. Prepared by the  
POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL, CO., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A.

Write F. Newbery & Sons for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."





# THE LAMP.

*Established Half a Century.*

## CONTENTS:

	PAGE		PAGE
SHERBORNE : OR, THE		MUSING .....	170
HOUSE AT THE FOUR		ANGELA .....	173
WAYS (Illus.) 145, 161,		HOW TO BECOME PROS-	
177, 188, 200		PEROUS .....	176
THE LEPRECHAUN .....	149	MAGGIE'S ROMANCE (Illus.)	177
SKETCH OF JAMES STUART		REAL WONDERLAND .....	179
AS DUKE OF YORK AND		JUBERLO TOM: A GOLD	
KING OF ENGLAND 150,		DIGGER'S STORY .....	181
165, 186, 195		MUSCLE versus BRAIN .....	188
FIDDLE AND BLANCHE 152, 168		THE CHATEAU D'ANDE	
OVERESTIMATING .....	155	(Illus.) .....	193
DAWN .....	150	THE SPECTRE PRIEST .....	199
THE EIGHTH CHILD .....	157	CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE	
EUROPEANS IN HIMALAYA 159		DAME .....	204
THE WILL OF PETER THE		A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE	205
GREAT .....	171	BEARDS .....	207

ETC., ETC., ETC.

## OFFICES:

LONDON,—25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, E.C.  
 DUBLIN,—SMITH & SON, MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.  
 M. H. GILL & SON, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE  
 STREET.  
 LIVERPOOL,—SMITH & SON, CASTLE STREET.  
 MANCHESTER,—J. HEYWOOD, DEANSGATE.  
 SMITH & SON, 1, NEW BROWN STREET.



**BRADFORD'S**

PATENT "VOWEL" A1  
**Washing, Wringing**  
 AND  
**Mangling Machine**  
 Is PERFECT as a Washer, a Wringer,  
 and a Mangler.

See "Vowel" Testimony, containing the experience of over 500 users.

Trial free, carriage free, full instructions free, and satisfaction always guaranteed.

Mangles from 45s. Wringers from 25s. Write for New Catalogue.

THOS. BRADFORD & CO., High Holborn, London; Victoria Avenue, Manchester; & Bold St., Liverpool.

"VOWEL" A1.

Will wash eight shirts in ten minutes.

**EXTRACT.**

"The 'Vowel' A1 is the best value of any thing in my house, and the best laundress I ever had. We have really no trouble with our washing now, and that is high praise, considering the constant worry and trouble before we had the Machine."

**PURCHASER'S LETTER.**



ANYONE wants a WRINGER and MANGLE MACHINE should remember to

BRADFORD'S are admittedly the best, and the true sense are, the cheapest. Thousands of these invaluable machines have been doing service for from 10 to 20 years, and are little worse for wear. See CATALOGUE.

Write for  
 A CATALOGUE OF  
 PRICES, &c.



**DOUBLE WOVE**  
 GALVANIZED or TINNED STEEL  
**WIRE MATTRESSES**

Length 6ft. to 6ft. 6in. as required

	3	3½	4	4½
Woods' Patent, Double Woven	33 4	34 0	34 6	35 0
" Single Woven	30 0	31 0	31 6	32 0
Longford No. 1, Double Woven	35 0	36 0	36 6	37 0
Longford No. 1½, " "	31 0	32 0	32 6	33 0
Longford No. 1½, " "	34 0	35 0	35 6	36 0
The "Warrington" Single Woven	29 0	30 0	30 6	31 0
French Bedstead and Mattress complete, 1	60 0	70 0	75 0	80 0
" " " " " " " " " " " "	11 59 6	62 0	65 0	68 0

Discount less %.

The STRONGEST HOSPITAL BEDSTEAD & MATTRESS complete, 3ft. by 6½ft., 30s. each.

Illustrated Catalogues free on application. Our Goods to be had from any respectable Bed and Bath Furnishers.

The Longford Wire Co., Limited  
 WARRINGTON.

Free by post, One Shilling,

THE BEST LIKENESS OF THE LATE  
**PIUS IX.,**

A BEAUTIFUL WOOD ENGRAVING ON THICK TONED PAPER,  
 FIT FOR ANY DRAWING ROOM.

"THE TABLET," the leading Catholic organ, of Feb. 16 says: "We have received from 'THE LAMP' Office one of the best likenesses we have seen of the late Pontiff. The price, one shilling puts it within the reach of all."

OFFICE OF THE "LAMP," 25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Price 1s. per 100, by Post 1s. 3d.

**ORDER OF SERVICE FORMS**  
 (HIGH MASS AND VESPERS)

For Sundays and Holidays of  
 Obligation.

THIS little Sheet will be found very useful, especially where the Singing is Congregational. A specimen sent gratis and post free on application to the Publisher.

25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

**Gregorian Chants**  
 FOR

**The Mass,**  
 According to the Eight  
 Tones.

Harmonised for the Organ, and arranged for Duets or Part Singing.

By EDWARD FAGAN.

Price from One Shilling each.

25, Whitefriars Street, London, and  
 BURNS, OATES, and Co., Orchard Street, W.



"SHE WILL THINK I AM PRYING," THOUGHT MORETON.

## Sherborne; or, the House at the Four Ways.

By EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

Author of the "*Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems*," "*Grey's Court*," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

MORETON felt a little natural hesitation about promising Mrs. Atherstone to do, he knew not what, and do it immediately, he had not the heart to hesitate in practice. "Very well, I will," he said, as he looked at

the piteous expression on her worn face. "But what is it that I am to do?" he added, as the instinct of self-preservation reminded him that there are risks and risks. He could not help feeling that he had signed a blank cheque on his own discretionary power, and that he might therefore be placed in a position not only difficult, but em-



barrassing, perhaps awkward, and perhaps (for the transition is sometimes disagreeably easy) even ridiculous. All the improbable arrangements of adverse circumstances that could possibly contrive to make him most misunderstood in the way that would be hardest to bear rose up before him in an instant, minutely detailed in unseizable shapes that changed in forming, yet always retained some representation of himself in some contemptible character, most obtrusively conspicuous, and always in sight of Miss Arden.

"What is it that I am to do?" he repeated ruefully, as he looked back at the lights of the ball-room where he had last seen her.

Tragedy and comedy met in him at that moment; for embarrassment belongs rather to the one, human suffering to the other—and both were his.

Mrs. Atherstone looked at him with some curiosity and much feeling; in short, with that instinctive comprehension of the heart's pathology which is peculiar to women.

"There will be no awkwardness in doing what I am going to ask you to do," she said, in a voice full of sympathy and persuasiveness. "What I want you to do—and I hope you will do it—is this: I only want you to ask Sir Roger Arden whether Count de Bergerac or his father ever had any other name."

"Is there no other way of doing it?" asked Moreton.

"You can say," she replied, "that I begged you to ask him the question, and that I have a particular reason for wanting to know. Indeed, you may go farther, if you don't mind. You may ask Count de Bergerac himself. *Yes, do* ask him. Say that I have most important reasons for asking the question—reasons which concern him most. Say that, if he is the person I take him for, I have a communication of the utmost importance to make. Say that you will bring him to me to-morrow morning."

"The party breaks up to-morrow morning. He and I and the rest are going away," urged Moreton.

"Never mind," she replied; "he must start a little sooner, and stop at my house on the way. I don't care now who knows it. It won't be half a mile out of his way, and you can go with him to prevent mistakes. Now *do* go at once, and watch for an opportunity—make an opportunity. Oh! you don't know what good you have it in your power to do, but you will know by-and-by. I am certain he is my sister's grandson, and the great-grandson of John Sherborne."

"But if he is, what use is it?" said Moreton, turning very unwillingly and slowly towards the house.

"Leave that to me," answered Mrs. Atherstone. "Women are not such fools as all that."

"I am in for it," he thought, as he set off. "But what does it matter to me now?"

And he hurried on, feeling as reckless as conscience would allow. Mrs. Atherstone called after him:

"Promise me that, in any case, you will call at my house on your way to the station to-morrow morning?"

"Yes," he said, and walked on.

"And that if he is my sister's grandson, ~~you~~ will certainly bring him to me."

"Yes," he repeated, and was soon out of hearing.

Mrs. Atherstone turned into the footpath, and made the best of her way back to her lonely house at the four cross-roads.

As Moreton approached the house, a fly with luggage on the top was going down the avenue, and passed within a hundred yards of him.

"Who can it be," he thought, "going off at one o'clock in the morning?"

He ran forward, and tried to see inside the fly; but the fog was thick, and the horse going at a hand gallop.

He entered the house by the front door. Near the door leading into the supper-room stood Sherborne and the Anglo-foreign neighbour, Crayston, conversing with an appearance, if not of friendliness, at least of some common interest for the moment.

"I thought those two had hated each other consistently from their Eton days to the present time inclusive," thought Moreton as he passed them.

"I was there at the time," said Crayston in a low voice. "It's of no consequence to me, of course; only it would be a pity, a great pity, if Sir Roger shouldn't know it. You know him better than I do, and—"

"I don't like eaves-dropping," thought Moreton, "but I could not help hearing—"

Some people came by chattering so much that the next few words were inaudible.

"Well," continued Crayston, "it is a pity to see a charming girl—"

Some more chattering people came by, and Moreton was beginning to feel that he must move on.

"Sacrificed like that—just because he happens to be a Pontifical Zouave."

A sudden suspicion darted through Moreton's brain, and broke into detail.

"Sacrificed! He means *her* sister, and related to Count de Bergerac. Something against her, of course. I don't believe it. Crayston would hate him because he is in the Pontifical Zouaves, and would believe anything of that kind that was told him out of malice or mistake. I suppose Sir Roger knows all about him. I wish I had looked at him more. Mrs. Atherstone is sure that he is her sister's grandson; but that elder branch of the Sherbornes may have gone to the bad—no one knows anything about them. I wish I had noticed him more, so that I could shake off the suspicion pitched higgledy-piggledy before me by such a brute as Crayston, who may be right by chance. I suppose I shall see Count de Bergerac presently, and then I must observe him more particularly. I wish I had done so sooner."

But the poor fellow had so soon ceased to take notice of anybody or anything in the house except Mary Arden, that he was incompetent to form an opinion; and when at last she happened to pass within a few feet of him, as she did soon after, he was not even competent to think about it. A mist came before his eyes, and he presently found himself in the ball-room, gradually remembering that he had promised Mrs. Atherstone to ask

Sir Roger Arden about this same Count de Bergerac.

He remembered it slowly, and slowly he made up his mind that the thing had to be done, notwithstanding the difference of circumstances. Many times did he try to steady his hesitation by telling himself sternly that a promise is a promise; many times he worked on his own feelings with a piteous picture of the poor old woman appealing to him in her distress as the only person who could help her. "But I had not overheard Crayston then—and he may be right," whispered one sort of impulse, to which we will give the benefit of the doubt, and call prudence.

"But it is possible he may have been speaking of some one else; besides, I have no business to overhear him," said an impulse of a different description.

"But I couldn't help it," urged the first; "and when it concerned the welfare of friends——"

"But that is the very reason why I should ask the question," said the second; and off he started in pursuit of Sir Roger.

Once more on his way was he tempted to excuse himself from the embarrassing question. Quite suddenly he turned pale, and muttered under his breath:

"Oh, if she had known what she was asking me to do!"

He appeared to shrink from his own words, as if they referred to some worse difficulty than he had yet realised; and he thought he would go and talk to Lord Oxborough, who was standing near, or dance with one of his daughters, on the plea that they were relations. One of them was engaged, and the other waiting to be, but not to Moreton. Lord Oxborough was meditating a descent upon the supper, and Lady Oxborough was looking into space over her fan. Moreton preferred the embarrassing question; and, setting out in earnest, soon met Sir Roger Arden.

"I have been looking for you," said Sir Roger, coming up to him with that pleasant manner of hospitality which, when natural, as it was in him, puts people at their ease without causing or allowing them to feel that they could be otherwise.

Moreton was just going to avow that he had been looking for him; but he had the wit to stop in time, so as to let his question, when he should ask it, seem spontaneous and unavoidable. He began with a pleasantly turned compliment about the ball, and then went on to speak of the agreeable people he had met in the course of his agreeable visit. It was fortunate that he was not called upon to give a description of them and their merits, for his impressions of them had long since been effaced by the image of Mary Arden.

"I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you here again," said Sir Roger; "and I am very glad to hear that you are coming into the neighbourhood."

"I—I don't think I shall," said Moreton, beginning to lose his presence of mind. "But, by the bye, whose fly was that going off just now?"

"Count de Bergerac's. He will only be just in time to catch the night train. He is in the Louaves, and he is hurrying back to Rome. His leave is up."

"Yes—I wonder whether his father was English?"

"Not that I am aware of." He turned aside, and Moreton perceived, to his horror, that Miss Winifred Arden was standing near.

"She will think that I am prying about the man she is apparently engaged to, and telling lies about him," thought he.

Poor Moreton. He broke off into a stifled groan, and felt rooted to the spot.

Sir Roger, who saw nothing extraordinary in the question, quietly said, "My dear, do you happen to know whether Count de Bergerac is of English extraction?"

"I don't know. Yes, I think he is," she replied; and Moreton, shrinking from her eyes, all the more because they looked away from him, crept into a corner, feeling as much ashamed of himself as if he had done something shameful.

The dancing was kept up with great spirit, particularly on the part of Miss Hermione Crumps. At half-past three o'clock Sherborne might have been seen driving down the avenue in a dog-cart and a bad humour, on bad terms with himself and others. The lights in the ball-room were then being put out, the last carriage had left the door, and the stablemen, with their lanterns, had gone away. A little while later, and every window was dark, except in Moreton's room.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE light in Moreton's room might have been seen till daybreak and after; he had neither taken nor sought rest. But he had found repose of that sort which alone can co-exist with real sorrow; and this was how he found it. He knelt at the crucifix and offered up his suffering voluntarily to God.

The pale November sun had risen above the hills near Ledchester before he could make up his mind to face the fact and make the offering; but at last he did make it fully, and then he could face anything. Once only, just before leaving the room to hear Mass, his firmness wavered for an instant, as his eyes fell on the dark blue outline of those hills on which he had looked so often during the last fortnight.

Perhaps there is no inanimate thing that has the same power of recalling scenes and sensations to the mind as a line of distant hills. A picture, a glove, a handwriting may be more vividly symbolic; the mind itself can conjure up, out of its own recollections, minuter details of day-dreams hopelessly dispelled; but a line of low hills, rising gradually in dark blue undulations into an horizon tipped with an atmosphere of gold-tinted light, has a disposing power more subtle and more suggestive. Its symbolism is as wide as the whole space we can see over, and extends into depths of imaginable distance beyond.

This may seem exaggerated, but to Moreton it was so evident that it quickly became unendurable, and forced him from the window. He turned away slowly, unwilling to lose the sight, unable to bear it.

Everything in the house seemed altered. The passages, as he walked along them, felt cold,

though they were warmed with hot air; the colour of the walls looked hard, though the light was yet dim. If the distant hills, tipped with the fresh hues of sunrise, reminded him of the ideal past, the house was suggestive of present realities. The housemaids appeared to sweep with more than usual vigour, and a more exclusive concentration of will. He saw them in his mind's eye hard at work with brooms and tea-leaves, "cleaning up" his own room while the 11.35 train was steaming him towards London. That night of interior warfare, in crowds and in solitude, had made sensation morbidly sharp. Out of doors the wind sounded hollow and wailing, the cawing of the rooks harsh and loud.

The church stood a little way outside the park and close to the village. It had been built long enough to combine the advantages of time and architecture nearly as far as the restrictive conditions of the period would allow. It had escaped the pre-Puginian attempts at Gothic revival, had lost its newness, and was not unfinished. The colour of the stone had done much towards giving a negative appearance of age to a building whose style and local accidents favoured the pleasant delusion. The church was early English, and it was placed in a little churchyard, whose wall almost touched the nearest cottage garden; so that by a little involuntary effort of imagination, such as most of us, perhaps, indulge in at times, though not always in so harmless a manner, it would have been just possible to forget, for a moment or two, that the Faith is a stranger among a peasantry which owes to her its emancipation from serfdom, a by-word in the ears of a squirearchy, to whose estates and position she alone can give a sound moral title, a stumbling-block to the idolisers of a constitution which, but for her, would not have existed at all. For a very brief space of time you might have stood there and forgotten the hideous hypocrisy of the Reformation.

Moreton happened to look round as he entered the porch. The movement was instinctive, but, as far as he knew, unconscious, for he supposed himself to have become suddenly aware that he had done so, and that Miss Arden and her sister were walking down the avenue. They were too far off to be recognised by the eye alone; and yet he felt as nervously self-conscious as if she were near. Just for one moment he stood still in the porch, and his heart fluttered as the thought flashed across him against his will, "If I had the right to go with her every morning to hear Mass—"

Then he opened the door quickly, and fixing his eyes on the sanctuary lamp, felt that in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament sorrow loses its bitterness. His hopes and fears were alike tranquillised.

It was past nine o'clock before he thought of returning, and some minutes later before he left the church. Then he began to be aware that he had promised something; and at once, as when, after an unbroken sleep, indefinite consciousness bursts forth into a definite form, his promise to Mrs. Atherstone confronted him in the porch. He turned round, raised his eyes to the church clock, and looked at it unintelligently.

"I wish I could have gone there before breakfast," he thought, "and got it over. I don't know how I can do it on my way to the station, or be of any use to her or to any one else, if I do."

Then he set off homewards at a slow pace, that became slower as he came nearer to the house, and therefore nearer to the time of his interview with Sir Roger; for, indeed, it is one thing to form a resolution, and another to maintain it. Words had never seemed so unmanageable: the more he tried to arrange them, the more he failed; so that at last he muttered to himself, "I suppose I shall say what I mean somehow when it comes to the point," and made up a grim smile, as a mechanical self-encouragement.

Though the ball had been kept up till past three o'clock, the attractions and terrors of the 11.35 express train had enforced punctuality on those whom it concerned; some half-dozen people were already at breakfast, and others were dropping in by ones and twos. Three or four lymphatic neighbours, who were going to drive home, remained in bed till two o'clock, and felt what is called an honest pride when they contemplated the feat.

Sitting down in the first chair that stood in his way, Moreton found himself next to Sherborne. The latter looked rather too cheerful under his exact circumstances: an accurate observer, aware of the same, might have thought that he was stimulating a doubtful resolution. They spoke at intervals, rapidly. Sherborne seemed anxious to talk down the evidence of having a weight on his mind; Moreton found the weight on his own so great that he had no energy to spare.

"The chestnut mare kicked my dog-cart to pieces last night at the bottom of the avenue," said Sherborne, "and so I slept here, and sent this morning for my things to dress."

"Was the mare hurt?" asked Moreton.

"No," answered Sherborne.

"Oh!" said Moreton.

Presently Moreton roused himself and said, "I am very glad you got off all right;" and looked nervously at his watch. It was ten minutes past ten. Within an hour he must be on his way to the station; but Sir Roger showed no symptoms of moving, and everybody showed symptoms of an intention to absorb his time as much as possible.

"Nevertheless," said Moreton internally, "I will see him alone between this time and eleven o'clock."

He grew several shades paler, but he spoke in a firm voice such conversational fragments as occurred to him during the next few minutes. He talked to the young lady on his right about the Mont Cenis tunnel, and the merits of the trois-temps waltz, listened with profound inattention to an amusing story told by some one on the opposite side of the table, and otherwise managed well to avoid particular notice.

"How happy people look," said Sherborne, "when they are just going to travel, at the rate of forty miles an hour, away from a scene of worked-out festivities!"

Moreton thought for a minute or two, and replied:

"Brisk, lively, satisfied by the help of anticipa-

tion, perhaps cheerful; but happiness is a different thing."

"You think they all look unhappy?" asked Sherborne, listening a good deal with one ear, and giving some of his attention fixedly.

"No; that is what I don't mean," answered Moreton, making at the same moment a feint of getting up, as if for the purpose of inducing other people to believe that every one else was about to do so in reality.

But the people were not persuaded, and Sherborne's eyebrows asked:

"What, then, *do* you mean?"

Moreton gave another tug at his watch-chain, looked straight before him, and replied:

"I take it that happiness is beside the question. I mean that something less, something different, will do as well for the requirements of their position."

"What else? and how do you define happiness?" asked Sherborne.

By this time Sir Thomas Grubhedge was beginning to have finished his breakfast, and the hum of voices had ceased to be continuous. Moreton wished that he had been less accurate; but, after pausing a few seconds to bring back his mind from the impending interview to the subject of Sherborne's question, replied:

"It is sufficient, I think, that they should be, as they are, cheerful—or rather, cheery, by which I mean under the influence of the inclination, rather than enjoying the results. As to defining happiness, I confine myself to that kind which is attainable in this life, under average circumstances. I haven't time to define it now, for I must be moving, and I have other things to think about; but one thing is proper to it certainly, and that thing is wanting in the majority of the people you were speaking of—I mean repose. They enjoy the movement, rather than the nature, of the life which they lead. And now I must be off."

Then, seeing that two or three people had got up from their chairs, he left the room, and waited about, pretending to look after his luggage, till Sir Roger appeared, when he came forward, and with a calmness that astonished himself, said:

"I wish to speak with you for a few moments alone."

Sir Roger tried hard to make it appear that he was not surprised, but the effort was not quite successful, just because what he wanted to show was true. For surely it is more difficult to disguise what one imagines one's self to seem, than to make one's self seem what one knows one is not.

Perhaps the character of the room they entered was not reassuring to Moreton. A large library table was covered with papers and pamphlets, agricultural, magisterial, and otherwise, suggestive of bucolic business. The books visible on the shelves were of the same sort, diversified by Charles Butler's *Memoirs*, and an obsolete Greek Lexicon in a brown binding. Even a vellum-bound "*Gerusalemme Liberata*" would have softened the expression of those dark mahogany shelves; and "Mrs. Brown at the Sea-side" would have relieved the stiffness of the statistical literature that looked sternly at home on the

writing-table; but neither of them was there, or else he was too much agitated to perceive them. Agitated he certainly was, quietly agitated, like the sea after a storm, when the water looks calm, and the swell causes huge vessels to roll helplessly; but he had something to say, and he meant to say it; so he began at once. He said:

"Sir Roger, I am going to speak of that which in this world concerns me personally more than anything else; and I have no expectation—indeed, strictly speaking, no hope, that the result can be otherwise than irremediably disastrous to myself, within limits which, if I were not a Catholic, would have no existence. I say this at the outset, because I had rather not be misunderstood, which I might easily be; for my words will be few, and perhaps they will seem very cold. I can't help it, and perhaps you will understand why—I hope you will."

Sir Roger was now really surprised, and, therefore, by dint of much effort, he contrived to make it almost appear that he was not. He pulled hard at the breath which had suddenly grown short, and began to say:

"It will always be a pleasure to me to——"

"Not this time, I think," interrupted Moreton. "But I will not keep you in suspense. Listen for two minutes, and I shall have finished."

"Oh, what in the world can it be?" thought Sir Roger, who being slow of perception, was only just beginning to be alarmed. "Can he have got into difficulties and——? No! I really can't—I have a family and great expenses, and every thing is put on the land now-a-days."

(*To be continued.*)

## THE LEPRECHAUN.

IN Ireland, they say,  
There's a kind of a fay,  
Mighty sly in his way,  
You may meet in your path;  
If you venture to stray  
At the close of the day  
Where the fairies hold sway—  
In some desolate rath.

And this fay you can keep—  
Standing there like a sheep,  
Not e'en able to creep,  
If your eyes you can fix  
On his face, sly and deep:  
Yet if you do but peep  
At ought else, with a leap,  
He is off in two ticks.

Oh, *Maire*, you sly  
Little witch, when you're by,  
With your glances so shy,  
I'm completely upset:  
Like the Leprechaun, I  
Am unable to fly,  
But must stop, if I die,  
When your eyes I have met.

JOHN WILSON.

## SKETCH OF JAMES STUART AS DUKE OF YORK AND KING OF ENGLAND.

[CONTINUED.]

**J**AMES' influence with the king was great, but his influence with the body of the nation was greater still. He came before the English people recommended by his birth, by excellent endowments of mind and body, by every accidental circumstance, which was calculated to win that people's respect and love. Directly sprung from an ancient and royal house, which dear to the repentant nation for the greatness of its name, was rendered still dearer by the sadness of its memories, he was known to have shared in no small measure the disasters and sorrows of his family. He had suffered privations; he had passed through dangers. And now, after many adventures and many turns of fortune, fresh from wars in which he had won himself a reputation for personal courage and great ability, with the bloom of early manhood still upon his cheek, he came amongst his countrymen. What worldly people would call his honour had never been stained, and it was a common saying with the people that his word had never been broken. One terrible blemish, indeed, rested on his character, which God forbid we should seek to extenuate. But in a dissolute age, when virtue was banished from every court in Europe, when it was banished especially from the court of England, and by English wits and poets was ridiculed as the distinguishing mark of Puritans and Cromwellians, the blemish of which we speak was little likely to be noticed. Whether the reign of Charles was more favourable to morality than the Protectorate of Cromwell may well be doubted.

The Duke of York did not allow the position and influence, which, upon his return from exile, he found made ready to his hands, to suffer by his own negligence or sloth. He was not (as we have said) altogether free from the grosser vices of the king, and he was, moreover, passionately fond of hunting and out-door exercise; but between the royal brothers there was this great difference, that, whereas, Charles regarded his high office only as a means to profligate and disgusting self-indulgences, James regarded his detestable self-indulgences as, in some sense, a distraction from the cares of office. Having been appointed lord admiral of the fleet, he at once applied himself to the administration of the navy, and in a short time a marked improvement was observable in that branch of the public service. In 1662, Pepys sorrowfully noted in his diary, "Great talk there is of fear of a war with the Dutch; and we have orders to pitch upon twenty ships to be forthwith set out; but I hope it is but a scarecrow to the world, to let them see that we can be ready for them; though, God knows, the king is not able to set out five ships at this present without great difficulty, we neither having money, credit, nor stores." In 1665, an English fleet, consisting of ninety-eight men of war, met and overcame the greatest naval power in Europe.

Mr. Green, in his "History of the English

People," informs us that though the Duke of York was made Lord Admiral, the administration of the fleet was virtually in the hands of the Earl of Sandwich. We have endeavoured to find Mr. Green's authority for this statement, but we have failed to find it. It is true that from his former connection with the navy the Earl of Sandwich had great experience in naval affairs, and the royal brothers naturally availed themselves of his experience, but it is not true that the whole administration of the fleet was in his hands. Indeed, there is ample evidence to show that from the time of his appointment to the Lord Admiralship, the Duke of York gave himself up wholly to the duties of his department, that he exercised the closest personal supervision over every part of it, and that he was extremely jealous of interference on the part of others. We are the last to quarrel with whig historians for disliking the political principles of the House of Stuart, but we cannot see that the cause of constitution and freedom gains, we rather think it loses, by their blinding themselves to every virtue and every merit they may chance to find in the representative of an adverse principle. An impartial historian will allow that whatever may have been the faults of the Duke of York, however dangerous to civil liberty may have been his principles, to him we in great measure owe the foundation of the naval power of England, to him we owe the introduction of science into our naval warfare, and to him, too, we owe those two great naval victories, which rescue from total political degradation that period of our history, when an English king was toying with his mistresses, and gaming at Whitehall, whilst the English name was fast becoming a byword on the Continent, and the English flag was insulted with impunity by obscure traders and pirates on the coast of Guinea. Whatever may be said of the Duke of York, it is matter of history that, when he entered upon his office, there was neither money, stores, nor credit for the service of the fleet, and it was hardly possible to fit out five ships. It is, also, matter of history that the duke obtained a grant of money from the king to remedy this evil, and that the evil was remedied so speedily and so efficaciously, that, in 1655, he was victorious over Opdam, and chased the Dutch to the very mouth of the Texel. The English, even then, were greedy for the dominion of the sea, and voted the duke for his conduct and bravery the sum of £120,000. In 1672, the lord admiral found himself opposed to De Ruyter, the greatest naval commander of the age, and after a battle so hotly contested that he was three times obliged to leave his ship and hoist his flag upon a less disabled one, he was again victorious, and again pursued his enemy to the shores of Holland.

But he did not confine his attention to the condition of the fleet, and to raising the credit of England on the sea. He did much for the improvement of our mercantile marine, and for the advancement of general commerce.

It is no wonder, then, that the Duke of York, coming before his countrymen with these claims upon their sympathy and gratitude, with illustrious birth, heightened by great misfortunes, with a high reputation for honour and bravery, for skill and success in war by land and sea, with an apti-

tude for business and a determination to give his labours for his country in time of peace as he exposed his life for her in time of war; it is no wonder if he was, as his Memoirs say he was, the darling of the English people. It is no wonder if his influence in the nation was unbounded. This account of the duke's influence at the time of which we speak is no extravagant flight of fancy. It is simply a fact of history. When the politicians who drove the Earl of Clarendon into banishment, began to fear the resentment of his royal son-in-law; and, therefore, endeavoured to work his ruin too; they, in urging their cause before the king, drew their chief argument from the duke's great credit with the nation, and protested that this credit was so great as to be a positive source of danger to the sovereign. They represented to the king, says the Memoirs, "That the great power and credit of the duke in the nation was looked upon as a lessening to his majesty, and that in the present circumstance of affairs, it might be unsafe to have the entire command of the sea, with a great part of the land forces wholly at the duke's disposal." (Mem., vol. i, p. 434.)

But neither his influence nor his happiness were to last. It was destined that his life should be a troubled one.

The bitterest enemy of James will hardly deny that in his political as distinct from his religious habits he was a thoroughly earnest man. He was earnest in everything he did. He would not undertake a work unless he were convinced of its utility, nor even then would he undertake it without mature consideration; but once he had undertaken it, it was hard to draw him back. When he was a boy in exile, he became convinced that it was for the good of the royal cause that he should learn the art of war. He resolved to learn it, and we have seen with what earnestness he carried out his resolution. After the Restoration, he saw the necessity of improving the condition of the navy. He resolved to improve it, and Pepys in his diary does full justice to the earnestness, energy and assiduity he brought to his laborious task. Theoretically he was a firm believer in the doctrine of Divine Right, and in the sacred character of kings; and, before he came to the crown, before he had hopes of the succession, in spite of many temptations and allurements he clung obstinately to the royal prerogatives. No wrong done him by his brother could goad him into disobedience, and no provocation could draw from him a disrespectful word. This earnestness, which marked his military career and his principles and conduct in political life, he took with him to the study of religion. It was a necessity of his nature to be earnest, to act upon his convictions. By a course of reading, unusual in his time, and by serious thought he became convinced of the truth of Catholicity. He tells us that he foresaw the misfortunes that would come upon him, if he were to acknowledge himself a Catholic, and for a time he naturally hesitated. He thought it might possibly be lawful for one in his circumstances to be a Catholic at heart, to be actually reconciled to the Catholic Church, and yet to conceal his conversion from the world, and outwardly conform

to the Establishment. He was soon disabused of his error; and he at once embraced a religion which, to use his own words, "he well foresaw would change his condition in this world from one of the happiest princes of Europe to that of the most unfortunate and abandoned men upon the earth." It was soon whispered that he had a leaning to Catholicity. It seemed that a Catholic influence had crept into the councils of the king and was directing the policy of the government. And before the duke had avowed his change of religion, before that change was known with any certainty, the bare suspicion that the heir to the throne of England had made his submission to the Church and See of Rome lashed the jealous nation into fury. The duke's former services were quite forgotten, and he, who had hitherto been the idol of the people, was now looked upon as a deadly enemy to their religion and their liberties. "All these storms now raised," say the Memoirs, "and which afterwards followed against the duke in parliament, bear their date and had their origine from the suspicion they had of his being converted to the Catholick Faith. Before that time he was look'd upon as the darling of the nation, for having so often ventur'd his life for the honour and interest of the king and country, and for having been allways so active and industrious in carrying on everything either as to trade, or as to navigation, that might lend to their advantage: But no sooner was the alarme given of his being turn'd Papist, when all these merites were blotted out of their memory, and he sett upon on every side as the common enemy," (Mem. Vol I., p. 487.)

Those who were hostile to the duke were not slow to take advantage of this revulsion in the feelings of the country. A powerful coalition was formed against him. It consisted of some who were sincere in their attachment to the Church of England and in their hatred of what they conceived to be the errors and encroaching spirit of the Papacy. It consisted of others who had not, and did not pretend to have any religious views or predilections at all, and yet were sincere in their politics, in their opposition to the prerogatives claimed by the crown and the doctrine of non-resistance. But for the most part the coalition was composed of men who were wholly devoid of principle in religion or in politics. They were men who, laughing at all forms of Christianity, professed Protestantism, because it was in fashion, or because it was advantageous, and who, if only it were for their advantage, would with equal ease have professed Catholicism or Judaism or Mahometanism. They were men who to-day would press the king to acts of lawless tyranny, and were ready to condemn him for these same acts to-morrow. Their private life was stained with the grossest immorality and their public life with the grossest dishonesty. In truth they consulted nothing but their own interests, and it is difficult to conceive a baseness to which they would not stoop in the furtherance of their selfish objects. Of the more prominent members of the coalition Russell was the best, Buckingham and Shaftesbury were preeminently the worst.

(To be continued.)



## FIDELE AND BLANCHE.

NO ROMANCE.

[CONTINUED.]

**F**IDELE spent nearly the whole day in the open air, throve well and soon grew into a splendid poodle. The Letsom children were playing with him almost all day; they ran, and the dog pursued them; they shouted and the dog barked wildly. Upon the road they met with other children, who swelled the little company of racers, and increased the excitement of the chase after the poodle. Did Fidele seize the pinafore or the trousers of one of the children, a cry of "help!" arose from the prisoner, and of merriment from the spectators. The neighbours closed their windows to keep out the noise.

"You make the dog too much for me," said Mrs. Letsom to the children.

"Let them alone," replied Mr. Letsom, "they make him sharp and watchful."

Yes, Fidele was very sharp. He could not see a crow or even a frog in the garden without chasing it with loud yelps; and Fidele was very watchful, for no man could approach the Letsoms' house without Fidele raising a hideous alarm. More especially did he hate labourers and people who carried sacks upon their shoulders, such as ragmen or bone collectors. Towards people of this kind the dog seemed beside himself and barked in a way that it was terrible to hear.

"An insufferable beast," said the sisters to each other, and looked well pleased at their cat.

Blanche remained nearly the whole of the day in the sitting room, and not till the evening was she taken into the loft, where she had a little white bed in a basket. When in the sitting room, Blanche lay curled up upon one of the worked sofa cushions, and slept. If Sylvia stroked her snow-white coat, then Blanche's gentle purr showed her content. When Blanche awoke from her nap, she jumped from her basket, and gaped and stretched herself. Then she sprang on to the window seat, and looked out, when the number of people who passed made her move her head in every direction. When tired of this post of observation, she sprang on to Sylvia's lap as she sat by the window knitting. The little coxer then climbed on to Sylvia's shoulder, and walked purring round her throat, with what her mistress called "a touching confidence." But, stop! a ball of red wool, lying on the ground, attracts Blanche's attention. A ray of sunshine falls upon it, and Blanche rushes to it, seizes it with her forepaws, and rolls it across the room. With these amusements, and plenty of food, Blanche soon grew into a splendid cat, and the Miss Nuttalls thought no cat so beautiful as their own.

"How can any one have so much affection for such a deceitful animal?" said Mrs. Letsom to her husband. "They treat the cat as if she were a child, and prepare her food till she can eat no more of it."

So the Letsoms had little sympathy with the

cat up there, and the Nuttalls as little with the dog down below. Whether the animals themselves had any sympathy with each other will appear from an encounter which took place quite unexpectedly one day between them.

One morning, Blanche was playing, after her custom, with the red ball in the sitting-room. The door was open and the ball rolled into the passage. Here Blanche gave her plaything so hard a push that it rolled on till it fell down the stairs. Blanche rushed after it to be received at the foot of the staircase by the enraged Fidele. Blanche, the gentle Blanche, clothed in the garment of innocence, arched her back, curled wildly her black tail, put out the sharp claws of her velvet feet, and received her foe with demonstrative hisses. Fidele met the danger with youthful foolhardiness; Blanche presented her claws; for a moment a black struggling mass was seen on the mat at the bottom of the stairs, and then Fidele retired with bloody ears and a piteous howl, and Blanche in triumph ran up the stairs.

Mrs. Letsom, who chanced at that moment to be entering her kitchen with a small log of wood in her hand, and had witnessed the result of the struggle, threw the piece of wood after the cat with a cry of anger. But the missile missed its aim, and, instead of this, fell against a window of the staircase, which, being closed, the glass fell clattering to the ground.

Hearing the noise, Miss Lydia came to the top of the stairs; saw the flying cat, believed that Mrs. Letsom was driving away the innocent animal, and, therefore, asked in an angry voice what was the matter.

"Be pleased to take better care of your cat up there," replied Mrs. Letsom from below in by no means gentle tones, "the animal is always quarreling with our dog, and has torn both his ears."

And as if to confirm this accusation, Fidele sent forth another piteous howl.

"Poor little dog!" said Mrs. Letsom, so loud that Lydia could hear her from above, "did the ugly little beast fall upon you unobserved?"

Miss Lydia considered it impolite to return an answer from above; she turned and saw the pale face of her sister who had heard all. They stared at each other for a while, and then both of them at the same time uttered the words:

"Our cat!"

They said nothing more. They entered the sitting-room, and closed the door. They sat down by the window and took out the eternal knitting. Then Sylvia again said with a sigh:

"Our cat;" and Lydia after a few minutes echoed: "Our cat."

Meanwhile, Sylvia seemed to have recovered herself in meditation on the monstrous charge.

"Our cat an ugly beast!" she said. "As if any cat could have begun the quarrel and torn both the dogs ears! Our Blanche! the gentlest, most innocent and amiable creature in the world. I wonder what makes Mrs. Letsom so slanderous. But I have observed for some time past that Mrs. Letsom has something against us; she cannot forgive you, Lydia, that you have a new summer mantle and she has not."

Lydia replied that her sister might possibly be

right in this conjecture, but that in any case Blanche was innocent.

When the sisters at dinner partook of their raspberry pudding, for the first time for ten years they sent below—not any of it.

In the course of the afternoon, Ernest came upstairs, bringing the Roggenhausen journal, the "Organ of Truth, Freedom and Justice." Sylvia took the paper from the boy and placed it by her side, as if she were about to offer him the usual tribute of dried plums; but the evil principle still abided in her heart, and she withheld them.

"Why did not your brother come with you?" asked Lydia.

"William would not come," replied Ernest. "He said your pussy had bitten Fidele, and mother was angry with you, also; but father only said: 'Let the old maids have their own pleasure with the cat.'"

The sisters looked at each other with looks of surprise, and Ernest was pushed out of the room.

As he had not had the accustomed reward, he considered himself an ill-treated boy, and kicked against the door first with one foot and then with the other, before he ran down the stairs.

And now came Sylvia's tears.

"And this reproach, too! To call us old maids!"

"You are a child!" replied Lydia, with dry eyes. "But your pale face shows that Letsom's words have deeply wounded you."

Although a lovely evening closed this eventful day, the Miss Nuttalls did not go down into the garden as they had been accustomed to do on fine days for the last two summers. The stone had received an impetus, and continued to roll faster and faster down the hill.

The following morning, the postman entered Mr. Letsom's house to deliver a letter to Miss Nuttall, who had no small number of correspondents. Fidele was at once at his heels, with a deafening howl, followed him up the steps, snapped at his legs, and—received so hearty a kick that he made a rapid descent; he drew back and the postman went up the stairs to deliver his letters. When he again came down, Fidele had so far recovered from his alarm that he again followed his foe with furious yelps, but took care to keep at a proper distance from the double-soled and clouted shoes—cowardly soul of a dog!

The offence he had received seemed to make an ineffaceable impression upon Fidele, for when the postman's destiny, in the course of the next three days, again brought him to Letsom's house with a letter for the Miss Nuttalls, the dog fell into a regular paroxysm of rage.

The postman ascended the stairs with becoming dignity, and declared to the ladies that this unpleasantness must be put an end to, or that he should not like to bring them any more letters.

Miss Lydia found the case most annoying, and promised at once to go down and speak to the Letsoms about it. The presence of the postman gave her courage, and so she went down the stairs by his side, the lowermost step of which was besieged by Fidele. As he observed their approach, Fidele drew a little aside, but not without

making a loud howl. At this moment Mrs. Letsom appeared at the kitchen door.

"Keep your dog more to yourself," remarked the postman.

These words gave Miss Lydia courage.

"Yes, Mrs. Letsom," she said, "I have long wished to tell you that the eternal barking of that dog is no longer to be endured. And now people come and complain and will not come up to our room because Fidele bites their legs. Even the postman declares that he will bring us no more letters."

"Miss Nuttall," said Mrs. Letsom, placing her hand upon her side and drawing up her head, "if you have anything to complain of you always accuse me. Take care of your horrid cat. I should already have gone up stairs to tell you this, if you had not been so good as to come down. A quarter of an hour ago, when there was no one in our sitting-room, she sprang on to the table, overturned the cups, and put her head into the milk-jug. As she could not withdraw it she jumped to the ground, by which the milk-jug, the coffee-pot, and three cups were broken in pieces. I need hardly ask you who is to repair this damage."

Saying this, she returned to the kitchen, closing the door behind her.

Lydia ascended the stairs in a tremble, and met her sister who had, of course, listened to all that passed.

"Our cat!" said Sylvia. "I shall never again believe Mrs. Letsom. Our Blanche did not do that. It is only slander on the part of that woman."

And she overwhelmed Blanche, who lay in the arm-chair looking the picture of innocence, with the tenderest caresses.

Lydia sat down to work at her counterpane, but her hand shook so that she let seven stitches drop.

As the Miss Nuttalls left the house in the course of the afternoon to visit a friend in the town, though not without placing Blanche in security, they saw Mrs. Letsom sitting in her accustomed place in the garden. But they looked in a determined manner in a different direction as if they did not see the mistress of the house.

The two ladies returned about seven o'clock in in no very peaceful humour for they had been able to speak out to their friend. But on their first step into the house they were met by a new misfortune. On the mat in the Letsom's passage lay Fidele's black form gnawing an object which Miss Sylvia recognized as one of her Sunday slippers; those beautiful brown and gold slippers! It seemed to give Fidele peculiar pleasure to tear this slipper to pieces.

"This is really too bad!" said Sylvia, hastily opening the door of the Letsoms' room.

The Letsom family were all assembled at the evening meal. With a heightened colour and excited voice Sylvia made her accusation. Mr. Letsom rose, went into the passage, gave Fidele two blows, and rescued the slippers; but oh, how they were torn! Mr. Letsom broke into an involuntarily fit of laughter, and then said in the most cold-blooded manner:

"We will let it be, Miss Sylvia. Your cat has broken our china, our dog has destroyed your

slippers, so we are quits. Good evening, Miss Sylvia! Good evening, Miss Lydia!"

The sisters returned to their room declaring that such conduct was outrageous. Blanche was released from her imprisonment, and Sylvia declared that the innocent little animal alone could give her any comfort.

The dark veil of night shrouded the environs of Roggenhausen. The lights in the house were extinguished, and one after another the Roggenhausers sank upon their pillows into the arms of the god of dreams, described by the poet Teik as an old man with his arms full of pictures. Already was Miss Lydia enjoying one of the pictures brought by sleep, when she was disturbed by a low knock. She awoke and listened. Quite right; it was repeated and seemed to come from below. But it was not either at the house door or the window, that was plain enough; it was in the middle of the house. Knock, knock, knock! Lydia anxiously held her breath. Repeated knock, knock, knock! Lydia awakened her sister, and Sylvia also heard the knocks without being able to account for them.

In the lowest tones Sylvia at last whispered:

"I read yesterday in the illustrated journal an article about—what was it called?—spirituals—no spiritism. May not the knocking down there proceed from spirits?"

"You frighten me," replied Lydia, and slid down under the counterpane which she drew over her ears.

Sylvia followed her example, but the dull knocking remained audible through the whole of the night.

When the rosy-fingered Aurora arose upon Roggenhausen, Lydia declared that she would and must have an explanation of this nocturnal knocking, for she could not remain in a house that was haunted. Before eight o'clock she went downstairs and laid her case very seriously before the Letsoms.

She had hardly ended before Mr. Letsom broke into a fit of laughter. He patted Miss Lydia on the shoulder, a familiarity she somewhat resented, and said:

"Calm yourself, poor Lydia, ha, ha, ha! The knocking you describe as spirit rapping was caused by Fidele, the rogue! You must know there is sometimes a feeling of irritation in his curly hair, and then he scratches himself continually with his hind leg.

Mr. Letsom, Mrs. Letsom, the two girls, and the two boys all laughed, which considerably disturbed Miss Lydia. Then Mrs. Letsom took up the word, and her face assumed rather an ill-natured expression as she said:

"If you have any complaint to make against our dog, Miss Lydia, we have still more reason to complain of your cat. The horrid beast passed the whole night in the garden under my window mewling so that I could not close my eyes. But that you do not hear, Miss Lydia, or rather you do not choose to hear it."

"Our cat?" replied Lydia in a tone of doubt. "You must be under a mistake, Mrs. Letsom, for our Blanche was during the whole of the night in the loft above us."

"I make no mistake," replied Mrs. Letsom, in

a decided tone. "I saw the cat this morning with my own eyes, and gave her something to remember me by. I threw the coal shovel at her, so that—"

"How cruel!" exclaimed Lydia.

"Allow me, Miss Nuttall, to observe," said Mrs. Letsom angrily, "that you have for some time adopted a line of conduct very unbecoming in a lodger towards the mistress of the house."

"I have never been guilty of leaving the rent unpaid," replied Miss Lydia.

"Who said you had," croaked Mrs. Letsom. "Do not make me out a story-teller."

"Be quiet, children! calm yourselves!" said Mr. Letsom.

"If you would be respected as a house-owner," said Miss Lydia, trying to subdue her voice, "you must behave like one."

"What have you to reproach us with?" asked Mrs. Letsom.

"Oh, I thought that when two worthy ladies were reproached with being old maids," replied Miss Lydia, with forced composure, "that that was no sign of politeness."

"And who did that?" enquired Mrs. Letsom.

"Your husband, Mr. Letsom. Your own child, little Ernest, told me so," was Lydia's answer.

And with this she hastily quitted the room, and rushed upstairs.

"I have had it out with them," she said to her anxiously expecting sister.

The frightful sound of a child's howl showed that Ernest had received the chastisement his weakness deserved.

When Blanche was carefully examined there was found a little skin-wound on her left hind leg.

"That was done by that horrid woman," said Sylvia. "How cruel to treat the innocent creature in that manner. I hate that woman."

Blanche's wound was rubbed with salve, and bound with a cambric handkerchief; her bed was brought from the loft into the sitting-room, where she was placed on a soft cushion. As a restorative she was offered a saucer of milk which she lapped up with great satisfaction.

In the afternoon of this day the Miss Nuttalls again visited their friends to pour the story of their troubles into their sympathising hearts. The friends failed not to present cups of coffee, and it is well known that coffee promotes chat, that as in wine there lies truth, in beer politics, so in coffee and biscuits lay the good name of the Letsoms. They returned at seven o'clock, well pleased with the "interesting" afternoon they had spent.

Why did the Miss Nuttalls look so surprised when they saw a number of people assembled in the road just before their dwelling? A dark foreboding seized them that Blanche had again caused a disturbance; Blanche whom they had shut up so carefully in the sitting-room, but who had perhaps taken advantage of the opportunity of escaping by an open window. And so it was. When the ladies pressed through the laughing crowd they saw Blanche, or rather the hinder part of her trembling form, for the fore-part—do not be alarmed sympathising reader—was hidden in a brown fur muff, and the exertions of the poor

animal to free herself from the predicament in which she had placed herself led to the most absurd springs and capers, and this it was that attracted the people in numbers. Sylvia rushed upon her Blanche, took her as well as the brown muff into her arms, and, accompanied by the shouts of the people and of the four children of the Letsoms, carried her into the house.

Here the sisters were at once encountered by Mrs. Letsom, who poured the full measure of her wrath upon Sylvia, Lydia and Blanche, for the muff was her muff, her best muff, which she had got her husband to present to her only last Christmas! She had just placed it on the bed in her sleeping chamber to air, and that abominable cat must have stolen into the room and crept into it. This she asserted in a loud voice, while she tore the muff away from the fore-part of the cat.

The animal, which foreboded no good from Mrs. Letsom's loud voice, sprang from the arms of her mistress and alighted upon the shoulder of her foe. Mrs. Letsom made a shrill cry, and tried to free herself from the "enraged animal." Blanche entangled Mrs. Letsom's hair, scratched her neck, tore her lace cap, and then leaping to the ground rushed to the stairs which led above.

Mrs. Letsom almost fainted. The Miss Nuttalls, who sincerely regretted this, endeavoured to calm their landlady, but Mrs. Letsom still possessed strength enough to cry out in a loud voice: "Go away! Do not annoy me, you good-for-nothing creatures. Do you think that I did not see you throw the cat at me?"

"Mrs. Letsom," exclaimed both the sisters with one voice, "do not believe us to be——"

"You threw the cat at my head; I am convinced of that," cried Mrs. Letsom.

"Come, Sylvia," said Lydia with dignity. "I am and will not hold any further intercourse with people who believe me guilty of falsehood."

And with tragic steps the sisters left the room. When in their own apartment they sat down rather exhausted.

"Sylvia, Sylvia," said Lydia, "this business will not come to a pleasant end, that I foresee. These people are too false, too rough and too ill-mannered. I never before felt this so strangely. We have lived together in friendship for ten years, and now they accuse us of having thrown our cat at them!" and she broke into convulsive sobs.

This time Sylvia, the child, had to comfort her sister.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

THERE is one point in each life at which all things appear in their true colours. It is the point of death. All illusions vanish there. There are no false estimates of deeds in the light of that hour. The things we shall wish then that we had done are things we ought to have done. The things that will look fair and lovely as we sit in the loaming of life's day are the things that are truly lovely. The things that will shame us then are the things God condemns and which we ought not to have done.

## OVER-ESTIMATING.



IVE a dog a bad name, and hang him," is a well-known saying: and the harm done by harsh and ill-natured judgments of our fellow-creatures is a theme too trite to need expatiating on. But that people are injured also—though to a less extent—by the opposite line of action, is a fact that is less generally recognized, and one to the consideration of which it may not be amiss to devote a short space. To a person of ordinary right-mindedness and honourable feeling, there are few more detestable sensations than that of being in a false position; yet that is necessarily the situation of any individual whose friends and acquaintances persist in attributing to him excellencies of mind, body, or estate which he does not really possess. Great expectations are entertained about him which he is unable to fulfil. A burden is laid upon him which it is beyond his strength to support. And the hardship of it is that when he breaks down under it (as he must infallibly do, sooner or later), and the error that has been made becomes apparent, then those who overrated him are as sure to be just as much disgusted at his failure as though their mistaken estimate of him had been caused by false professions on the part of their victim. They feel virtuously indignant at having been taken in, and forget that they are themselves the authors of the alluring prospectus that has deceived them. Take a man of moderate means, who somehow gets the name of being a Cæsar. People think he is bound to keep open house and purse, to subscribe largely to everything under the sun, and to launch out into all manner of extravagancies, under the penalty of being deemed stingy and a miser, if he fall short of these expectations. Or take a soldier, who happens to have had some stroke of luck which his friends insist on attributing to his extraordinary strategical capacity, in spite of his honest disclaimer of any title to such praise. If their puffing should produce an effect in high quarters, and a position of responsibility for which he is unfitted should be entrusted to him, disasters will probably ensue for which he will have to bear the blame—and this is hard upon him. Another, again, may have abilities not above the average, which have, by accidental circumstances, been made unusually prominent, and on that account he is credited by everyone with superior talents, though he himself knows well that he has no more wit or genius than other people, and has never aspired to be thought clever. He, too, is to be pitied, for he has the constant annoyance of feeling that good things are expected from him which he cannot possibly supply, and must look forward to the day when his friends, discovering the delusion under which they have laboured and regarding him as an impostor, will very probably turn from him with contemptuous dislike.

The Centipede was happy, quite  
Until the Toad, in fun,  
Said, "Pray, which leg goes after which?"  
That worked her mind to such a pitch,  
She lay distracted in a ditch,  
Considering how to run.

There is obviously more than one view that may be taken as to the moral inculcated in these lines. Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise, is one possible moral; the harm of thoughtless questions and impertinent curiosity, is another; a gentleman, for whose opinions we have the utmost respect, has suggested the evil of self-consciousness as a third. But, after serious consideration, we have come to the conclusion that the troubles of the centipede were caused by the confidence with which the toad attributed to her an amount of self-knowledge which she had not got. She found it taken for granted that she should understand the proper sequence and proceedings of her own legs, and from that moment began to make herself miserable with feeble efforts to correspond to that expectation. Some people, on finding themselves in this kind of false position, take no notice of the too exalted estimation in which they are held, and go straight on their way just the same; whereas others, like the centipede, are cheated into a half-doubt whether there may not, after all, be more in them than they had supposed, and torment themselves in vain with feverish endeavours to justify the character given them.

But both classes alike are oppressed by a sense of the disproportion between what is expected of them and what they can give, and by the anticipation of the scorn and wrath which they will have to endure, whenever they shall have been found to fall short of their reputation. That this is frightfully unjust, is evident; but then the world seldom troubles itself much on that score. Its first instinct when anything goes wrong, is to lay the blame on any shoulders except their own, and it is by no means ready to admit that any verdict it may have passed has been an in-correct one. If a mob were under the impression that a certain shopkeeper was a baker, and were to rush to his shop for bread in time of famine, the fact that he was actually a cobbler would hardly save his windows from being smashed, when he failed to produce the demanded loaves.

It is, of course, only those who have never acted, like Bill Nye, "with intent to deceive," whom we think deserving of sympathy. For Tartuffe—that great embodiment of deliberate hypocrisy, to whom all the subsequent hypocrites of fiction probably owe their origin—we have no pity at all; come what may upon him, it is all his own doing, and he thoroughly deserves punishment. But there is all the difference in the world between people who wilfully and of their own accord put themselves into a false position, and those who get thrust into it entirely by the hands of others. Take the case, for instance, of the poverty-stricken aristocrat in Don Quixote, who, too proud to let it be supposed that he can be in want of food, shows himself in the streets "playing the hypocrite" with a toothpick, when he has not really eaten anything to require its use.

Now supposing this aristocrat had met a friend who had intended asking him to dinner, but was deterred from doing so because the ostentatious display of the toothpick made him believe that his friend had already dined, then the latter would have only himself to thank for his hunger. But

if, on the contrary, he had never attempted to disguise his dinnerless condition, and yet lost the invitation through the interference of some injudicious friend, who chose to uphold the hungry man's dignity in the eyes of the public by talking loudly of "pheasants from Rome, veal from Sorrento, partridges from Moron," and other of the delicacies despised by Sancho Panza, as habitually appearing at his friend's table, then, indeed, the poor man's fate would be hard.

In the long run, no doubt, it almost always comes true that, as Cervantes says: "*cada uno es hijo de sus obras*,"—a man is what he makes himself. But, nevertheless, there is almost sure to be some period or other in his life during which he will be criticised and treated more according to the idea which his friends have formed as to his qualities and capabilities, than according to his real merits. And remembering not only this but also how extremely liable our judgments are to err, let us beware of ascribing either good or bad rashly to anyone; and as far as may be possible, let us abstain from judging one another needlessly at all.

## D A W N.



H, come and see the dawn of day  
From the mountains solemn height  
The lovely stars will guide our way  
Through the mystic realms of night  
The dew is on the tender grass,  
The sheep are in their fold;  
An owl screeches as we pass,  
And seeks the ruin old.  
Still on we climb with wary feet  
Unto the mountain's crest;  
Like pilgrims we a prayer repeat,  
As if on holy quest.  
Below, the valley lies asleep;  
No noise the stillness fears;  
We almost hear, it is so deep,  
The music of the spheres.\*  
At length upon the hill we stand,  
And raise our eyes above,  
And think of Him Who in His hand  
Controls the orbs that move,—  
The myriad sparkling lamps of night,  
That thickly stud the dome  
Of Heaven, with their undying light—  
Our everlasting home.  
Then on the east we fix our gaze,  
And watch the sun's return—  
The first dim glimmer of his rays,  
That herald in the morn.  
Lo! the faint wan streak of day  
Whitens the orient sky!  
Now haste night's phantoms far away,  
For their dread foe is nigh.  
Hurling his javelins high in air,  
Wherewith the dark he slays,  
Advances swift with dazzling glare  
The monarch of the days.  
Sleep flees the earth, the flocks awake,  
The fields with joy resound;

\* Cicero, *Somnium Scipionis*; Shakespeare, *Pericles*, v., l. 151



The flowers dew-wet their petals shake,  
 The birds sing all around.  
 Higher, still higher, flames the fire  
 That giveth life and light :  
 Creation's voice salutes in choir  
 The dawn all rosy-bright !  
 Like a fresh world that meets their ken  
 To sailors on the deep,  
 Who much desire the haunts of men,  
 And weary vigils keep,  
 When, on the ocean's verge, they see  
 A lovely island green,  
 With water clear and shady tree,  
 Flash in the morning's sheen,—  
 So swims the golden orb in view  
 And lights the land below,  
 Until it seems a region new  
 And strange from what I know.  
 The same it is, but, oh, how fair !  
 Transfigured in the morn !  
 I see the meads, the hamlets there,  
 The home where I was born ;  
 The limpid brooks that seaward flow,  
 With many a twist and twine ;  
 The gardens where the roses grow,  
 All, all below me shine !

The sovereign sun hath raised his throne  
 Up in the cloudless sky,  
 Ere we descend the mountain lone,  
 And homeward gladly hie.

JOHN T. CURRY.

## THE EIGHTH CHILD.\*

AN IDYLL IN PROSE.

**A** DELIGHTFUL walk through the meadows brought us to the village of M——. Sylvius called our attention to a newly-built house, one of the first we came to, which had such an air of comfort and respectability about it as was quite pleasant to contemplate. It was one of those little country shops where all sorts of articles are to be found; haberdashery, dress stuffs, groceries, and sweetmeats—even paper and books. An old woman was busy knitting behind the counter, while her husband sat at the door, quietly enjoying his pipe and the balmy summer air.

"See those old people," said Sylvius; "they are the happiest couple in the world, and that entirely owing to what in these days is generally considered a calamity, though it should be looked upon as a blessing; they had too many children! But I will tell you their history."

"Twenty years ago on this very spot, which was then quite isolated from the village, there stood a wretched hovel open to the wind and the snow, and scarcely capable of affording shelter to the poor family which inhabited it. In this miserable dwelling a child had just been born, the eighth child, and already there was difficulty enough in finding food for the seven others! The parents were worthy people, much esteemed in the country,

but one misfortune after another had come upon them, until at last they had fallen into the lowest depths of indigence. No fire in the grate, no bread in the cupboard, the father ill, the mother almost at death's door, and the poor children huddled together on some straw in a corner of the upper room, half-starved with cold and hunger, for they had eaten nothing since morning, and the day was now drawing to a close.

"Happily for the poor, there are always charitable souls of their own class and condition ready to help them in their need, and this they do with an unselfishness and devotion that is quite heavenly. A kind neighbour was now with these unfortunates, and the good creature, after wrapping a few rags round the scarcely breathing infant, ran off in search of the priest to baptize it, fearing that it might not live till the next morning. The curé was not long in arriving."

"Monsieur le Curé," said the sick father in a mournful voice, "here is a little one who has made his appearance at an unwelcome moment; what name shall we give him?"

"We will call him Dieudonné," replied the curé, "for it is God who has given him to you on purpose to console and help you. *Ecce hæreditas Domini filii; merces, fructus ventris*. No child comes into a family without bringing with it the means of living. You are about to prove this my friend, and you will continue to prove it."

"As the priest uttered these comforting words, his servant entered the cottage, carrying a large basket, from which she took some linen and clothes for the poor mother and child, and a quantity of provisions. Then going back to the door, she soon came in again laden with wood for the fire."

"Oh! how we thank you, Monsieur le Curé," said the father.

"Thank rather the good God! I went collecting for you in the village, and no one had the heart to refuse a trifle to a poor family, where there were eight children!"

"The servant made a good fire; the baby was comfortably clothed, then christened, and finally placed in its mother's arms, while she poor creature wept for very joy. The priest went quietly away, leaving his cloak behind him. Meanwhile the charitable neighbour had gone upstairs, her hands filled with bread and meat and fruit, and had said to the seven hungry children: 'Eat the good things which your little brother Dieudonné has sent you.' As may be supposed, Dieudonné became at once a very important person in the family."

"It was some time, however, before they could feel any assurance that he would live. It was pitiful to see how small and weak he remained, but this only served to increase the affection felt for him at home and abroad. Everybody seemed to be interested in this poor fragile child, and the interest soon extended itself to all belonging to him. His parents were continually receiving little presents of one kind or another, besides getting plenty of work to do. Charitable persons would even employ them in preference to others more capable, saying: 'They have eight children!' This was universally felt to be a sufficient reason for helping them, but they really deserved all that was done for their assistance. Honest, hard-working and industrious, praying fervently each

\* From the French of Louis Veuillot.

day for their daily bread, and receiving with thankful hearts whatever it pleased God to send them. They did not become rich, but they earned what sufficed for their moderate wants, and every now and then some little windfall would enable them to add to the comforts of their home and family. Then they would say: 'It is Dieudonné who has brought us this. Monsieur le Curé did well to give him that name.'

"One of the most important things Dieudonné achieved for his parents, even before he could speak, was the getting his eldest brother into a very advantageous position. An excellent Christian lady, residing in the neighbourhood, hoping to draw down an especial blessing on her son, resolved to educate at her own expense, a little boy taken from some very poor and large family, in the village or its environs. Large and very poor families were easy to find; in one there were five young children, in another six, in another seven; but in the family of Dieudonné there were eight children, and poverty enough and to spare! Dieudonné's brother was chosen. He never cost his parents another penny; he was sent to a good school, then learned a trade, and it was evident that in time he would be able to assist his father and mother, which indeed the good fellow has since most faithfully done. Meanwhile, the family lost nothing by his removal; though away from them he still counted as one of them, and Dieudonné was always the eighth child. After a while the wind and the snow found no entrance into the humble dwelling to which the good God had sent eight children!

"But this wonderful Dieudonné seemed in no hurry to get big and strong. His father feared that they would lose him.

"'If he dies,' said the curé, 'he will be a little angel in heaven, and will continue to protect you. We need protectors there; but do not distress yourself, I think he will live.'

"'He does not weigh fifteen pounds,' said the father.

"'If he were heavier,' replied the curé, 'his sister would find it difficult to carry him.'

"'He will never be strong enough to handle the pickaxe, or to drive the plough,' continued the father.

"'Well, is there no other way to earn a living?' asked the curé. 'We will teach him to handle something else; but for the present let us leave all to the good Providence of God. I do not think Dieudonné's affairs can be in better hands.'

"Dieudonné soon began to talk very prettily. He was of a lively and most affectionate disposition, exceedingly intelligent and quick at learning. At six years of age he was able to teach his sisters, older than himself, to read!

"All the children of this poor family were warmly attached to their parents, but Dieudonné more especially beloved by his good father and mother, on account of the extra care and attention his delicate health had required from them, exceeded all the others in his tenderness and devotion. Poverty had taught them all many ingenious ways of earning a living; each one was usefully and honourably employed for the general good. Dieudonné became a choir boy, and sang in the church.

"On Sunday evenings he read aloud to the assembled family the 'Lives of the Saints,' or the 'Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.'

"Under the direction of the curé, who became more and more fond of him the older he grew, his intellect developed rapidly. Father, mother, brothers and sisters all came to him for advice, and always found it to their advantage to follow it. Prosperity began to shine upon them.

"But it was some time after this, that Dieudonné's parents fully realised the value of the gift God made them in the eighth child. As they advanced in years, and their boys and girls grew up, one by one, all but Dieudonné left them, and went out into the world. Some into service, some to get married; one became a soldier, another went to sea. He alone remained to take care of and comfort them in their old age. The pretty little house you saw at the entrance to the village, was built for them, and Dieudonné has succeeded in establishing a business, whose profits amply suffice for their modest requirements. The people from all the country round deal with them, for they know how honestly he will serve them; and, then, is he not the sole support of a father and mother, who have brought up eight children?

"The old man said to me one day:

"'Dieudonné has been the consolation and the joy of our lives! But for him we must have died of misery and grief. And yet, when he came into the world, a poor little feeble child, in that time of our terrible poverty, who could have believed that he would ever become our staff and our support? . . . .'

"The good curé was there—it was not long before his death. It made him happy to be with these worthy people, whom he honoured with his heart.

"'Ah, my friend,' he said to the old man, in the simple language which seemed modelled upon that of the Evangelists, 'God, Who orders all things for our greater good, sees farther than we do! He knows what is in the future, and arranges matters accordingly. A young man setting out on a journey, was vexed because his father gave him a heavy bag to carry. "My son," said his father, "when the day comes to an end, you will understand why I loved you in this manner." The young man set out; at nightfall he reached a lonely and desert place. Overcome with fatigue and dying of thirst and hunger, he opened the bag his father had given him to carry, and found in it a loaf of bread and a jar of water. Then he blessed the Provident tenderness which had thus made provision for his wants, and turned what seemed an evil into good.'"

J. Z. DE FARRANT.

"You lived with the Happersets awhile, didn't you, Sarah?" "Oh, yes, mum." "They're a very respectable family?" "They're dreadfully respectable, so they are. 'Deed, mum, they was the most respectable set I ever lived with, as it kep' me on the go constant." "You don't say so!" "'Deed I do. You see, mum, they was too respectable to do a hand's turn, and took an awful sight of waiting on."

## RESIDENCE OF EUROPEANS IN THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.

**I**T is a very obvious natural fact, that coldness of the atmosphere increases in proportion to the height from grounds on the level of the sea; wherefore, as we ascend mountains, the warmth of the summer sun diminishes, and, climbing aloft, we at length attain the region of snow, or a climate resembling that of countries situated near the pole. This fact, we believe is taken advantage of to a considerable extent in both the West and East Indies, but particularly in the latter, as a means of obtaining a temporary escape from the evils of a climate to which the residents are not inured. Along the northern boundary of the vast region of Hindostan, there is a range of mountains, higher than any other on the surface of the globe, and called the Himalaya Mountains, from the Indian word "heem," signifying snow, some of their peaks being perpetually clothed with ice and snows. In some places these mountains have been ascended by travellers to the height of 19,411 feet above the level of the sea; but even at this height they were a considerable distance from the loftiest summits, which were conjectured to be 22,000 feet in altitude. Along the sides and within the ravines or glens of the mountains are experienced all the various gradations of climate, from extreme heat to extreme cold, with a corresponding variation of vegetable growth. At 12,000 feet are found immense forests of pines; villages with native inhabitants are situated at a height of 13,900 feet; above these altitudes, vegetation gradually diminishes in strength, bushes only grow, and finally no species of verdure is seen but that of lichens upon the rocks. The establishment of encampments by Europeans among these distant and lofty mountains, for the purpose of procuring a restoration of health, is described in a report by a resident of some years, from which we make the following extract:

"The occupation of elevated tracts of country in various parts of India, and the erection of houses in which Europeans, whose health has suffered from the extreme heat of the plains, may enjoy all the advantages of a change of climate, forms an entirely new feature in Anglo-Indian life. There are three stations in the Himalaya—Simlah, Landour, and Mussouree—which are much resorted to by nearly all classes of Europeans belonging to the Bengal presidency; the latter has been formed into a *sanitorium*, or place of abode for convalescent British soldiers during the hot months. The establishment of a depot for those invalids whose constitutions have suffered, either through intemperance, or a long period of service, has not been found to answer so completely as it was expected: when once the health has been entirely broken down, nothing but a voyage to Europe, and a protracted residence in a cold country, will be of any avail; and as provision has not yet been made against the severity of the cold, in the wintry season, in these mountainous regions, few people at present are

enabled to remain there long enough to derive any material benefit from a change of climate. The instant the convalescents descend into the plains, their complaints return; and the government has seriously contemplated the abandonment of the project, as far as it regards invalid soldiers, whom it is less expensive to send to Europe.

"The time in all probability is approaching, in which British troops will no longer be exposed to the inconvenience resulting from the extreme heat of a tropical sun; a design has been entertained of bringing up the whole of the European soldiery to the hilly districts; and though this design cannot be accomplished immediately, the difficulties in the way of it will doubtless be removed by time, labour, and perseverance. The establishment of large bodies in the Himalaya would, at the present period, speedily exhaust the supplies. The whole of the land brought under cultivation is not more than sufficient for the support of the inhabitants, and from the nature of the country it will not be easy to extend the toils of the husbandman in any very considerable degree. The valleys, where water is readily procurable, are extremely narrow, and the sides of the hills too steep to admit of cultivation, except by means of terraces levelled with great labour, and supported by walls of solid masonry. These terraces, rising one above another, have a very singular effect, especially when the splendid flowers which distinguish some of the crops are in full bloom. The yellow and red *bhattoo* are particularly beautiful, being the *Amaranthus anardhana* of the English garden, and grow to an amazing height; in favourable situations the stems will reach to ten feet. The harvest is usually exceedingly plentiful, and as these terraces may be carried to the very summits of the hills, a spirit of enterprise and industry will in time, no doubt render the Himalaya a country of corn, as well of oil; wine also may easily be added, and it is delightful to contemplate the growing prosperity of a place, which the hand of nature has so bountifully endowed, but whose very existence was scarcely known sixty years ago. The European residents long ago introduced the potato into the hills, and the mountaineers, though at first objecting to its use, soon overcame their prejudices, and now cultivate it as an article of food: it thrives abundantly, and is in much esteem all over India.

"Of the three European stations which have arisen on the hills, Simlah appears to be the greatest favourite. Many Anglo-Indians have built houses, in all which they either reside in themselves during the hot weather, or let at a very fair profit to visitors. The nature of the country will not allow of much regularity in the buildings, which at Simlah lie along a rather narrow ridge, every bit of table-land or gentle slope being eagerly seized upon for the site of a dwelling-house. Architectural beauty has not yet been much considered, but the houses are constructed upon scientific principles by able engineers, and they are solid enough to withstand the snows and tempests of the wintry season. The materials are stone, joined together without mortar, and strengthened by beams of pine wood, placed horizontally at about two feet distant from each other,

and neatly dove-tailed at the angles: the roofs are sometimes of shingles, and at others of slate, or a well-tempered clay of a deep red colour, which, when sufficiently beaten, is not liable to be penetrated by the rain, or cracked by exposure to a hot sun. The interiors have not yet attained any great degree of elegance, but this will come in time. The visitants were at first but too happy to obtain a shelter from the elements, to trouble themselves about very superior accommodation, and in the crowded state of this desirable refuge, many were glad to obtain possession of a single chamber in the attic storey, in which a wooden ladder served the purpose of a stair, and which was shared by strong bodies of rats, animals always showing a predilection to domesticate with the human race. The first specimens of taste which appeared at Simlah were exhibited in the formation of gardens; and though cabbages, and other useful rather than ornamental vegetables were admitted, they were surrounded by parterres of flowers, the latter being raised from seeds brought from the plains, or reclaimed from their wild state, in which they grow in the greatest abundance. Their beauty has been much improved by cultivation; and their removal to more favourable aspects, and similar care taken with the fruit trees, which are equally abundant, would greatly increase the gratification of those persons who love to indulge in the luxuries of the orchard.

"The scattered bungalows of Simlah, with their constant accompaniments of native bazaars, are perched upon dizzy heights, looking down upon deep valleys darkly clothed with pine; the natives chose more sheltered situations for their huts, many of which resemble the *chalets* of Switzerland. The roads are very steep and narrow, and not at all suited to wheel-carriages, which have only of late found their way to this alpine region. The most usual mode of conveyance is on horseback, the mountain ponies being the most trustworthy steeds, or in a tonjaun; but as there are not more than five miles of passable road, and the climate renders walking exercise very desirable, both horses and vehicles may be easily dispensed with.

"It is impossible to do justice to the beauty and splendour of the scenery; and the effect produced by the pure cold air upon the minds of those who have suffered from the exhaustion of the plains, is indescribable. The presence of European vegetation adds considerably to the charm which nature has thrown around these sublime solitudes; the daisy and primrose enamelling the ground, the rich rhododendron mingling with oaks and firs, and the dog-rose spreading its bushes over the valleys, or dangling its garlands upon every bough, bring the liveliest recollections of home to those whose lot has been cast upon a foreign shore. The indulgence of a passion for prospects has, however, in one or two instances, been attended with fatal consequences; several narrow escapes have been recorded, and some serious accidents have arisen from the precipitous nature of the roads: the grass-ropes bridges of the Himalaya are also rather dangerous, and are not always to be passed with impunity.

"The possession of so large a portion of the

Himalaya seems so extraordinary, that we can scarcely credit the possibility of our having become masters of a territory, which, a century ago, nobody dreamed of ever reaching. Kanour, or Kunawar, a province stretching between the snowy range and Chinese Tartary, is the most delightful place which the pen of the traveller has ever attempted to describe. The climate is the finest in the world, being beyond the reach of the periodical rains, and subjected only to such gentle and refreshing showers as are necessary for the cultivation of the land. The fruits and flowers of all countries in the world flourish in this happy soil; those of Europe are indigenous, and come to perfection with little care. The grape, especially, grows in the most luxuriant abundance, and it is from this province that the whole of India might be supplied with wine. Honey also is exceedingly plentiful, and both form great temptations to marauding bears. These animals are very destructive to the vineyards and the hives, and the natives tell strange stories of the cunning with which they contrive to possess themselves of the luscious treasures of the bees, even breaking into the houses in pursuit of their favourite food.

"The tourists of the Himalaya are both surprised and delighted by the beauty of the temples which are scattered throughout the wildest regions, and are much superior in their architecture and embellishments to the houses. They are under the care of the Brahmins, who have lands upon the condition of keeping them in good repair. The axe and the chisel are the only implements for carving which the mountaineers possess, but ingenuity makes up for the absence of proper tools. There are two couchant bullocks of black marble, as large as life, at the temple of Lakha Mundul, which are very creditable specimens of art. These, however, are said to be very ancient, the modern deities in use in the pagodas being chiefly brass busts, oddly enough furnished with petticoats. The hill people have not quite the same objection to the sale of their gods, as that which they manifest when urged to part with articles of more utility; and there is one superfluity which they are exceedingly willing to get rid of at a moderate price—namely, their women. It is no uncommon circumstance for a European, who asks for grain, to be offered a daughter, females being of no value and no account in these regions."

---

KEEP YOUNG.—Don't grow old, rusty and cross, afraid of nonsense and fun. Tolerate the follies and crudities of youth. Gray hair and whiskers you cannot escape, but you need not grow old in feeling unless you choose. And so long as your age is only on the outside you will win in confidence from the young and find your life all the brighter from contact with them. But you have too many grave thoughts, too many weighty anxieties and duties, too much to do to make this trifling thing possible, you say. The very reason, my friend, why you should cultivate fun, nonsense, lightness of heart—because you need them so much, because you are "weary with thinking."



MORETON LEAVING BRAMSCOTE.

## Sherborne; or, the House at the Four Ways.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems," "Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

**S**IR ROGER was so fully impressed by this time with the fear of being requested to back a bill just as a mere form, or lend a hundred pounds for a period whose end would recede, like a jack-o'-lantern on a bog, that his embarrassment became quite apparent; but Moreton looked straight to his

front, and said with a very distinct articulation very slowly :

"It is unfortunate that a man can never pay the highest compliment possible to a woman without apparently inferring one to himself, that often he cannot do so without at the same time proposing to her a loss, either of position or material prosperity, which he is unable to counterbalance, and that he is not unlikely to do all this in blamable



ignorance of being unacceptable on his own intrinsic account."

Sir Roger's intellect was not constructed to realize abstract propositions. Moreton little thought what unpleasant suspicions, dim and various, he was causing. He knew what he wanted to say, he wanted to say it exactly, and he attended to nothing else. So he went on in these words:

"That the compliment (inadequate word as it is) should be inferred to one's self in such a case is offensive to one's sense of chivalry, and one's appreciation of its particular object; but it is inevitable: no man, whatever his circumstances may be, can help it. The inability of individuals to offer befitting worldly advantages is a relative and sometimes remediable difficulty: it does not in every case demand silence, or excuse it; but still less does the uncertainty as to being otherwise acceptable do so. I should despise myself, and something more, if I could be kept silent by either the one or the other; for I should see in such a line of conduct nothing but evidence of weakness, pride, vanity, indecision, selfishness, and incapability of true attachment. If a man is not prepared to risk being refused by the woman he loves, and snubbed by her father or guardian, he deludes himself, and his supposed affection is not worth her having. Sir Roger Arden, I will not act so; and, therefore, I have come into this room to tell you, before I leave the house in which you have so hospitably and so kindly received me during the last three weeks, just this:—I have stayed here too long for my own peace of mind, for I have involuntarily, and without my own knowledge till it was too late, allowed my affections to fix themselves once for all on Miss Arden. I do not believe that you would consent: I have no reason whatever to assume or imagine or hope that she would accept me if you did: I simply tell you this because it is right that I should. Good-bye! I will write from London my thanks for all your kindness. I cannot say more now. I have written to get off buying that little property near here, and I shall be out of England in about eight and forty hours most probably. Good-bye, and thank you again for your great friendliness to me."

He held out his hand, at the same time turning slightly away, and muttering that the fly must be at the door; but Sir Roger detained him with a sudden grasp, and his countenance gave evidence of much quiet feeling.

"No, no," he said, "you mustn't go like that. Listen to me now. I like and respect you, and I wish it could be—indeed I do. It isn't money that is in the way. I believe there would be sufficient; and when a man is worthy of one's daughter that is enough. No! it isn't that, I assure you: and, as to her, well—I can't say, of course, but I think you might have as good a chance, or better. No, I wish it might be—I do, indeed; and to show you that I am in earnest, I will say what, perhaps, I ought not to—to say, for fear of raising false hopes."

Moreton had kept his self-possession wonderfully well up to that moment, but his firmness began to give way now, as the sunshine melts what the frost only hardens. For the first time since entering

that room he sat down and listened because he could not speak.

"You remember the Fyfields?" said Sir Roger. "Well, Lady Fyfield, the mother of the present young fellow (who only came of age the other day), was a niece of Sir Thomas Grubbedge. She became a Catholic. Her husband, who was older than herself and had been at Oxford in the days of the Tractarians, stuck to Puseyism, but was received into the Church a short time before his death, which happened four or five years after their marriage. I have a great regard for her, the more so because she was an intimate friend of my—my late wife's."

Here he stopped rather suddenly, and when he began again to speak, his voice was different for a few seconds.

"Well, then," he said, "you see, we saw a good deal of her, and young Bertram was often here, too, and—and the fact is, he fell in love with Mary."

Moreton felt as if innumerable red-hot pins had been driven sharply into his forehead and the roots of his hair; but he gave no visible sign of emotion, and Sir Roger proceeded to say:

"Mary refused him at first; but when he declared it would break his heart, and be the ruin of him, she, not having cared for any one else, gave him a sort of conditional promise; that is, she consented to try whether she could like him sufficiently, if his conduct should have satisfied me at the end of a year—for he had shown symptoms of wildness. I can't tell how it will turn out. Lady Fyfield is sure that it would be the turning-point of his life, and make him everything that could be wished; but then, a mother's feelings might deceive her. I am sure I don't know: she is very confident about it. But I am afraid I have said too much. Fyfield really seems to be all that could be wished now; and she, I fancy, has made up her mind. I—I think you had better, perhaps, think no more about it. Good-bye, God bless you!"

He turned aside nervously, and retreated to the writing-table without raising his eyes, or shaking hands. Moreton walked mechanically to the door, and was on the point of opening it, when the butler entered, and told Sir Roger that Sherborne wanted to speak to him. Sherborne followed immediately, and when he was well inside the room said:

"I won't keep you a moment, and I had rather we were all three present—I had rather that what I am going to say shouldn't seem a hole-and-corner sort of thing."

Sir Roger rose from behind the writing-table at which he had been gradually sitting down, and the expression of his countenance showed surprise, hope of extrication, fear of worse, mere perplexity; but the latter predominated.

"By all means," he said, coming forward with a resolute smile. "What is it?"

Moreton was leaving the room in spite of Sherborne's desire that he should remain, when the latter said again:

"I had rather we were all three here, I assure you."

And Sir Roger, who probably felt that there was safety, even from an embarrassment, in numbers, backed the request so heartily, that he said:

"Very well;" and remained, only adding, "But remember the train."

"All right," interrupted Sherborne. "I will take you there in time in my dog-cart, luggage and all. Now, Sir Roger, I am going to ask you a question which will seem an impertinent one, but is certainly not meant as such. Do you know Count de Bergerac well?"

"Oh! well—no—yes, in a way. I have seen a good deal of him," answered Sir Roger, his mind conjuring up all sort of perplexities with a rapidity quite unusual to it.

"I mean rather to say, Do you know much about him?" said Sherborne, fixing his eyes on Sir Roger acutely.

Sir Roger did not groan aloud, but appeared to repress with much effort an audible sign of excessive perturbation. His right hand rose in an undecided manner to his forehead, and after passing it quickly to and fro, as if it were rubbing off a midge, or resenting the sting of a wasp, descended helplessly into his trousers pocket; his left seized his watch-chain, trying the soundness of the links more than a little.

"Oh! well," he said, "yes—know much about him? Ahem! Well, Lady Fyfield introduced him. She met him at Rome in society—in good houses, you know; and, besides, she knew his mother."

"All right, then, I suppose," answered Sherborne, adding in an audibly low voice to Moreton, "But it isn't."

Moreton turned away resolutely, and gave no answer.

"You are not going to make me seem mixed up in this story, whatever it is," said he to himself.

So he stood stiff and silent, abstracting both sight and attention most conspicuously from the object that bid for them. Small blame to him! The instinct of self-preservation, of that sort which has least of self in it, pulled him by the sleeve, and said:

"If you let yourself seem to enter into a question of that sort where *her* sister is concerned, you are a fool, that's all!"

Sir Roger's mind had reached the conclusion that Sherborne must unfold his meaning, and he signified the same in plain words hurriedly. Sherborne put his hand on the door, and said:

"Good-bye, I must be off."

Moreton, trying to look as if he neither saw nor heard, shook hands again with Sir Roger, and left the room. Then there was a moment of silence, after which the following dialogue took place.

SIR ROGER: My dear Sherborne, you really ought to tell me what you alluded to.

SHERBORNE: Well, but when you said that Lady Fyfield, I—I supposed, of course, she knew all about him.

SIR ROGER: Yes; but it's only fair to—to you, you know, if there is—you know there might be some libellous gossip about any one.

SHERBORNE: Exactly; and as you know all about him—

SIR ROGER: Yes—well, of course; but it's only right that—that you should tell me what you meant, since you have begun.

SHERBORNE: You see, I began because I felt it my duty to do so, as I knew nothing about Count de Bergerac; but since Lady Fyfield knows all about him, it really seems an impertinence to go on. But, of course, if you desire it—

SIR ROGER: Certainly I do!

SHERBORNE: Mind, it was Crayston who told me; I know nothing about it myself. He said that Count de Bergerac was mixed up with a gambling affair at Florence, in which two young fellows of eighteen or nineteen were cheated out of a considerable sum; that in consequence of their (or their parents') anxiety to prevent its getting known and damaging their prospects, the story was kept quiet; and that he soon after joined the Pontifical Zouaves. Crayston heard the story from a man who was at Florence when it happened; and he can tell you more about it than I can, for he told it to me last night, and we were interrupted before he could finish what he was saying. Of course this is a very painful thing for me to tell, and puts me in an invidious position, so much so, that when you said Lady Fyfield had introduced him, I felt but—too glad to get out of it.

SIR ROGER: Thank you very much for telling me. It was very friendly of you. And, besides, it wouldn't be fair towards him to say nothing. It is only right that it should be—cleared up, you know.

SHERBORNE: Well, good-bye. I am very glad you take it as I meant it. I must be off to catch the train.

When the door had closed upon him Sir Roger buried his face in his hands, and groaned aloud, muttering more than once:

"But suppose there should be something in it!"

Moreton, in the meanwhile, had hurried from the house, and was standing by Sherborne's dog-cart. He had seen Mary Arden in the distance, hesitated, turned towards her, and rushed onwards again.

They started at a gallop, and went at that pace for about two miles. During that time he kept his eyes on the grey mist without noticing it. He neither spoke, nor heard, nor saw.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

EVEN at the end of the first two miles Moreton was not fully conscious of being spoken to, but inclined his head, made an inarticulate sound of assent, and again looked forth indefinitely. Sherborne said to himself in a low voice, "Oh, is that it?" and then aloud to the groom, "Put him up to the cheek next time." This was all that passed on their way to the station, which they reached in time to have the bell rung in their faces, as they jumped on the platform after crossing to the other side of the line.

The sharp sound of the bell awoke Moreton to a distinct, though by no means clear consciousness. He took his ticket, saw his luggage labelled, got into a carriage where Don Pascolini had already taken his place, and presently said to Sherborne, who had taken the opposite seat:

"Ah, yes! you know. A lie, no doubt: most things are. I know nothing about him. One generally does know nothing about people."

Thought Sherborne: "You are not a fool, nor eccentric. What does this dreamy language mean?"

Presently Moreton shook himself, and, making a strong effort to smile said:

"But, seriously, you don't believe about that gambling business?"

"I am afraid I do," answered Sherborne gravely. "Crayston had it from a man who was present, and from the father of one of the two men who were swindled. I put it as mildly as I could to Sir Roger, because I pitied him so, and want to break it to him in a way; but there is no doubt at all as to the fact."

Then, as if willing to change the subject, he took a recently published edition of Tennyson's Poems out of his pocket, and opened it at the "Northern Farmer."

Doesn't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they canters awa'ly?  
Proputy, Proputy, Proputy—that's what I 'ears 'em sa'y.  
Proputy, Proputy, Proputy—Sam, thou's an ass for thy pains;  
There's more sense i' one o' 'is legs nor in all thy brains.

"Capital lines, these," said Sherborne, pointing to the book.

"Yes," replied Moreton, "as describing the national idol; the idol of this age, rather—for it is not in England alone that material prosperity is the goal to which all men's energies are directed. This worship seems to have become much more general in all classes of late years. Either things themselves are changed, or they impress me differently."

SHERBORNE: Ah, no doubt! When a man returns to his own country after some years' absence, experience and curiosity form an offensive and defensive alliance against many a foregone impression and conclusion.

MORETON: Especially against those, and they are many, which end with a reservation, like the last nights of a play.

SHERBORNE: By the bye, I should be glad to hear some of the conclusions you have arrived at during your stay in the quiet country house we have just left, where billiards, *battues*, bad novels, and relays of fast people arriving by fast trains, were not the exclusive objects of attraction. One of them, no doubt, is that God made the country, and made it suggestive of the good and the beautiful, but that pauperism has destroyed its moral harmony, and that if— Here followed, no doubt, some restorative theories evolved out of your inner consciousness, veiled in total obscurity.

MORETON: No doubt many chaotic fancies—I cannot call them thoughts—like aqueous rocks in the process of formation, float about in our minds at the time of life when we encourage our selves to muse, without having begun to think.

SHERBORNE: Just so. I can remember that at the age of aspirations I occasionally indulged in some very misty musings plagiarized from Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," but these musings changed their form as they grew more distinct, like the outline of a hillside when the fog

is clearing off, and they have lately been superseded by strong opinions in favour of English country life.

MORETON: I agree with you, if not exactly as it is, at least, as it would be if its true principles were truly followed.

SHERBORNE: And one must own, that with some reservation, there is a good deal to be said for the Northern Farmer's appreciation of property, though his notions of its duties might, perhaps, be somewhat hazy; for instance, he would consider that medical loan-tickets ought to be well paid up, of which I had an example last week at the Lyneham Board of Guardians—several excellent persons loudly insisting that a man who had just got back into work, after some months' illness, and had barely the means to feed his wife and children, should be made to pay up the loan-tickets for his parish doctor's advice during the past three months.

MORETON: Ah, well, perhaps you can at times perceive that the vaunted Poor Law system does not quite take the place of the monasteries after all.

SHERBORNE: You mean that the old monks, who gave medicine and food in times of distress without any loan-tickets, took better care of the poor than we do—

MORETON: Yes; and had a juster appreciation of the duties of property than the world has in this enlightened age. You will be inclined to own this, perhaps, when any particular fact strikes you; yet I remember, when I pointed out the ruined walls of the old priory to Don Pascolini the first day of our arrival at Bramscote, you said that *now* they added to the effect of the picturesque, and could no longer interfere with progress.

"I want to get into this carriage; there's plenty of room," said a voice, at the sound of which Moreton muttered a mournful "Good gracious!"

And at the same moment Miss Hermione Crumps appeared at the door, while Sherborne whispered:

"Now I shall be asked about the ghost at Hazeley!"

Mr. Linus Jones handed her in, a porter several shawls and a bonnet-box on one of the rails overhead, the guard's whistle emitted a metallic scream, and off went the train—puff, puff, puff, shaking and grinding, and jerking, an indescribably smelling as trains only do smell. Wonderful is that smell, quite different from any other, and sickening withal.

Miss Hermione arranged her wraps and her hair. Sherborne looked ready to be, or to seem, amused. Don Pascolini was in the corner, sipping his Office. Sir Thomas and Lady Alice Grubhedge had got in at the last moment—be much discomposed in his proper dignity by being late; she, repeating in a monotonous murmur:

"There is no occasion to hurry in such a way."

"And so," thought Moreton, "old Grubhedge, in the days of long ago, caused a 'change to come over the spirit of' George Sherborne's dream; and no doubt George Sherborne was going to break his heart! 'Lien had died from time

to time, and worms have eaten them ; but not for love."

Then he began to speculate grimly on his own future experiences ; and, though he was not aware of it, he did all this for a relief, as one uses burning lotions to mitigate pain. But Miss Hermione Crumps, as soon as she had settled her hair, adjusted her hat, smoothed out a wrinkle in her right-hand glove, and made a general self-inspection rapidly, singled him out for conversation, at least inclusively, by saying :

"Oh, Mr. Moreton, do you know I have heard a lot more about the ghost."

"It generally is a prolific subject," answered Moreton.

"If you will tell me whereabouts, and at what o'clock it appears, I will sit up and pay my respects to it," said Sherborne.

"It was an old woman," said Miss Hermione, "and she was seen at the window of that curious old room, which everybody admired so the other day, when we lunched with you. You know, Mr. Sherborne, some of the old women in the village declare there is a secret closet behind the paneling."

"With the original skeleton in the cupboard there?" said Sherborne.

"I don't know what there is in it," she said. "but I daresay the old witch who lives in the house at the Four Ways knows all about."

Then she was silent for a few seconds, and flushed firmly.

"She means mischief," thought Moreton, and even whilst the thought was crossing his mind, she opened her eyes upon him, saying :

"I believe *you* know all about the old witch. They say you and some one else paid her a visit."

*(To be continued.)*

## SKETCH OF JAMES STUART AS DUKE OF YORK AND KING OF ENGLAND.

[CONTINUED.]

**R**USSELL was not distinguished by great ability or eloquence, but he was distinguished in his age by the comparative purity and irreproachableness of his private life. He was,

moreover, sincere in his convictions, in his love for the Protestant religion, and for the principles of Whig Government. But for his favourite opinions he was always too ready to violate not only the laws of his country, but the laws of common justice and humanity ; and his connection with the Popish Plot must ever leave an indelible stain upon his character. It will be difficult to persuade us that for two years he could have been in daily intercourse with Shaftesbury, that he could have been frequently closeted with Oates and his companions, without knowing something of the perjuries by which so much innocent blood was sworn away.

Not much superior to Russell in intellectual gifts, but raised far above him by ambition and

by the daring and unscrupulous means with which he sought the object of his ambition, was George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. He is a good type of the nobility of the Restoration. Hardly believing in Christianity, he set at nought the moral law with the utter callousness, with the carelessness and lightheartedness in sin distinctive only of men, who have quite convinced themselves that there is no power to which they must one day give an answer for their actions. Witty and sarcastic, he took especial delight in choosing for his raillery the holiest feelings of our nature and the most solemn subjects of religion. And from a scene of wild debauchery, from ribald jests and mockeries, he would come to the House of Peers, and proclaim his reverence for the Word of the God, whose laws he had been breaking, and for the Holy Name he had just blasphemed. In manners he was polished, as were mostly the nobles of the time ; but the refinement of his manners did not restrain him from quarrelling over cards with the Earl of Sandwich, from publicly insulting the venerable and unoffending Clarendon, from striking off the hat of Dorchester during a senatorial conference, and from beating Killigrew at a public play house. But if he had confined himself to insulting peers and beating commoners, to turning day into night and night into day, to drunken revels and disgraceful brawls, he would have been comparatively inoffensive. He went further. He set himself to invade the honour and to destroy the peace of the noblest families in England. He withdrew Lady Shrewsbury from her allegiance to her husband, and crowned his wickedness by killing in duel the man whom he had wronged. And, no fact can better attest the depravity and heartlessness of his nature than that, whilst he was seeking the blood of the injured husband, he allowed the fallen lady to stand by, dressed as a page, and holding the bridle of his horse. But he was not only false in his relations to God and to Religion, not only false in domestic life to his fellow-men, and equals in rank ; he was false to the king when all other cavaliers were true. To the Stuarts he owed his title and position, and yet before the Restoration he was dishonourably distinguished by making advances to their enemies, and by seeking a close alliance with the Cromwells. After the downfall of the Commonwealth he was pardoned, and taken into favour by the king. He used the trust reposed in him to betray again the interests of his benefactor. From the weakness, or good nature of Charles, he once more received a pardon, and once more he recommenced his treacheries. But it would be impossible in the short space at our disposal to follow the tortuous and deceitful course of Buckingham. It is enough to say that, next to pleasure and the indulgence of his appetites, ambition and self-interest in one or another shape, were the objects of his life ; and that personal jealousy of men in power was the key-note of his policy. If Clarendon or Danby opposed the King, Buckingham would certainly uphold him. If Clarendon or Danby maintained the prerogative, Buckingham would at once assail it. If they made advances to dissenters, he would advocate a violent persecution. If they enforced against dissenters the existing laws, he would, as he actually did, declare

himself for religious toleration. It is safe to say that there was no party from which Buckingham did not receive some favour, and there was no party which he did not betray. He deeply offended many who were afterwards powerful to hurt him, but notwithstanding his numerous perfidies, notwithstanding the total destruction of his faction, he had wit enough to escape the vengeance of his enemies. He did not die as many died, who, better men and sincerer than himself, yet pursued the same illegal objects by the same illegal path. He did not die like Essex in the Tower, or like Russell and Sydney on the scaffold; but he died as such a man deserved to die—a death more bitter still. He saw the ruin of his hopes and projects. He had thrown away the favour of his sovereign, and had not gained the favour of the people. His party was broken, his enemies triumphant. And then in disgrace and poverty, with a shattered constitution and a weakened intellect, the old man sank into his grave, and with the sins of three score years upon his soul, went forward to be judged by Him, whom he had mocked, whose very existence he had by his life denied.

For Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, we confess we have, in some sense, more respect: not that he was more sincere than Buckingham, not that he was less wicked, but because he was grander in his wickedness, because being ambitious and, having made political power, the object of his life, he moved forward to his object with the intense energy of an intellect, which was truly great, and the determination of a will, which could be turned from its path neither by the fear of God nor by the fear of man, which in its course ruthlessly swept aside all the laws of justice and morality, all the feelings of our nature, all pity for the sufferings of others, all sense of its own shame and degradation.

Burnet has sketched the character of Shaftesbury, and he tells us that he sketched it from personal knowledge gained by personal intercourse. He gives the Earl credit for being a man of wit, skilled in the law, and brilliant in conversation; yet on the whole he depreciates his intellectual powers. But it is Burnet's practice to underrate the talent of every man of whom he has occasion to speak. Burnet seemed to imagine that in point of intellect he himself stood alone in the world; and the love of superiority he unconsciously adopts, overcomes at times our gravity. It is quite amusing to read some of his remarks on Shaftesbury, a man, who, despite his wickedness was, if not the greatest, at least second to none of the great statesmen, brilliant debaters and party-leaders of the reign of Charles II. He was a man of a great and restless mind; and at whatever time, in whatever condition of life he had been born, he must of necessity have risen to a prominent position in the world. By nature impatient of control, and still more impatient of what he deemed an injury, proud, daring, turbulent, without respect for age, rank or intellect in others, without respect for what is sacred and venerable in civil or religious institutions; he was born not to submit, not to obey, nor will we say to rule, but he was born to excite the passions of the multitude, and to dis-

turb the peace of governments. Mr. Green has noted that whilst he was still a boy he opposed the designs of his crafty and dishonest guardians, and by his boldness saved his estate from their rapacity. Whilst he was an undergraduate at Oxford he organised an opposition against some long-standing customs of his college, and succeeded in having them abolished. At eighteen, when his equals in age were walking in the cloisters of their university, or were playing in the sporting-field, he was sitting as a member in the Legislature Assembly of his country. The civil war broke out, and for a time young Ashley Cooper followed the fortunes of the king. But with the quick perception which distinguished him, he soon discovered that the royal cause was declining, and he went over to the Parliament. The Protector died, and Richard Cromwell succeeded to his father's title and claims, though not to his ability. The feelings of the nation began to change. Cooper again read the signs of the times, and intrigued for the return of the exiles. The exiles returned, and the intriguer, for his services, was raised to the peerage. He was not naturally fond of dissipation, nor could his slight frame and feeble constitution well endure it, but to please his royal master he chose to be a libertine, and in the dissolute court of Charles II. there was none more dissolute than Ashley. He was brought into the councils of the king, and in those councils there was not a more unyielding upholder of the prerogative, nor a bolder adviser of violent and arbitrary measures. To repeat the charges made against him by the Earl of Ossory, in the House of Lords, Shaftesbury was at the head of that cabal which has become a synonym for infamy; he advised the repeal of the Test Act, the shutting up of the Exchequer, the breaking of the Triple Alliance and the total destruction of Holland. He advised whatever was thought to be opposed to the liberties of the people and the interests of the Protestant religion. We do not, of course, condemn all the measures he advised, but we condemn the man who could advise those measures, and then, because it served his purpose, could without shame totally change his position, and in a moment become the most bitter and most turbulent amongst the opponents of the court. "He turned often," says Burnet in describing the character of Shaftesbury, "he turned often, but did it with dexterity and success, and was proud of that, so that he would often set on the art he had showed in it, and never seemed to be ashamed of the meanness or levity of changing sides so often." He was now to give a significant instance of his perfidy and shamelessness. Under the misgovernment of Charles, aided, not wholly guided, by men like Buckingham and Shaftesbury, the loyalty of the nation had cooled. Shaftesbury saw the change. He nicely weighed the strength of the contending parties, formed his judgment and quickly determined on his course. He basely deserted the master whom he had led into unpopular measures, and was not ashamed to take upon himself the character of a demagogue. He had protested his loyalty a thousand times, and he now endeavoured to subvert the throne. He had strenuously maintained the doctrine of Divine Right, and he now set up against the



recognised heir, the bastard son of Lucy Walters. He had loudly professed his friendship for the Duke of York, and he now excluded him from the deliberations of the sovereign, from the royal presence, from the kingdom, and all but succeeded in excluding him from the crown.

If in questions of religion Shaftesbury can be said to have had a settled conviction, it was that since there is no truth in any form of Christianity, one form is as good as another, one religious tenet as harmless as another; and, therefore, it is absurd for one body of men, believing in chimeras, to persecute another body of men for believing in chimeras too. And yet for his own selfish ends he hounded on the English nation against a handful of English Catholics, shielded and pensioned perjurers for swearing away the lives of men who, he knew, were innocent, urged his false witnesses to hold to their falsehoods when their conscience was returning, urged them to grosser fabrications when their zeal began to flag; and when the credit of the plot was failing, upheld it by earnestly offering rewards for further information. It is a historical fact, which cannot be challenged, that Shaftesbury well knew of the perjuries of Oates, of Bedloe, Dugdale and their fellows, that he was the support on which they leaned, that he took an active part in the production of their falsehoods, and to him must be charged all the blood that was shed during that reign of terror, which followed the first revelation of the pretended plot, which began with the murder of Coleman and Bayley, and ended with the murder of Stafford and Plunkett.

Such was the Earl of Shaftesbury; great by his intellect and eloquence, great by his ambition, great in his sins, his heartlessness and reckless policy, great in his perfidies, great even in his meanness. Such was the chosen representative of English Protestantism, and the champion of the liberties of the English people.

After the fall of the Earl of Clarendon, in 1667, the faction, which had displaced and ruined that statesman, daringly marked out as their next victim his son-in-law, the Duke of York. We do not propose to enter into the history of their long bitter enmity against him, nor to dwell upon the means they employed to give it vent; neither do we propose to discuss the legality of the means which they employed. But the persecution of fourteen years, to which the duke was subjected at the hands of the whig and ultra-Protestant party in the country, clearly showed him what was the true spirit of that party and what were their real aims; this fact serves to explain the attitude, which, in seeming contradiction to his former opinions, he, as James II., afterwards turned towards dissenters; and, especially, it serves to explain the severity he exercised towards the rebels engaged in Monmouth's insurrection. We do not think that it will be waste of time to enumerate the galling measures carried by the party, at the head of which stood Shaftesbury.

That faction procured the passing of the Test Act, by which the Duke of York, as a Catholic, came incapable of holding any office in the state, and was compelled to lay down his office of Lord Admiral. They passed a still more severe

Test Act, by which all Catholics were excluded from the presence of the king; and when the Duke of York, out of respect for the royal blood, was exempted from the penalty of this test, Little Sincerity, as the brothers nicknamed Shaftesbury, was heard to say that he now cared nothing for the bill, since its real object was frustrated. In their endeavour to deprive the heir presumptive of his rights, they were prepared to trample on the rights of others, of children, of unoffending women, and to break through all the laws by which society is held together. They appealed to the baser passions of the king, and offered to obtain him a divorce from a wife, whose only crime was that she was childless. They appealed to his affection for Monmouth, and offered to find witnesses who should swear that they had seen a marriage celebrated between Monmouth's mother and himself. By various acts they tried to extort from the Bishop of Durham a certificate attesting such a marriage. And when the king refused to wrong an unoffending lady, and shrank with horror from declaring to the world a falsehood, and imposing an illegitimate child upon his people, when all other projects failed, the faction boldly threw off all show of respect for royalty, and in spite of Charles' declaration that he had never married any woman but the queen, they set up Monmouth as the legitimate son of the reigning monarch, and the legitimate successor to the throne. There was no length to which they were not prepared to go. There was no action, however illegal, however atrocious, they were not prepared to commit. We may search the History of England from its commencement to the present time, and we shall find no parallel to the perfidy and heartless cruelty displayed in Oates' plot. We may search the History of Europe, and we are safe in saying we shall there find nothing worse. But the disloyal faction, or at least its more unprincipled members saw that Oates' plot would serve as a powerful engine against the Duke of York. They seized upon it with a savage joy, and resolved to use its forces to the utmost.

It is urged for Russell that he was so blinded by fanaticism, by his hatred of Catholicity, by his fear of a Catholic aggression that he could not perceive the absurdity of the plot, the incredibility of the stories and the frequent contradictions of the perjured witnesses. This argument, whatever be its value, cannot be urged in defence of Shaftesbury. From the very beginning he knew the character of Oates and the falsehood of his declaration. "Let the treasurer," he said, speaking of Danby, who by means of the plot was willing to stave off an impending impeachment of himself, "Let the treasurer cry as loud as he pleases against Popery, and think to put himself at the head of the plot; I will cry a note louder and soon take his place." He faithfully kept his word. The nation hated the Catholic religion, and was willing to believe any evil of those who professed it. Shaftesbury deliberately confirmed the nation in its hatred, and to stir up a religious persecution daily offered to the credulity of the people the wildest inventions and the most monstrous accusations.

(To be continued.)

## FIDELE AND BLANCHE.

NO ROMANCE.

[CONTINUED.]

**T**HE poet sings that night, like a kind mother, alleviates the sorrows of an afflicted soul, but that there yet lingers in the mind a trace of the bitterness past. Our friends, Lydia and Sylvia, experienced this as they sank like tired children into their snow-white pillows, and yet not without a complaint that the cup of life contained so many drops of bitterness, and they pitied poor Blanche, who had, no doubt, been placed in the muff by those terrible boys, Ernest and William, and then sent into the street. Very soon nasal sounds might be heard, which, though we need not describe them, told plainly enough that Lydia and Sylvia had been carried away from the troubles of this world by sleep.

This time the god of dreams did not show the pleasing pictures of his picture book. Lydia saw Blanche with the muff, upon the high road, till at last she grew as large as a lion with a grenadier's shako on her head. The people laughed, and Blanche climbed into a tree. Lydia begged her to come down, and then suddenly it was Sylvia who was sitting in the tree knitting. Then came the disagreeable Mrs. Letsom, and shook the tree so that Sylvia fell from it. Lydia made a loud cry and—awoke.

For the first minute she rejoiced that the horrid picture was only a dream. Then she listened anxiously, and thought she heard a sound as if someone were cautiously going up the stairs step by step. No, she was not mistaken; now it had reached the loft. There was a noise as if someone was moving about between the boxes and things which were kept there. And now Lydia could no longer contain herself, but awoke her sister, and told her with a beating heart that a thief had made his way into the loft.

Sylvia would have alarmed the house.

"Not for heaven's sake," begged Lydia. "He might murder us. Let us lock our door and place things before it."

The two sisters sprang out of bed, locked the door, and placed a chest of drawers and three chairs before it. Then they wrapped their bed clothes over them and listened.

The noise in the loft continued; some one was creeping about in India-rubber shoes and opening the chests and boxes. Now the thief crept back to the door of the loft, and descended the three first stairs. That could be heard distinctly. And now Fidele barked and the steps stopped.

"Fidele has scented the thief," whispered Lydia, "he will keep him a prisoner up there."

"Yes, that he will," replied Sylvia.

The barking went on, but everything continued in *statu quo*. The sisters had gained courage since the barking of the dog, but the time seemed very long. At last they heard the door of the Letsom's sleeping room open, and someone go up the stairs. Their hearts beat violently and they awaited the catastrophe—a shot and a cry for help.

But to their great surprise and wonder nothing followed. They heard Mr. Letsom speak to the dog, and both then went quietly downstairs, and all was again quiet.

"I do not understand this," said Lydia, shaking her head.

"A mysterious story!" replied her sister.

"I shall never forget those monuments of agony."

"*Moments*," corrected Sylvia.

Excitement and curiosity kept the sisters awake during the remainder of the night. At their morning coffee, Lydia declared that, much as she wished for the solution of the riddle, she could not make up her mind to go down to enquire of the Letsoms. She looked upon this as below her dignity.

Then the door of their room was opened, and William stepped in with a request from his mother for the return of all the newspapers they had had for patterns.

The sisters, who recognized in this request a predetermined annoyance on the part of Mrs. Letsom, exchanged looks of intelligence.

"I have already begun that beautiful star," sighed Sylvia.

"Give the boy the papers," said Lydia, imperatively.

While Sylvia was collecting the journals Lydia asked the boy if he knew what was the cause of the disturbance in the night.

William put on an important air, and replied:

"Oh, yes. When you are not there, Fidele always goes into your loft, and takes some of Blanche's food. So yesterday evening my father tied him up, but during the night Fidele got loose and with his cord about his neck went up to the loft and ate the cat's food; then, when he would come down again, the cord was caught under the door of the loft, and, as there was a knot at the end of it, Fidele remained caught. Then he barked so loudly that my father heard him, and at once went up and released him."

And now the sisters had got the solution of the riddle; and when the boy had left the room with his papers, Lydia remarked:

"That brute of a dog, which frightened us no doubt, goes up every night and eats part of Blanche's food. No wonder she has become thin lately! But I will soon stop him."

On the following night, Sylvia placed a big broom by the side of her bed, but no Fidele was to be heard. No doubt, he had this time been tied up more firmly. On the night following, however, the same sounds were heard upon the stairs. Sylvia sprang out of bed, slipped on her dressing gown, seized her missile, opened her door quietly and glided to the foot of the stairs.

When she thought herself within reach of her enemy, she struck a heavy blow with the broom. The stroke told, for the dog came howling down the stairs; but the broom, which had slipped from Sylvia's hands, went clattering after him.

The noise awoke the master of the house. He sprang out of bed, hastened to the staircase, and would have asked what was the matter had the howling dog leaped towards him. At once all was clear, and he raised his voice in words of

expressions not to be found in any good dictionary. Sylvia thought it best not to answer, and stepped quietly back to her sister, who was not at all sorry for what had occurred. Not at all.

Then followed a truce. They kept guard over their Fidele, she over her cat, and the two families mutually avoided each other. There was a breathing time. But the peace was only that which precedes a storm.

One morning it was found that Blanche had been scratching the flower bed in the middle of the garden, and Mrs. Letsom expressed herself upon the subject in a very unrestrained manner. Then she had the bed restored to order by a gardener, and handed the account to the ladies, who declared it to be an overcharge. This assertion caused a warm contention between the parties, which was only allayed when Miss Nuttall paid the amount.

On another morning, Miss Lydia was obliged to claim from Mrs. Letsom a sausage—a fine sausage, which Fidele had stolen. Mrs. Letsom received the applicant with the remark that she should take better care of her sausages. Fidele had done no harm to it; she must see that clearly enough.

Some days after this, Blanche was detected angling in a glass globe for a gold fish. Mrs. Letsom reproved Blanche, and tossed a cup of water over her. Then she sent the thief upstairs with her hair quite wet, and in a pitiful condition, where she was of course received with expressions of pity so loudly uttered that they reached Mrs. Letsom's ears.

When, in the course of the day, Fidele stole upstairs in order to feast upon Blanche's provisions, he met her on the stairs, and immediately howling fighting mass rolled down to the bottom. Fidele was received most pityingly by the stairs, while upstairs the Miss Nuttalls looked out from their room, exclaiming:

"And now the dog has met with his deserts. The wretched thief will not again steal Blanche's food. You must take better care of him, Mr. Letsom."

"Then you must not put your provisions into the loft, and so entice the dog thither," answered Mrs. Letsom, angrily. "The loft of my house is in any case a dining-room; be pleased to leave that."

"I can do what I please with my part of the house wherever I am living," replied Lydia, much excited.

"If you stain the floor of the loft with spots no housekeeper will stand it," replied Mr. Letsom only.

"What? Are we, then, dirty people? Mr. Letsom, you are not choice in your epithets. I should like to know which is the cleaner of us two; you or I? Look! neither our floor or carpet as a single spot."

"If my house does not please you, you can leave it," replied Mr. Letsom, in a dignified manner.

"Yes, you can go," repeated Mrs. Letsom.

The word was spoken, the arrow had fled from the bow, the bridge between the parties was broken down.

Lydia felt a pain at her heart and became as

white as ashes, for she was most unwilling to leave the pretty house in which she and her sister had lived for ten years, but in a moment her pride rose, and full of dignity—like Mary Stuart—as Sylvia said afterwards, she replied:

"Very well, Mr. Letsom, I accept your notice. We hold our tenure quarterly. This day three months we go."

She spoke, threw back her head, drew herself up, and with her sister deliberately ascended the stairs. Then she observed to Sylvia:

"It is better so; we should have no more comfort in this house. We shall soon find a better abode."

Below Mr. Letsom observed to his wife:

"I am glad this has happened. I am quite tired of the eternal battles with that old maid. We can let our rooms with advantage to some one else."

And yet they were neither of them really happy. For the first time Lydia reproached her sister: "If you had not got the unlucky idea into your head that you must have a cat!" For the first time Mr. Letsom pushed away his dog with his foot when he came to give him a loving caress.

There was no intercourse between the two families. If by chance they met in the passages or in the garden, one looked towards the east the other towards the west. Cat and dog were carefully guarded lest they should give occasion to new scenes.

The Miss Nuttalls paid daily visits to the town in search of empty apartments. It was a great comfort to these poor heavily oppressed beings that the lodging-house keepers all met them in a friendly manner. There were many rooms which they liked very well, but they could not yet decide. On returning from their voyages of discovery they looked over all their drawers and boxes, packed up such things as were seldom used, and picked out such as they did not desire to carry to the new house.

Then there was an unexpected event. One morning Blanche did not make her usual appearance. The sisters became uneasy and were filled with dismal apprehensions. In the course of the morning Lydia went to draw some water from a large butt where there was a supply, and there to her horror she saw the body of Blanche resting in the water. She must have missed her footing in finding her way to the loft and fallen into the water butt. At all events Blanche had come to an untimely end. It was remarkable with what composure Sylvia took the loss of her beloved Blanche. The reproach of her sister: "If you had not had the idea of purchasing a cat," gave her the greatest pain. Now she could lay Blanche's dead body at her sister's feet, and say: "The cat is dead; the innocent pleasure which you grudged me is at an end; the stumbling block is removed. You will have no longer reason to reproach me."

But, alas, she could not contrive to carry poor Blanche's corpse, so she went to her sister without it, and which, in our opinion, in great measure weakened the effect of the tragic scene, spoke the words she had intended without it.

Lydia was satisfied. She looked at her sister through her tears, and whispered:

"Sylvia, forgive me."

Sylvia forgave, and the union between the sisters was more closely connected. A workman buried Blanche in the courtyard.

About a week after this sad event, as the sisters sat at the window knitting a bed covering for the new rooms, a waggon rattled down the road. The sisters looked up and saw Fidele rush from the house towards the horses barking furiously. The next moment both the sisters placed their hands before their eyes and uttered a cry. They had seen with horror the wheel of the waggon pass over the body of the dog. When in the course of a minute they ventured to turn their eyes towards the road his body lay there motionless.

The Letsom children hastened to the spot, and weeping bitterly dragged the dog away. He was dead. The same day he was buried in the garden.

"I cannot certainly pity the dog," said Lydia, "but I should not have desired such an end for him."

"I, too, will forgive and forget," said Sylvia.

When Sylvia met Mrs. Letsom in the loft the next day, she wished her good morning, and asked her if she would allow her to make use of her sewing machine for half an hour. When a short time after Lydia met Mrs. Letsom on the staircase she saluted her, and receiving a courteous reply, she asked if Mrs. Letsom would look at her new quilt which was now completed. Mrs. Letsom went into Lydia's room, and found the quilt wonderfully beautiful. "What a great undertaking!" she said more than once. In the afternoon the journal, the "Organ of Truth, Freedom and Justice," was sent as usual, and this time the little messenger was rewarded with a present of dried plums.

In this journal there was an advertisement of a concert, and to the surprise of the two Miss Nuttalls Mr. Letsom himself came to their room the next day and hoped he might have the honour of presenting two tickets to his very old friends.

"I thought," observed Lydia, "that the Letsoms would be glad enough to keep us. How lucky that we have not yet engaged rooms."

"Did you think so?" asked Sylvia, without being able to finish her speech, for at that moment Mrs. Letsom entered the room to speak about the concert—they might all go together and it would be so pleasant. The concert was a great success.

When the two families returned home at about eleven o'clock, Mr. Letsom thought it was so early that he might invite the Miss Nuttalls to his rooms. The ladies at first refused, but suffered themselves to be overpersuaded. Mr. Letsom opened a bottle of Moselle, and Mrs. Letsom thought they might manage a slice of roast beef.

They emptied their glasses, and then Mrs. Letsom coughed, and began:

"Worthy ladies, the causes of disturbance to our domestic peace, Fidele and Blanche, are removed. We have lived in friendship together for ten years; shall we not continue to do so for four years more?"

Miss Nuttall replied that such was her own and her sister's wish.

So they sat on, and the reconciled inmates of the house remained in conversation till the clock struck one.

When the narrator of this true and instructive story left that place in the year 1880, the two families of Letsom and Nuttall had already lived together for seven more years, their friendship undisturbed by any difference since the episode of Fidele and Blanche.

THE END.

## MUSING.



We are sighing, sighing ever,  
For some fair but distant prize,  
For some good which glowing fancy  
Pictures to our longing eyes;

Life sheds much of brightness on us,  
Fain would much enjoyment give,  
Still, we only aim at shadows,  
Only in the future live.

Spring presents to us its freshness,  
Summer suns us in its ray,  
And we hardly see their charms,  
Till decayed and passed away,  
Light serenely shines around us,  
Fain would cheer us by its gleams,  
Yet, no throb of joy awakens,  
For we only dwell in dreams.

Fortune, tho' it gives much promise,  
Oft from duty may beguile,  
O'er and o'er tho' it illudes us,  
Still it bids us wait awhile.  
Still, time's stream is onward gliding,  
Bearing with it in its flow  
Goods which would have so enriched us,  
Did we but their value know.

Autumn comes, and finds us longing,  
Waiting still, with patient wait  
For the talisman which lured us,  
As some false and shining bait;  
Shining ever on before us  
Until in its gleam we bask,  
Till life's winter, stern and truthful,  
The enchantress will unmask.

Great or small the sphere assigned us,  
Whatsoever the path we tread,  
We may find true riches in it,  
And may sunshine on it shed;  
Little trials sweetly borne,  
Tiresome duties bravely done,  
Day by day, and hour by hour,  
Every day anew begun.

Little kindnesses which scatter  
Countless blessings all around,  
Like those sweet but simple flowers,  
Which in fragrance so abound.  
Present moments are ours only,  
Ours to treasure and improve,  
And shall bring us all we seek for  
In whatever sphere we move.

## HE WILL OF PETER THE GREAT.

BY THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A MONTH."

**T**HE document known as the "Will" of the Tsar who founded the existing Russian Empire has from time to time attracted attention, especially when—as now—Russia has attempted one of her customary aggressions. Its peculiarity consists in its containing a code of instructions to his successors, as to a certain policy which he had initiated, which he recommended to be carried on to perfection. The correspondence between these instructions and the actual movements and successes of Russia is so remarkable as to warrant the general conviction that, notwithstanding suit changes in the proportions and numbers of the European Powers, the Will is still the programme of the successive Tsars. Temporary departures from the line laid down in it have resulted from the disposition of some of the persons, or from their relations with other States. On every such occasion there has been the part of the autocrat who departed from it, at the farthest on the part of his successor, a ready return to the course of action which it prescribes.

At the present time it may interest our readers to be presented with the instructions contained in this remarkable document. They will perceive from the past Russia has acted on them; and they may conclude that now, and in the future, history will repeat itself. The preamble sets forth the object which Peter had in view:

"In the name of the Holy Indivisible Trinity, Peter, to all our successors greeting, etc.

"The great God, who always enlightened us by His divine wisdom, allows me now to behold the Russian nation the people chosen by Providence to govern the whole of Europe. Most of the European nations have already arrived at a state of extreme old age, and they need to be regenerated by a new and youthful people when the time for the latter shall have come."

The following are the maxims prescribed, to be observed in order to the accomplishment of Russia's supposed destiny:

"1. The Russian nation is constantly to be kept in a state of war, and the warlike spirit of the Russian nation kept up.

"2. Distinguished generals belonging to the most civilised nations of Europe are to be called to Russia, in time of war, and the very first artisans and men of letters in time of peace.

"3. Russia is on all possible occasions to intermeddle in European differences and affairs of all kinds; in particular, however, she is to do so in those which concern Germany, on account of the proximity and more direct interest which is to be attached to that country.

"4. Poland is to be divided. The object in view will be effected by encouraging in that country party rivalries, and by constantly keeping it in a state of internal discord. The most in-

fluential of the nobility are to be won over with gold; their influence in the country, and and at the election of the kings, is to be maintained; and every opportunity is to be eagerly laid hold of which affords a pretext to march Russian troops into the kingdom of Poland. In the event of the neighbouring powers raising difficulties, the country should be divided; and whatever share of the spoil it may be found necessary to grant to them may always be resumed hereafter, whenever a proper opportunity offers for the purpose.

"5. It is expedient to take as much territory as possible from Sweden; it must be separated from Denmark; and a feeling of jealousy is constantly to be kept up between the two countries.

"6. The consorts of the Russian princes are always to be chosen from amongst the German princesses, in order to multiply the family connections.

"7. The alliance with England, for commercial reasons, is to be preferred to all other alliances. England requires our produce for its navy; and it might moreover be made subservient to aid in the development of the maritime strength of Russia.

"8. It is necessary that the Russian empire should be continually extended towards the north, along the Baltic; and towards the south, along the shores of the Black Sea.

"9. It is expedient to draw as near as possible to Constantinople and to the East Indies. Whoever rules in the two countries is the true sovereign of the world. Wars are in consequence continually to be waged, or caused to be waged, against Turkey and Persia; great colonies are to be established along the Euxine, in order in time to get the whole Black Sea into the Russian power. The same policy is to be followed with regard to the shores of the Baltic—two objects indispensable for the success of the above project.

"10. The Greeks, united and schismatical, who are spread over Hungary, Turkey, and Southern Poland, must be gained by favours to be bestowed on them, for it is expedient to win their sympathies for Russia. They must look up to us as their central point and their chief support. A generally preponderating influence is to be created by joining the principles of autocracy to a sort of spiritual supremacy combined and united in the person of the Tsar. The Greeks will then be the friends of Russia, and our enemies will be theirs.

"11. When Sweden is weakened, Persia vanquished, Poland subjugated, Turkey conquered, and the Euxine and the Baltic guarded by Russian fleets, then secret proposals are first to be addressed to the French Court, and hereafter to the Court of Vienna, offering them to share with Russia the kingdom of the world. If one of these two great powers consents from vanity or from flattered ambition, to entertain the proposal, then it must be made use of to suppress the other, and to annihilate all other powers; an undertaking which cannot fail of success, for by that Russia will already be in possession of the whole of the East, and the major part of Europe.

"12. Should, however, the impossible become true, and both powers unite in resisting the offer-



thus made, then it is expedient to incite them to strife with one another, and thus to exhaust their strength. Then Russian armies will first inundate Germany, then France, and in this way Europe will and must be conquered."

In the time of Peter the Great, the chief powers in Europe were France and Germany—the latter being the representative of the Holy Roman Empire, and claiming a suzerainty over the German States. It had not yet assumed, or been forced to assume, the place and the name of the Empire of Austria, although the northern states had become nearly altogether independent. France was still the France of Louis le Grand, formidable in its pretensions. Prussia was only growing into the stature of a kingdom. Sweden had aimed at greater influence in European affairs than she was able to exercise. Holland had gained an importance which she was unable to maintain; and England, with her clashing factions and unsettled succession, her uncertain policy, and her commercial spirit, evidently appeared to Peter as likely to give very little trouble. The other kingdoms and states were of still smaller consequence. The American United States were not then in existence; India was still the Empire of the Mogul, and the English there were represented by a few mercantile factories, rivalled by French and Dutch and Portuguese settlements of a like description.

In every respect Peter the Great was an extraordinary man. Like the country over which he reigned, with its variety of climate and people, he embodied in himself the most startling contrasts. With a powerful physique, yet subject to epilepsy, and weakened and ultimately destroyed by excess of both labour and sensuality; with a clear intellect and an indomitable will, yet a victim of vice and a slave to passion; hating war on account of its cruelty and bloodshed, yet relentless towards political and domestic enemies, and eager to fight for his neighbours' lands; he justifies, to the eye that observes him as a monarch and a man, the antithesis of Carlyle—"the strangest mixture of heroic virtue and brutish Samoiedic savagery the world at any time had."

Looking on Europe and the world as Peter saw them, we can perceive the shrewdness and effectiveness of his plan for attaining universal empire. The success with which so much of it has been accomplished proves the genius of the man who framed it. What he prescribes to his successors, he himself had begun. Already he had been successful against Sweden, Poland, and Turkey. Every succeeding Tsar and Tsarina, who has been capable of occupying the throne, has perceived the cleverness of the scheme, and according to circumstances has acted on its principles. Let our readers look at the articles in succession, and they will be convinced of this. The first, second, and third, are an integral portion of Russia's settled policy; and so also is the sixth. The seventh, which contains an allusion—almost a covert sneer—to the commercial proclivities of England, exhibits the principle of Russia's conduct in regard to ourselves, and the belief, not expressed but understood, that England can be manipulated—a belief which is evidently

still held and acted on by Russian statesmen notwithstanding their surprise in 1854. Article eighth had been studiously carried out, and the operations recommended in articles fifth and ninth have accordingly been undertaken. Sweden has been deprived of territory; Poland has been divided; the Greeks in Southern Europe have been brought under Russian influences. Persia has been attacked and plundered. These are read like fulfilled prophecy, rather than as instruction: "*It is expedient to draw as near as possible to Constantinople and the East Sea.*" Whoever rules in these two countries is the sovereign of the world."

That Russia has been ever persistently aiming to draw near to Constantinople, is to what man in his senses can doubt; that she has actually drawn nearer than in Peter's days, is an accomplished fact. That she has ever been drawing nearer and nearer to India, and doing this for a set purpose, is what only those can disbelieve who disbelieve their own eyesight. Now nothing in her way but Afghanistan with its unoccupied boundary, which she has been attempting to occupy for the time by the certainty of an occupation. If she finds farther progress at present dangerous, she will just wait a little to watch for another opportunity. Holy Russia, with many other pretenders to sanctity, professes imperturbable temper. She never gets angry with those whom she tries to injure or to cheat. The saying of Count Nesselrode describes her to the hair's breadth: "*La Russie ne boude pas, elle se recueille*;" which may be freely but falsely Englished thus: "Russia never sulks; she draws back, and tries again."

Let England once be entangled in wars and struggles which will give her quite enough to do, or let Russia find an occasion of playing against her the game which the Will recommends as against France and Germany, she will expect that the opportunity of turning into the recommendation of article ninth will not be neglected. Peter the Great would not fight in defence or for the acquisition of territory, never even in the former case, if he could avoid it—always in the latter if he could make way clear. The Russian Government of to-day, of all the days, is animated by the spirit of the founder of the Empire; otherwise that empire would not been what it is. Those who believe this, and who act on the belief—those who expect of Russia the very worst of which empires, bent on aggression, are capable—will not be deceived. Those who, in the face of history, imagine that Russia is everything grand, and noble, and knightly—that she has an evangelical respect for the tenth commandment—that Tsarism is out of date, and the Will of Peter the Great a dead letter—will find themselves deceived miserably and for ever.

In the preamble to his Will, which we have given above, the Tsar Peter founds the pretensions of Russia to universal empire, solely on the fitness of things and the condition of Europe. Whether he thought it unnecessary, or out of place in a document intended for the initiated, he makes no mention of a certain claim of right which his predecessors, and till of late his suc-

more too, boldly put forth. This claim—what-  
ever genealogists and heralds may think of it, or  
reverently the latest emperors may have been  
flaunting it before the eyes of Europe—has  
in very serviceable in convincing the Russian  
palace that Hospodar should reign in Con-  
stantinople. Silent on the subject as the Imperial  
family have become there is no saying how far  
they may be persuaded of its genuineness. Catherine  
I, one of the ablest of Russia's rulers, openly  
asserted it, and justified on the ground of it her  
policy on the Turkish Empire.

The founder of what may be called the first  
Russian Empire, Ivan, surnamed the Great, the  
first of his name among the Grand Dukes of  
Moscow, was most successful in consolidating his  
dominions, and in establishing his sovereign  
power. For this end, besides diplomacy and  
war, he had recourse to marriage; and the father  
of his first wife, who had been his greatest enemy,  
he acknowledged him as lord paramount over his  
vast principality. Finding himself, after  
several years, a widower, he looked for a second  
wife farther a-field. Nothing but a most peculiar  
circumstance could have suggested his choice, which  
was a Greek princess, the daughter of an exile  
living in Rome under the protection of the  
Pope. But this lady's father was Thomas  
Palæologus, the brother and heir of the last By-  
zantine emperor. The marriage took place in  
1472. By this marriage, in the words of Ram-  
say, in his "History of Russia," "Ivan III.  
became the heir of the Byzantium, and the Roman  
Emperors. He took for the arms of Russia the twi-  
fold eagle, which is still to be found in the  
*lais à facettes* of the Kremlin. Moscow suc-  
ceeded to Byzantium, as Byzantium had suc-  
ceeded to Rome." Speaking of this transaction,  
Hume says: "The Grand Prince of Moscow  
became the protector of the Greek Church, and in some sort the successor of  
Byzantine Tsars. To strengthen this claim  
he married a member of the Imperial family, and  
his successors went farther in the same direc-  
tion, by assuming the title Tsar, and inventing a  
tradition about their great ancestor Rurik being a  
descendant of Cæsar Augustus."

There is a double claim to the heirship of the  
Roman Empire, both in the East and the  
West, founded on descent from Augustus, and  
on inheritance from the heiress of the Palæologi.  
In an additional element in the case, the family  
name of ROMANOFF has also been paraded,  
though it was derived from another source than  
that of a connection with Rome—at least accord-  
ing to the testimony of history—its sound and its  
visible interpretation have been serviceable in  
somewhat sustaining the idea of such a connec-  
tion. Although as has been said, the claim in  
question has of late been unmentioned, it has

never been withdrawn; and it falls in too well  
with the policy and the history of Russia, up to  
the present hour, to permit the belief that it has  
been forgotten. The assumption of the double-  
headed eagle of the Roman Empire; \* the further  
assumption of the title of *Imperator* by Peter the  
Great, the word *Tsar*, happening also to mean  
"king," not being considered sufficiently expres-  
sive; these assumptions are as well understood and  
as firmly maintained as they were when they  
were made at first. Some may consider these  
matters small and sentimental; but, as the  
Premier of Victoria observed on a late occasion,  
the world is largely ruled by sentiment; and all  
the more readily, when it rests on the traditional  
belief of a powerful dynasty, whose family pride is  
concerned in maintaining it.

\* Austria also displays the double-headed eagle, on the same  
principle of representing the Roman Empire; Napoleon assumed  
the eagle, as having re-established the Empire of Charlemagne;  
and the eagle of Prussia may be considered as an early indica-  
tion of the far-seeing policy of the Hohenzollerns in the direction  
of another Empire of Germany. The Eagle of America is  
of another—a bald-headed specimen—like certain national  
virtues "indigenous to the soil," and in no wise related to the  
eagle of Rome."

## ANGELA.

AN ITALIAN LEGEND.)



ANY years ago, in an old Italian town,  
there lived an artist named Leonardo  
and his daughter, a fair young girl of  
about fifteen years. Angela was her  
name, and it suited her well, for her  
sweet face, in its pale purity, and the bright  
waves of her golden hair, were just what we  
might picture to ourselves as belonging to angels.

Still more, however, in the innocence of her  
heart than in the beauty of her countenance did  
Angela resemble God's guardian spirits, after  
whom she was named. The blessings of the  
poor followed her, for it was her delight to  
minister to their wants, and many a wretched  
death-bed was cheered by her presence and the  
words of hope and consolation which fell from her  
lips.

Leonardo, her father, was a proud, stern man,  
whose whole soul was given up to ambition and  
the love of fame. Although he delighted in paint-  
ing pictures of Our Lady and the saints, it was  
merely that they should be admired by men and  
add to his earthly renown. The sweet counten-  
ance of the Infant Jesus, when it smiled upon  
him from the canvas, awakened no thrill of love  
in the heart of the proud artist; he only felt a  
glow of pride that his was the hand that painted  
so exquisite a picture.

Next to his own genius, Leonardo gloried in  
that of Albrecht, his pupil, whom he regarded as  
his successor, and the person to whom he should  
entrust the completion of any works which might  
remain unfinished at his death. Albrecht was a  
German, a handsome youth, with a broad, fair  
brow that bore the impress of genius, and an eye

\* This exile and his family were corresponding with the Pope  
the subject of joining the Western Church, with a view to his  
being in regaining the Empire. The Pope furthered the marriage,  
hoping that it might bring Ivan into the same communion.  
It, while yet in Rome, the princess, whose name was Zoë, was  
really received into the Greek Church, and, according to the  
same usage, was afterwards designated by the name of  
Zoe. Both names appear in history; in which circumstance  
there is no real contradiction.

kindling with inspiration. He was an orphan, and his home was with Leonardo. Angela and he had now lived beneath the same roof for years; she was quite a child when first he knew her, and yet even then she had made a place in his heart. Every day she had grown dearer to him, until now, in the dawn of her womanhood, her presence seemed the very sunshine of his existence.

The young girl loved him also with true affection, but as yet it was only with the calm love of a sister; and it was with a clear, unconscious glance that she looked into the eyes which, when they turned upon her, were unfathomable in their depths of tenderness.

Leonardo mixed but little in society; his cold, proud bearing seemed to chill all those who approached him, and if men accorded him their praise, he cared but little for themselves. He lived in a strange, old-fashioned villa, which stood alone and remote from other dwellings; and here, almost shut out from the world, with no companions save her father and Albrecht, Angela had lived a peaceful, happy life, with, however, one sorrow weighing heavily on her heart. Grave and pious beyond her years, it was a pain akin to anguish that the girl observed how the thirst for fame was corrupting her father's heart; and fervently did she pray that he might find the emptiness of human applause and learn to work for a higher and holier motive. Every evening at the benediction hour, when she knelt before Our Lady's altar in the church which was close by her home, she implored, with never-tiring faith, the grace of conversion for her father.

Time went past, however, and her prayers were not answered; it seemed as though they never would be, for the shadow which had fallen upon Leonardo's soul grew darker and darker until it seemed to stand between him and every glimpse of what was good and holy; religion was neglected, and every thought of his soul's welfare forgotten. Angela wept and was patient, and prayed on; evening after evening, when the twilight crept into the quiet church, and the air was full of fragrant incense and sweet music, the same earnest prayer rose up to heaven before Our Lady's altar.

"Oh, mother! change his heart."

The church where Angela prayed was a very beautiful one, rich in all the picturesque beauty of arch and pillar and stained glass, through which the sun shone a soft and mellow beam. The altar was of the purest white marble, upon its broad slab knelt sculptured angels, supporting a canopy of wrought gold, beneath which reposed the Holy of Holies. Above the altar was a large, vacant square, which seemed intended for a picture, and which was, in fact, shortly to be filled by a painting of the Immaculate Conception. Leonardo had been chosen as the artist, and requested to use his utmost skill to make the picture worthy of so prominent a place in so splendid a temple. The proud soul of the artist swelled within him, and he determined to paint so magnificent a picture that the whole world should be amazed at its beauty, and declare him to be the first of living artists.

Foolish Leonardo! Was this the spirit in

which to approach the delineation of her who, by her humility, was exalted?

One bright summer evening Angela, her father and Albrecht sat together in the studio painting. Angela soon laid down her brushes and sat with her forehead resting on her hand watching her father. Albrecht had ceased to work, and his eyes were fixed on Angela, and far away in the future a vision rose before him of a home upon the borders of his own blue Rhine—a home that seemed a very heaven upon earth, sanctified by the presence of Angela, his wife.

Leonardo alone seemed absorbed in his painting. He was working at his great picture which was now pretty far advanced—in fact, was almost completed, with the exception of the Virgin's face, which was merely sketched in, and seemed as though it had been frequently erased. It represented a woman clothed with the sun, the moon beneath her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.

Leonardo worked on in silence for a long time; he touched and retouched the azure drapery, the golden tinted clouds, the silvery crescent of the moon. Then he drew a long breath and murmured to himself:

"This picture shall earn for me a fame that will endure as long as time shall last; my name shall go down to posterity encircled by a halo."

He started as Angela made some slight movement, for he had quite forgotten her presence—that of Albrecht.

"Leave me, my children," he said hurriedly. "I wish to be alone; I am going to paint the face of my picture. Is it not your hour, Angela, for going to church?"

Albrecht left the studio immediately, and Angela, too, rose and was about to follow him when a sudden impulse made her turn back.

"My own dear father," she said, "will not kneel and pray before you attempt to paint this heavenly face? Make an offering of your picture to Our Lord, and ask Him for inspiration to paint the face of His mother."

Leonardo frowned; he was in no humor to be interrupted, and he impatiently waved his daughter away.

Albrecht was waiting in the garden for Angela. This was to him the happiest hour of the day when his studies over, he was at liberty to go with her to the church, and kneel by her side during the benediction. She came walking along with a slow and listless step, and Albrecht started when he saw her face pale and streaming with tears—that face upon which he had never before seen a cloud. His heart ached to witness her distress of which he knew too well the cause, and he tried to comfort her as they went along; but she only shook her head in mournful silence.

"Alas, no!" she said at last, "he will not change; he has no thought but for his art; he hopes, no, sire, but for earthly fame."

"Still, you must not despair, dear Angela," replied her companion. "God, in His own time, will change your father's heart; trust all to His Providence."

"Ah! if I could but think so," said the weeping girl. "What would I not give for this blessed hope!"

"Fear not, Angela," said Albrecht. "God will accept the prayers of the child for her father."

"Prayers!" she exclaimed. "Alas, what are my poor prayers! I would give everything, even life itself, for my dear father's good."

She paused; a sudden thought seemed to strike her; a light as if from above seemed to brighten her countenance; she stood for a moment as if inspired.

"Yes, Albrecht," she said at last, "I shall ask the Lord to take my life as the price of my father's soul; it is the most precious thing I have to offer, and I think it would be accepted."

"Your life, Angela!" he cried in horror, "your life! Ah, dear Angela, you dare not fling away your life, even for such an end."

"I should not fling it away, dear Albrecht," she said, half smiling. "I should merely offer it at the altar foot, in exchange for that which is infinitely more precious. It is a poor sacrifice for a great boon."

"But, Angela," he answered, and his voice trembled and grew husky with emotion, "my love, my darling, your life is my life; how could I live if you were gone?"

The girl looked up, wondering, in his face. He paused a moment, and then, unable to restrain himself, he poured out with passionate earnestness the story of his love.

She seemed puzzled and almost frightened by vehemence; the words he had spoken met with responsive echo in her heart. Childlike as she was, she knew nothing of a deep and burning love as this.

"Dear Albrecht," she said, at last, "you are good to love me so much, and feel so grieved that I should die; but we shall meet, I hope, in heaven—you and I and my father. Albrecht, dear father, do not look so sad; I am not going to die at this moment."

They had reached the church by this time; the bells were already ringing, and Angela, as she entered, offered him the holy water, with a bright smile.

He never forgot that smile; long years after, when he was an old man, and his hair was gray, his memory lingered like a sunbeam in his heart.

He turned away—he was too strongly agitated to go and kneel down among the quiet crowd in the church. Walking quickly through the streets until he found himself outside the town, he hurried to the sea-shore, where he sought out a lonely nook among the rocks. It was an old favourite haunt; he had often come here to listen to the waves of the Mediterranean as they broke on his feet, and build up pleasant day-dreams of love and future fame; now a mysterious voice was dwelling at his heart, and all these visions were gone for ever; that a darkness had fallen on his life, even as the clouds of night were creeping over the Sicilian hills, swallowing up the golden sunset in their blackness.

The benediction was over; but Angela still remained praying in the silent church; the daylight faded away, and long after the twilight had deepened into night the glimmer of the sanctuary lamp shone down upon her white dress, as she re-

mained prostrate before the altar, offering up the sacrifice of her young life.

Meanwhile, how fared it with Leonardo? Has he painted the face which was to immortalize him—a face worthy to represent Her whose seed shall crush the serpent's head? Let us look into his studio and see.

Nay! surely, this looks not like it; his brows were knit, his hands clenched, his cheek burns with a dark-red flush, and he paces the room with rapid strides. Once more he seizes the pencil and begins to draw; his hand shakes; he tries to steady it; his eye blazes, and again he tries. It is of no use. Away! he smashes the crayon against the tiled floor, and flings himself in despair upon the cushion of his sofa.

"My God!" he groans, "I am ruined, baffled, lost. Oh, cursed be the weak fingers that will not second the busy, bursting brain! I am ruined, ruined! I cannot paint the face that haunts me."

The Italian summer night went quickly over. Angela, when she rose from her knees, could see the first streak of dawn stealing along the sky. By the time she had reached her father's house it was almost daylight. As she crept softly upstairs, so as not to awaken anyone, a sound, which seemed to come from the studio, made her start and pause. Another! She pushed open the door, which stood ajar, and there, stretched upon the sofa lay her father, his hands clasped above his head, and his cheek burning with a feverish glow, moaning and murmuring to himself:

"Lost, ruined! I cannot do it!"

Angela raised his head and laid it down upon a cool, soft pillow; she bathed his burning temples with fresh, iced water, and gradually the moaning ceased, and he seemed to fall into a gentle and refreshing sleep. She guessed what was the matter; the blotted face of the picture and the broken pencil told their own tale. Angela was tired with her long watching in the church; she brought a low seat and placed it beside her father's couch, so that she could rest her head against his pillow and hold his hand in hers. Sweet fancies floated through her brain as she sat and watched the early sunshine flooding its glory through the western sky. Down through the rosy morning clouds there seemed to beam upon her the vision of a face, so perfectly lovely, so beaming with heavenly sweetness, that she dropped her dazzled eyes beneath the radiance of its beauty.

"*Stella Matutina*," she whispered, "*Ora pro nobis*."

"Angela, Angela," said a sweet voice at her side.

She trembled.

"Fear not," said the voice, "but look upon me."

She looked and saw a tall figure, with drooping wings and flowing robe, white and dazzling, like the snowy clouds which sometimes hover along the edge of the blue mid-day sky.

"I am thy guardian spirit, Angela," he said, in soft, ringing tones. "From the hour when God first gave thee to my care, a little, feeble, motherless infant, each day I have guided thy footsteps—every night thou hast slept beneath the

shadow of my folded wings; therefore, fear not, but answer me. Couldst thou, my child, picture to thyself the face of her who was conceived without sin—whose beauty, clothed with the sun, thy proud father, in the conceit of his heart, thought to give to the world upon yonder canvas?"

"Oh, yes!" whispered Angela; "I have seen in my dreams a face so gloriously lovely, that it could only belong to the mother of my God; would I had the skill to paint it!"

"Take up the pencil," said the angel, pointing to her father's broken crayon, "and try; I myself will guide thy hand. It is only the pure of heart, such as thee, my child, who are worthy to paint the beauty of the Queen of Heaven. He" (pointing to her father) "cannot picture it, even to his own soul; for Lucifer, the spirit of pride himself, is ever by his side, and his dusky shadows hides from thy father's sight the vision that thy pure eyes saw painted in the morning sky."

Angela did as the angel told her. She lifted the crayon, and taking her place before the picture, she began to trace with timid hand the outline of that wondrous face which was engraven upon her heart.

Then the angel approached her father, and laid his hand gently upon his eyelids.

Leonardo gradually awoke from a calm, refreshing sleep; the pain was gone from his temples and his hot head was as cool as ever again. It seemed to him that the room was full of bright light, and the air was like the breath of flowers.

His first glance was toward his picture. Angela stood before it, painting; the angel by her side, his hand guiding hers, and the shining light of his countenance illumining her figure and playing like a halo round her golden head. Leonardo gazed in wonderment; a veil seemed torn from his eyes; he looked into his own heart and saw its blackness, and he knew why it was pure Angela was chosen in his place. He bent his head and wept long and bitterly; but he owned the justice of his sentence and prayed to be forgiven. Again the angel approached and touched his eyelids, and Leonardo fell back upon his pillow once more asleep.

When he again awoke it was evening. Angela was on her low seat beside the couch; her face lay close to his, and his hand pressed between her own. She lay so still and looked so pale that Leonardo was frightened.

"Angela, my daughter, awake," he said.

"Oh! I have dreamed," she answered, "so sweet a dream, dear father. I thought I was painting the face of your great picture, and that my Guardian Angel guided my hand. The face I painted was so lovely, that its beauty sank deep into my heart, and when I had finished it seemed to smile upon me and beckon me away. Oh! let me sleep, that I may see it once more."

She fell back fainting, and Leonardo bent over her in an agony of fear.

Gently he lifted up his darling and bore her to her own little room, where he laid her on the white curtained bed, calling her by every endearing name, and tenderly chafing her hands and feet, which were fast becoming cold. It was of no use; never again would the blue eyes open

upon the light of this lower world. Angela's sacrifice had been accepted: the angel had surrendered his charge at the foot of the throne. She was dead.

Leonardo called wildly upon Albrecht, who came silently to the bedside, his heart too truly warning him what he was to see there. All through the night, in his lonely watch among the rocks, that lifeless form, with its closed eyelids and drooping limbs, had been before him. In an agony too deep for tears, he drew the golden head upon his breast, and pressed upon the breathless lips his first and only kiss.

The picture was placed in the church on the day of her funeral, and while they chaunted the *Requiem* for her soul, Leonardo made a solemn vow that he would for ever give up all thoughts of that earthly fame for the love of which he had well nigh lost his immortal soul.

Albrecht lived to earn a world-wide renown as a painter, but no woman ever called him husband. Angela had been to him the type of all that was good and beautiful, and he never sought another. She lives again in the pictures he has left behind him. He excelled in painting lovely faces—young, saintly heads, encircled by golden light, all of which bear more or less likeness to his lost Angela; in one, especially, a *S. Agnes*, he has reproduced that last loving smile he ever saw upon her lips. The deep, solemn eyes, as they grew beneath his brush, always seemed to him to wear a warning look, and bid him beware of Leonardo's sin; and so well did he heed their warning that his name is unknown to posterity. Leonardo, too, has been forgotten; he kept that vow he made beside his daughter's bier. Many a beautiful picture found its way into the churches and cathedrals of his native land, the painter of which was unknown. People used to ask the painter's name, but no one could tell it. They never suspected that they were painted by the old grey-haired monk, whom they so often saw kneeling by a grass-grown grave, that was marked only by a pale marble cross, upon which was engraven the name of "Angela."

---

**HOW TO BECOME PROSPEROUS.**—Let every youth be taught some useful art and trained to industry and thrift. Let every young man lay aside and keep sacredly intact a certain portion of his earnings. Let every one set out with a determination to engage in business for himself as soon as he can. Begin in a small, safe way, and extend your business as experience will teach you is advantageous. Keep your own books and know constantly what you are earning and just where you stand. Do not marry until in receipt of a tolerably certain income, sufficient to live on comfortably. Let every man who is able buy a farm on which to bring up his sons. It is from the farm the best men are turned out, morally and intellectually. Bear in mind that your business cannot be permanently prosperous unless you share its advantages equally with your customers.





"THE OLD FAMILIAR AIRS OF LONG AGO."

## Maggie's Romance.

**N**OTHING is more mortifying to a person, especially if that individual is a maiden lady of thirty-five, than the consciousness that others begin to think her too old for the society of young people. It is "laying on the life" that is by no means agreeable. At least such was my feeling as I glanced at the invitation to a little moonlight excursion on the lake, which was handed by John while we were seated at our cosy breakfast-table in Rose Cottage one lovely morning in June. The note was directed to Miss Amy and Miss Polly Cooke, and, of course, would not include Margaret, the spinster. The last word I pronounced

almost audibly, with a bitter smile, which attracted the attention of Polly, my youngest and pet sister.

"Maggie, does your head ache this morning?" she asked.

How my heart yearned over my favourite sister, the very image of her lost father!

We were now laying aside the sable robes worn for three years in token of our loss; but it seemed to me that I should always wear the sober tints of "second mourning," and in my inmost soul the memory of that idolized parent would ever be enshrined.

My own mother I cannot remember. She

drooped and faded when I was an infant; and my stepmother, kind and indulgent as she ever was to me, was not one to call forth the ardent affection which few had power to awaken in my heart. Gentle, dignified and reserved, she had bequeathed the same characteristics to her eldest child, Amy. But Polly was like our father; the same buoyant spirit, the same dark, curling hair, and eyes of laughing blue.

I thought of all this as I watched her fondly on that June morning, and recalled how I had been a second time orphaned, when her mother was taken from us fifteen years ago. Since that time, when Polly was four years old, she had been to me as much a daughter as a sister.

Amy, who was five years her senior, had always been so self-reliant and womanly that I could never regard her as needing that loving watchfulness that our younger sister seemed to require; and the relation between us could never be so tender and affectionate.

As I reflected thus, long after we had left the breakfast-room, and were seated in our little morning-room, I reasoned with myself that it was but natural that I should be omitted in the plans for the enjoyment formed by the young people of Hollewell. The mothers were not invited with their daughters. Why should I expect to go with Polly, my sister child?

These reflections made me more calm and content, and I could bid my sisters a smiling adieu when they left me early in the evening.

Polly came back to give me a second kiss, and whispered:

"I wish you were going, too, my old darling!"

"Old!" I repeated to myself, "yes, that is the word."

And that night I looked more attentively than was my wont into my mirror, and tried to realize that I deserved the epithet. But I saw no silver in my dark, heavy braids, and but few lines of care on my broad forehead. Anyhow, my heart felt young, and with a sigh I tried to realize that I must accept the position in which of necessity I was placed.

The next morning my sisters were eager in their recitals of the charming walk and the delightful sail by moonlight. There had been a pleasant company.

"Oh, Maggie," said Polly, "do you know we saw an old friend of yours? And he is coming to call on you to-day."

"An old friend of mine?" I queried.

"Yes," Amy replied. "Mr. Benson; he is visiting at the Parkinson's, and has just returned from a long tour abroad."

"James Benson?" I exclaimed. "Is it possible!"

I felt the blood tingling in my cheeks as if I had been only fifteen instead of five-and-thirty. Memory was recalling the long vanished summer, how as girl and boy our days were spent wandering over hill and dale, how together we read our favourite authors, played and sang duets—all came rushing to my mind as I pictured my boy-lover since lost sight of for many years. Ours had been one of those youthful attachments which seldom ripen into first and only love. They are often but "the prelude to the strain before the song is

sung." James was suddenly called to his distant home, and I had seen him no more. Yet, foolish as it may have been, I had always kept one corner of my heart sacred to his name, and it was with a strange thrill that I heard he was again near me, and that I soon should see him.

That day he called with his friend, Harry Byrnes. James had become a tall, fine looking man, polished, refined and fascinating in his manner. I could hardly identify him with the slender youth I had once known; but he referred so gracefully to our former friendship, and expressed so much pleasure in renewing the intercourse so suddenly interrupted that I felt at perfect ease.

How pleasant were the days that followed. We called each other "Maggie" and "James" in the most friendly way, and Amy and Polly seemed to regard him in the most sisterly manner. Most of his evenings were spent at our house, and night after night his deep rich voice mingled with Polly's or Amy's while I played on the piano the old familiar airs he loved long ago. I fancied that my own voice might have lost a little of its early sweetness, and so did not attempt to join the others, whose melodies were so harmonious. I was happy in being able to play the accompaniments for them.

Other invitations came as of yore to the Misses Cooke, and I was fast forgetting my age, and also old maidenhood, when one night at an evening party I overheard the envious and ill-natured remark:

"Just see that Margaret Cooke. What youthful airs she does put on. Trying to catch Mr. Benson, I daresay. They used to be great friends years ago, mama says."

How those words rang in my ears long after the lights, the music, and the dancing were shut out! I was alone in my room. How I catechised myself, and tried to reason with my poor foolish heart. Yes, I had been trying to be attractive and had appropriated James' attention as a matter of course.

What right had I to monopolize his time, it not far more likely that he would choose me or Polly—if, indeed, he were to pay court to either of us? Even this was by no means certain; might go again as suddenly as he had come; and I was startled to find what a sad void his departure would make in our circle, and still more in my own heart.

"Ah, Maggie," I soliloquized, "take warning ere too late."

The next morning, I rose with a new resolve firm in my mind; I would not yield to the sweet delusion that he cared for me—would not, unasked, give my heart. The world should not have cause to laugh at the silly fondness of an old maid. Strengthened by these purposes, I was better fitted for the trial that awaited me.

That very day, James Benson came, and inquired for me alone. I caught a quick glance passing between Amy and Polly as I left the room, and there was a more rapid pulsation at my heart as I entered the cool dim room where he was seated.

"Margaret," he said tenderly, as he took my hand, "do you know what priceless treasure I

have come to ask? I hardly dare to be so bold, and yet, 'faint heart never won fair lady,' and I must not lose courage."

"How very timid he has grown!" I thought. "Can he not see that he has but to speak in order to win?"

I smiled assuringly, and he proceeded.

"Do not think me precipitate in my affection, though the acquaintance has been so brief, for I cannot be mistaken in my feelings, and only wait your permission to offer my hand to your pet sister Polly. You stand in the place of a parent to her, and, therefore, I ask your consent."

Ah, James, it was well you could not read my heart just then!

With a mighty effort, I choked down a convulsive sob, and I replied that he had my full and free permission; and adding that I would send Polly to him, I left the room, a sadder and wiser woman.

I have not much more to tell. Polly's heart was already given to the handsome man so recently a stranger, and a very few months later she became his wife.

Amy was the fair and stately bridesmaid, while I, with maternal complacency, witnessed the ceremony which united the destinies of the only man I had ever loved, and my child-sister, Polly.

Peace and contentment were my guardian angels that night, and with a calm serenity that was sincere and unaffected, I returned the farewell kiss of the bridegroom, as he and his fair wife started on their honeymoon.

## REAL WONDERLAND.

### SOUNDS AND SANDFLIES.

SOVEL as were the many discoveries of Captain Cook, nothing among them was more wondrous than the West Coast Sounds of New Zealand. Since the creation of the world—for countless ages—have these embowered haunts of beauty been hidden from man's eyes. A recent traveller J. H.—in "Once a Month," published at Melbourne—gives the following graphic description: "It be thought, he observes, that there is nothing new under the sun, let the believer in that dull doctrine go see these Sounds. The sight of them would give a new sensation to the used-up Sir Charles Coldstream, and would probably have satisfied that ancient being—who has so many modern descendants—that pined for a new pleasure."

When all things were made, and, on survey, pronounced to be very good, nothing was made more for beauty, and for beauty only, than were these West Coast Sounds. Of utility they have none, and in that aspect are for the delight of a poetic age more than for this utilitarian present age. Like the Sleeping Beauty, have these strangely embowered nooks remained in seclusion since their creation. Cook's amazement will be equally experienced by all who follow him on this

track. Great will be the astonishment how that he—grand discoverer as he was—ever discovered these Sounds. From the sea side they are encased from all eyes by frowning walls of dangerous rock. The cautious mariner would give to such a coast plenty of sea room—fearing outlying shoals and reefs; and yet, without a near approach from seaward, the well-hidden entrances to these wondrous bays could not have been found.

On the land side man's approach has been more thwarted, even ten times more so, than it has to seaward. Mountains heaped on mountains, all of an impracticable kind, wall in for ever, from all access that way, these Sounds of the West Coast. "Chaos is come again!" will be the exclamation of him who from the top of one of the sterile mounds of granite looks upon the countless number of the like which lie before and to both sides of his vantage ground. The unfinished end of that creation when all things were chaotic—"without form and void" will seemingly have been discovered by those who attempt, vainly, to go far inland from a West Coast Sound. That Cook discovered, explored, and carefully mapped out the dozen or so of Sounds hereabout was, however, but as a recreation to himself and crew. In these secure bays he refitted his vessel; and found more than one herb growing there good for the scurvy, from which many of his men suffered. Let me sketch what I saw of Dusky Sound, one in the number of these bits of wonderland, on a lately made visit.

Turning the points of rock which Cook christened "Five Fingers," the vessel threads its way among a net-work of pretty islets to a bay of brightest beauty, to which the great navigator gave the queer name of Dusky Sound. It was possibly cloudy, dusky, and rainy weather, and so for days together, as is often the case on this coast, when Cook stayed there. Seen in "the prime of summer time"—in the glory of sunshine and the sheen of blue skies—nothing in the way of names can well seem more of a misnomer. Fair indeed it all looks on the bright January morning, when we thus see Dusky Sound, while white patches of fleecy clouds are yet taking a late sleep on the sides of its surrounding hills and the loftier bare granite mountains at their backs. Its bright waters run up from their rocky seaward entrance for twenty miles inland, studded with islets of surpassing prettiness all the way onward to the sound's head at Supper Cove.

Count of these islets is soon lost in the attention demanded by surrounding scenery. Indeed any petty chronicling is not to one's liking here, and as out of place as would have been the taking of Sinbad in the Valley of Diamonds. Nevertheless I find notes of such names given to these toy-like islands as Anchor, Petrel, Parrot, Pigeon, Cooper's, Front, Seal, Indian, Norman, and Useless—the last being about as appropriate to their distinctive character as any of the others.

Rocky protuberances above the water appeared here and there, deep as was the water surrounding them. They were seemingly the tops of buried mountains, tall as were those visible in the distance on either side. Hills clothed with ferns, palms, and birch, from the water's edge to their

summits, walled us in, showing never a foot of level landing place save one little ravine, for all the way up of our two hour's exploration. Behind these pleasant, picturesque hills, of all heights and forms, rose steep, sterile mountains, of frowning appearance. In the rear of these were mountains heaped upon mountains, and then nought but mountains and mountains again as far as the eye could scan. All the immense masses of granite, strewn about in such multitude, were alike awe-striking in their utter barrenness and desolation.

Landed for awhile on the hill sides, we scramble about among the ferns and palms, sinking knee deep in the decayed vegetation, which here clings to its stony substratum as does lichen to a rock. Here we meet with a strange fowl called the kakapo, and a wood hen, which seem quite undisturbed by our presence. In the language of Selkirk, "their tameness was shocking to see," in the cool, unconcerned way in which they treated the novel sight of such lords of creation as we were. Scrambling upwards was only to be done by the aid of the stems of the ferns and palms, the root of which we found had not in all cases got a sufficient hold to support our weight. In that case I came down more than once—crushing a quite headless kakapo at one time beneath me.

Arrived at the hilltop the sight obtainable thence proved worth all the trouble taken. Below, to one side, lay the placid waters and floating islets of the beautifully embowered bay, with our vessel upon its surface, as of all man's work that was hereabout visible. Turning thence and looking inland, the sight was one to "give us pause," indeed. It was as standing on the confines of creation, or as looking at the beginning of the world, of which the mountainous blocks of granite so scattered about might be the building material. The meaning of the phrase "the eternal hills" could here be well realized. These primeval rocks had stood as now seen for all time, and would, undisturbed by man and man's doings, so continue until the end of all things earthly.

At the one little ravine before mentioned, which lay between two steep hills, we could, having now rejoined the vessel, discern from the steamer's deck a little patch of a clearing and two roughly made wooden huts. As the first sign of a habitation in the extraordinary out-of-the-way place into which we now entered, the sight of them was novel and welcome. The streamer's progress now suddenly stopped, and a boat was let down for landing purposes. We found that it was here that a Robinson Crusoe fellow-passenger was to be landed, and that in this solitude he had for two years dwelt, and would continue to dwell. "Seeing a friend home" to such a home as this had great attractions for some of us, and so added more than himself to the number of the landing boat's passengers. Such a chance of an hour with Robinson Crusoe "at home" does not come twice in a lifetime, and before its attraction even the dread of the sandflies and the certainty of the punishment promised by them was for the time forgotten.

Truth is stranger than fiction, we all know, and yet personal inspection was necessary to convince one that a civilized being, in the prime of life and

of very presentable appearance, would willingly so isolate himself as this man had done and was doing. For long time together he would see no human being, have no companion save his dog, and hear no sound save the moaning of the wind over the mountains above and the sighing of the waters at their feet. The talk we had with him on board was not satisfactory in the way of information. He had fought against enquiries, and was averse to conversation it seemed—in fear that it might lead to questions. "Don't cross-examine me now," was in his mouth even if one put a small question to him as to the probable state of the weather for the day. He had evidently found the charms of solitude, and preferred to reign here to "dwelling in midst of alarms," whatever Selkirk might have thought about it. As he made no objection, however, to a visit to his huts, some of us followed him thither, and took stock of the ways of a life beyond the reach of rates and taxes.

It was when seen all very Robinson Crusoeish, even to the sight of a parrot standing on a shelf, and several dried ones hanging around. A stretcher and an opossum-skin rug made bedstead and bed enough, and the shelving that was about held most of one man's wants, if man really "wants but little here below." The dog that was here supplied the place of Man Friday, and would, our Crusoe said, fetch in a kakapo, or a wood-hen, from the neighbouring bush whenever desired to do so. There would then only remain the plucking of the feathers and the cooking to do. With the change of a kakapo boiled one day and roasted the next, and a wood-hen served similarly, with the variety of a stew for the intervening day, and fish for the day following, the prospect, gastronomically viewed, looked well enough. Quite as good, or better, was it than the mutton and damper, and damper and mutton, with which our earlier gold-diggers had to solace themselves in bygone days. A neighbouring cascade supplied all his water wants, and a patch of planted vegetables pointed to no need in that way. In answer of one hut there was a little store of books, not of an ill-judged selection for a hermit. Newspapers of long past dates were in another corner, the last number of the "Australasian" being some six months old.

We said: "When we leave you here how long do you expect it will be before you see human beings again?"

He answered: "The Government steamer 'Stella' is supposed to visit around the Coast periodically, but makes lapses in such calls, as comes when I am away among the hills prospecting!"

"You are prospecting, then?—that explains much!"

"Yes! I discovered copper higher up this Sound on the other side, some years back, and vein of lithographic stone at a later date in another direction, but neither of them yet pay to work. Up this mount here I have found asbestos with which I may perhaps have better fortune—come up and see the place—here is a specimen of it!"

"Oh! you have now explained the mystery of your living here! The sight of the specimen of asbestos will do, and do much better than scaling

that mount, a thing seeming fit only for goats' feet. There's the steamer's whistle sounding, and we must go. If you will come in your own boat back with us, you shall have later dated 'Australians' than those in the corner!"

"Thanks! but I brought the later dates with me—you'll call again next time you come this way!"

"Oh, yes, certainly! but don't wait for us. Good-bye!"

With which pleasantry we left him to what seemed to us as a purgatorial and penal time of it in this awful solitude. Man is certainly, we thought, an adaptable creature to circumstances.

We saw afterwards in an Otago newspaper that our hardy pioneer and prospector had made complaint in headquarters of the remissness in the visits of the Government boat, of which he had told us. We tell thus of his whereabouts and doings free from all fear of injuring his prospects—so few, if any, would care to follow him in his way of life. He will never be "crowded out" in such quarters.

Captain Cook records very favourably of the healthy nature of life in Dusky Sound. He says that those of his crew sick of scurvy and other ailments here quickly recovered. It was in his search for vegetable aid to that end that he discovered the native spinach and its beneficial use. He ascribes to that, and to the climate, and the excellent water of the cascades, the quick cures here worked, to which no doubt the change of scene from rough ocean to the placidity and picturesqueness of the Sound much contributed—the mind so helps to heal the body.

Leaving the Crusoe settlement we steamed along on our course upwards, passing the site of the copper-lode-find that our prospector had mentioned, and onwards to where we were to turn back from Supper Cove, at the head of the Sound. A short stay there was improved by putting out the boats for those eager to land on the little patch of shore to be seen at this cove. A platform of stunted rock that rose from the water was, in digging language, rushed by photographers and sketchers, who had chafed at the good views on the way up which the steamer's progress had prevented them putting on paper. That "once twice shy" has some truth in it was seen in many now remaining on board, not so eager as they had been in two preceding Sounds to rush upon shore. The fishing parties and those botanising and seeking specimens geological might go their ways and be happy—if they had close-grained skin to help to that condition in their encounter with the sharp biting sandflies.

For this was the third day of the Sounds, and the sandfly bites of Preservation Inlet had now begun—with those of thin or irritable cuticles—to develop and to form bumps and pimples all over hands, wrists, faces, foreheads, and necks. The irritation and that necessity for scratching—which here was no resisting—produced quite a feverish feeling and some sickly peevishness to the sufferers, who had another sleepless night before them, and no hope of bettering themselves the next day. It was now voted that the mosquitos' loings were harmless compared with those of this sandfly, which seemed to leave an irritant poison

in the pores of the skin. Our many doctor passengers were all appealed to, as also the ship's officers on the subject. As many different remedies were recommended as there are for rheumatism, and with like result. While one was bathing hands, neck, and face, in vinegar, or other acid, another was using an alkali, and a third was rubbing in salt and cold tea, as a medicating mixture.

"Soda is the thing," said one doctor, while another would have it that ammonia was the perfect cure. Some, so recommended, rubbed carbolic acid so much about themselves that there was much doubt if a sandfly, or any living thing, could stand the strong smell they exhaled. One medico had brought a bottle of specific, prepared expressly as an antidote, which was doled out in thimblefuls, and eagerly sought for and applied, but all to no purpose. Essence of rosemary and other like tinctures quite perfumed the ship, which smelt of a chemist's shop with a touch of the perfumer's, ere the day was over. Of course there were thick-skinned people who withstood the sandfly as they withstand the mosquito, and sea-sickness, and vertigo, and other common ills of humanity. There always are such folks, and they are too often as senseless inside as they are non-sensitive without. They have their use in the world, these people, and are sent into it for purposes well understood, but not necessary now to specify.

The remorseful thought would come that all this irritation of the skin, and consequently the temper also, might easily have been avoided. Kid gloves were useless in these wet places, as one wetting spoiled them for all wearing next day. Thread gloves with gauntlet tops, to be had for a trifle at any draper's, would have been all that was necessary for the hands and wrists, while a quarter-yard of mosquito curtain thrown over the head and tucked under the coat collar, would have sufficiently protected face and neck, and so set the sandflies and their torture at defiance. No one had thought, however, of bringing such protectors. Appeal was made to the post captain on board as one who had brought a previous excursion party here. We asked of him, "Did your people on the 'Hawea' get served like this?"

"Yes; worse than that, some of them had their eyes nearly bunged up for a day or two, and their hands swollen up so that they could barely hold knife and fork at dinner!"

This was pleasant news indeed, but only to those of Mark Tapleyish minds, and much of Mark's mental character was necessary to what, in French phrase, would be termed "the situation." The philosophic advice not to scratch our itching skins was out of the question to comply with. It was either that or constantly plunging the hands in cold water, that gave even temporary relief. That reaction which ensued made matters no better, and indeed much worse—the supposed remedy increasing the complaint. A wit of our company remarked that we should all have been "happy as sand-boys but for the sandflies."

Sandflies are, again, as much of a misnomer as is the name of "Dusky" to this Sound. There

are no sands in the Sounds from end to end of any of them. Deep water runs to the rocky sides all round. These rocky sides run downwards in their sheer steepness for depths unfathomed in many places. The fly itself is a small black insect less in size than a mosquito. It heralds its approach by no sound whatever, and sticks, limpet-like, wherever it alights. No brushing off with the hand will remove it. It must be picked off with the fingers, as it should be, and not, as it is most generally, dealt with in that way of "smashing," which Gordon proposed for the Mahdi. In the excitement of fishing, or seeking for fern specimens and strange birds on the hill sides, the presence of the little tormentor would be overlooked, while it was upon wrist, neck or nose, busily raising a mound to its memory.

Getting our passengers aboard again, after a two hours' time of it on shore at the cove, our vessel retraces its way down the Sound. Passing into Acheron Passage, between narrow walls of lofty rocks, we skirt Resolution Island on our way to the intended anchorage ground for the night in Wet Jacket Arm. All eyes are directed, ere we turn into this passage, for a last look upon Mount Solitary—a stupendous mountain pile, snow-covered at the top, and the land-mark of Dusky Sound. Its situation as seen between two green covered mounts had made it a pet subject for our artists, sketchers, and photographers.

The Acheron Passage that we have now entered upon would in the length of its dark windings and deep water between lofty rocky walls take us again out to sea, but we have to turn up an arm of it midway to come to our place of stay for the night. Two things notable are related of this long and dark looking passage—named after H.M.S. exploration vessel of that title, which re-surveyed these Sounds. One is that Vancouver, the famous navigator, ran in here for shelter in his ship the "Discovery," and here in safety and seclusion waited the abatement of the heavy gale outside. The other is the sadder tale that in one of the bays of Resolution, to our port side, are to be seen at low tides the remains that there lie of a wrecked vessel. Nothing is known of her name or aught else of her save that the word "London" has been deciphered on one part of her planking. It is legendary that this wreck is fifty years old, and that skeletons of her crew have been found in the bush of the shores around. The theory is that she ran in here for shelter in a shattered state, and here foundered—her people escaping into the bush of the steep hills adjacent. Whether they there died of old age, or more probably from privations, will never be known. Life must, however, have had but little attraction with so many unsupplied wants as they would have to endure, and death in whatever shape it came had probably little of terror for those so wretchedly situated.

A strange curio has been brought on board by one of our number. It is one joint of the vertebra of a whale, all sides of which have been overgrown with moss and lichens, and the central hollow filled with prettily growing ferns. The whole affair looked quite artistic and might have served as a centre piece, and a fine one too, to any modern dinner table. A pretty pink berry—the "Snow-

berry," our naturalists calls it—has been found ashore here—sprigs of which are eagerly sought for hat and button-hole ornaments. A kiwi has also been found—a little tailless and wingless bird otherwise known as the apteryx, and not now often found elsewhere in the New Zealand islands. Another ornithological contribution to our stock appears in the tui-tui, a bird something of the size of a minah but darker in colour. We are altogether getting materials enough for a small museum, and our company are developing character daily.

All up and down the Sound that we have passed through, and this Acheron passage also, we have been awakening the echoes from the surrounding shores. Every sound from guns, steam whistle, and fog-horn, is repeated again and again among the distant mountains, at first loudly and hoarsely, and then softer and finer as it dies away in the distance. In some spots these echo effects so produced were of curious character, and made us wish much to hear them repeated.

Wet Jacket Arm afforded good anchorage in a snug cove surrounded by rocky walls that seemed only to need roofing in to make of the place a cathedral on the grandest scale. The dropping of the anchor was followed by the letting down of the boats, and the usual rush for the shore. One of our artists ominously carried a kettle and provisions with him, as if to provide for whatever might happen. We wished him well through it with those companions of his solitude—the sand-flies—the thoughts of which were now never a moment absent from our minds. They had marked many of us quite small-pox like, the pustules being very disfiguring, and the irritation daily increasing. The thick-skinned ones among us suffered less than the sensitive ones—as the thick-headed feel always less than the sensible.

There were none with us but were glad that they had seen Dusky Sound, and of the fine weather that we had been favoured with for a survey of many, many claims to admiration. It had been a great treat for those to whom nature's beauties are a feast, and her most picturesque wonders a rapturous pursuit. To such the sight of this novel nature—this Dusky Sound—would be, as a feast of beauty, a joy for ever. That which had to-day seen would remain in the mind's picture gallery—to be seen always there at will.

It is Sunday, and the strains of the harmonium playing sacred music in the saloon are echoed from the rocky sides of the Sound in a very impressive way. We are in one of nature's open air cathedrals, in which are preached those "sermons in stones" whereof Shakspeare tells us. In that sort, with the solemnity of the steep hills that so shut us in from the world, we might be thought to be a backwoods meeting of revivalists—all but the preacher, whom we could hear well spare for a while. The dread silence of the scene becomes more impressive as the shades of evening close around us. The clouds roll down to sleep in the hollows of the mountains, and we no longer see the sides of the surrounding hills. We had intruded into one of nature's solitudes into what was never meant for man's habitation, which never can be his dwelling place, and we had a half sort of that feeling well known in experience to all intruders.



## JUBERLO TOM.

A GOLD-DIGGER'S STORY.



UESS we was about as rough a sample of human natur' up at Gubbin's Creek Mining Camp as 'most any part could show. For profanity, 'ard work, dirt an' rags we should ha' took the prize at any show.

There was four on us workin' the same claim—me, Tory Bill, Sam Coley, an' a darned great African nigger called Juberlo Tom.

To begin with me. I was a English workin' man as 'ad come out to the gold fields for to try my luck, and Sam Coley were a mate wot 'ad come out with me. Tory Bill were a rather harismatic young party as 'ad chummed in with me an' Sam on our way up from Adelaide. He told us he was the son of a parish beetle wot 'ad got into redooed circumstances through refusing—on religious grounds—a invitation to dine with the Harchbishop o' Canterbury, as 'ad took offence, an' spoke again 'im to the War Office an' the Prime Minister.

Tory Bill were a cut above me an' Sam in the way of usin' uncommon long words an' in 'is manner like; but he turned out a good 'ard-workin' pardner, an' when we took up our claim all together we got on without usin' our shootin' irons, anythink to speak of, exceptin' wen visitin' neighbours, or friends, or sich like.

Now about Juberlo Tom. It come about in rather a strange way. Things 'ad been goin' very wrong at our lot. We 'ad bored, an' dug, and shovelled, standin' sometimes for hours, with the water up to our waists, cut for all our 'ard labour, an' swearin', an' strainin' we'd got nothink but 'urt backs an' rheumatics. No gold—none of the precious stuff we'd come so far for to get.

"None of the precious stuff," says Tory Bill one day, "as keeps up bishops an' harchbishops, kings, gaols, queens, an' work-'ouses, judges an' 'erse races, main soogae an' the 'Ouse of Lords. None of the precious stuff," he 'ollers, gettin' excited, "as keeps up the Bank of Hingerland an' the solar system, trial by jury an' the Lord Mayor's show, Roole Britannia an' the monument, oyster stalls an' the rights of women, libeas crokus an' the 'ome for lost dawgs, parish beetles an' the constitootion!"

"Yus," said Sam Coley, as were wot Tory Bill called a sigh-nick; "but the question is, wot's to keep *hus* up? The on'y thing up about us is that we're just about done up, an' chawed up, an' smashed up."

"It ain't no manner o' use for to give up," I says.

"No, it ain't," says Sam, "not wen you ain't got nothink to give up."

"We want more tools, an' better tools," says Tory Bill.

"An' we ain't got no money, an' we ain't got no credit," Sam answers. "We're in a 'ole, that's where we are."

Then we all pulls 'ard at our pipes, an' sits lookin' at each other. All of a sudden we 'eerd

somebody comin' along towards our tent, 'ollerin' an' roarin' like a wild bull—

Oh, de ransom will be paid,  
An' free men de darkies made,  
In de year ob Juberlo!

"It's a nigger," says Tory Bill, lookin' out; "we've got too many cussed niggers prowlin' about this camp. Just 'eave somethink at 'im, Sam."

Sam stoops down an' picks up a lump o' ore, an' 'eaves it where the voice come from. But it didn't fetch our darkey, for he kep' comin' on, 'ollerin' "De year ob Juberlo!" Next minute he shoves 'is 'ead in at the tent, smilin' kinder benevolent, shewin' all 'is great, white, gleamin' teeth.

"Wot the thunder do yer want 'ere?" says Tory Bill, 'eavin, a mutton bone at the darkey's 'ead; "go an' 'ave yer Juberlo with some o' yer own cussed black brothers, can't yer, an' don't come intrudlin' on white folks."

"Yus," says Coley, emptying our last drop o' whiskey down 'is throat an' chuckin' the bottle at the smilin' stranger, "don't come disturbin' our dewotions with yer Juberlo."

I didn't say nothink, but so's not to 'urt the nigger's feelin's by appearing not to notice 'im, I awaited myself of a pause in the conversation to shy a campstool at 'im.

The darkey smiled so benevolent I thought 'is face would ha' cracked, an' then he walks straight into the tent—a great, black, woolly-'eaded giant of a chap—picks up the stool I'd used for to shy at 'im, an' sot down.

"How you do, gem'men, eh? My name Tom, Juberlo Tom. You want nuffer partner in dis yer claim, eh?" says the visitor, smilin' all round like a archangel. "Dis yer's a good claim, but you kinder don't work it right, want more tools, new tools."

Tory Bill looks at me an' Sam, an' then he growls, "Wot the thunder do you know about gold minin', an' wot tools ha' you got as we ain't got a 'ready?"

Juberlo Tom put 'is 'and in 'is boot an' lugged up a brown paper parcel. Undoin' the parcel he 'eld out a double-'andful of bright, shinin' yeller boys.

Up we all jumps, our eyes shinin' like the gold in the nigger's black 'and.

"He'll do," shouts Tory Bill; "never mind 'is black hide. Juberlo Tom's a pardner in this yer lot."

"Juberlo Tom," says Sam Coley, "if so be as I 'urt either your feelin's or your 'ead when I chucked that bottle at yer just now, let bygones be bygones. Jine this yer fam'ly succle, an' we'll all have a Juberlo together."

"Juberlo Tom," I says, "wen I went for yer with that stool as you're now sittin' on, my only reason were that yer were standing in yer own light, an' I couldn't see yer properly, an' which I felt so much interested in wot I did see that I wanted yer to get out o' the light, so's I could see yer better."

From that night Juberlo Tom was one of us, an' everythink went better at once. I never see sich a 'andy feller in my life.

That very night he made us all a reg'lar good supper by stoo'in' the mutton bone as Tory Bill shied at 'im, an' the bottle wot Sam chucked at 'im he took an' brought back full o' whisky, stole from a neighbour. As for work, nothing stopped 'im. We bought better tools, an' Juberlo Tom struck out a fresh lode. He was workin' away one mornin', roarin' out 'is Juberlo 'ymn, when all of a sudden he stops.

"What's up with Juberlo Tom?" says Coley.

"He's gone mad," says I, for he was jumpin' an' roarin' an' 'oldin' 'is sides.

"He's made a find!" shouts Tory Bill, as we all run up to the nigger. "Gold, by heaven!"

True enough, Juberlo Tom 'ad struck a vein, an' by the time we'd worked out that claim, every one of us 'ad made a pile—and a good tall pile, too. Gold worth thousands o' bright, shinin', glitterin' yellor boys did we bring out o' that claim as we thought at one time would ha' bin no good.

At last, one night, Tory Bill makes a speech, and he says:

"Boys," he says, "guess our time at Gubbin's Creek is about up, an' as for me, I'm goin' to make tracks for the old country. We're a rough lot up 'ere, all on us, an' it's a good job as us four didn't bring no sorter bloom on us wen we fetched these yer diggin's, 'cos 'twould ha' bin kinder wasted. But away in the old country I've got a father—a parish beetle in redooced circumstances, as you may 'ave 'eerd me mention—like-wise a old mother, as always give me more than my share of the family spankin' wen whippin' was goin' round. Boys, I'm goin' home!"

Then Sam Coley, the sigh-nick, ups an' speaks.

"Boys, leas'tways Tory Bill and Jack, when we knowed each other fust we was 'ard up. When Juberlo Tom come along we was done up, chawed up, smashed up. We've 'ad luck, and now we're rich men to the end of our lives. Tory Bill's bin a good pardner to all on us. I ain't got no father, parish beetle or otherwise, an' I ain't got no mother, spankin' or otherwise, but there's a little darnation village in Essex as I ain't seen for many a long day, with a little churchyard, where someone's sleepin' as used to love me very true an' very dear, long afore I was a drinkin', swearin' digger. An' I'm a-goin' 'ome with Tory Bill. An' wot the blazes am I cryin' about?" he says, as he drewed 'is sleeve across 'is eyes.

I smoked my pipe out, an' then I says:

"Boys," I says, "'ear to me a minute. Tory Bill, likewise Sam Coley, likewise Juberlo Tom, I feel as though as we've all bin together in a-gettin' of our dust we shouldn't be parted now we've got our dust. I feel like 'avin' a roarin' old Juberlo together in the old country, an' I'm a-goin' 'ome along of Tory Bill an' Sam Coley. Juberlo Tom, are you goin' to jine the fam'ly suggle?"

Then we all looks at Juberlo Tom for a answer. He were a strange chap, 'this darkey, an' 'ad never told us anythink about 'isself since we knowed 'im, which were uncommon strange in a nigger. He sot with 'is face buried in 'is 'ands.

"Juberlo Tom," says Tory Bill, "are you comin' along o' yer old old pardners?"

Then Juberlo Tom 'as 'is say, still keepin' 'is woolly 'ead buried in 'is 'ard black 'ands.

"Way down ole Virginny I was a slave. I ran away. But way down ole Virginny is de girl dat I love—a slave. I got money now, please money to buy de freedom ob de girl I love, like Sam Coley love de girl dat am sleepin' in de English churchyard. Juberlo Tom goin' way down ole Virginny."

We all knowed wot he meant.

"Juberlo Tom," said Sam Coley, with de lines down 'is face where the tears was washin' the dirt away, "Juberlo Tom, shake 'ands—'e found yer!"

The next day we made tracks for Aden. Wen we got there we found a fast ship ready to sail for London.

"Juberlo Tom," says Sam Coley, "ship an' of us 'stead o' waitin' for a ship to take you ole Virginny the straight route. Then I'll let England with yer for ole Virginny, an' the five of a 'undred darnation slave-owners shan't sta' 'tween you an' the girl."

Sam meant it, an' we all four left aboard "Boomerang," Cap'n Richard Preece, 'omebound.

Afore we left, nothink would satisfy Juberlo Tom but changin' all the property he could to bright gold pieces; an' with these sovereigns filled a large, wide, leather pouch, shaped like a belt, to buckle round the waist, like I've seen good many diggers use for safety's sake. The belt Tom never took off, but always wore buckled safely round him.

Soon as we got fairly off, Juberlo Tom seem to get made frisky with joy an' excitement. He used to laugh an' romp an' play like a boy, as for 'is Juberlo 'ymn, he become a unbearable nuisance. Fust he took to roarin' it on deck, Cap'n Preece ordered 'im to 'old 'is row, chucked a swab at 'im. Then he got up aloft, roared "De year ob Juberlo" from the yard, but the sailors trimmin' the sails throwed down. 'Arf-an-hour arterwards we 'eerd a rumblin noise down in the 'old, an' it turned out to be Juberlo Tom singin' 'is 'ymn down amid the ballast:

Oh, de ransom will be paid,  
An' free men de darkies made,  
In de year ob Juberlo.

But the rummiest thing was the nigger with cap'n's little daughter. He come up to us one day an' says, "you come see de piccaninny cap'n's piccaninny—my little piccaninny." So he walked tiptoe to where she was lyin', coiled up on a soft seat Juberlo Tom 'ad made for her under a awnin'. She was fast asleep—a four-year-old child, with 'er tiny white 'oldin' a picter Tom 'ad drawed for 'er; 'er face a little open, showin' 'er tiny white teeth, with 'er 'air playin' about 'er little 'ead in a sweet, laughin' face in soft, shiny, sunny curls. I'd often seen Tom's 'and lift a weight none the tohers could 'ois, but 'twas like a woman's 'and, gentle an' tender, as he raised one of Anna's curls an' kissed it.

"Dis my piccaninny," he said, "my little piccaninny."

Cap'n Preece came along just then, an' see 'im—an' he never chucked no more swabs at Juberlo Tom arter that.

First thing in the mornin' she used to call for Juberlo Tom, an' all day long sometimes she'd be with 'im, prattlin' away to 'im, an' climbin' on 'is knee; an' sometimes climbin' on to 'is mighty broad shoulder for a ride along the deck.

We was all four pacin' about together one evenin' wen we over'eered the cap'n 'earin' Annie say 'er prayers.

"God bless papa, an' dear mama away home," says the cap'n; an' little Annie says it arter 'im.

"God bless papa, an' dear mama away home," an' then she says, "an' please God bless Juberlo Tom."

Me an' Tory Bill an' Sam Coley all lives near each other now, an' oftentimes in the evenin' Tory Bill comes around to me an' Sam, an' we all sits smokin' an' talkin' about old days, wen we was diggin' for gold together. An' sometimes he brings with 'im a very, very old man, which 'is father, the parish beetle, as was once in redooed circumstances. An' wen we all meets like that, an' ha' bin talkin' over the old days, we never gives a name to the last toast we drink, but we all drinks it in silence, on'y lookin' at each other as we clink our glasses, for we all knows that the toast is, "Juberlo Tom;" an' our thoughts go back to our old dead pardner, an' the "Boomerang," an' the cap'n's little daughter. An' when he sees us drinkin' that toast, Tory Bill's old, old father takes 'is long clay pipe out of 'is mouth, and says, very quiet an' soft:

"He's gone 'way down ole Virginny."

An' wot the old man means wen he says that, an' why it is our eyes is not quite dry, an' our voices is a bit husky wen we says "good night" arter that toast, is what I'm going for to tell yer.

For a time arter leaving Adelaide, the "Boomerang" 'ad fair winds an' fair weather. Then a change come to foul winds an' foul weather. More long we got beaten 'ere and there at the mercy of the winds an' the seas for weeks, an' 'ad got drove, the cap'n said, a long way out of er course. Wen the weather cleared again we was short of water, an' short of fresh pervisions an' vegetables, an' the poor old "Boomerang" showed signs of bein' damaged. One mornin' a squall was raised, "Land a-head!"

"Where away?" roars Cap'n Preece.

"Starboard bow, sir," 'ollers the sailor; an' a few hours' time we anchored off a beautiful head. I don't know where it was, for the matter longitude an' latitude I couldn't never make it; but I know the whole place seemed to me wot I guess the Garden of Heden was afore the little misunderstandin' arose with Satan an' apple. The sea, wot we'd seen so black an' cold, an' cruel, was like a sheet o' painted glass, shinin' an' gleamin' with all manner o' colours. We could see it breakin' in little tiny ripples on the white beach of the island; an' on the island we could see great green trees wavin' gentle to the fro, an' bright, gaudy flowers, all bright an' amin' in the wonderful sunshine. Off to the right, away from our island, as we called it, we de out another island. A boat was lowered—only sound boat, for the others had got stove or washed away in the storms—an' sent

ashore; an' the men come back with glorious news to the ship—which the cap'n had anchored a long way off the shore, for fear o' rocks or currents or sich like—for they'd found fresh water an' fruit, an' no savages on the island, or wild beasts. So Cap'n Preece decided for to stop where we was for a few days, to lay in water an' green food, an' repair damages.

Now little Annie 'ad bin very ill durin' all the bad weather, an' 'ad bin lyin' in the cap'n's cabin, with Tom 'angin' around like a great watch-dog.

On the second day arter we reached the island, Juberlo Tom come on deck with the piccaninny in 'is arms. An' wen she see the smilin' island she clapped 'er little white 'ands for joy, an' begged of the cap'n to let Juberlo Tom take 'er ashore.

The nigger looks at Cap'n Preece with wistful eyes.

"Me take de piccaninny ashore, cap'n," he says, "me take the little piccaninny ashore, an' show 'er de trees an' de flowers?"

Cap'n Preece could never say no to the little 'un; an' he says:

"Yes, Tom, take her ashore."

So Tom jumps in the boat alongside, an' 'olds out 'is long, black arms for the piccaninny, 'is eyes glistening with pleasure.

Then the boat rowed away, leaving only the cap'n an' me an' two sailors aboard.

We see the boat touch the shore, an' see Juberlo Tom jump out with little Annie in 'is arms; an' we could see 'er runnin' about amongst the flowers, ketchin' tight 'old of Juberlo Tom's 'and

Then we turned to our work.

It all seemed to 'appen in a moment.

Some savages from the other island must ha' landed in the night an' 'idden, for sudden, without a sound of warnin', a 'orde of them sprung out, shoutin' an' yellin'. Our 'andful of men make for the boat, the savages crowdin' on be-'ind them.

Tom an' the child are a little way from the rest—the distance to the boat is too far—an' between it an' poor Juberlo Tom an' the sailora some of the blacks are runnin'. They've seen 'im, an' are making straight for 'im—straight for 'im an' the child, with their spears raised for blood.

He gives one wild shout to the others; they see 'im, but can give no 'elp. A moment the darkey stands, an' then, with 'is arms closed tight round little Annie, he runs, with great wide bounds, to the water's edge. Then 'is mighty black arms cleave the surf, an' he strikes out for the distant ship. But from little coves dart out canoes, an' on came savages in pursuit, sendin' a little cloud of spears an' arrows arter poor strugglin' Tom.

Thank God for the brave 'eart within Juberlo Tom's black body.

We on board 'ear shots from the shore, an' run to the ship's side.

We can see a commotion on the beach, an' arter a bit this is the scene between us an' the island.

Our fellows 'ave managed to get at their boat, an' are rowin' away with might an' main, leavin' a crowd of natives on the beach.

Away to the left is Juberlo Tom swimmin' with the child, an' be'ind 'im the canoes in chase. The ship's boat is pullin' 'ard across to 'im, but they've got wounded men aboard, an' some of their oars are broken, so they move but slowly, row as they will.

Poor Cap'n Preece, with an awful groan, as he see 'is child's danger, was for plungin' into the water, but a better thought struck 'im, an' he ran into the cabin, comin' back with rifles; an' we all stood on the bulwarks ready to fire over Tom's 'ead into the savages be'ind soon as 'twas safe to do so.

Thank God again for the brave 'eart in Juberlo Tom's black body, for he swims on, an' on, an' on. But at last he seems to almost stop.

"He's sinkin'! Oh, my God, he's sinkin'!" groans Cap'n Preece.

But we knowed arterwards wot it was. Some of the arrows 'ad struck 'im. Blood was stainin' the water round 'im; he was getting weak an' faint; the ship seemed so far off, death so very near.

The belt round 'is waist with the gold; the gold to buy the freedom of the girl he loved 'way down ole Virginny; the girl he'd waited for, an' worked for so long an' so wearily.

But 'is arm is gettin' so weak now, 'is eyes are growin' misty, an' 'is mighty 'eart is sinkin' at last.

Which must he cast away? The weight 'is left arm supports—the little child whose blue eyes are so full of fear and despair?—or the weight around 'is waist?

The gold or the child?

'Is right 'and seeks 'is waist. The long sailor's knife he wears is clasped in 'is fingers. A sharp, strong cut, an' fathoms deep in the blue water lies all poor Juberlo Tom's bright gold!

He can swim on now, slowly an' painful, weak an' wounded, an' almost faintin'. But he swims on, an' now crash go our bullets over 'is 'ead into the midst of the canoes.

An' at last the ship's side is reached. Our eager 'ands pull 'im aboard, an' he puts the child in 'er father's arms.

He stands tremblin', but upright, says:

"Lose de gold, but I save de piccaninny!" an' falls bleedin' at our feet.

Wen night come we all stood on deck. The boat 'ad got back safe to the ship, an' me an' my mates was together—together round our dyin' partner.

The spears an' the arrows 'ad done their work, an' he'd asked us to bring 'im on deck to die.

We stood close to 'im. Tory Bill an' me 'oldin' 'is 'ands, an' Sam Coley standin' by with red eyes.

A little way off was the cap'n an' the crew.

"Bring me de piccaninny."

They brought little Annie to 'im, an' he just put 'is great, coarse, rough 'and on 'er little, soft 'ead, oh, so very gentle, an' so very tender, an' so very lovin'!

Then he laid 'is wounded, achin' 'ead back again, with 'is eyes shut close, an' arter a bit he says, low, an' soft, and dreamy:

"Boys, I'm goin' . . . goin' 'way down ole Virginny!"

Then he opened 'is eyes, an' a strange light seemed to glow on 'is black face.

Just afore he died he looked up, like as though he see somethink we couldn't see; an' he says:

"De ransom's paid. It's de year ob Juberlo!"

R. O.

## SKETCH OF JAMES STUART AS DUKE OF YORK AND KING OF ENGLAND.

[CONTINUED.]

**W**E need not dwell upon the scene of madness and bloodshed which followed the revelation of Oates' That frightful story of perjured witnesses, intimidated juries, and capital judicial murders is but too well known. History has reversed the iniquitous verdicts then returned, and England has approved of its decision.

Whilst the nation was in the wild ferment produced by the pretended revelations of Oates to his companions, and the blood of innocent Catholics was flowing throughout England, Shaftesbury and his faction were busily pushing on their scheme for the exclusion of the Duke of York. Shaftesbury moved in the Upper House that the duke should be excluded from the royal councils. In the Lower House he obtained an address, praying the king to remove his brother from the royal person. One measure against the duke followed quickly on another. It was voted that his conversion gave life to the Popish cause in England, and had given rise to the Popish plot. It was enacted that Catholics should be incapable of holding a seat in Parliament, and the duke saved from this enactment only by the king himself. These minor attacks were intended to prepare the Parliament and the nation for the great project which Shaftesbury and his party had conceived. They had formed the design of setting aside the right of inheritance and of electing the succession. To deal this great blow they gathered up all their strength, and set on every force that ingenuity and malice could devise. Before the debate came on, they had before the House informers, who terrified the simple country gentlemen with monstrous insinuations: how the Duke of York had conspired to kill the king, to kill Shaftesbury and Oates; how he had planned a French invasion, and had made arrangements for enslaving England to France. Not satisfied with this, they threatened that some of the duke's friends who should offer resistance to the Bill of Exclusion, should be accused of participation in the plot; and so great was the effect of an accusation that many refrained from voting according to their wishes and their consciences. At length the Bill of Exclusion was brought before the House of Commons. It was a bill by which it was declared that the Duke of York should be incapable of inheriting the crown of England or of Ireland; that, if he claimed it, or attempted to possess himself of it, he should be deemed a traitor, and should suffer as a traitor; that, who ever assisted him in his endeavours to obtain the crown, should also incur the penalties of treason;

and that, if, after the passing of the bill, the duke should enter any of the dominions of the English crown, he should be guilty of high treason, nor could he be protected by pleading a pardon from the king. This bill, so unjust in its substance, so malignant in its terms, was presented by Lord Russell in the House of Commons. A fierce debate ensued, but notwithstanding the efforts of the loyalists it passed.

Every effort was now used to secure its passage through the Lords. By messages, addresses and numerous signed petitions the Commons attempted to overawe the deliberations of that assembly. They attempted to intimidate the king himself. They brought before the Lords, Dangerfield who accused the Duke of York of intending to murder his brother, and accused Lord Peterborough of the Lord Privy Seal of being cognisant of that intention. But their efforts were baffled by the efforts of Charles, who had resolved to stake everything on the issue of this conflict. He took his peer aside, and in a personal interview urged the rejection of the bill, and at the same time declared that whatever might be the result of the deliberations in the Upper House, the Bill of Exclusion should never receive the royal sanction. His endeavours of the king were successful. Then, five days after, the bill had passed the Commons, it was brought up by Russell to the House of Lords, after a memorable debate, in which Shaftesbury on one side, and Halifax and the other, distinguished themselves by their powers of argument, and by their eloquence, it is rejected by a majority of three and thirty votes.

The fury of the Commons was now unbounded. It expressed itself in most insulting speeches and most violent actions. Russell declared that, if his own father had opposed the bill, he would have voted him an enemy to the king and kingdom. The Commons unanimously agreed that the evils which had fallen, or could fall upon a country came from "the hellish practices" of the Duke of York. They revenged themselves by refusing supplies for Tangiers, and by attacking those who had distinguished themselves in defending the cause of loyalty. They moved an address to the king, for the removal of Lord Halifax from the royal presence and from the councils of the sovereign. They impeached Sir Edward Seymour, and even their own tool, the Chief Justice, Scroggs, whose hands were dripping with the blood of murdered Catholics, they voted an obstructor of public justice, a violator of his oath and of the fundamental laws of England. They had not succeeded in passing the Exclusion Bill, but in its place they promptly presented to the Lords the Bill of Limitations, a bill by which it was provided that, should the Duke of York succeed his brother on the throne, the governing power should be taken from the sovereign, and should be vested in a council. His bill did not share a better fate than its predecessor.

Whilst the Commons were venting their spleen in wild words and wilder actions, Shaftesbury was idle. Again he brought before the Lords the subject of the king's divorce, and a second time he boldly presented the duke for recusancy before

the grand jury at Westminster. He worked with the energy of a man, who seems to feel that he must in a given time destroy his enemy, or be destroyed himself, who is half conscious that he is losing ground, that power for injury is slipping from his hands. To keep alive the popular excitement against Catholics, and to overawe the loyalists, the aged Stafford was brought from the prison, where he had languished for eighteen months, was put through the mockery of a trial; condemned and executed.

But Shaftesbury had gained his last victory and committed his last murder. The nation, which, on the return of the royal family from exile, had been drunk with joy and loyalty; and, then, sullen by a reign of indolence at home, of weakness and of shame abroad, had taken fire upon the first announcement of a Popish plot, and had turned its anger against the Duke of York and his co-religionists, sated at length with blood, was now beginning to come back to sentiments of humanity, and to its old affection for the royal house. Charles, with something of Shaftesbury's quick perception, marked the change which had taken place in the feelings of his subjects, and resolved to push his advantage to the utmost. He ordered FitzHarris, one of the earl's informers, to be tried for libel. The wretched man was found guilty and suffered the extreme penalty of the law. The earl himself was sent to the Tower. He had been the great tribune of the people. Resting on their support, he had been enabled to defy his sovereign; to load with insults, and drive into exile the heir presumptive to the throne. He had been almost enabled to alter the succession, and so to effect a radical change in the English constitution. He might have expected, that, as he went to the Tower, the populace would have risen in his favour; that, at least, they would have shown him marks of respect and love. But so far from being rescued by the populace, so far from being met by any demonstration of their sympathy, it is said, that, as he passed along the streets, he was hooted for a traitor by the very people whose applause he had courted by so many crimes.

The triumph of the Duke of York was now complete. The powerful coalition, which had been leagued against him for so many years, suddenly fell to pieces. A rising against the government was projected, but it came to nothing. A wicked plot for the assassination of the royal brothers was formed, but it was discovered in time to be defeated. The enemies of royalty were hopelessly crushed. Russell and Sydney had suffered for their treason on the scaffold; Shaftesbury had died in exile, whilst Buckingham was dragging on an aimless life in dishonour and obscurity. The Duke of York once more powerful with the king, and popular with the nation. Burnet complains that at this time the duke had in his hands the whole government of England and Scotland.\* He complains that "the king had scarce company about him to entertain him when the duke's levees and couchees were so crowded that the anti-chambers were full."† A few months afterwards the king fell ill and died, and the Duke of

\* Burnet's "Own Times," vol. ii, 251.

† Burnet, vol. ii, 251.

York ascended the throne as James II. Since, in the reign of this monarch, the disputes, which had long divided the people and the kings of England, and which unhappily Parliament had left unsettled at the restoration of the Stuarts, were brought to a decisive crisis, that short reign may be regarded as the most important epoch of our history; but within the limits of an article it would be impossible to discuss with the justice due to the gravity of the subject those deep and interesting constitutional questions which then agitated the public mind, which have since been debated by our most learned lawyers and historians and which still afford matter for debate. We shall not, therefore, attempt to define the nature of the royal prerogative, of the royal supremacy, or the extent and limitations of the dispensing power, which, it is on all hands acknowledged, belonged of right to the crown of England. Neither would it be possible to answer in this place all charges brought against a monarch, every action of whose life has been impugned. We shall, however, notice briefly those charges which seem to us important, either because they are grave in themselves, or because they serve to bring out the private character of James II., and the broad features of his public policy.

(To be continued.)

#### MUSCLE *versus* BRAIN.

A SAD dispute arose one day  
Between the muscle and the brain,  
Each claimed he did the hardest work  
And let the other reap the gain.  
The quarrel raged—was fierce and long,  
Until, at last, in angry tone,  
Each one declared that after this  
He'd labour for himself alone.

The muscles marched off to do their work,  
They felled the forest—dug the ground,  
And laboured hard from morn till night  
At every kind of work they found,  
But strange, to them it brought no food,  
Their hardest labour seemed in vain,  
And every day they fainter grew  
Through lack of food through toil and pain.

The brain commenced most wondrous plans,  
And soon before its fancy stood  
The marble mansion furnished, filled  
With gems of art, and choicest food.  
But 'mid its plans it weaker grew,  
While hunger gnawed, and pain increased,  
Its brightest schemes were useless quite—  
It couldn't execute the least.

And thus was taught this simple truth—  
Oh, would it were more widely known—  
That brain and muscle were not made  
To labour each for self alone:  
That when their efforts they combine  
And work in harmony and peace,  
That each one finds the help he gives  
Makes his own blessings to increase.

C. L. H.

## SHERBORNE;

OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

Author of the "*Chieftain's Daughter* and other Poems,"  
"*Grey's Court*," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"**B**EALLY, this is a dreadful sort of woman!" thought Moreton, with such intense and sudden earnestness that the words almost forced themselves into articulate sound.

Sherborne laughed in an encouraging tone, but Thomas Grubbedge rounded his eyes, and Lady Alicia laid aside *The Rock*, while Don Pascolo happily impervious to interruption, went on saying his Office as if nothing had happened. Moreton's embarrassment was but accidentally controllable. Ten days sooner it must have betrayed itself, but how could he feel any difficulty now below the surface?

"No, I didn't mean that—I meant to say that you were talking to her in the park at Brampton one afternoon," interrupted Miss Hermione.

"Oh, by the bye, yes, I did speak to an old woman—or rather, she spoke to me. Do you know anything about her?" said Moreton, feeling much relieved, and trying hard to look different.

"You are sure you didn't go and call on that old witch?" said she.

"I paid her a visit by moonlight, and we had a ride on two broom-sticks," he replied, almost wishing for a mild collision with a luggage train as the only chance of escape from this awkward terrible.

"Then you have seen that old woman?" said Sherborne. "I suppose she told you a long story about old Mrs. Sherborne, whose husband (he was her cousin as well) got the property, her father had sided with Prince Charlie. I know her very well. She is a woman of good sense. She was left the house at the Four Ways by Mrs. Sherborne. She was her companion. Mrs. Sherborne, the old lady's youngest granddaughter, in love with her, and was accidentally drowned soon after his father had made a great row about it. They say she has never been in her father's mind since; at any rate, she is a monomaniac now. She fancies that Mrs. Sherborne told her to look out for her father's direct male heir; and she persists in saying that this possible descendant—whose existence is at least doubtful, and if he does exist, is not the legal heir—ought to have the property given up to him. She has told me so once, and she sticks to it, I know, with the argumentative unreasonableness of a madman. I hope she won't take to pitching in on the property, like the irrepressible 'Countess of Derwentwater.' Surely you must remember hearing of her and her eccentricities when I was a boy! and you must have seen her, she was walking by herself in the dusk, with a thick black veil over her face."



"Oh, yes! I remember her," said Moreton, catching at the first pause, for fear of what might follow. "They used to tell me all sorts of stories about her, when I was a child; and later on, I saw her, once or twice, somewhere in one of the lanes near her house."

"Did she tell you about the heir when you saw her the other day?" asked Sherborne in a careless voice.

"She *did* say something about it, and a lot about old Mrs. Sherborne, and the Sherbornes of former days," answered Moreton.

"Perhaps she's the ghost," said Miss Hermione, "that was seen at the window. They say no one has heard her footsteps, and——"

"Ham Road! Passengers for the Gatesbury Branch—Fordington, Mudgeley, Ashborough, or Sherborne, change carriages here," shouted a porter with a fat face, red and shiny.

"And she never would let anyone shake hands with her. Oh! there is the wagonette, and the Archdeacon and Mrs. ——"

"Please 'm, the train's behind time."

"And Ethel and Amy, and—stop! you haven't got my box—and, depend upon it, she's the best."

Grateful, indeed, was Moreton, to the Gatesbury Branch—Fordington, Mudgeley, Ashborough, and Flaxbourne, but to the Archdeacon, specially, his wagonette, his wife and all his family—Ethel, Amy, and the rest, for the departure of Miss Hermione Crumps, and not otherwise so thankful when Sherborne jumped out, saying, "Good-bye, I must get on the other line."

Then the train began to move, and conversation was at an end:

SIR THOMAS GRUBHEDGE: Plenty to say for self.

MORETON (*feelingly*): Indeed, she has.

LADY ALICIA GRUBHEDGE: She is rather fond of me, I must say.

MORETON: Oh, I didn't mean that. I—

LADY ALICIA GRUBHEDGE: The manners of the day are atrocious, and there's no respect for anything now. How can there be, when such things are let into society, and no principle in the matter, and nothing as it used to be. My father has said how it would be if they passed legislation, and let in the Papists——

SIR THOMAS GRUBHEDGE (*in a fat whisper, leaning Moreton with his elbow, but abating his gaze from Don Pascolini*): My dear, don't!

LADY ALICIA GRUBHEDGE: Dear me, I forget! I ought not to have said that. You see, I was a girl——

SIR THOMAS GRUBHEDGE: Political feeling is high; and, no doubt, you, whom I should regard to be a liberal Roman Catholic——

MORETON (*decisively*): God forbid!

Whereupon Sir Thomas uttered an inarticulate sound, and the conversation turned partly upon events of the day, as recorded in the columns of *The Times*, partly upon the neighbourhood which had just left. At length the materials ran out, for limited was the common ground that sustained them. Sir Thomas again spread out *The Times*, and put on a pair of those glasses

which are popularly known as nose-riders, Lady Alicia fell asleep over an elaborate description of a new stitch in *The Queen*, and Moreton began soliloquizing mentally as follows:

"What am I to think about this business? Is she a specious monomaniac? or has she some indirect power over him in some way or other? But how? This is real life, and the inheritance of Hazeley a matter of law, prosaic and exact. And I can't see what sort of power she can possibly have over him. It is true that he looked out of humour the other day, when he was asked about the place being haunted; but then the reputation of having a haunted house is a thing that annoys many people, for it often becomes a serious inconvenience. Certainly he didn't care about it just now; on the contrary, he entered into it voluntarily, was quite at his ease, and——"

"Isn't this the church at Grumford Stoneway, that Miss Fitzbuggins has lately restored?" asked Sir Thomas Grubhedge. "There it is, on the side of that hill, half a mile off."

And when Moreton replied that it was, which he did without thinking what he said, knowing, indeed, nothing of the church in question, Sir Thomas pointed it out to Lady Alicia, who was thereby reminded of a row about some candlesticks, and from that fruitful beginning passed on to many reminiscences of Exeter Hall eloquence on kindred subjects; Moreton in the meanwhile arriving at certain conclusions by a slow inductive process from the occurrences of the last few days. He saw that Sherborne was jealous of Count de Bergerac, and he also saw that the attentions paid by the former to Miss Arden were intended to balance appearances with reference to her sister, so as to gain time and opportunity. Thought he:

"I see now what it was that impressed the duties of friend and neighbour so strongly on his mind this morning—not that he is, strictly speaking, conscious of being otherwise than straightforward about it. He is certainly making a fool of himself. Can't he see that she, in the first place (saving her charity), hated the sight of him? But couldn't he have chosen any other time to speak to Sir Roger than just when I was in the room, and could neither go nor stay without seeming to know what he had come for, so that I ran the risk of appearing in a false and invidious light—and before her, too? As if the twofold suspense of the next twelve months, with just enough of hope to keep me in that suspense, were not enough, but I must be dragged into a quasi-responsible knowledge of Sherborne's and De Bergerac's rivalry! 'A plague o' both your houses!'"

At that moment a sudden feeling of shame came over him, "and then he started like a guilty thing," as if the involuntary quotation were an irreverence to the depth of his chivalrous love for Mary Arden. "And I can quote," he said gravely to himself, "and care to distinguish between eccentricity and monomania at such a time." Gradually he perceived that this kind of self-reproach involved the alternative of excluding all thoughts but one till a year, perhaps more, had passed; and he felt angry with himself now for thinking nonsense in what referred to her. Then, as if he were doomed to be tormented with

unwelcome quotations, he suddenly remembered the words of "Mademoiselle," the French maid, in "The Provoked Wife": "Voilà un vrai Anglais! Il est amoureux et cependant il veut raisonner. Va-t-en au diable."

"How irritating are the misplaced recollections of one's rubbishy reading!" he said to himself, taking his rosary out of his pocket; whereat Lady Alicia's eyes expanded into blank rotundity, and Sir Thomas tried in a conspicuous manner to look unobservant. Soon after Moreton had finished saying his rosary the train stopped again, and the following duet immediately began, each voice in monotone:

TALL PORTER (*baritono sfogato*): Muddleborough, Muddleborough, Muddleborough, Muddleborough.

NEWSPAPER BOY (*in childish treble*): Times, Post, Telegraph, Daily Noos.

Then the guard roared, as he passed the window, "Wait ten minutes here!" and Sir Thomas Grub-hedge roared, "Hi—I say, porter!" "Good-bye," he added, turning to Moreton, as he got out of the carriage. "If you come into my neighbourhood, I hope—Hallo! mind that box: there's glass in it. Good-bye."

"What does he say?" said Don Pascolini, speaking for the first time since the commencement of his journey.

"He hopes," answered Moreton, "that if I happen to go into his neighbourhood I shall—Well, he left it to be implied that he should be happy to see me at his house. I can't say whether he would enjoy my taking him at his word; but certainly he will never be put to the proof. Nothing would induce me to stay at his house. Do you stay much longer in England?"

"A few weeks. I want to make some extracts at the British Museum. Shall you be in London?"

"Only two days. I am going to Rome to volunteer into the Pontifical Zouaves."

"You do well! it is a little army of heroes—true heroes."

"Shall we have any fighting soon?"

Don Pascolini made no answer at the moment, but after a while he said:

"The government at Florence covets Rome, as it coveted the rest of the Holy Father's dominions, and is only restrained by its fear of France: I have full confidence in France fairly represented, but I remember Castel Fidardo."

"I ought to have volunteered before," said Moreton, "for I passed the greater part of three years in Rome. To be sure, I was not a Catholic till just after Mentana; but still——"

"Mentana settled things for a while, and you were well employed," said Don Pascolini.

"Yes," said Moreton. "One has, indeed, much to learn, much to unlearn, and not a little to relearn with precision."

"Were you long making up your mind?"

"Some little time. During the first six months I went back instead of forward, and lost the inclination I had brought with me."

"Not an uncommon case. No one can remain spiritually stagnant in Rome; and unless you had someone to explain things, you would misapprehend what you saw."

"I had no one to do so. In fact, just the re-

verse. I saw everything, not as it was, but as it was not."

"What set you thinking?"

"Father Liberatore's treatise, 'Della Conoscenza Intellettuale,' and the quotations from S. Thomas, in the second volume. At that time I had not the remotest idea what true mental philosophy meant, and I stumbled on the book, as it were, by accident. It opened my eyes to the intellectual superiority of Catholic principles. Then I got hold of Father Harper's 'Peace through the Truth,' which opened my eyes in another way. I was amazed at the falsifications it exposed. After that I read Mr. Alfred 'S. Peter: his Name and his Office,' which clearly showed me where the Church is to be found. I thought much and inquired much, and I was for some time under instruction. I was convinced, satisfied, all but conscious of—well, I will not say trifling with the grace of God, but at least of questioning it. So powerful were the early influences of home, and the associations of childhood, that I shrank from the inference, and dreaded the inquiry I had sought. During the last few weeks I was a prey to a hydra-headed scrupulosity that condemned every possible course of action; but I prayed hard at the time to know the truth. One day, as the Blessed Sacrament was being carried to a sick person's house, I fell on my knees, and felt at peace. That was the end of it. But I had a hard struggle while it lasted, and for a time the balance was terrible even. And that reminds me to ask you if you saw Mrs. Atherstone again?"

"Yes, three days ago. When I went to her house, the day after our visit there, she asked me to come again, and I went."

"What do you think about her?"

"She has a fixed idea about the rights and chances of the unknown heir, but she is not mad. Fixed ideas are strange things: sometimes they are a very curious study."

"She spoke of having wished to be a Catholic when she was a girl, and from what she said we were coming away, I fancied that she had, since, in spite of her violent protests during the course of her story."

"She was so eager about the property and the heir, and the whole story, that she spoke of nothing else. She evidently expected I should encourage her to hope for success, which, of course, I would not do."

"Perhaps, too, she had a dim idea of having some occult power, by means of which she could help her, if you would. The popular Protestant idea of a priest in England, especially among people born in the last century, is very curious."

"I thought they supposed priests to be scrupulous impostors, and nothing more. What do they take them to be?"

"Impostors without free-will or scruples, but invested by the devil with a preternatural power the more awful from being unknown. People believe that the Church has a power not of this world, and, like the Jews, they attribute it to the dead. You will find even educated people holding this belief in a confused and uncertain sort of way, and, as a rule, those who do so are among the

most honest, who give an interior assent to what they were taught in childhood. It is not so with the leaders of non-Catholic thought, nor with their rank and file: *their* no-Popery is, in a modified form, that of the Continental Liberals."

"Certainly she appeared to be offended and disappointed. I suppose she had some confused idea that I could do something for her if I would, I understand it now."

At this moment the train entered a tunnel, and their conversation was suspended—who, indeed, can talk so as to be understood, or hear so as to understand, in a tunnel? After it had come forth, raring and whistling in a cloud of steam, they passed through some rich meadows; and a little further on, at the curve of the railway, Ledchester Cathedral burst upon the view, towering in the majesty of perfect proportion above the roofs that were clustered around it.

"Type of the faith!" thought Moreton. "There it stands, as it has stood and will stand, and continued rising and rotting and falling away."

Recollections of his childhood came rolling in, one over the other, like ocean waves when the tide flows, each one in turn breaking up and dissolving to mist as it came in contact with the rugged facts of his life. They lasted but a few moments, these little impetuous sorrowful recollections of the past; but certain it is that in this momentary glimpse into places familiar with his childhood, so intimately connected with his early, and, as yet, so home, intensely loved, passed away for ever, and associated with the hardest, the most painful struggle of his life, each suggestion of memory did break up into fragments as soon as it had presented itself to his recognition.

"That is a magnificent cathedral. You know it, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Moreton. "As a child and as a man I often came into Ledchester, and generally into the cathedral. The sight of it has set me remembering the sensations of awe and vague emotion with which I used to contemplate its massive pillars and its vistas of arches in shadow. And the same sort of feeling about the old parish church, but, most of all, of the one at Fernham; I have no doubt it keeps people out of the church even now—especially those who have local hereditary associations in the country."

"Even now?" echoed Don Pascolini. "Is that so, then, less than it was?"

"I think," said Moreton, "that the church restoration movement has helped, in its own way, to destroy in Anglicans the idea of antiquity as an attribute of the Establishment, and substitute a relative restlessness for the dim local devotion of people who sat in square pews. The square is discoloured by damp, and sometimes gnawed at, had an indefinite look of age about them. In ruinous condition softened their ugliness, they were associated in people's minds with genuine antiquity of the pillars, arches, and carved brasses; so that the whole building, and furniture, including the notice not to marry a grandmother, had in many minds an inherent objectivity, dim, and of course unsatisfactory, but real of its kind. This was the case some years ago; and national changes are, or rather

were, so slow in leavening the mass of people, that I can remember in a degree what I have described. At the present time the church restoration movement is general, the spell of the unaltered buildings is broken, the religion of Anglicans essentially unsettled. And though, of course, Tractarianism and Ritualism on the one hand, false philosophy and bad literature on the other, have been the principal agents in working this change, yet, in my humble opinion, the removal of things that people were accustomed from their childhood to associate with the only religion they had ever known, has had a share in the work."

"A cause and also an effect, I should imagine," said Don Pascolini. "People were unsettled, and one result was the impulse to restore churches: but then, the restorations, clashing with early habits and the best lessons of childhood, and being visibly inconsistent with the logic of facts, would also help, to a certain extent, in disenchanting them."

At that moment a sound of bumping and scraping heralded their arrival at Ledchester.

"I should like to see the cathedral; it was stupid of me not to have thought of it," said Don Pascolini, as the train stopped. "But it cannot be now."

"And so should I," said Moreton. "I have not seen it since—"

"Ah! here is the carriage," said a voice at the door. "I went into another to smoke, and to get out of the way of the two greatest bores in England, old Grubhedge and his wife. Good-bye. I hope, Don Pascolini, that you will stop at Hazleley the next time you come this way. It is hardly four miles from Bramscote, where you could say Mass, and I could drive you there every morning in twenty minutes."

And, taking off his hat respectfully, Sherborne hurried away.

"Does he mean that, or is it only an empty compliment?" said Don Pascolini.

"There is a compromise in his mind, I think," said Moreton. "If you were to come into this country again, he would invite you and do all he could to make your visit agreeable; but he had rather you would not come. Intellectually he would like it, but your office would embarrass him."

"I see that," said Don Pascolini. "He is unsettled, and afraid of the truth. But what impediments can he have? That is what puzzles me. From what I have heard him say at different times he seems to have no belief at all in the Establishment."

"None whatever," said Moreton. "I believe that conviction and inclination would lead him to be a Catholic; and he is perfectly independent of the world—few men as independent of it."

"You English are certainly difficult to understand," said Don Pascolini. "What is it that keeps him back?"

"He can't bear the idea of the temporal loss which it would entail," said Moreton.

"I thought all that was past—"

"Yes; the confiscations, and fines, and double land tax, and legal disabilities. In the eyes of the law Catholics are on the same footing as other Englishmen, but in practice it is not so. Not only

are they excluded from the House of Commons by the persistent resolution of the constituencies not to elect them, but in every way by which public feeling can use its enormous power of suppression they are civilly, and unapparently, and with much personal good-will, caused to remain in the background. Now, of all the many trials that have racked the endurance, tempted the just aspirations, stung the susceptibilities, and mocked the perseverance of English Catholics, through means positive and means negative, in ways direct and in ways indirect, by public law and by collective obstruction, by sneaking violence and by solemn lying, from the days of Anna Boleyn to the present time, the exclusion from their rightful power and influence in the general and local self-government of the country, has been, perhaps, the most difficult of all to bear."

"I see. No doubt it is so; for the English are beyond all others a self-governing people."

"Precisely; and that this exclusion—having its source, its overflowing source, not in the temporary passions and interests which have produced the actual facts of repealable laws, but in the artificially vitiated instincts of a great nation, which owes all its true greatness to the Catholicity out of which it has been bullied and cheated—does, in fact, represent actual public opinion."

"No doubt you are right," said Don Pascolini, after some reflection. "No doubt you are right in what you said just now, that exclusion from the self-government of their country has been to Englishmen the most difficult of all to bear. Moral suppression has always been, no doubt is still, the most dangerous to your countrymen. Since I have been in England I have been going over again, more carefully than I ever did before, your history for the past two hundred years, especially church history, and I was puzzled by the fact that men, whose forefathers had risked, year after year, daily, hourly, the dungeon, the gallows, and the quartering-knife, were, in the beginning of this century, ready to cringe before Parliament, and call themselves 'Protesting Catholic Dissenters.'"

"The normal Englishman," said Moreton, "is not, strictly speaking, ambitious; but he has an instinctive desire to find his own level. Adverse public feeling tempts an Englishman's loyalty of purpose far more than unjust laws. Adverse public feeling is the latest form which the great anti-Catholic tradition has assumed in England. It enters into the every-day life of an English Catholic, and perhaps an English country gentleman more than others, with a civil obtrusiveness, an obstructive quietism, that impedes usefulness, and benumbs the energies. The significance of an invisible *vis inertia*, which simply makes it impossible for English Catholics to be on equal terms with their countrymen, is not only an impediment to action, but, what is far worse, is to Catholics an insidious sophism against effort in general. It develops latent indolence, takes the vigour out of emulation, and misleads prudence. You can imagine what an effect this must have on a possible convert."

"I can, indeed," said Don Pascolini; then he added, after a pause, "But I suppose it applies chiefly to converts. It can hardly now-a-days

affect the position of (for instance) a man so much looked up to as Sir Roger Arden?"

"I am afraid it does, very considerably; and he would tell you the same himself; though, perhaps, 'being to the manner born,' he is not so constantly jarred by it as a convert is. I can only say that years ago, before I left England, and when I was still a Protestant, I felt the difference between the worldly position of the inhabitants of Bramscote and that of contemporary neighbours. I felt it, indeed, indistinctly, through a mist, without surprise or feeling of any sort—except, perhaps, a vague impression that it was a natural and, on the whole, harmonious condition of things, reconciling accomplished facts with some rather obtrusive sympathies, and enabling Blackstock's Commentaries to live peaceably on the same shelves with Kenelm Digby's *Comptium and Mores Catholicæ*. But now I feel it intelligibly; I feel it unconditionally, as one does a fact, not with an implied reserve, as I had felt it before, when it was only a supposition."

"What, then, is the difference between his worldly position and that of his neighbours? Sir Roger Arden is a man who is what people call 'very much respected.'"

"Certainly," replied Moreton, "he is the possessor, too, of a large and improving estate, which in the world's eyes is a good solid setting for moral jewellery. The difference between his position and that of his neighbours is this: theirs, like a good security, is worth its nominal value, while his undergoes a considerable depreciation when presented before public feeling to be converted into any practical result. The same may be said *cæteris paribus*, of his own and his neighbours' personal qualities respectively. His are heavily discounted, theirs are fairly dealt with, according to the market value of the articles at the time and place. No Catholic, of whatever class or ability, can fail to perceive that the majority of his countrymen desire, consciously or unconsciously, to exclude him from the power of exercising his legitimate share of influence, although they are not at all unwilling to give him the right of possessing it. Compare, for instance, the Emancipation Act with the fact that now, forty years after it became law, there is not one Catholic member of parliament returned by an English constituency."

"Ah! yes, that is an instance of——"

But at this moment they were arriving at another station; and two fat men, with travelling caps on their heads, got into the carriage, each carrying a carpet bag and the last number of *The Morning Journal*.

(To be continued.)

IN Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" we find the following: "The name Pius was first given to the Emperor Antonius Titus, thence called Antonius Pius on account of his piety and virtue, A.D. 138. The name was also given to a son of Metellus, because he interested himself so warmly to have his father recalled from banishment. The name of Pius has been taken by nine of the Popes of Rome, the first of whom assumed it in A.D. 142."





GRANDMA CHIDES ANNETTE'S THOUGHTFULNESS.

## Story of the Château d'Andé.

### CHAPTER I.

**I**N Normandy, on the banks of the Seine, stands a small, picturesque chateau. An iron gateway, surmounted by a tower, gives entrance to the old-fashioned grounds which surround it. Before it lies a lawn, which, stretching nearly to the river's edge, is bordered by an old stone balustrade; and at the back a long avenue of tall, wide-spreading trees leads to the village church. The river here is broad, and again encircles some small, wooded islands; and in the distance chains of low, green hills gracefully mark the horizon.

744

It is a charming spot. A traveller in these parts naturally stops to gaze on the old house, now closed and deserted, and wonders to himself: "Who lived here? What may be the history of this place?"

The story of the Château d'Andé is a simple one, and is soon told:

During the great revolution of the last century, the Comte de Claironville sought refuge for himself, his wife and only child in one of the quiet valleys of Switzerland. Other French emigrants had chosen the same land of exile, and there, in constant hopes of better days, many years rolled

slowly by. But still in exile, the old Comte and Comtesse de Claironville died and were laid to rest, leaving their only son and his lovely bride to mourn them long and deeply.

At last, after long and tedious waiting, joyful tidings were brought to the peaceful valley. The restoration had taken place; Louis XVIII. was acknowledged king.

Many of the emigrants at once returned to their native land, and among them were the young Comte and Comtesse de Claironville. Amidst his patriotic joy some personal sorrow lay buried in the heart of M. de Claironville. The home of his childhood was confiscated—it was in the hands of strangers, and he, with his diminished fortunes, could never again be the possessor of the fine old manor and the broad lands of Claironville. He had now to make for himself a new home. So he returned to his birthplace in Normandy, and near there he chose the ground and built the Château d'Andé.

When the house was finished and simply but tastefully furnished, M. de Claironville took his wife to live there.

Ten happy years were spent in their new home: two children were sent to bless their married life, and when our story opens sorrow for the first time was visiting the inmates of the château.

It was a cold, bleak day in November. The wind was sadly moaning among the leafless trees. In the largest bed-room of the château the young wife and mother lay dying. Her husband was kneeling by her bedside, broken-hearted; her mother, Madame de Vinières, equally sorrowful, but more calm and resigned in her grief, was holding Madame de Claironville's small, thin hand. The children had been brought to the comtesse's room to receive her last kiss and blessing. Marianne, the old nurse, had taken them below to the drawing-room, and in her grief, careless even of her treasures, as she fondly called them, had left them alone to hurry back to her dying mistress. The children with the tear-drops still on their long, dark lashes walked sadly to the window, little realizing or comprehending the cause of so much sorrow. Charles was a tall, thin child of nine years, with soft, flaxen hair and dreamy brown eyes. Annette was but five, and a small wee thing even for that tender age. A profusion of sunny curls fell over her shoulders, and her large, dark blue eyes, generally beaming with smiles, were now fixed wonderingly on her brother. After a short silence, Charles took his little sister's hand.

"Annette," he said, "shall we go to the church and ask God to bless mama and to make papa and grandmère and all of us happy?"

"Oh, yes, Charles! oh, yes!" cried the child in broken language; "mama says to pray for her."

And away the children went, down the long avenue, over the dead leaves till they came to the old, grey church. The door stood open: the little ones entering hesitated for a moment before penetrating into its gloom; but soon getting accustomed to the dim light, and seeing the sanctuary lamp burning brightly, they took courage and went up to the very altar-rails. Then they knelt, and joining their little hands, as their

mother had taught them to do, they said their childish prayers. Those prayers went straight to heaven. Bright angels stooped to listen to the winning, sweet-toned voice of Innocence; and then, at their Master's bidding, flew off to the neighbouring deathbed to carry strength and a foretaste of heavenly joy to the soul that was so soon to wing its flight from earth, and to pour balm and consolation into the grief-riven hearts of the young husband and the sorrowing mother.

## CHAPTER II.

THE years glided swiftly by. Madame de Vinières watched so tenderly over her little grandchildren that they never knew the pain of missing a mother's care.

When Charles was eleven years old, he was sent to school. The separation was a hard trial for both the brother and sister. Fraternal love was very strong between these two; it grew with their growth, it deepened as their characters developed. Different, yet much alike, the children were all in all to each other. Annette was very proud of her tall, handsome brother; in her eyes no one was Charles's equal. And the boy, with all the deep tenderness of his nature, loved the little sister, who was so gentle and bright, so trusting and affectionate. Charles's leaving home was their first sorrow, and an often repeated one it was to be.

His return was the greatest joy of the year both to him and to little Annette.

Let us visit them once more, and choose for our time, one warm, balmy evening in June. Annette was standing at an open window in the drawing-room of the château. She was no thirteen, with the same sunny looks and placid face as when a child of five. At the present moment, she was evidently waiting, and awaiting something very pleasant, to judge by the eagerness and impatience of her every look and movement. At the slightest sound, she would breathlessly listen, and then disappointedly sit at the old clock on the chimney-piece.

In the shadow of the room, sat Madame de Vinières in a great armchair, with folded hands and a sweet, gentle smile on her placid face. She was watching and smiling at her little granddaughter, and like her, though more patient, seemed to be waiting. At last the clock of the village church struck nine.

"Oh! grand'mère," exclaimed Annette, "when they never come?"

"My dear child," the old lady replied, "they could not be here before now. In fact, I have expected them before another half-hour."

But even as Madame de Vinières spoke, faint, distant rumbling caught Annette's attention. It came nearer and nearer, and soon the little girl could recognize the longed-for sound of carriage-wheels.

"Here they are, grand'mère!" she cried, and bounding out of the room, ran to the hall door.

Soon the carriage entered the iron gateway, and stopped before the château. Another instant



nd M. de Claironville lovingly clasped his little daughter in his arms, and then resigned her to her brother's fond embrace.

Blushing with excitement, and radiant with smiles, Annette suddenly perceived a stranger was with them. She had known he was coming, but her joy she had forgotten his arrival. Recovering herself, she at once held out her little hand and warmly said :

"Welcome, Cousin Henri ; welcome to our dear château d'Andé."

Cousin Henri, or the young Marquis de Valnois, took the extended hand, and with true French courtesy pressed it to his lips.

He was an orphan, and, by marriage, a cousin of M. de Claironville. The Comte and the marquis had been friends from childhood, and many years of their youth had been spent together in the same land of exile.

Henri, now eighteen, was tall and handsome ; his wavy hair clustered around his well-shaped head, a broad, fine forehead told of no mean intelligence ; and eyes, now tender, now full of fire showed both heart and character.

He and Charles were at the same college, and were both studying for the army. The boys, like their fathers, had formed an early attachment for each other : and this year, at his son's request, Monsieur de Claironville had gladly invited his young friend to spend the midsummer holidays at the Château d'Andé.

With Charles at home, Annette was as merry the day was long. Early in the morning she would be afoot, singing gaily through the house, running for very joy down the long avenue behind the château.

Monsieur de Claironville was a devoted father ; his children and their happiness were his constant thought.

Many a warm, bright afternoon he would take them on the river, and now alight on one of the pretty islands so numerous in this part of the lake, and again row to some small town or village on its banks, and visit its old church or quaint cathedral, its castle of bygone days, or holy shrine, where pilgrims often flocked. Those were happy days ! But at last they came to an end ; and at the close, the parting between the brother and sister seemed, if possible, a harder trial than ever. Annette was sorry, too, to part from Henri, for during these holidays they had become very fond of one another, and he was now her friend as well as Charles's.

The youths returned to college, and Monsieur de Claironville to Paris, where his employments kept him for many months of the year.

Madame de Vinières and her granddaughter resumed their old life, and a happy life it was, though so quiet and uneventful. Study and visits to the poor, who were all as friends to the kind, old lady, and her lovely grandchild, filled many of its hours ; and yet there was much time left for Annette to seek her favourite corner of the old-fashioned garden, and there read many a tale of good and wicked fairies, of knights and ladies of bygone ages, or what she loved still more, sweet legends of the saints.

In the long, still evenings, sitting on a low stool at Madame de Vinières' feet, the child would

never tire of hearing tell the simple anecdotes of her young mother's life ; of her goodness and her beauty ; of her joy when Charles and Annette were born ; of her tenderness and love for her darling little ones, and of how her last prayer and blessing were for them before she died and went to heaven.

### CHAPTER III.

AGAIN the years glided by. Summer roses bloomed and faded, cold winter came and went. As fair and beautiful as any rose-bud was the little maiden of the Château d'Andé, and as cheering to the heart as the brightest summer's day. But, alas ! when Annette de Claironville was only eighteen, sorrow, the cold winter which is the death of joy, and clouds even the sunny skies of youth, was near at hand.

It was autumn again. A drizzling, dull afternoon had been devoted by Madame de Vinières to knitting, and by Annette to her tapestry. Evidently the girl was not in an industrious mood, for more than once her work had been thrown aside to gaze dreamily at the bright flames of the wood fire. On that soft, young face could be seen no presentiment of coming evil—yet why this pensiveness ?

On the evening of this dull day, the two ladies were at dessert. Annette is being chided by her grandmother concerning her thoughtfulness. Presently the door opened ; a servant entered, and a letter, directed in her son-in-law's handwriting, was handed to Madame de Vinières. The old lady took it hastily, and glanced at the young girl to see if she had noticed the large, black seal with which it was closed.

Yes, Annette had seen it. She had grown deadly pale ; but she did not move. Feeling whatever the news might be, it could not now be softened to her grandchild, Madame de Vinières unfolded the black-bordered paper, and slowly read the first few lines. Notwithstanding the great effort she made for self-control, she could not prevent the look of anguish or stay the heavy tears which chased each other down her cheeks. There was a moment's painful silence.

"Annette," the old lady began ; but her voice failed her and she could say no more.

At once the awful truth flashed across the girl's mind.

"It is about Charles, grand'mère. I know it is about Charles," she exclaimed ; and rising, she knelt by Madame de Vinières and buried her face in her lap.

No tears came to Annette's relief ; in that one short instant she felt an agony unknown, undreamt of before. She could neither speak nor move. She knew that Charles, the idol of her life, had been taken from her. It was too much for the poor, young heart, as yet untried, so unused to sorrow.

Alarmed by her silence and immobility, Madame de Vinières tried to raise her : she might now move the slight form at will—her grandchild had lost all consciousness.

Several hours passed before Annette could hear the full account of Charles's death. He had been

taken ill but a week since, and his malady, at once assuming an alarming character, Monsieur de Claironville had been immediately sent for. When he arrived, the end was already near. Charles was conscious and knew there was no hope of his recovery. He was very calm and seemed to have no fear of death. "All he regretted in life," he said, "was the separation from those he loved." But he "was happy, very happy, to think he would soon see his mother;" she whom he could only just remember, but whom he had always loved with such tender veneration. Many loving messages were sent to his dear, kind grandmother, and to his darling sister. Even old Marianne was not forgotten. And then, in his father's arms, surrounded by a few sorrowing friends, and with the blessing of Holy Church, he breathed his last. A beautiful smile was on his lips, a smile so peaceful that it plainly showed all was well with the departed soul; a smile so joyful, that the bereaved father fondly thought it betokened the presence of his beloved wife; the mother, who from her heavenly home had so watched and guarded her dear, orphaned children, and who now had come to greet her first-born to Eternal Life, and to lead him with joyous hymns of gratitude and praise to the very throne of God. "During the last twelve hours," added Monsieur de Claironville, "he and Henri had not left Charles's bedside. Deep and universal was the grief for his dear son's death, for all had admired him for his brilliant parts, and noble qualities, and all had loved him for his gentleness of disposition." Monsieur de Claironville's letter was full of Christian fortitude and resignation. He even tried to say some words of comfort to Madame de Vinières and his little daughter; but alas! these efforts could not hide how cruelly his own heart was bleeding and how deeply this grief had pierced his very soul. This only son had been his joy and pride; he had realized all his fondest hopes; and it was indeed a sore, sore trial to see him thus cut off from life in the very bud and bloom of early manhood.

"It would be a comfort," he said in ending, "the only earthly comfort he could then feel, to be at home with his dear mother, to fold his little daughter in his arms, and to feel that she, at least, was left to cheer him in his sad old age. But it could not be. Duty for awhile forced him to remain away; and not before the last days of the year could he revisit his loved and peaceful Château d'Andé."

(To be continued.)

FATHER LACORDAIRE says: "It is possible that the Protestant religion is easier to keep, humanly speaking, than ours, precisely because the greater part of it is *human*, and it demands few sacrifices from nature beyond those of the moral law common to all. This is certainly one of the means by which Protestantism is maintained. It gives religion in *small doses*, and thus perfectly suits those minds for whom reason is too little, and for whom the true faith is a great deal too much."

## SKETCH OF JAMES STUART AS

DUKE OF YORK AND KING OF ENGLAND.

[CONTINUED.]

**I**N his History of England, Macaulay brings the king before us as a weak and contemptible driveller, incapable of an elevated thought or a generous impulse, unfit for any important charge, we say that the original Memoirs of James II. furnish many strong proofs that, so far from being a man of little or no mind, he was more than ordinarily gifted. In the original parts of those memoirs we see the king sketched neither by a friend nor by an enemy: we see him as he really was. We are surprised to find that a man, who has persistently been made an object for sneers and pleasantry, was possessed of great natural powers, that he was full of unstudied eloquence; he was a keen observer, a solid reasoner, a bold and daring politician; and we are at a loss to understand how anyone who has read the memoirs, and must have noted there the shrewd remarks passed upon various public events—upon the courtiers, statesmen and agitators of the time—who must have above all have noted the state policy urged upon Charles II. in the face of an unexampled danger, can say that the writer of the memoirs was a person weak in character and in intellect. We may not like the writer's counsel upon government; we may not agree with all his views, but we cannot say that his views and counsels are those of a weak and narrow-minded man. But let us pass from what James wrote to what he did. We have already stated that James was a courageous soldier, and gave every promise of becoming an excellent commander. "If ever a man," said the Duke of Condé, "was entirely devoid of fear, it is the Duke of York."† Turenne, who was no mean judge, often said of him, "There is the greatest prince, and like to the best general of his time."‡ We have also seen that James was for many years closely connected with the English navy. We do not intend to enlarge here upon that connection, but we cannot refrain from laying before our readers a quotation on the subject that may not be uninteresting. "The regulations, in respect to naval affairs, when the king himself acted as admiral, assisted only by Mr. Pepys as secretary, at five hundred pounds per annum salary, are allowed by all seamen to be as judicious and effectual, and, at the same time, as gentle, and as practicable as can be desired."‡ "It is also due to the memory of James II.," says the editor of the memoir, writing for a Hanoverian prince, "to add that the naval regulations now in force, are nearly the same as those originally drawn up by the Duke of York." We are quite aware that neither personal bravery, nor a genius for command in war, nor extraordinary ability and unprecedented success in administering a great public department, like the English navy will prove, that a man is fitted to be

\* "Memoirs," vol. ii, 610.

† Burnet, vol. ii, 270.

‡ Quoted from Campbell's work by Editor of "Memoirs," vol. ii, p. 234.

§ Same foot note, vol. ii, 234.

the ruler of a nation, but it will prove at least that he is not quite a driveller, that he is not wholly devoid of intellect and common sense; it will prove that he has at any rate a certain talent for administration. We are prepared to go still further. It is our opinion that James possessed, in a high degree, the most essential qualifications of a Christian sovereign, and if he had lived in another age, or had the circumstances, under which he was called to govern, been other than they were, his reign would have been amongst the most glorious in the annals of our country. To show that he had at least a fair capacity for government we need only describe in the words of Burnet, who certainly was not a friendly witness, his government of Scotland during the life of Charles II.: "The duke behaved himself upon his first going into Scotland, in so obliging a manner, that the nobility and gentry, who had been so long trodden on by Duke Lauderdale and his party, found a very sensible change, so that he gained much on them all; he continued still to support that side: yet things were so gently carried that there was no cause of complaint. It was visibly his interest to make that nation sure to him, and to give them such an essay of his government, as might dissipate all hard thoughts of him, with which the world was possessed; and he pursued this for some time with great temper, and as great success. He advised the bishops to proceed moderately, and to take no notice of conventicles in houses; and that would put an end to those in fields. In matters of justice he showed an impartial temper, and encouraged all propositions relating to trade. And so, considering how much that nation was set against his religion, he made a greater progress in gaining upon them than was expected."\* But if he was possessed of such administrative powers, how, it will be asked, did he mismanage so utterly his affairs in England? How was it that he misunderstood so completely the temper of the English people? Why did he persist in an unpopular course, which a clear-sighted ruler would have foreseen could not possibly succeed, and must eventually end in ruin to himself? It would be folly to deny that on many occasions the king acted with imprudence. It was imprudent to rely on the loyal professions of the Established Church, but those professions of loyalty had been made so often and so loudly, that no man who was himself sincere could easily doubt of their sincerity. It was imprudent to degrade monks and friars in the habits of their orders before the people; it was imprudent to open churches and chapels in the capital, and to bring before the public eye the splendour of Catholic worship; but the king was under the impression that the natural aversion to Catholicism was merely the result of ignorance and prejudice, and that, when Englishmen once knew what Catholicism really was, their prejudices would be dispelled. Again; it was imprudent not to temporize, not to yield to popular demands before the revolution was projected; it was imprudent to leave the country after the revolution had succeeded; but, on the other hand, Charles I. had temporized, and it availed him nothing; he, and before him, two of his predecessors on the throne,

\* Burnet, vol. ii, 156-157.

Richard II. and Henry VI. had fallen into the hands of their victorious enemies, and they experienced little generosity. It is not difficult to be wise after the event. If we read the history of the troubled period between 1685 and 1688 by the light of almost two hundred years, which have since elapsed, it is easy to see that James's conduct was not at all times prudent, but those who decide in an off-hand manner that his government was a series of ridiculous blunders, have not rightly apprehended the difficulties of his situation. To our mind, it was an impossibility at that time for a Catholic king, who possessed a conscience or had a sense of his own dignity, to govern the English people. James, as a Catholic, was bound to hear Mass, as a king, his dignity demanded that he should hear Mass publicly. On the other hand, it was an outrage on the feelings of the people that an English king should openly attend a Popish service; and from the very commencement of James's reign, the Protestant pulpit resounded with invectives against Popery, and the encroaching spirit of the Church of Rome. As a Catholic and a king, James was bound in honour and in conscience to see that his Catholic subjects should not suffer for doing what he knew to be right, what he himself did daily; if, without a clear violation of the constitution he could do it, he was bound to save them from the operation of the penal laws. The nation on its side was determined that those laws should, in a sufficiently galling manner, be enforced. More than once James appealed to the generosity of his Parliament, and received no response. He appealed to the Established Church and to the people, but was equally unsuccessful. He might have given up his honour and his conscience, and have saved his crown. He preferred to give up his crown, and save his conscience. He was a Catholic, and in his opinion it was neither manly nor lawful to make a secret of his sentiments. "After God had raised him to this crown," he told his ministers, "he could not hope for the blessing of God if he did not confess his religion openly; if he incurred danger on that account, God could protect him."\* God had placed power in his hands. It was his duty, he conceived, to use that power chiefly for God's interests, and to do his duty he was resolved to venture everything. The Spanish ambassador counselled prudence. "Monsieur Ronquillo," answered James, "I will win all or lose all."†

It has been said that James would never have been satisfied with obtaining religious and civil equality for his Catholic subjects, but would, by degrees, have destroyed the Establishment, and set up Catholicism in its place; that his regard for liberty of conscience was pretended, that his only object was the advancement of his own religion, and that he sought his object by illegal means. There cannot be a doubt that James ardently desired the conversion of his country, but it is quite an assumption that he would, if he could, have brought about this conversion by means which he knew to be unfair. His enemies allow that he was incapable of falsehood, and he himself assures us that he wanted no more for Catholics than a perfect equality; he wanted

\* "Vignola"—quoted by Ranke, vol. iv, 217.

† Ranke, vol. iv, 365.

a fair field for the Catholic Church; for the rest he trusted to the force of truth.\* If he had not been a Catholic at all he would nevertheless have endeavoured—we do not say so earnestly—but he would have endeavoured to obtain liberty of conscience for all his subjects. If James the Second had one fixed view it was, whatever be its worth, that men should be free to worship God according to their conscience. Before he was a Catholic he maintained this doctrine; after he became a Catholic he still maintained it. It was in the effort to establish liberty of conscience that he lost his throne in England, and untaught by this misfortune he afterwards appears arguing for his favourite theory before the Parliament of Ireland, at a time when Catholicism was triumphant, and in a place where liberty of conscience was then little likely to be relished. The opinion he had held during life, he held even to the end; and in what we may call his dying words he strongly impressed it on his son. "Be never without a considerable body of Catholic troops, without which you cannot be safe, then people will thank you for liberty of conscience. Be not persuaded by any to depart from that; Our Blessed Saviour whipt people out of the Temple, but I never heard he commanded any to be forced into it."† Regard, then, for liberty of conscience was not with James a mere pretence: it was the result of argument and deep conviction. He could not always, and to its full extent, act upon his theory. He could not at once grant perfect civil toleration to those elements in the state, which had upheld the Popish Plot and driven forward the bill of exclusion. He could not grant toleration to the Field Conventiclers, who were murderers and rebels, and who, Evelyn tells us, "had done unheard-of assassinations."‡ But there cannot be the shadow of a doubt that in holding his theory he was sincere, that where he was able and as far as he was able he acted on it, and when at length he thought the time for action had arrived, he published the celebrated Declaration of Indulgence. Then he discovered the true spirit of the Established Church. By sermons, by lectures, by floods of pamphlets and controversial writings, with all the vast influence they had at their command, the Episcopalian clergy embittered the nation against the acts and person of their sovereign. Clearly they had forgotten their professions of loyalty to him, and it is not at all surprising if he forget in some measure the pledges of protection he had given them, and if on one or two occasions, he handled them a little roughly. James did many things of which we may not approve. Many of his acts we may possibly deem illegal, but it may always be maintained that, though like all the Stuarts, he had high notions of the authority, dignity, and sacred character of kings, yet in no instance did he do what he knew to be illegal. Neither in dispensing from the tests, nor in erecting the Ecclesiastical Commission, nor in putting out his Declaration of Indulgence, did he believe he was overstepping the bounds of his legitimate prerogative. These things, he was assured by the ablest lawyers of

the time, he might do without any violation of the law, and though on the other side were lawyers distinguished for learning and ability, we surely cannot blame the king for acting on advice which coincided with his own opinion, and which favoured what he believed to be the interest of truth and justice. Let us illustrate our position by taking one instance in which the conduct of James has been severely censured. The King wanted to dispense with tests, and to prove his right to dispense with tests, Sir Edward Hales, a Catholic gentleman, was charged in the County King's Bench before Lord Chief-Justice Herbert, with holding a commission in the army without having legally qualified himself for office. He pleaded the King's dispensation: the case was argued and judgment was given in his favor. Hallam, commenting on this trial, tells us that "It is by no means evident that the decision in this particular case of Hales, which had the approbation of eleven judges out of twelve, was against law. The course of former precedents seems rather to furnish its justification."§ If in the face of popular opposition conscientious judges like Herbert were found to decide in favour of the dispensing power, and if at this distance of time, an able, constitutional historian like Hallam, a Whig in politics, and moreover, a bitter enemy of James, informs us that there is every reason to suppose that these judges were right in their decision, then, we maintain, the King cannot be called a tyrant for using the power which was allowed him by the judges. We do not argue that the decision of the judges was in itself according to the law, or that the King was prudent in taking advantage of their decision, we merely argue that the King was not doing what he knew to be illegal and that, therefore, he was not a tyrant. For our own part we believe the chief acts of James's reign, which have been condemned as illegal, may well be defended on the bare ground of their legality, but here has not been our case to prove that James did not violate the law; it has only been our case to prove that he did not violate it consciously. The admissions of an enemy are worth more than the praises of a friend. "Doubtless," says Hallam, "he was not a Caligula, or a Commodus, or an Ezzelin, or a Galeazzo Sforza, or a Christian II. of Denmark, or a Charles IX. of France, or one of those almost innumerable tyrants whom men have endured in the wantonness of unlimited power. No man had been deprived of his liberty by an illegal warrant. No man, except in the single though very prominent and important instance of Magdalen College, had been despoiled of his property. I must also add that the government of James II. will lose little by comparison with that of his father. The judgment in favour of his prerogative to dispense with the test was far more according to the received notions of law, far less injurious and unconstitutional than that which gave a sanction to ship-money. The injunction to read the declaration of indulgence in churches was less offensive to scrupulous men than the similar command to read the declaration of Sunday sports in the time of Charles I. Nor was anyone punished for a refusal to comply with the one;

\* See his own words, *Mem.*, vol. II, 62r.

† James's advice to his son, *Mem.*, vol. II, 62r.

‡ *Diary*, p. 476.

• *Const. Hist. of England*, p. 651.

While the prisons had been filled with those who refused the other. Nay, what is more, there are much stronger presumptions of the father's plan of the son's intention to lay aside parliaments and set up an avowed despotism. It is indeed amusing to observe that many, who scarcely put words to their eulogies of Charles I., have been content to abandon the cause of one who had no faults in his public conduct but such as seemed to have come by inheritance."\* This is hardly the picture of Macaulay's "gloomy tyrant." What, then, we may ask was James II.'s real fault? We do not pretend to say that his principles of eternal government were not out of keeping with the feelings of the English people and the spirit of modern times, but we do say that his real fault lay here—that he was an able man and a zealous Catholic. This, indeed, is Hume's confession: "On the whole," says Hume, "allowing this king to have possessed good qualities and good intentions, his conduct seems only, on that very account, as a stronger proof, how dangerous it is to allow any prince infected with the Catholic superstition, to wear the crown of these kingdoms."†

\* Cons. Hist., p. 665. † Hume and Smollet, Vol. I, 866.

(To be continued.)

## THE SPECTRE PRIEST.

**T**HE clock from out the belfry tower  
Proclaims to all, that now the hour  
Of prayer must close the day;  
And through the quaint old castle hall,  
Where the night shadows dimly fall,  
The echo dies away.

An aged priest yet lingers there,  
And by his side the youthful heir  
Of Neville's lordly race.  
The moonbeams cast their radiance now  
On Walter's fair but troubled brow,  
And o'er the monk's pale face.

A bolder youth than Walter ne'er  
Slew the wild bear, nor chased the deer  
O'er valley, hill, and dale;  
But now the blanched and pallid cheek,  
The anxious eye, all seem to speak  
Some strange, unwonted tale.

Father, one night I could not keep  
My eyes from closing fast in sleep,  
Though 'twas the hour of prayer;  
So in the chapel I awoke,  
Just as dread midnight's first deep stroke  
Fell on my startled ear.

And lo! at that dread hour of night  
From the sacristy shone a light  
That burnt both clear and strong;  
And then a priest, all robed for Mass,  
I saw, with pious footstep, pass  
The silent aisle along.

He trod the Lady Chapel fair,  
Devoutly lit the tapers there,  
Then turned him sadly round.

Will no one serve my Mass to-night?  
For I, before the morning light  
Must leave this sacred ground.

I strive to think 'twas all a dream,  
But oft at midnight hour I seem  
To hear that sad request;  
That mournful voice doth ever say,  
Will no one serve my Mass to-day?  
Will none do my behest?

My son, so strange the tale you tell,  
That I myself would deem it well  
For both of us to stay  
Within the Chapel, till the dawn  
Shall usher in another morn,  
And chase night's shades away.

And should the priest once more be there,  
Reject not thou again his prayer,  
But go and serve the Mass;  
And in the Chapel I will be,  
That we may both together see  
What yet may come to pass.

The hours toll forth another day,  
But, ere the last notes die away,  
Before the altar rail,  
Vested in black, the priest stands there,  
With anxious eye and mournful air,  
And face all wan and pale.

Will no one serve my Mass to-night?  
Yes, there within the taper's light  
The fair young Baron knelt;  
And piously the Mass he served,  
But yet his heart was all unnerved,  
With the dread awe he felt.

The Mass is o'er, but where is now  
The priest? whose pale unearthly brow  
Filled Walter's heart with fear.  
An angel form kneels in his place,  
Whose seraph brow bears not a trace  
Of him who erst knelt there.

And when his voice falls on the air  
Its silvery cadence seems to bear  
The soul from earth away.  
Oh, Walter, thou hast set me free,  
And my enfranchised soul may see  
God's own eternal day.

Ere I had passed from earth's vain strife,  
Or laid aside the coil of life,  
I promised once to say  
A Mass for one whose soul had fled,  
Who, numbered with the silent dead,  
Had passed from earth away.

But with that Mass unsaid I died,  
By God's unerring justice tried,  
Went forth the sage decree,  
Till I this Mass should say at night,  
Or ere the dawn of morning light,  
My soul might not be free.

Like a wreath of silv'ry incense rare,  
The spirit floated in the air,  
Then faded from the sight;  
But until dawn's first golden ray,  
The priest and Walter stayed to pray  
Throughout that wondrous night.

## SHERBORNE;

OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems,"  
"Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XIX.

**T**WO days afterwards Moreton left England, and England went on the same as usual. Then six months passed, and people poured into London by all the railways, till the thoroughfares were congested, and the smaller houses grew stifling. All the Ardens, except the two sons, were in town.

And Sherborne was in town—very much in town. He was going about very much, deliberating very much, making up his mind very much, worried by the cravings of an infirm ambition very much, in respect of Miss Winifred Arden. His life, up to the present time—and he was now forty-five, had, in spite of personal and worldly advantage, been a failure, and one of the least remediable kind, a negative failure. A break-down in any serious attempt would probably have been the making of him; his little desultory successes in articles and after-dinner speeches, combined with a morbidly critical habit of mind, had developed in him a procrastinating self-confidence which, added to a versatile quickness of intellect, and a sort of idle vigour that enjoyed the consciousness, but shrank from the trouble of labour, was fatal to effort, fatal to any real work whatever.

He was aware of all this, but he also knew that the defects had been acquired, or at any rate made worse; and so he had hitherto contented himself with laying the blame on Sir Thomas Grubhedge. Now however he was suffering from an acute attack of anxiety to make up for lost time, and do something. If Miss Winifred Arden had unconsciously inspired him with this desire to "be a hero in the strife" of politics or literature, no less unconsciously did she cause him to hesitate as to the very first step—taking a line; for well he knew that he must be a Catholic if he hoped for the remotest chance of winning her, and must not be, if he wanted to succeed in the world. Yet there he was, evening after evening, trying her patience and exercising her charity by his unacceptable attentions, in ball-rooms, or staircases, in window-entrances to flowered balconies, in corners of inner drawing-rooms, in supper-rooms and cloak-rooms, in entrance-halls when carriages "stopped the way," and on the Church steps in Farm Street, where the dresses of some Catholic ladies, tremendous in appearance and cost, were disfiguring their wearers, and increasing the misapprehensions of Protestants.

During the first three weeks his little game had a kind of subjective success; he had forced himself to feel satisfied with not having been snubbed by her, and no one had accused him of Popish proclivities.

It is true that the appearance of Lady Fyfield in society had, on more occasions than one, given him that sort of sensation which is popularly called "a turn;" for his heart had never really lost its early impression, and he could not deceive himself in comfort when she was present. But then the rooms were generally crowded, and she left them early whenever she entered them, which she seldom did.

Very seldom—not more than twice in those three weeks, once at a dinner at Sir Roger's, and once at an evening party, where she remained rather less than half an hour; but at length he found her at a ball—on the staircase, too, and looking at him as a woman *can* look when she means a man to seem small in his own sight. He turned away, and was afraid that other people would observe that look; but other people were busy with their own little games, nor had they the help of his conscience to read it by.

Then he made his way up to Miss Winifred Arden, who was at the end of the farthest room, and glancing nervously from time to time in the direction of Lady Fyfield, tried his best, "did as he knew," to make himself agreeable. She tolerated him for two reasons: because his conversational powers were much above the average, and because she was not clearly aware of what was in his mind concerning herself. He had been talking to her ten minutes, more or less, and was beginning to feel theoretically satisfied with his chances, when he was quietly displaced by the sweep of a lady's dress. The wearer of that dress evidently meant mischief.

"Let me introduce you," said a voice "to——"

The rest was unintelligible; but not so the result. Miss Winifred Arden left the room, danced the Lancers, and Lady Fyfield stood by him, looking as she had looked before. When the music began and voices grew louder around, she said to him, speaking in a low clear voice of her fan:

"I am sorry to see a neighbour in a false position."

She was apparently passing on when Sherborne who was too much confused to see that the dance between them did not increase by half a yard, walked after her, and stammered out:

"Stay—what do you mean? I can't imagine Who?"

It was the word "neighbour" judiciously emphasized that finished what the stiff sweep of dress and the immediate disappearance of Winifred Arden had begun. He had been symbolically swept out, and then classed generically as neighbour. When people are in a disagreeable position anywhere they generally desire to get somewhere else; but sometimes that ideal effort at self-extrication collapses; and Sherborne, for the first time in his life, had experience of such a collapse. He had borne the sweep out with equanimity, for it was remediable; and he had even felt, in the most secret corner of his heart, a little pleasant flutter at the thought that, after it was his first love who thus "upon malicious bravery came to start his quiet": but when he calmly classed him as a neighbour, just as if he were Mr. Glenfillan Bruff, or Mr. Linus Jones, and gave him to understand that this term was



his only claim to be pitied by her for having made a fool of himself, he lost his presence of mind utterly, and stammered out incoherent questions.

Lady Fyfield looked towards, but not at him, and disposed herself either to hear his answer, or to seem no longer unaware of his presence.

"How—what—I—" said Sherborne; and that was all he could say. Yet he was not wont to be at a loss for words.

"In the first place by trying for things which are incompatible," said she, without turning her head or softening the icy coldness of her manner.

"And what besides?" he said, not knowing what else to say.

"You are acting against your conscience and against your interest as well," she replied.

He tried to smile away the truth of the statement, but only brought upon himself this addition:

"To speak more plainly, your conduct is dishonest, and it will not answer."

Then he raised his eyes nervously, afraid to meet hers, but anxious to see what they expressed. He lowered them again without delay, made two or three attempts at a general defence of himself, and said:

"Well, but I don't understand. Will you explain how?"

She replied, "I will. I meant to do so."

Then she glided away from the crowd into a little secluded boudoir, he following; and when they were so placed that she could be seen, but not overheard, the dialogue began thus:

LADY FYFIELD: You want to do something in the world—to make your mark in public life; and you are the more anxious to do your utmost once, because you begin late. No doubt you are right, according to your own measure of what things are worth. You aim in that direction which is suitable to English abilities, habits, and additional customs; you aim high, and you have every qualification, except perseverance and fixed principles. You would have the courage of your convictions if you had any political convictions to the courage of, and perhaps the want of them in these times, be an advantage to you, so long as you conceal the want.

SHERBORNE: I congratulate you on your success in ironical encouragement. The checks upon the expression of your opinion are so—

LADY FYFIELD: I want you to listen—not to congratulate.

SHERBORNE: —judiciously applied, that, if I were not well aware of my own deficiencies I should be unable to strike a balance. If I were more and more sanguine—if I had a better opinion of myself than I have or ought to have, I should be in a flutter of spasmodic elation; but it is, I can only think of what is discouraging

LADY FYFIELD: Somebody will come and talk to me directly. I have little to say, but that is important, and I have not said it yet.

SHERBORNE: One word only first. I have at confidence in a woman's perceptive forethought, and most of all in yours—

LADY FYFIELD: That will do now. I must go—what I—

SHERBORNE: And all the deficiencies your name are enough to discourage—

LADY FYFIELD: I will wait no longer. You fancy that you have fallen in love with Winifred Arden—

SHERBORNE: What could have—?

LADY FYFIELD: And in order to try for what you never will obtain—

SHERBORNE: Very likely.

LADY FYFIELD: —under any circumstances that can possibly occur—

SHERBORNE: Why under any?

LADY FYFIELD: (You shall hear that afterwards)—you are throwing away your worldly chances on the one hand, and risking your soul on the other. You know very well that you cannot be a Catholic and a member for the county. You know very well that a Catholic will not be elected by any English constituency now, and in any case cannot rise beyond the details of the General Post Office; and yet you are putting in an appearance of incipient Catholicity for the purpose of deceiving Sir Roger, who—

SHERBORNE: What do you mean?

LADY FYFIELD: —is too honest and simple-minded to suspect what you are at. As to your marrying Winifred, it is out of the question. In the first place, I am almost sure that she is engaged to a man who has been for two years devoted to her.

SHERBORNE: Well, if Sir Roger knew about that Count de—

LADY FYFIELD: He knows what you told him.

SHERBORNE: I?

LADY FYFIELD: Yes. Don't pretend you didn't. You told Sir Roger the morning the party broke up at Bramscote; and he was in such a state of mind, that he rode over to Dredgemere at once to ask me about it, because I had introduced Count de Bergerac to them. I asked him how he had heard this ridiculous story. He tried to avoid telling me, said he was not at liberty to tell, and the rest; but, of course, I—

SHERBORNE (*aside and involuntarily*): Trust a woman to worm out of—

LADY FYFIELD: —I asked him if he had promised not to tell. He admitted that he had not. I said that as he had not promised to keep it secret, he was bound to give his authority, in justice to Count de Bergerac, and to the friends abroad at whose houses he met him. (*Aside*) Good gracious! there is that Mr. Crayston trying to get through the crowd.

SHERBORNE (*aside*): No such luck! (*Aloud*) He is off tuft-hunting, as the manner of Radicals is. Well, if you *must* know, it was he who told me all about Count de Bergerac; and he will tell you, if you like to ask him, for he only repeats what he was told. He repeated it because he heard it from people whose word he supposed he could depend on, and who know all the circumstances.

LADY FYFIELD: Nonsense.

SHERBORNE: Then you have proof that the accusation is false?

LADY FYFIELD: I wonder you are not ashamed of asking such a question. Do you suppose that people go about with written certificates in their pockets to show that they are not thieves? It is

simply that I believe him to be incapable of any such acts as those imputed to him. I am a pretty fair judge of character and countenance, they say. But, however that may be—

SHERBORNE: Well, at all events, I think it rather hard that I should be accused of deception because I did what I really couldn't avoid doing without real treachery to a friend and neighbour.

LADY FYFIELD: The friendliness of the act would be more apparent if you had no personal interest in doing it. But let that pass; and suppose, if it so pleases you, that you have a chance of being accepted by her. I tell you that you haven't; but you think you have, or try to think so, and common sense tells you that you must face the meaning of your own wishes. Now, you know as well as I do that she wouldn't marry a Protestant—

SHERBORNE: I don't know.

LADY FYFIELD: You *do* know.

SHERBORNE: I mean that I don't quite see.

LADY FYFIELD: Don't tell such a wicked story. You know perfectly well, for you said so to me, over and over again, years ago, after Sir Thomas's first wife, who was my aunt, had died, and when (before he met Lady Alicia) he wanted to marry one of the Ardens, a cousin of Sir Roger's—you said then— Now don't begin to look sentimental, and pretend to care about what you felt or imagined *two and twenty years ago*. All that is past and gone: and we are talking of Winifred Arden. You said then, that you were sure none of that family would agree to a mixed marriage; and you remember, no doubt, better than I can tell you, the reasons you gave, and why you, as well as I, considered a mixed marriage to be bad in principle and in practice. I won't explain to you what you know very well yourself.

SHERBORNE: But listen—

LADY FYFIELD: No, I won't; and there is that man again coming this way.

SHERBORNE (*aside*): Oh! I wish he *would* come.

LADY FYFIELD: If you wish and expect to marry her, you must become a Catholic; but then you must give up all hopes of competing with Protestants for success in public life. You can't do both. I once thought—and I clung to the delusion long after I ought to have known better—that you were in earnest when you rode over to Dredgemere two or three times a week last autumn, and stayed half the afternoon talking of religion. I ought to have seen that if you *had* been in earnest, you would have gone to the nearest priest.

SHERBORNE: How could you expect me to forget the influence you—

LADY FYFIELD: Stop now!

SHERBORNE: Oh! don't say—

LADY FYFIELD: If you say any more I will tell Winifred and Sir Roger; and so I will if you don't listen to every word I have to say. I say that either you professed what you didn't mean, or, meant it, and went back for the sake of the world. If you professed what you didn't mean, I can only hope and pray that you were not aware of what you were doing; but, if you meant it, and went back—oh! as you value your soul, your salvation,

consider what it is what you did—what it is that you are persisting in.

SHERBORNE: I do—indeed I do. But *on* wants time.

LADY FYFIELD: You don't want time. You are letting the time pass. You want the *will* Take care!

SHERBORNE: Then you don't advise me to work?

LADY FYFIELD: Don't twist one's words that quibbling way. I never said anything so kind; and it isn't work, but the *world's* wards of work, that you are thinking of at time.

SHERBORNE: I don't see what you are *at*. You began as if you were advising me to in for public life, and now you imply that I risk my salvation if I don't do what would *bar* to success in it.

LADY FYFIELD: I said that you have *no* qualifications for public life. I said that, according to your own measure of what things are *valuable* (and I judged of that measure by your *actions*) you would do well to choose that life, as the highest order of effort you were capable of. But I said that, in my opinion—and I earnestly *trust* that I am mistaken—you were letting your *visions* give way to your ambition, and, at the same time, trying for that which would *necessitate* your placing an insuperable obstacle *between* yourself and its object. If I could have believed you to be invincibly ignorant, I should have *by* my tongue, left your romantic delusion to its practical remedy of Winifred's distinct *rejection*, and wished you success in your career. Properly speaking, it is no concern of mine, and I have *put* myself in a very disagreeable position by *interfering*—

SHERBORNE: How can it—

LADY FYFIELD: There, that will do now. I could have believed you to be invincibly ignorant. I should have been but too glad to let Winifred undeceive you about herself, and your own *delusion* lead you to success in a career for which you were *not* suited. But I don't believe you to be *so* therefore I determined to speak. Oh! the grace of God *has* enlightened your understanding ever so little, do not reject it. If you receive a gift of faith, and trifle with it, He may take it *from* you. It is an awful thing to trifle with His *grace*. What will the world and its honours, if you *lose* them all, profit you, then? What shall it *profit* man if he gain the whole world and suffer the *loss* of his soul? You once promised me—it was *on* the terrace at—

SHERBORNE: Oh, don't! The misery of that early disappointment—

LADY FYFIELD: You promised—

SHERBORNE: It has been the ruin of me.

LADY FYFIELD: You promised that if ever I saw you acting against your conscience, and reminded you of that evening, you would *attend* to my words. I claim that promise now.

The last notes of the Lancers had ceased, and both the Miss Ardens, with their partners, were seen approaching. Lady Fyfield went forward to meet them, saying as she moved away:

"I promised Sir Roger to chaperone them the rest of the evening: he wanted to go home. Mind

I claim your promise—a promise made deliberately and unasked. Now, don't come here!"

The last words were spoken whilst the Miss Ardens were just coming within earshot; and she turned from him as she had done before, when introducing the indistinct young dancing man to the youngest. She had swept him out again.

He wandered away, avoiding acquaintances, and at length found himself in a flowered balcony, his eyes fixed on the scene below, as if he were looking at the two lines of carriages that stood round the square, and the carriages that set down, and the carriages that took up, and the footmen with their canes, and the cads with their batmans, and the men and women who had got in the way, and the policemen who got them out of the way, and the carriage-lamps all about, that most resembled glow-worms hovering and flying in mid-air. But he saw none of these things, though he seemed to stare at them. He was trying to examine himself.

The process of self-examination puzzled him not a little, and the fact of being puzzled, puzzled him all the more. "Have I not," thought he, as the difficulty became apparent, "been much given to examining myself—too much, perhaps?"—the truth being that he had never examined himself in his life, but only wasted his time at intervals in the morbid amusement of introspection, by which he had acquired a fictitious self-knowledge that only led him astray. And so he went on trying to find out whether his feelings with regard to Miss Fyfield Arden were what he supposed them to be, and not a fiction of fancy strengthened by position; whether he had ever lost his early love for Lady Fyfield; whether it was possible to reconcile the co-existence of a real and a fictitious attachment, on the hypothesis that he had brooded over his blighted youth till the line between past and present had become obliterated, and an almost feminine jealousy had warped his will; whether he had had the gift of faith, and been unfaithful to it because that same jealousy had taken the form of passionate worldliness as well as that of a fictitious attachment.

These questions, which, by the bye, suggested themselves without much co-operation of his own mind, startled his memory. He was quite unable to feel convinced that they were quite new to him. Standing over the stone balustrade of the flowered balcony, he pushed aside the awning in front, and turning his eyes from time to time towards the ball-room, he argued with himself, for and against—especially against—these suggestions, bringing his own arguments nervously, while the note and Tinney's band played a waltz. The waltz music of the period, in combination with the gowns, ball-dresses, flowers, and collective attraction of beautiful women, is certainly not conducive to distinctness of feeling and purpose; and Sherborne realized the fact. Perhaps, if every man knew his own history, and told the truth, we could find that collective fascination, indefinite, direct, hypothetical, favoured by circumstances, and does muddle the feelings and purposes not a few.

"It is nothing but the memory of feelings killed by her own coldness," he said to himself at length. "Yes; chilled years ago, when she

married Sir Bertram within three months of the day on which our engagement was broken off—chilled to death when meeting her again free—for he died two years before I came to Hazeley—I found her changed."

The waltz had ended, and two or three couples came into the flowery balcony. He turned away in haste, repeating "Chilled to death, chilled to death; and there is an end of it. It must have been the effect of looking on at the ball. I have been day-dreaming backwards; but it won't happen again."

Crayston was hovering about in the distance, ready for tuft-hunting or advanced liberalism, but preferring the two combined. Sherborne sought him; it was but the second time that he had done so over a period of twenty years, the first being on the occasion of the ball at Bramscote just after the Count de Bergerac's departure for Rome. He sought him tortuously, seeming to meet him by accident, and soliloquizing rapidly as he went.

"It must have been the effect of looking on at the ball. I have been day-dreaming backwards—but it won't happen again," was the burden of his soliloquy half way round the ball-room, and he went on thus: "If the grace of God has enlightened my understanding *ever so little*! Why, her own words are the best defence—in fact, the defence of conduct. If a man makes use of the light he has, he does all that God expects of him. It isn't his fault if the light is limited. I needn't connect myself so exclusively with a set—with what isn't exactly, but *seems* to a lot of people who can elbow one out—and that comes to the same thing in effect—seems a thing which had grown out of practical remembrance. So it has, too, and become a sort of 'handwriting on the wall'—so it has too. Well, I can't help it. One can't always do just as one would like: one can help it on by giving way judiciously. The reed bends, but remains rooted in the ground; and so can I bend to the public, which would take the means of usefulness from me if I did not, and yet be at heart a Catholic; and— Why can't they let a fellow be received into the Church, and pretend to go on believing in the Establishment for a while? Didn't Eleazar, or Naaman, or somebody, bow down in the house of Rimmon, and it was all right? That is the way I see it, and God will not expect any one to see farther than He gives him light to see."

As he finished this redoubtable string of sophisms, that would not deceive a Catholic child, but can and do deceive at the present time many grown up Protestants, clever, highly educated, and laborious, he reached the spot where Crayston was.

"Are you quite sure about that story?" said he. "One doesn't like to believe such a thing against a man if one can help it."

"You mean that Count de Bergerac?" said Crayston in a careless tone.

"Yes—you told me—"

"Oh! as to that, you may make yourself satisfied."

"That it isn't true?"

"That it is true, of course."

"It's no satisfaction to me to know that the

story is true," said Sherborne, suddenly perceiving a friend near, and moving towards him, adding mentally, "I am not so uncharitable as to wish that the story may be true. If it is, I can't help it."

After the shortest of conversations with the opportune friend, he began to go away gradually; for it clearly appeared to him that he would look foolish if he remained there excluded from the presence of Miss Winifred Arden, and still more foolish if he encountered the consequences of disregarding Lady Fyfield's brief but significant admonition, "Now, don't come here." To attempt resistance in such a case one must be more than a man—or less. It seemed a pity, from his own point of view, that the necessity should occur then, rather than on some average occasion; for in that house any man who desired to avoid the imputation of Popish proclivities, whilst otherwise putting in an appearance of the same, should carefully endeavour to be seen simultaneously with those appearances. The master of the house, Lord Ledchester, his distant neighbour, was an Anglican of the aristocratico-national school, a rich peer with a short pedigree lengthened collaterally by marriages, a staunch supporter of all ideas obstructive to Catholics, and a man of heavy personal influence. He always went with the leader of his party, except when Mr. Disraeli talked about concurrent endowment; he proposed the toast of "Church and State," with appropriate remarks against Popery and Romanizing practices, whenever he had a chance of doing so; and converts were his favourite subject of aversion. Probable converts he looked upon as people sickening with a virulent and mentally contagious disease.

It was a useful house for Sherborne to be seen at, but he had to go away.

On his way down the crowded staircase he found himself close to his neighbour, Mr. Glenfillan Bruff, the optimistic squarson, who tried to detain him in conversation about the expected vacancy for the county; and no sooner had he succeeded in getting away without disclosing his intention of standing, than he heard some one just behind, and the sound made him hurry so much, that he tore three flounces and trod on the toes of a Portuguese *attaché*. It was the irrepressible Miss Hermione.

"To come here and meet all one's neighbours and all their relations, and have them staring and spying!" said he to himself. "I shall see Mrs. Linus Jones directly."

Which he did before he reached the cloak-room.

"Is he going to put up his eldest son for the county," thought Sherborne, "that he asks every one in this way?"

"Are you off so early?" said Sir Roger Arden, who was going into the cloak-room as Sherborne came out.

"Yes; there is a great crowd, and my room will be better than my company," said Sherborne.

"No, no," said Sir Roger.

Sherborne smiled ambiguously, and answered: "Don't forget that I am to drive you all down to Ascot next Thursday."

And that was the end of the ball as far as Sherborne was concerned.

(To be continued.)

## A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE CATHEDRAL OF NÔTRE DAME.

**I**T is the cathedral of Paris the most celebrated church among the monuments of that name in France, and by its great age, the majesty of its proportions, and the stirring scenes of seven centuries of history, of which it has been either the theatre or the witness, it is one of the most remarkable historical monuments of the world. History does not reach to the time when it was not the site of a sanctuary. In the reign of the Roman Emperor Tiberius altars for the worship existed on the east end of the island of the Seine, where Nôtre Dame now stands. The remains of a temple of Jupiter and Cerebus, and the image of a horned god were found on the site about A.D. 375, when a church was erected on the same site—supposed to have been the first Christian church. In the sixth century there were two churches there—S. Etienne and S. Marie. Charibert rebuilt the latter about the year 620, in the Roman style, considered very grand. The glass window now known of in France was placed in it. Fragments of mosaic and precious marbles supposed to be from the floor and columns of the church, were discovered in excavation in 1825 and are now in the Musée de Cluny.

This church was pillaged and partly destroyed by the Normans in 857, but it was repaired by Anscherie, fiftieth Bishop of Paris. In 1140 Abbé of S. Denis put in a glass window of great beauty. It was called the *Eglise neuve*, to distinguish it from the S. Etienne, called *le vieux*. In the twelfth century both were falling into ruin, though they had for centuries been used for the great religious ceremonies and royal pageants of France. About 1160 Bishop Maurice de Sully resolved to replace both old churches with a new edifice worthy the capital of the kingdom, and in 1163 the foundation of the present majestic church was begun, and its corner-stone placed by the hands of Pope Alexander III., then a prisoner in France. The work was pushed on rapidly, and in 1182, on Wednesday before Pentecost, the high altar was consecrated by a legate of the Pope. In 1185 Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, came to Paris to officiate with the Bishop in the dedication of the choir. Henry II., King of England, was interred before its high altar in August, 1181. Notwithstanding the completion for service of the body of the church in the twelfth century, the grandest part of the cathedral (the western front with the two towers) was only begun by Bishop Pierre de Nemours, A.D. 1208. It rose at the rate of about one story in the life of one generation of men. The portal of the south transept façade was built still later, as shown by an inscription of the mason who began work upon it in 1257, in the reign of S. Louis. Other and some of the most beautiful portions were completed during the succeeding centuries.

The environing chapels in the rear of the transepts were not a part of the original design, but were added in the last part of the thirteenth century, about which time, also, the towers of the

west front were completed. In 1699 Louis XIII. was seized with the ambition to place in the cathedral an altar-piece in the *renaissance* style, then just coming in vogue, and remove the original altar to give place to it. Other alterations were made by Soufflot, an eminent architect, in 1771-76.

During the revolution, the great number of saintly carvings upon the church were threatened with destruction by infidel mobs, and were saved at one time by a ruse of Chaumette, who assured the people that information concerning the planetary system was embodied in some of the image sculpture. But the statues of the old kings of France, which were upon the galleries of the grand façade did not escape the vandalism. In 1793 the cathedral became (by law of the revolution) the Temple of Reason.

In 1845 the first thoroughly intelligent and comprehensive work for the restoration of Notre Dame was entered upon under the control of Architects Lassus and Viollet Leduc. Their work was prosecuted uninterruptedly for ten years, so that by 1855 the marvellous blending of majesty of proportion with grace of detail and spirit in design in the west façade were exhibited in bolder relief than ever before in all its history. During the reign of Louis Napoleon the vast structure, on every side, from foundation to pinnacle, was cleaned and repaired; and, for the first time in the 700 years of its growth could be seen, with all its varied constructions, as one completed whole.

The 700th anniversary of its consecration was celebrated in 1882. From 1182 its lofty nave, its piers, and its chapels have been the scenes of all the important ceremonies of the Church and State in France. The baptism of princes, their marriages, coronations, royal funerals, the reception of the great dignitaries of the Church, *Te Deums* for victories, and the surging masses of Parisian populations for 700 years have made historic proportions under its lofty vaults.

The following are some of the striking events which have taken place within its walls:

1560. Coronation of Mary Stuart.

1572. Marriage of the King of Navarre (afterwards Henry IV.) to Margaret de Valois.

1594. *Te Deum* sung when Henry IV. entered Paris.

1644. Marriage of Henrietta of France with the Prince of Wales, afterwards King of England.

1679. Marriage of a hundred young girls, whose names were given by Louis XVI. on the occasion of the birth of *Madame Royale*.

1781. *Te Deum* for the birth of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVII.

1802. Feast kept on Easter-day in honour of the establishment of the Catholic religion in France.

1804. Coronation of Napoleon and Josephine.

1811. *Te Deum* for the birth of the King of Rome.

1831. Baptism of the Comte de Paris.

The architecture embraces nearly every noble feature peculiar to the era that witnessed the growth and culmination of Gothic architecture, and for simple majesty of expression its façade is no superior. The extreme length of the cathedral is 430 feet; width at transept, 170 feet; and area covered by it, 64,108 square feet; height of towers, 223 feet.

## A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.



WHILE in the harbour of Valparaiso, aboard the sloop-of-war *Virago*, one of our midshipmen touched me on the shoulder and informed me that Lieutenant Bardolph wanted to see me.

"I have heard that you were something of a naturalist, Starbuck," said the officer, smiling.

"No, sir," I replied, "no naturalist, although I take interest in—"

"Oh, well, never mind," quoth the lieutenant. "You have seen our diving-bell?"

I answered yes, when the lieutenant informed me that he wanted me to go down under the sea with our boatswain, Randolph, formerly a pearl-diver, to look for a curious fish which, on the day previous had been pierced and killed with a pike. In form, the fish resembled a serpent, was about thirty inches in length, and had upon both sides of its neck a pair of singular appendages, something like wings. Its most striking peculiarity, however, was one eye, of a greenish colour, situated on the top of its head. On being struck with the pike the creature had rolled over, apparently dying, and then dived out of sight.

"I think," continued the lieutenant, "that such a curiosity is worth obtaining, and I have picked you out to go with Randolph, believing that you are interested in natural history. Besides, I will pay you a guinea if you will go."

I bowed acquiescence, and went away to make preparations. The diving bell was soon on deck, ready to be hoisted and swung over the side. The instrument was a little damaged, but neither Randolph nor I anticipated danger. We were presently in our places, singing out "All right!" when the bell began to descend.

Down, down, down—lower and lower. We glanced around us on all sides, but as yet saw nothing of the strange fish. Curious looking specimens of the finny tribe, however, greeted us in many directions.

Now we hung suspended in mid-sea. The air had become somewhat impure, so we opened the stop cock and let it out, feeling a moment after, a fresh supply sent down to us through the India rubber pipe or hose secured into the top of the bell. Randolph was about touching the signal cord to intimate our desire to be lowered still further, when we felt a sudden jerk, felt the bell going down faster than we had anticipated, and to our horror, realized that the rope by which the instrument was suspended had parted from the hook to which it was attached.

Away went the pipe at the same moment, and we only saved ourselves from instant destruction by stopping up the aperture thus left in the top with a handkerchief. Otherwise, the water beneath, no longer meeting the resistance of the air, that element escaping must have filled the bell in a brief space.

We heard the water roaring and gurgling around us as we descended; our descent, however, became each moment slower, until finally the resistance of the confined air in the bell kept us suspended about two feet above the bottom of the sea.

The air of our floating prison had by this time become almost unbearable, not only from its being densely compressed, but also from long confinement.

Terror-stricken, we glanced at each other. The eyes of Randolph protruded from his head, looked bloodshot and tinged with a strange green colour, while his dusky skin seemed to shrink like shrivelled parchment. The most startling change in his appearance was the sudden apparently superannuated look of his visage. A man of fifty, he seemed at least thirty years older.

Presently his teeth began to rattle in his head, his form was bent almost double; he threw his arms around him in agony as if clutching at something.

How horribly useless this pantomime seemed to me! He wanted fresh air—to clutch at air! What a mockery!

"Starbuck!" he presently gasped, "I—I wouldn't know you. You look to be fifty. You and I are a-dying. God have mercy on us! What shall we do?"

I could only stare at him, stupid with despair.

The air in the bell became more and more stifling. The boatswain flew to my side and squeezed me in mad agony, until my bones felt as if they would crack.

"Air, air, air!" he shrieked in my ear.

I endeavoured to speak, but only a hoarse rattling in my throat obeyed my will. My brain began to whirl. I gasped hard for breath. A terrible oppression was upon my lungs. The boatswain had now released me. I staggered against the side of our prison; my sense gradually seemed deserting me.

Through one of the glass cases in the instrument, Randolph now pointed out to me a huge shark, which, with red, gloating eyes, peered down upon us, as if anticipating our fate, and considering how it should get at us.

Gradually, however, the eyes of the monster seemed to my confused sight, to my whirling brain, to mingle with the water; to vanish in a dark, red, misty cloud, that floated up all around the bell. My head now felt as if it would burst; it sank upon my shoulder. Terribly oppressed, I fell upon my knees, and would have fallen altogether but for the boatswain, who now held me.

"Star—Star—buck, dying!" were the words faintly reverberating upon my brain. Then all began to grow dark around me, and I knew that I was losing consciousness. My name was again shrieked in my ear. With a superhuman effort I half raised myself and looked around me, feeling like one groping in the dark. Bewildered, full of the most agonizing pain, I became aware that something was swaying up and down before my sight—up and down in the red mist cloud mingling with the water. I made another effort—a great effort—to comprehend what it was, this swaying thing, and at last did so; understood that it was a hook attached to the end of a rope, lowered us from the Virago, so far above.

"Starbuck!" gasped the boatswain, "stand by to hook it on the inside."

I just managed to hear the words, and they strengthened me with wild hope, although I was still so bewildered that I could scarcely now see

the swaying hook. The boatswain's arm was before my eyes. With one powerful blow of his huge fist, dealt with the remains of his great strength, he shivered the lens.

There was a great roaring sound like thunder. It was the upward rushing of the water into the bell as the air escaped.

There was no time to lose. I thrust my arm through the aperture and drew in the hook, quickly attaching it to the top of the inside of the instrument.

The next moment the water came bubbling over the heads of the boatswain and myself, and that was the last I remembered of what transpired in the bell.

When I recovered my senses I found myself in the steerage, with the ship's doctor bending over me.

"A narrow escape," were his first words.

"Where is Randolph?" I exclaimed.

"Here," answered a feeble voice, and rising, I beheld the boatswain in a bunk under me.

"He had a narrower escape than you had," said the doctor. "The thumb of his right hand was bitten off by a shark, which made a spring for it just as we pulled you into the cutter, after the diving bell was hauled to the surface."

The shark, I doubted not, was the same one I had seen on the outside of the bell while under water.

"You may both feel very thankful for your safety," continued the doctor, "and, by the way, here is your guinea," putting a gold piece into my hand, and giving another to the boatswain, "which the lieutenant charged me to give you for your recovery."

But Randolph and I thought the guinea a hard-earned one, although we had not succeeded in finding the wonderful fish.

---

A LOW VOICE IN WOMAN.—A great poet said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we are inclined to go further than he did on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may have; she may be as fair as Trojan Helen, and as learned as the famous Hypatia of ancient times; she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day, every advantage that wealth may procure, yet if she lack a low, sweet voice, she can never be really fascinating. How often the spell of beauty is broken by coarse, loud talking. How irresistible you are drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silver tones render her positively attractive. Besides, we fancy we can judge character by voice; the bland, smooth, fawning tone seems to us to betoken deceit and hypocrisy, as invariably does the musical, subdued voice indicate a gentle refinement. In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady! In the sanctuary, home, how such a voice soothes the fretful tongue and cheers the weary husband! How sweet such cadences float through the sick chamber around the dying bed, and with what solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for a departing soul!



## BEARDS.

**T**HERE is more curious and interesting information connected with the subject of beards than might at the first view be imagined; and we shall, in the present paper, state some particulars concerning the growth and culture of that appendage—the cherished of some nations, despised of others—reserving some information relating to “shaving” for a future occasion.

The difference which the beard exhibits in different countries would alone form a curious object of inquiry. Some have the beard in great profusion, and others are almost entirely without it. The difference is probably the effect of climate and modes of life; for we find generally that, in hot and dry countries, the beard is dark, hard, and thin; whilst in moist and cold countries it is commonly thick, slightly curling, and light in colour. So also, in all countries, it is a tendency of poor, dry, and indigestible food to render the beard hard and bristly, while wholesome and digestible nutriment makes it soft. As to all such general rules there must be many individual exceptions. But it occurs to us as a less liable to exception than any other, that the circumstances of civilized life are the most favourable to the development of this appendage. When an exception to this rule is discovered, it is rather that some bodies of civilized men have meagre beards, not that uncivilized men are full ones. We cannot recollect any savages that are furnished with large beards; but we reflect that those of the Chinese are exceedingly so, and the Chinese must be ranked with civilized men. We have not, however, the most profound respect for Chinese civilization; and it is, after all, not that they have something more resembling a beard than the nomade people in the north and the west, with whom they are physically classed. It is there perhaps no people, however savage, on whose chins a few stray hairs do not appear. It was at one time firmly believed that the North Americans were totally destitute of any rudiments of this natural ornament; an exception was indeed made in favour of the Esquimaux, who manifestly had something like a beard, and who, therefore, must have had an origin different from the other natives of North America. On more patient inquiry into the subject, however, it appeared that the Indians had naturally as much beard as the Esquimaux, but they were in the habit of plucking and so uprooting it from its first appearance. We are always great pleasure in stating circumstances which shake such theories as have not been founded on the basis of carefully ascertained facts. The North American Indians are not the only people who eradicate the scanty supply of hair with which their chins are furnished; and it may be generally stated, that those on whose faces no culture can raise a decent beard, consider the trifle they possess as a deformity, of which they are anxious to get rid in the most effectual way they can devise. But in those countries where the hair of the face acquires sufficient development to furnish the semblance of a beard, the appendage is, without exception, regarded as a manly and

becoming ornament. We make no exception, because its excision sometimes in modern Europe is not from any disrespect to the beard, but in compliance with a usage rendered convenient by the habits of modern civilization; and, in many cases, those indications of a beard which the razor cannot destroy are a source of as much pride as the beard itself among those who let it grow; and among those who have attained to manhood, even the sternest must remember the complacency with which they saw the “down” make its first appearance on their faces.

It would be tedious to go over the account of the ancient nations which cultivated and prized the beard, for, with the exception of the Greeks and Romans, all other nations appear to have done so. Even in Greece the beard was always worn (except among the Macedonians) until the time of Alexander, and in Rome until the year 300, B.C. In both nations the philosophers and priests retained their beard after it had been relinquished by the body of the people. But among that singular people—the Egyptians—it was the priests that shaved, and they shaved not only the face but the whole head most conscientiously. Though in time of mourning they let their beards and hair grow; and so did the Romans when they became a shaven people; while the Greeks, in the period of beards, were accustomed to manifest their grief by shaving. Indeed these opposite signs of mourning may be considered to have prevailed respectively in bearded and shaven nations. On a similar principle, a beard was a token of bondage among shaven nations, and the absence of a beard had the same signification among bearded people. The slaves of the Romans wore their beard and hair long; and when they were manumitted they shaved the head in the temple of Feronia, and put on a cap as a badge of liberty. On the other hand, the Franks, who were a bearded people, when they became masters of Gaul, ordered all bondsmen to shave their chins; and this law continued until the entire abolition of servitude in France. As in the times of the first race of kings the beard was a token of nobility and freedom, the kings themselves were emulous to have the largest beards. Eginhard describes the kings of this race as proceeding to the assemblies in the field of Mars, in a carriage drawn by oxen, and sitting on the throne with very long beards and dishevelled hair.

In what are called the middle ages it appears that beards were generally, although not uniformly, in high esteem. Among the early French monarchs it seems to have been a custom that documents of importance emanating from the sovereign should have three hairs of his beard on the seal. There is still extant a charter of the date of 1121, which declares that it had thus been ratified. We presume this custom expired when such documents became so numerous as to threaten the royal beard with demolition. There are many individual beards the memory of which has come down to our own times, whether from their length and beauty, or from anecdotes of beard-respect connected with them. A few of these we cannot refrain from indicating. Of King Robert of France, the rival of Charles the Simple, in the tenth century, we hardly know which is greatest, the renown of his exploits or of his long white

beard, which he suffered to hang down on the outside of his cuirass to encourage his troops in battle and rally them when defeated. At a much later period, the respect in which beards were held by the Portuguese is well illustrated by the romantic anecdote of the brave John de Castro, who, when he had taken the castle of Diu in India, felt himself under the necessity of borrowing a thousand pistoles for the maintenance of his fleet; and, as a security for the loan, sent them one of his whiskers, telling them that, "all the gold in the world cannot equal the value of this natural ornament of my valour, which I deposit in your hands as a security for the money." It is related that the good people of Goa were much affected by this message, and generously sent back both the money and the whisker. About the same period lived the German painter, John Mayo, nicknamed "John the Bearded," on account of his splendid beard. Although he was a tall man, it was of such length that it reached the ground when he stood upright, for which reason he commonly wore it fastened to his girdle. The Emperor Charles V. used to take much delight in seeing this extraordinary beard unfastened, and the wind blowing it against the faces of the lords of his court. Every one has heard of the beard of Sir Thomas More; not that it appears to have been remarkable in itself, but from the anxiety of that good and holy man to preserve his beard, "innocent of treason," from being injured by the stroke which deprived him of life. Most of our readers are doubtless also acquainted with the violent and successful opposition of the Russian peasantry to the attempts of Peter the Great to deprive them of their beards. On all ordinary occasions he was their idol; but when he aimed at the safety of their beards he came to be considered as a tyrant and an enemy, and the formidable opposition excited obliged him to soften into a beard-tax his first firm purpose, either by fair means or foul, to shave all the nation. The tax was afterwards repealed; and the Russian peasantry to this day retain their beards, and glory in them.

In the same degree that the Europeans are now generally a shaven people, the Asiatics are generally bearded. And as among all Asiatic nations the Persians have the finest beards, and cultivate them with the most care, we shall bestow the remainder of this article upon the beards of Persia.

The Persians in very early times were accustomed to give great attention to their beards. We are informed by S. Chrysostom, that their kings had the beard interwoven or matted with gold thread; and the accuracy of this information is evinced by the ancient Persian sculptures, which still remain, in which the common beards are curiously and nicely curled, while those of the throned personages are stiff and matted. In the same sculptures other persons who, from the offices they are performing, appear to be slaves or servants, have the beard in its natural state. The beards, even of Persia, have however undergone fluctuations. During the Suffavean dynasty, it appears that only moustaches on the upper lip were common. Europeans, who travelled in the country during that period, describe and delineate the Persian face as destitute of beard. Now, however, the ancient zeal for beards has revived; and

most of us are familiar with the appearance of Shah, whose portraits represent him as owning a most luxuriant appendage.

The beards of the Persians naturally attain a larger size than those of the Turks, the Russians or perhaps any people. They are mostly of black colour naturally, but the practice of dyeing the beard, either to strengthen the intensity of natural black, or to give that colour where it does not exist, is universal among all classes. The operation by which this is effected is painful, tedious, and must in general be repeated every fortnight. It is always performed in the hot bath, as the saturation of the hair, which takes place during bathing, enables it to take the colour better. The first instance a thick paste of *henna* is rubbed over the beard; and, after it has remained for about an hour, it is washed away and the beard of a deep orange colour, bordering on that of brick-dust. Then another paste, made from the leaf of the indigo, is applied in the same manner, and allowed to remain for two hours. Throughout all the progress of this operation a man with the beard is obliged to lie on his back, while the dye, more particularly in the latter application, causes the lower part of the face to smart and burn, and contracts the features in a very mournful manner. When the patient comes forth from the bath, the colour of his beard is a dark bottle-green, which becomes a jet black only after twenty-four hours' exposure to the air. The operation is one of considerable nicety, and the final result may be a purple or a reddish coloured beard instead of a black one. Many of the common people are so much smitten by the fiery red produced by the first application, that they decline to have it changed to black. The mere appearance of such beards is very whimsical, and less so the blue beards preferred in Bokhara. All colours but black are, however, considered vulgar in Persia.

A traveller who has "done" Persia remarks the other day on the subject of beards, "It is conceivable how careful the Persians are of their ornament; all the young men sigh for it, and grease their chins to hasten the growth of their hairs; because, until they have there a magnificent covering, they are not supposed fit to appear in any place of trust."

## NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

THE Editor desires to call the attention of Contributors to the following rules regarding MSS. —

1. Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each contribution must bear on the first page the name and address, and the conditions on which it is forwarded.
3. In no case can the Editor undertake the task of giving an opinion upon the merits or defects of poems or stories submitted to him; nor can he specify the reasons which influence him in rejecting any contribution.
4. As MSS. are sent voluntarily, the Editor will not hold himself responsible for their safe return; but when an acknowledgment wrapper accompanies the contribution, care will be taken to have such contribution duly posted in the event of its rejection.
5. When a stamped, addressed wrapper is not sent, the MSS. will remain for six months at the office, where they may be obtained upon application, either personally or by enclosing addressed wrapper. Beyond six months no application can be entertained.

# JOSEPH KIRKMAN & SON,

INVENTORS AND PATENTEES OF THE

## New Over-Strung Steel-Framed Pianos,

3 & 9, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

MANUFACTORY: **Bradmore Works, Hammersmith.**

PRICE 3s.

## "GATHERED LEAVES,"

FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE REV. DIDYMUS DOT.

A collection of short Stories and Poems,

BY "R. O."

London: BURNS and OATES, Orchard Street, W.

A CHARMING PRESENT FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

Beautifully bound in Red and Gold, half-yearly Volumes of

## "THE LAMP,"

At 5s. each, or free by post 5s. 6d. NOW READY, Vol. XXVIII.

Cases for Vol. Two Shillings each.

In the November Number will commence a highly interesting Story, which will be fully illustrated, entitled THE MAID OF ERIN.

CHIEF OFFICES: 25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.,

And at all Booksellers and Newsvendors.

# Hop Bitters

Are THE PUREST, CHEAPEST, & BEST BITTERS EVER MADE.

They are compounded from HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, PODOPHYLLIN, and DANDELION, the oldest, best, and most valuable medicine in the world. Contains all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, being the greatest BLOOD PURIFIER, LIVER REGULATOR, and Life and Health Restoring agent on earth.

## No Disease or Ill Health

Can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

TRY HOP BITTERS TO-DAY.

May be had of all Chemists throughout the World.

Digitized by Google



# BEETHAM'S Glycerine & Cucumber

Soon renders the SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE. Entirely removes and prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, SUNBURN, TAN, &c., and preserves the Skin from the effects of exposure to the SUN, WIND, or HARD WATER, more effectually than any other known preparation. No Lady who values her COMPLEXION should ever be without it, as it is INVALUABLE at all Seasons of the Year for keeping the SKIN SOFT and BLOOMING. It is perfectly harmless, and may be applied to the Skin of the tenderest Infant. Bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Any size free for 3d. extra by the Sole Makers—M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

# THE Louis VELVETEEN

GENOA FACE. FAST WOVEN FILL.

Every Yard of the Genuine bears the Name "LOUIS" and the Wear of

EVERY YARD GUARANTEED.

Patterns Post Free.

THOS. WALLIS & CO., HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

THE ONLY ABSOLUTELY PURE DENTIFRICE.

ODONTOBAPH



ODONTOBAPH

THE NEW TOOTH PASTE AND POWDER.  
TOOTH BRUSH AND MOUTH WASH.

MARIE ROZE writes: I have much pleasure in stating that the ODONTOBAPH is a most DELIGHTFUL preparation, and INVALUABLE for cleansing and preserving the teeth. (Signed)

Marie Roze

LILLIE LANGTRY writes: I think the ODONTOBAPH is EXCELLENT and MOST PLEASANT to use. (Signed)

Lillie Langtry

MADAME ADELINA PATTI writes under date July 26, 1885: I have tried your ODONTOBAPH Tooth Paste, and find it much pleasanter than other Tooth Pastes. (Signed) ADELINA PATTI.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price 1s., 2s., and 3s. 6d. Post free 3d. extra.

The Odontobaph Co., Cannon Street, Birmingham.

# GEORGE MASON'S ESSENCE OF BEEF,

CONCENTRATED BEEF TEA,

Savoury Meat Lozenges, etc.

ESSENCE OF BEEF VERSUS ALCOHOL.—In all cases of Debility, Weariness, or Depression, GEORGE MASON'S ESSENCE OF BEEF is a far better stimulant than Alcohol. Its effects are immediate and lasting.

Shippers, the Trade, and others, should apply to

GEORGE MASON, 417, KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA, S.W.



DIVINE SCIENCE

HUMAN SCIENCE

# THE LAMP.

*Established Half a Century.*

## CONTENTS:

PAGE	PAGE
STORY OF THE CHATEAU D'ANDRÉ (ILLUS.) ..... 209	ON SENDING DOGS TO SCHOOL ..... 210
SKETCH OF JAMES STUART AS DUKE OF YORK AND KING OF ENGLAND 213, 220	A VISIT TO THE CEDARS OF LEBANON ..... 252
POLITENESS ..... 215	TWO CARES: A COCOANUT MAN'S STORY ..... 254
SHERBORNE; OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS 215, 232, 248, 264, 270	LIEK'S PILGRIMAGE ..... 262
A PRAYER ..... 220	THE STAGG IRISHMAN ..... 263
GIOVANNI DUPEL ..... 230	HOW TO BECOME AN ORATOR ..... 264
A MISUNDERSTANDING ..... 232	ABOUT EGGS ..... 267
SHAVING ..... 235	BURIED IN THE FLAMES ..... 269
THE MAID OF ERIN; OR, THE CHIEF OF THE RED HAND (ILLUS.) 225, 241, 257, 271	A WOMAN'S STRATAGEM STORY OF AN OLD IRISH TUNE ..... 274
A HEROIC ACTION ..... 234	SECRETS AND GIRLS ..... 272
CONSTANCY ..... 234	A GREAT EXPLOSION ..... 278
FATHER HAND, THE FOUNDER OF ALL HAL- LOWS COLLEGE ..... 234, 246	IN MEMORIAM ..... 279
THE DUMB LOVER AND HIS PHYSICIANS ..... 237	THE ZAMBEZI ..... 283
	SAVED BY A DREAM ..... 284
	SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS TIMES ..... 285
	HOW DOES MUSIC AFFECT US? ..... 288

### OFFICES:

LONDON,—25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, E.C.  
DUBLIN,—SMITH & SON, MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.  
M. H. GILL & SON, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE  
STREET  
LIVERPOOL,—SMITH & SON, CASTLE STREET.  
MANCHESTER,—J. HEYWOOD, DEANS GATE.  
SMITH & SON, 1, NEW BROWN STREET.



## BRADFORD'S

PATENT "VOWEL" A1

Washing, Wringing  
AND  
Mangling MachineIs PERFECT as a Washer, a Wringer,  
and a Mangler.See "Vowel" Testimony, containing the experi-  
ence of over 500 users.Trial free, carriage free, full instructions free,  
and satisfaction always guaranteed.Mangles from 45s. Wringers from 25s. Write for New  
Catalogue.THOS. BRADFORD & CO., High Holborn, LONDON;  
Victoria Avenue, Manchester; & Bold St., Liverpool.

"VOWEL" A1.

Will wash eight shirts  
in ten minutes.

## EXTRACT.

"The 'Vowel' A1 is the best value of any thing in my house, and the best laundress I ever had. We have really no trouble with our washing now, and that is high praise, considering the constant worry and trouble before we had the Machine."

## PURCHASER'S LETTER.

BRADFORD'S are admittedly the best, as the true sense are the cheapest. Thousands of these invaluable machines have been doing service for from 10 to 20 years, and are little worse for wear. See CATALOGUE.



ANYONE who has a WRINGER and MANGLE MACHINE should remember to

CAMBRIC POCKET  
HANDKERCHIEFS

By appointments to the Queen and Crown Princess of Germany.

## POCKET

"The Cambrics of Robinson & Cleaver have a wide fame."—Queen.

Robinson &amp; Cleaver, Belfast.

Telegraphic Address "LINEN" BELFAST

Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S



## CHLORODYNE

IS THE  
GREAT SPECIFIC  
FOR CHOLERA,

COUGHS,  
COLDS,  
ASTHMA,  
BRONCHITIS.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Dr. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED a REMEDY to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE INVENTOR, and, as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by Analysis (organic substances defying elimination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne must be false.

This Caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See *The Times*, July 13th, 1864.

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY. GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, London, REPORT that it ACTS as a CHARM, one dose generally sufficient. Dr. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states: "2 DOSES COMPLETELY CURED ME OF DIARRHŒA."

From SYMES & Co., Pharmaceutical Chemists, Simla, Jan. 5, 1880. To J. T. DAVENPORT, London.

DEAR SIR,—We congratulate you upon the widespread reputation this justly esteemed medicine has earned for itself all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and, judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances ad infinitum of the extraordinary efficacy of DR. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE in Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, the Vomiting of Pregnancy, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhœa, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power.

We have never used any other form of medicine than Collis Browne's, with firm conviction that it is decidedly best, and also from a sense of duty to the profession and the public, we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a libelous breach of faith on the part of a chemist to prescribe and patient to take. We are, Sir, faithfully yours. SYMES & Co., Members of the Pharmacopœia Great Britain, His Excellency Viceroy's Chemists.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the BEST PALLIATIVE in NEURALGIA, GOUT, CALCULI, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a liquid medicine which assuages PAIN of EVERY KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and VIGORATES the nervous system when exhausted.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE rapidly cures all attacks of

EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC, PITUATION, HYSTERIA.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—The immense sale of this REMEDY has given rise to many UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS. Be careful to see the Trade Mark. Of all Chemists, 10s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

SOLE MANUFACTURER, J. T. DAVENPORT, 11, GREAT ROYAL STREET, LONDON.





NEVER, THOUGHT ANNETTE, HAD THE SCENE LOOKED SO BEAUTIFUL.

## Story of the Château d'Andé.

### CHAPTER IV.

**T**HOUGH weeks and months rolled on, no colour returned to Annette's cheek. She looked thin and worn. If possible, she was more than usually kind to those around her. She would smile when Madame de Vinières

were by, and try to cheer the kind and tender grandmother. But Madame de Vinières had known too much of sorrow; her tenderness for Annette was too great not to divine her inward suffering. She saw what sadness lay behind her grandchild's smiles; and when the little face was in repose, and Annette was unconscious of being

watched, the old lady could plainly mark the expression of deep sadness which had settled there, and how again and again the soft blue eyes would be dimmed in tears, and the name of "Charles! Charles!" would be gently murmured. The tears would then come faster, the small hands would be tightly clasped, and the lips would move as though in prayer for strength and resignation. But these outward signs of grief were never of long duration. Annette was not one to nurse her sorrow. If at times it conquered her, she would soon rise above it and wipe away her tears and strive to smile once more. Still, it wrung Madame de Vinières' heart to see her child thus suffer; it made her anxious to note how pale and thin she grew. So it was with genuine pleasure that we find her one day in early May, reading a letter she had just received from Madame la Comtesse de Régnac.

This lady was a relative of Madame de Vinières' and had been a great friend of the young Comtesse de Claironville.

"She and Monsieur de Regnac would be so happy," she wrote, "to welcome Madame de Vinières and Annette to the Château des Ormes, and it would give her such great pleasure to see again her dear kinswoman and the child of her beloved Marguerite. A few friends were then with them," she continued, "but as they were mostly all known to Madame de Vinières they would probably add some pleasure to her stay among them."

A grateful acceptance was soon written, and about a week later, in the early morning, Madame de Vinières and Annette set out on their journey. The Château des Ormes was a ten hours' drive from Andé. The day was soft and balmy; the country through which they passed was full of beauty.

When they reached their journey's end, it was the hour of sunset. A long row of poplars led to the lodge; a moat was crossed, and a few moments later they alighted before an old and handsome château. Monsieur and Madame de Regnac were at the door to meet them. No welcome could have been warmer, no greeting more kind and affectionate. They entered the large reception-hall. Beside the tall, old-fashioned chimney-piece, a gentleman was standing.

"This, I think," said Madame de Régnac, "is a friend of yours."

"Henri!" exclaimed Madame de Vinières, "is it you, my child?"

The sight of him, so young, so handsome, recalled her Charles so vividly, the old lady could not trust herself to say more. Charles, her own dear Charles, was also uppermost in Annette's thoughts, as she recognized her friend. She remembered he had been her brother's companion for years, she could not forget he had knelt beside him in the hour of death.

The last rays of the declining sun beamed through the high, broad windows; they played among the soft, brown curls of little Annette; they made the tear-drops sparkle on her long, dark lashes as her hand met and was enclosed in Henri's.

A half-hour later the inmates of the château assembled in the large, antique drawing-room,

with waxed, parquetté floors and tapestry-covered walls.

It was the dinner-hour.

At table, Annette, shy and blushing at being among strangers, was near Henri.

"In all the gay, Parisian circles," thought the young marquis, "he had never seen a face so sweet and lovely."

Youth is always winning, but to some it is, perhaps, never more so than when in grief. Perhaps the long, black dress, the soft, white tulle encircling her slender throat, added to Annette's charms. However this might be, it was no wonder Henri de Valnois should admire Mademoiselle de Claironville, all present must have thought as he did. Only Annette, to whom praise and flattery were all unknown, was unconscious of her own beauty and great loveliness.

When the cheerful meal was ended, Madame de Régnac was urgent in her entreaties that Madame de Vinières and her grand-daughter should stay with them as long as they could be spared from Andé; and for Annette's sake the old lady gladly yielded and promised to stop "aux Ormes" for one whole fortnight.

The kind host and hostess did all they could to make the time pass pleasantly, and those days were happy ones, even for Annette. Henri was full of kindness and thoughtfulness, and often he would speak to her of Charles with love and admiration, and tell a thousand anecdotes of their school-boy days. Annette was all attention to every word which touched the subject so near her heart; and Henri, gladly giving her this sad pleasure, was all sympathy for her loss and sorrow.

But, alas! has it not been truly said that "pity is akin to love?" And was it strange that in his sympathy for one so young and lovely Henri should feel his heart moved and disturbed within him?

It was not only since her arrival at Les Ormes that he admired Annette; he had loved her since they first met, when the child of thirteen had welcomed him to her "dear Château d'Andé."

All these years he had constantly remembered his little playmate; but these thoughts had been revealed to no one, they had been ever hidden in the depths of his own heart. It was only when Charles was dying that he had begged his forgiveness for having kept one secret even from him. And he had then told him all—how he loved Annette, though he knew full well she might never be his wife. It could not be. He was not what the De Valnois once had been; he could not ask her to share his life of wandering and hardship.

Charles had smiled and taken his hand at these words.

"Oh, Henri," he had said, "your heart is worth all other treasures. If I might choose my sister's husband, it is you of all others I would wish to call my brother."

No more was said, but again and again Henri remembered these words. Vanity was not among his faults, and he did not set the same value on himself as his friend had done; but it was a comfort to think Charles would have been willing, ay, glad, to see Annette his bride.

Why, though, think of this? It might not, &

could not be. He had nought to offer; no home, no fortune. He had heard, and rightly, too, that in the neighbourhood of Andé were several noble youths who had asked in marriage the hand of Mademoiselle de Claironville. Was she insensible to the attentions of them all? Or why would she care more for him? If he had any share in her affections, it was, too evidently, but as the friend of Charles. He sighed.

The pale moon was peacefully shining upon this troubled world as the young marquis paced up and down a garden walk. These and similar thoughts were following each other in quick succession.

"Yes, he must leave the Château des Ormes," he concluded. "He must not stay to add fuel to the fire. Annette's image would ever live brightly in his heart, 'twas true; but it must only be as of one far beyond him, far removed from his life and sphere."

Never had he felt his poverty so keenly, never had he so regretted the fortune of his fathers and their grand ancestral home. How gladly would he have lain all these at Annette's feet. How proudly would he have acknowledged her the mistress of his heart and home!

The struggle was a hard one, the sacrifice was great and full of pain; yet Henri made it. It was better so. From that day forward his love must lie deeply buried in the sanctuary of his heart. He would never speak of it again. Only Charles knew his secret, and with him it was sealed in heaven. Annette would sometimes indly think of him as of her brother's friend. And later, if, as he hoped, she might one day hear he had bravely died in fighting for his country's welfare, she might sigh and say a prayer for one whose heart had been all hers, though she had never known it. A dark cloud now hid the moon's bright light from earth. Henri shuddered. It seemed an emblem of his own sad fate. And young, and brave and generous though he was, he shed bitter tears, tears in which there was no shame, on the tomb thus newly made of his love and happiness.

## CHAPTER V.

TWELVEMONTH had passed since Madame de Vinières and Mademoiselle de Claironville had returned to Andé from the Château des Ormes. It was June once more.

On a mossy slope, leaning against the old trees, sat Annette, gazing on the lovely scene before her. "Never," she thought, "had it looked more beautiful!"

The river flowed peacefully by, reflecting in its silvery waters the blue skies and fleecy clouds above; its islands, bathed in brilliant light, were like enchanted gardens of a fairyland; the meadows sparkled with flowers of white and gold, and the distant hills seemed as a scalloped frame to this fair picture of earth and heaven.

How merrily a bird was singing in an old elm-tree hard by! Were his glad notes heralds of coming joys? Annette would not stir for fear of rightening him away. Full of happiness, like

the bird's song, her heart was in unison with all the beauty and the brightness of that summer's noon.

Some miles from this peaceful village, on the banks of the same winding river, a young officer was riding fast. He was absorbed in thought. Presently he roused himself and urged his horse to greater speed.

Was it by accident or was it by design that Henri de Valnois soon found himself before the iron gateway of the Château d'Andé? He entered. A servant was standing near and took his horse.

The young marquis approached the house, and at the hall-door met Madame de Vinières. The old lady was also gazing on the charming landscape and enjoying for a moment the gentle summer breeze. She was surprised to see Monsieur de Valnois; but she smiled and received him kindly.

"Why, Henri," she said, leading him to the drawing-room, "how came you to these far-off parts?"

"For the last fortnight, madame," he replied, "our regiment has been quartered at Rouen. The day was fine, the distance not great," he added, blushing consciously, "I trusted I should be permitted to lay my homage at your feet, and to visit once more the spot where such kind hospitality was once extended to me."

"You are welcome now, as you were then, Henri," the old lady answered. "And so you are at Rouen," she continued musingly. "It is a charming town, a dear old place. Some of the happiest years of my girlhood and early married life were passed there."

Neither spoke for a moment; both were thinking. Age of the Past—Youth of the Present.

"Ah, madame," Henri at last exclaimed, unable to control his emotion, "by those happy memories of your own youth and youthful joys, be favourable to the prayer I have now come to make."

Henri had not meant to speak so soon, or tell his errand thus abruptly; but his heart was very full, the well-remembered scenes had stirred it to its depths, and touched by Madame de Vinières' gentle kindness, his secret was soon told.

"I have long loved Annette," he continued quickly, "and I long have tried to conquer my affection. I know I have nought to offer, nought but this very love, which, though I strove to kill it, has but gained strength with years. At last I determined to hear from her own lips, or from yours, madame, that the joy I so longed for might never be mine, that all hope was indeed vain."

Again there was a pause. It was Madame de Vinières who now first broke the silence.

"Henri," she gravely replied, "I have known and loved you from a child. I know I can trust you. I know my Annette's happiness would be safe in your keeping. If you can get her consent you will have mine. Go," she said, as Henri vainly strove to tell his thanks; "you may speak to her yourself. You will find her in the garden near the balustrade. She has been there for the past hour."

Surprised at his own great happiness, Henri

left the drawing-room and advanced towards the lawn.

He stopped. The young girl was still there, leaning her soft, round cheek upon her hand. The sun's shone on her lovely face, his beams playing among the loose, brown curls. The sweet blue eyes were fixed on the gorgeous skies above, watching the clouds as they changed from crimson to rich purple, and from purple to bright gold.

But Annette had heard a footstep. She quickly turned, and, recognizing Henri, rose blushing and smiling to greet him.

"May I not stop a moment to admire this glorious landscape?" asked Henri, as she moved towards the house. "Madame de Vinières said I should find you here, and gave me permission to join you."

"Oh, certainly," answered Annette, returning to the grassy seat. "Is it not truly beautiful? Do you remember, Henri, how we used to play here on the lawn, and how happy we all were then?"

"Do I remember, Annette? Indeed it would be impossible for me to forget those days. Many and many a time," he continued, after a moment's silence, "have I thought of what we then said, and thought, and did; and since," he added in a lower tone, as though more to himself than to her, "one little face has been ever present to me. It has been to me as a star, shedding radiance on my lonely youth—as a guardian angel, leading me ever onwards and upwards."

Henri paused, and Annette grew very red. Unconsciously she smiled, and wondered to herself why Henri spoke like this.

The floodgates of his heart were opened now, and, like a mighty stream, his love gushed forth.

"Yes, Annette," he soon continued, "I loved you then. I loved you more, far more, when I saw you at Les Ormes. But I was poor, too poor I thought to aspire to your dear hand. And so I went away, meaning for ever to conceal my love, to forget you if I could. But I had asked too much of my poor heart—more than it was able to accomplish. And so I have come back, Annette. I have come to place all my happiness in your hands, and my whole heart at your feet."

Annette could not answer. Did she love Henri too? She had never owned it to herself—no, not once; but now for the first time she must inwardly acknowledge that for many years, and especially since the past summer, Henri had possessed a great, great share of her affection and had been full often in her thoughts.

But her heart too was very full, too full just now for any words. She turned her head away to hide her tears; they were coming fast and rested on her crimson cheeks like dewdrops on bright roses.

But in that downcast face, the young marquis perhaps read the answer he so ardently desired, for he took the little hand in his; he pressed it to his lips with joy and gratitude. He told Annette how Charles had known the secret of his love, and how he had smiled and said he would be glad to call him brother.

Who does not know that age has many gifts and privileges, and that the power of reading

youthful hearts is sometimes among their number?

It is possible, therefore, that Madame de Vinières had seen more clearly into her grandchild's soul than Annette did herself. It is possible she and Monsieur de Claironville had talked the matter over more than once, and had agreed much fortune was not necessary to contentment and true bliss: a noble heart and generous nature were gems of priceless worth, and more likely than ought else to win their little Annette's love, and to make her a happy wife.

The golden light had vanished; the sun had long sunk behind the hills when Henri and Annette re-entered the château.

Madame de Vinières was as usual in her great arm-chair. Her knitting lay unheeded on her lap, and signs of tears were on her gentle face. In an instant the young girl was at her side, and, throwing her arms lovingly around her neck, she kissed her tenderly.

"Bless you, my sweet one," said the grandmother, pressing the girl to her heart and taking Henri's hand; "God bless you both, my much-loved children, and grant you every happiness!"

## CHAPTER VI

A FEW weeks later there were great rejoicings among the inhabitants of Andé.

One glorious morning in July, the village church was decked with flowers; children dressed in white carried baskets filled with choicest blossoms, and men and women were all in holiday attire.

Presently, from the château, came the Comte de Claironville, and by his side, white as a little snowdrop, and wreathed in orange-blossoms, was a fair young bride. He led her down the broad avenue of old, wide-spreading trees. Sunbeams danced among their branches, and gaily chequered the soft, green grass on which she trod. Birds were singing loud and merrily, as though they, too, would add to the brightness of that happy day.

Following the grey-haired father and his little daughter, came Madame de Vinières, leaning on Henri's arm. The young marquis was in military dress, and looking on his handsome, manly face, even the jealous villagers were forced to own he was a meet husband for their dear Mademoiselle Annette.

Many fervent prayers were said, many blessings from on high were invoked on the youthful couple as side by side they knelt within the altar-rails. And they were married in the name of God and Holy Church; united for life through health and sickness, through joy and sorrow, until death should part.

Once more happiness reigned supreme in the old Château d'Andé, and in time children's merry voices again reechoed through its walls. Monsieur de Claironville dearly loved the boy who bore his own son's name, and the little Marguerite, whose sweet face reminded him of his Annette's, when, in long years gone by she had climbed upon his knee as her little ones now did.

Madame de Vinières and old Marianne spent their days in pieties and in the care of their new "treasures;" and peace and grateful tenderness attended their old age.

Thus let us leave them. Death and sorrow will be sure to come in time, but those whose histories we have traced thus far knew how to bear the cross, and how, by lifting it on high, to make it bud forth bright blossoms for eternity.

Ask not where all these are flown. Ask not why the old château now stands closed and deserted.

While earth's loveliest lights shine on the happy picture, let us cease to gaze, that in our memories it may thus live, ever bright and fair.

L.

## SKETCH OF JAMES STUART AS DUKE OF YORK AND KING OF ENGLAND.

[CONTINUED.]

**A**S writers hostile to the Stuarts, have endeavoured to fix on James the charge of tyranny, so the least scrupulous amongst them have endeavoured to fix on him the charge of cruelty. "No English sovereign," says Lord Macaulay, "has ever given stronger proofs of a cruel nature than James II. \*

No charge, we believe, was ever more unjust. It seems to rest in part on this, that James at his accession did not immediately stay the execution of existing sanguinary laws against certain Scotch dissenters, who would not acknowledge his authority and made war upon his officers, who harried and assassinated his peaceful subjects, and who were rendered really formidable to the State by the approaching invasion of Argyle.† It was fit, indeed, that some measure of relief should be granted to men who had been driven to madness and rebellion by a long-continued system of oppression, but James had not enacted the penal laws for Scotland, and, as afterwards appeared, it was not altogether within his power to rescind them, and even had it been within his power, this was not the time a wise ruler would choose for doing it. That on his accession to the throne James did not at once ignore the Scottish statutes against conventiclers does not prove that he was cruel, but it says much for the mildness of his disposition that, when a descent on Scotland was hourly expected, he offered the whole sect an amnesty for past crime on condition that they should take the test.‡ Indeed, it seems that he was always devising some means by which the victims of the law might escape, if the escape would not be injurious to the State. Burnet, describing the constancy with which certain Scotch fanatics suffered during the reign of Charles II., tells us incidentally that "Cargill and many others of that mad sect suffered with an obstinacy that was so par-

ticular, that tho' the Duke of York sent the offer of pardon to them on the scaffold, if they would only say God bless the king, it was refused with much neglect."\*

We are quite content to pit facts like this, related as it were in moments of unconsciousness by the enemies of James, against ridiculous stories invented or embellished to prove his cruelty.

Macaulay's accusation, then cannot be based upon the conduct of the king in Scotland. Neither can it be established upon the executions which followed the suppression of Monmouth's Rebellion. We believe that no one, acquainted with the practices of war, would hold the king, who was in London, responsible for the excesses, which Colonel Kirk is said to have committed in the west. So far was he from countenancing these excesses that by his express command they were repressed. He was not responsible for Judge Jeffreys' brutal disposition, which, in the last reign had been exercised against his non-coligionists; nor was he responsible for placing Jeffreys on the commission appointed to try the western rebels, for already in the time of Charles II., that judge had been made chief justice. By associating with Jeffrey's four colleagues, and by choosing as solicitor for the crown, Polexten, a friend to the Presbyterian party, James did what he could to secure a just administration of the law. We are naturally shocked at the mode in which the trials of the unhappy prisoners were conducted; but if we glance our eye through the state trials of the period we shall find that that mode, reprehensible as it was, was not by any means unusual; and moreover the political trials of 1685 have over many other political trials of that age this advantage—that no one was condemned as guilty who was really innocent. This much we have said in justification of James's conduct. We do not know that justification is further needed. The western counties had long been the stronghold of republican opinions, and of disloyalty to the Stuart princes. They had followed Cromwell against Charles I. They had followed Monmouth against James II. They were ready to follow blindly any leader who would raise the standard of rebellion, and promise to overthrow the reigning dynasty. Monmouth, it is true, was crushed, but in the background lay an enemy who was abler and more powerful than Monmouth, and who, it was known, had already fixed his eyes on England. It was necessary to make a terrible example of the rebels in the west, not merely to punish the insurrection which had just been stamped out, but more to prevent another rising. The best moral justification of the severities practised in the west is that neither in the Parliamentary debates, which immediately followed the western circuit, nor in the private diaries of gentle and religious-minded men like Evelyn, do we find any case of censure on the kings' proceedings. The best political justification of those severities is this, that when in 1688 William of Orange landed on their coast, the western counties were afraid to join his standard.† It could, indeed, have been wished that a judge more humane than Jeffreys had been Lord Chief Justice at the time; but for the appointment of Jeffreys, James, we

\* "History of England," Vol. I., 311.

† Evelyn's "Diary," May 10th, 1685.

‡ Lingard, Vol. VIII., 308.

\* Burnet, Vol. II., 158.

† Lingard, vol. viii., 479.



have said, cannot be held responsible. It could have been wished, too, that the circuit had not opened with the trial of a lady, Alice Lisle, who was accused and convicted of harbouring rebels; but since the circuit did open with that trial and the unfortunate lady was the first person found guilty of high treason; since, in numberless cases, justice would have been defeated if it became known that women might harbour rebels with impunity, the king might be moved, as in fact he was, to soften the punishment of Alice Lisle, but practically it was beyond his power to give her a full pardon.

Before we leave this subject let us say a word on Monmouth. It has never been contended that the execution of Monmouth was in itself unjust or cruel, and yet those who are determined to find fault with James II., have contended that even in this execution he was guilty of atrocity. "To spare an enemy," says Macaulay, "who had not scrupled to resort to such extremities, would have been an act of rare, perhaps, of blamable generosity. But to see him and not to spare him was an outrage on humanity and decency. This outrage the king resolved to commit."\*

We must remember that neither the king, nor those of his subjects who were well informed, believed Monmouth to be the son of Charles II.† The king, therefore, did not feel himself bound to Monmouth by any tie of blood. We must further remember that already the king more than once had pardoned Monmouth's treasons. Monmouth had again offended and was justly condemned to die. He implored Rochester, he implored the Queen Dowager to obtain him the favour of an interview with James. He wrote to James himself, and stated he had important matter to reveal. James was moved to see him, and found that he had nothing to reveal; his statement was false, and had been made only to gain the interview. We fail to see that the king was bound to pardon Monmouth, because he had been duped by Monmouth into granting him an audience. And, indeed, unless the interests of the state demanded it, we fail to see how, with any show of justice, he could, even if he wished, have spared the author of the late rebellion, and have visited on his poor, misguided followers the penalty of their crime. But we need say no more, for the enemies of James, by bringing forward and elaborating paltry arraignments like this, themselves offer the best vindication of his character. On the whole, we think those who suffered for their connection with the Western Rebellion have, in modern times, received much sympathy, which they certainly do not merit, and which, in their own day, was not extended to them by humane and generous-minded men. In his diary, dated July 15th, Evelyn writes: "Such an inundation of phanatics and men of impious principles must needs have caus'd universal disorder, cruelty, injustice, rapine, sacrilege and confusion, an unavoidable civil war, and misery without end. Blessed be God the knot was happily broken." Nor must we forget what Evelyn also mentions that, when the insurrection had been fairly crushed, he himself, in his capa-

city of commissioner made out numerous pardons by order of King James.\*

We cannot now discuss the wisdom of the foreign policy of James II., nor the nature of his dealings with King Louis. In these dealings, men, who do not rightly apprehend the difficulties of James's situation, will doubtless find much to censure; but whatever view may be taken of the position he assumed towards the continent, it must be allowed that he was national at heart, of a fair complexion, of a vigorous constitution, courageous in danger, fond of hunting and outdoor exercise, attentive to business, careless of ceremony, serious and somewhat blunt in conversation, passionately devoted to his family, sincere in his friendships, and open in his enmities; he was himself the type of a thorough Englishman; nor was he less English in his unbounded and unreasoning admiration of his country. We read that in his early campaigns he saw two opposing bodies of his countrymen obstinately hold their ground, and shoot each other down; in his admiration he "can only attribute this to the natural courage of Englishmen." Later on, when he was again an exile, he sees at La Hogue the English seamen clambering up the sides of the vessels of the French, who were fighting for his restoration. In his excitement he forgets his company, and cries out, "Ah, none but my brave English could do so brave an action." It was his constant boast that he had a true English heart, and that he was intensely sensitive to the honour and glory of his country. The Dutch Ambassador, knowing his weakness, showed him a paper in which it was said that it would be better for the English people to be vassals of France than slaves of the devil. James was transported with anger: "*Jamais! non, jamais! Je ne ferai rien qui me puisse mettre au dessous des rois de France et d'Espagne. Vassal! vassal de la France!*" *s'écria-t-il avec emportement—Monsieur! si le parlement avoit voulu, si vouloit encore, j'auroit porté, je porterois encore la monarchie à un dégré de considération qu'elle n'a jamais eue sous aucune des rois mes prédécesseurs, et votre état y trouveroit peut-être sa propre sécurité.*"† These are not the words of a man who was unnational and indifferent to the dignity and honour of England.

We would willingly pass over the painful scenes which closed the last months of the reign of James II. Certain writers have found in the misfortunes and ill-treatment of the king matter for amusement. We confess we can find no matter for amusement in the sight of a great and noble-hearted people employing foreign aid to drive out their native princes rather than grant liberation to a handful of their fellow-countrymen. We see nothing amusing in the sight of a chivalrous monarch deserted by a nation which he loved, betrayed by a venal nobility, many of whom he had raised from obscurity to wealth and dignity, surrounded in his own palace by a band of foreigners, rudely awakened at midnight and sent to a place of confinement at the bidding of a prince, and under the escort of soldiers belonging to a country which more than once he had beaten in fair fight.

\* History of England, vol. i, 293.

† Evelyn's Diary, p. 482. Memoirs, vol. i, 491. Memoirs, ii, 66.

\* Diary, p. 494—Dec. 4, 1695; Dec. 24, 1696; Jan. 29.

† Quoted in Mallam's History, note p. 662.



James did all that a courageous man and a skilful soldier could do, but it was impossible to contend single-handed against foreign invasion and domestic treachery. The English fleet was more than a match for the sea-force of the invaders; but Dartmouth, either wilfully or unavoidably, suffered the prince of Orange to effect a landing. The Protestant Church, which had so loudly protested its loyalty, might have done the king good service, but it stood aloof from him in the time of distress. One after another messengers came pouring into the royal camp with evil news. The great nobles had fallen off. The standard of rebellion had been raised in every quarter of the kingdom. Hull, York, Nottingham, Newcastle, all the great towns, all the important military posts had been successively seized upon by treachery, or had voluntarily declared for William. Traitors were found in the council and the camp. Cornbury deserted from the army, and endeavoured to draw off his poor troopers with him in his treason. His example was quickly followed by Kirk and Tree-lawney, by Grafton, the king's nephew, by Churchill, whose fortunes he had made, by George of Denmark, the husband of his daughter. The soldiers could not put faith in their commanders: the king could not trust even his own kindred. "Oh," he exclaimed in the bitterness of his soul, "if my enemies only had cursed me, I might indeed have borne it." One treason, it seems, was wanting to fill up the measure of his suffering, and the commission of that treason was not long delayed. The Princess Anne had been his most favoured child. He loved her with all the passion of his strong, impetuous nature; with that intense and almost idolatrous love, which the jealousy of God seems at times to punish with some mark of His displeasure. Anne, too, left her father and joined his enemies. "God help me," cried the broken-hearted king, "my own children have deserted me." He knew now that his family was practically deposed. It was his duty to watch over the safety of the Prince of Wales, and to await more favourable circumstances for a restoration to his rights. He, therefore, fled the country and passed over into France.

(To be concluded in our next.)

**POLITENESS.**—Train your children to be polite at home, and you will never have cause to blush for their rudeness abroad. The rosy-cheeked boy and girl, and the strong and vigorous young men who remain in their comfortable seats in crowded cars, while gray-headed grandfathers and grandmothers tug at straps, are poor commentaries on home training. Nothing is cheaper than politeness, and nothing pays better. It should not be taught because it pays, but from principle. The young man who is negligent of his mother and sisters at home, or the sister who is selfish and unthoughtful, will be no blessing to any other home, into which they may be engrafted, until they have "unlearned what they have learned amiss." This is often difficult and annoying, and robs life of its sweetest hours and richest gifts.

## SHERBORNE;

OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems,"  
"Gray's Court," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER XX.

Begone, cares, doubts and fears,  
I make you all a present to the winds;  
And if the winds reject you—try the waves.

SHERIDAN.

**I**F Sherborne did not think about his own private affairs exactly in the words of Don Ferolo Whiskerandos, at least his thoughts resulted in the same kind of sentiment when he rode into Rotten Row next morning. Inclinations had pressed powerfully on a will that had no resting point, misgivings had disappeared like the typical policeman of a Christmas pantomime—when they were much wanted, and the pride of life had its own way pleasantly.

It is wont to do so when the man who embodies it can ride well, and is well mounted; for never, perhaps, is the sense of vital energy stronger, hope more sanguine, pursuit of happiness more active in the imagination, consciousness of power less limited. Sherborne rode a bright chestnut, whose shape and action were comparatively perfect, and whose fractious temper was just manageable by a very fine hand. If we were to say that here was the sublimity of danger without its matter-of-fact inconveniences, the idea would be commonly considered unhealthy, and savouring of La Rochefoucauld; so we will not say it, but it is true, nevertheless, and it occurred to Sherborne slightly altered, thus:

"How the combined sensation of risk and power *does* brace one's confidence in one's chances of success!"

True enough; and how much of the world's heroism is made up of that pleasant mixture, which may be better described as the excitement of danger without the personal realization of what it suggests!

It was a warm and very genial morning of early summer; there was no excess of heat, no treacherous chill of lengthened spring.

"It is just the day," felt Sherborne, "when impressions are distinct." He might have added, "and highly coloured," but he did not.

Presently he met Sir Roger and Miss Winifred Arden, and if encouragement on her part was conspicuously absent, as it certainly was, the chestnut claimed his attention just enough to break the chain of the evidence.

"So we are going to have you for a member?" said Sir Roger.

"Well, I don't know," answered Sherborne. "I have been asked to stand, but——"

"It seems to me that you have every chance."

"It won't be so easy if I have to contend against the purse and heavy influence of that old puritan——"

"Lord Ledchester? What—for his son?"

"Yes; that fellow with flaxen hair and a cut-off chin."

"If they start two Conservatives they won't get in one."

"Very likely. But what does he care about that, so long as he can keep *me* out?"

Sir Roger looked as if a little further information would enable him to render a more appreciative assent.

Sherborne hesitated, at least exteriorly, and added this explanation:

"Because he considers me what they call a Jesuit in disguise."

Sir Roger smiled conditionally, and waited to hear more. The lady did neither. She raised her eyes once, just for an instant; and if Sherborne had only seen them!

She turned away her head; her cheek flushed; her fingers fidgeted over her horse's mane.

"People have called me that a long time," said Sherborne. "And I don't know that I have a right to blame them, considering what *they* mean by the term."

The lady leaned forward and patted her horse's neck with significant emphasis.

"I know they use the term in all sorts of ways," said Sir Roger. "The Italian Liberals call every man a Jesuit who isn't one of themselves—and every woman, too, for the matter of that."

"And English Protestants have a meaning of their own for it," said Sherborne.

"Well, I suppose," answered Sir Roger, when a prolonged silence had caused him to feel that he must say something, "I suppose there are some people who would extend the meaning to—"

Here he hesitated, stammered, and looked about, making desperate efforts to imagine what those persons unknown would say on the subject in question.

"To every one who deceives himself and other people, as far as he can, by double-dealing and dishonesty of purpose," said Winifred Arden.

Her voice trembled in a way that boded no good to Sherborne. It said, as plainly as tones could interpret words:

"I can't bear you! Saving charity, I hate you! Do go away!"

But fortunately, or otherwise, it happened that, just as she spoke, the chestnut shied at a perambulator which a stout nursery-maid was erratically propelling across the ride.

"I beg your pardon," said Sherborne, "for my horse's rudeness, which prevented my hearing what you said."

"Only a truism which it is as well, perhaps, not to repeat," said she, looking down fixedly along the outline of her nose, as women are wont to do when attentions are unwelcome.

"You excite my curiosity," said Sherborne, looking rather anxious, but not disheartened.

He was unaccountably blind to evidence just then.

"I think I see what you mean," said Sir Roger, who had his own reasons—honest, well-meant reasons, yet unwise withal, for not wishing him to be decisively snubbed. "You mean that they apply the term to— Yes, I see exactly."

If he did, which is much to be doubted, it was more than could be said for Sherborne himself, who for the last ten minutes had been trying hard to evoke out of his inner consciousness some intelligible account of his own religious position, for the benefit of those whom he wished it to concern. There was an awkward silence now, whilst he was making a final effort at definition; and at length, being unable to endure the suspense any longer—who could, with the lady looking down the outline of her nose, and her father looking blandly inquiring?—he said:

"Well, the truth is, it was not the people who rant about Jesuits that I was referring to, but much more numerous and important representatives of England—misinformed, hard-headed people, trained in the vast no-Popery tradition, bound by the unwritten law of its powerful prejudices—"

He broke off suddenly, and appeared to be thinking. Sir Roger nodded his assent to the fact that the people described were real and numerous. The young lady raised her eyes for an instant almost pettishly, and lowered them again at the same angle as before.

"These people," said Sherborne, "don't exactly call me a Jesuit, of course—they are not such fools; but they say that of me which will in all probability lose me the election. They are very sharp: they have a kind of intuitive prescience about—about conversions—sometimes almost before the person has—what shall I say?—formerly decided."

"What can I answer to this without committing myself, or seeming indifferent?" felt Sir Roger.

"What can I add to this without spoiling it?" thought Sherborne, instinctively closing his heels, whereat the chestnut gave three or four vigorous plunges.

"Your horse has formally decided that he must have a gallop," said Winifred with an asperity of voice and manner that startled both her hearers.

"I think he has," answered Sherborne, trying to smile naturally; "and he will make your *heart* fidgety if I stay here."

"I suppose she was only in fun; he doesn't seem to mind," thought Sir Roger.

"I suppose I oughtn't to expect anything else at present," thought Sherborne, as the chestnut broke into a gallop, and began to pull in good earnest.

"And," thought Sir Roger, "I shouldn't wish him to be put aside; for he really *is* on the right road, almost decided—he said so himself just now—one *must* give him a little time. And that's a bad business, that story of Crayston's, whatever Lady Fyfield may say. And though Sherborne is a good deal older than Winifred, why, if he comes right in religion, as he is doing evidently, and if she should happen to alter her mind about him (not that I would ever try at all to persuade her), why, in that case it would be very pleasant to have her living so near," etc., etc., etc.

Fiddlededee, Sir Roger!

## CHAPTER XXI.

"Ah! that is just what I thought," soliloquized Sir Roger tacitly, in the tranquil recesses of his own honest, unsuspecting mind, as he was going

to Mass next morning. "That is just what it is. It seems to me like that—only he put it so well and clearly. 'They have a kind of intuitive prescience about conversions'—that was a delicate way of describing his own conversion—'sometimes almost before the person' (meaning himself) 'has formally decided.' And there he is—"

Yes, there he was, and there he had no business to be; for he was there under false pretences—false to Sir Roger, false to himself. There he was, walking in, as ill-at-ease as an inexperienced pickpocket under the eye of the police. There he was, after he had walked in, kneeling over a brand-new "Garden of the Soul," and looking round stealthily, from time to time—now at Winifred Arden to see whether she was aware of his piety, now at one of the well-used confessionals, wishing that it were possible to have the comforts of Catholicity without the drawback of its demands. There he was, after Mass, walking out just behind Sir Roger, wanting to show himself, but afraid to face the lady on whose account he had come. There he was, on the church steps, hesitating, moving a step forward and half a step back, ashamed of seeming to avoid them, ashamed of coming forward.

There he was, and there he had no business to be. He knew it, and he felt that she knew it, and he was cowed.

Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all, even in love-making; and it is well, so far, when there is a conscience to do so.

He went home, ran through the "Times" and county newspapers, read a heap of letters, and then, muttering, "One breakfasts better at a club," hurried away accordingly.

Whether the breakfast was better or worse does not appear; but whilst he was sitting at the little square table, with its little square table-cloth and down tea-pot, one of those men whose social position depends on obtaining the earliest news, private and public, said, in a low voice to somebody:

"He saw him coming out of Farm Street; and I merely on a Sunday, for the music and all that, at half-past eight in the morning."

And the other said, "Ah! if it were heard of—"

"And some one else, nudging the speaker, said, 'Why there he is, two tables off!'"

But then, on the other hand, there was a hope-letter before him from an electioneering agent of Ledchester; and Lord Oxborough, who read "S. James's Chronicle," and used to make speeches against the Papal Aggression, had omitted him his support; whilst Sir Roger Arden had evidently been impressed with those words of suggestive import, "sometimes almost before the person has formally decided;" so that, on the whole, he was inclined to say of what he had overheard—"Is that all?"

In this frame of mind he arrived, about five o'clock, at an afternoon reception, where, meeting Lady Fyfield, he sat down beside her, and began to talk, opening the conversation with the following of social criticism:

"There is too much of this London business."

"What kind of business?" asked Lady Fyfield.

"Ah! yes—I forgot," he said, laughing in a

joyless sort of way. "I was answering my own thoughts. I was moralising, which, I suppose is, after all, an idle employment."

"But what is the business?" said she.

"That is just what I can't make out; but they make a great business of it."

"I dare say they do; but who are they?"

"I was thinking about the enormous size of London, the congested condition of society in it, the number of people who expend their energy and resources in a sustained endeavour to be something of much less importance than they naturally are at home."

"What is he driving at?" thought Lady Fyfield, only she thought it in more ladylike terms.

"It amounts to a truism by this time," he said;

"but then, every fact, that has been a fact long enough to be important, is a truism when one mentions it. I wonder what put the subject into my head. Oh! it was Louis Veuillot's 'Odeurs de Paris,' which Crayston, of all unlikely men, lent me."

"People of that sort will often do so," said Lady Fyfield parenthetically. "It suits them to patronise the truth sometimes, the better to deceive."

"You would suspect him of lending the book for the sake of that opportunity?"

"Yes; and especially if he praised it."

"Ah! that is a really profound remark."

"Nothing of the sort; it is only a truism that anyone may know who has any observation at all. But what is the passage in 'Les Odeurs de Paris?' I read the book when it came out."

"It is where he says—I can't remember the words exactly—that when a gentleman runs away from his duties of property to drive about Paris, and help to support trumpery or dishonourable trades, he abdicates his position, or deserts it, or is kicked out."

"I remember the passage; but do you think that the warning applies to England as yet?"

"I think it does, and more than appears at first sight. Because the London shopkeepers live a few miles out of London now-a-days, and the bankers and merchants keep hunters at Weedon, or some other place within easy reach of an express train, and because square houses, with a garden, a wagonette, and a perambulator, abound in the neighbourhood of railway stations, people imagine that the love of country life is on the increase. It never occurs to those comfortable optimists that all this is not country life at all, but only country air, country exercise, country amusements—at the most, country pursuits in a very limited sense. There is much getting out of London, much country inhabitation, a great deal of sporting *villegiatura*, an enormous amount of air-hunting and dwelling with the picturesque; but all that is not country life: it is buying or hiring the quiet, the beauty, the amusements, the atmospheric advantages of the country. Living in the country, and country life, present two distinct ideas. By country life I mean the passing one's time in a country locality whence one's income is, at least, mainly derived, where the local interests are one's own special interests, where one has a legitimate power and influence derived from one's local position, where one has a personal knowledge of the peasantry, and where they re-

gard one, on the whole, with confidence and goodwill. That is what I mean by country life in the upper classes, and that is what Veuillot's remarks apply to in England. Every English landed proprietor who deserts his post, tears a link from the traditions of the past, and pulls a stone from the supports of society."

"Very true; but do you think," said Lady Fyfield, "that there is much of this in England? I have been little in London of late, and little out of—shire, except when I was abroad, so that I can hardly give an opinion."

"No, not much at present," he replied; "and that is just why I am afraid of it. If it were done on a larger scale, and more distinctly, people would take fright; but, as it is, they just notice the few glaring instances, and see no farther."

"What are the glaring instances?"

"Letting one's place, and living in London, or abroad, or in watering-places. People can see those where they occur, in scattered cases that don't come before them as a whole. But there is a semi-absenteeism which is becoming, if it has not already become, an institution."

"You mean the coming and going on one short visit after another; the staying at home while a shooting party is there, then steaming off to a ball three or four counties away, then up to London to hear a new play, or because there is a frost; the filling one's house with people from the four quarters, and going away when it is empty; neglecting one's country neighbours, who ought to have the first claim on one's hospitality and friendliness, and running about to every music meeting, dog show, and exhibition of every kind, spending money everywhere, and never stopping to repose or to think."

"Yes, that is just what I do mean. I feel very strongly on the subject; it may be because I feel that I might so easily have done the same myself. I dare say I should, if I had not had enough and too much of running about the world before settling down at Hazely."

Thought Lady Fyfield, "I wish he would suspect himself where he ought, instead of where he need not. Shall I tell him so? No! I must first hear what all this is preparatory to, for it is preparatory to something."

"It is disappointing," said he, after a rather long pause, "to see that Catholics who—"

"Here we are at last," thought she. "I fancied we were coming to this."

"—who ought to be better, are among the worst, the foremost in the follies of the day."

"Before I answer that," said she, "just answer me one question. Why are you disappointed? Disappointment implies expectation of something better. Now, why did you expect Catholics to be better than others?"

"Because their standard is higher."

"Standard of what?"

"I mean a higher ideal, greater examples, more distinct and habitual calls upon self-restraint."

"You mean that their standard of practice in the ordinary duties of life, which was what we were talking about, is higher?"

"Well, yes."

"Then it comes to this: when you speak of the

standard being high, you refer to ordinary duties in general; when you complain of their being neglected, you are thinking of particular ones, but speaking of them as if they were the whole."

"I see what you mean," said Sherborne, making a movement as if to go.

"I should think you did," answered Lady Fyfield. "But you are not going. No, you shall not go away. You have been beating about the bush for the last half-hour, to say all this about Catholics disappointing you—which is not the case, for you know you told me months ago that they gave you so good an example, and talked a great deal of nonsense about myself, and what I was, when I am nothing of the kind, and the next, and now you find fault, just to excuse yourself for hanging back, when you know what your duty is. No, no! you *would* bring the subject up, carefully, working round to it for this last half-hour, and you *shall* hear me now. Sit down!"

It is needless to say that he obeyed. Had he argued the point, he would have found some loose hole for escape; but against this little feminine outburst there was, of course, no defence. When he had sat down again, she went on as before, wishing that he had left standards alone.

"No one's real standard of duty," said she, "will remain long above the level of his practice; if that falls, the standard must gradually fall to meet the necessities of conscience, or else—"

"You are getting beyond me," said Sherborne. "I always knew that you were—"

"Oh, yes, of course—something wonderful which I know very well I am not. You want to weaken the force of the truth, by attributing to the way the truth is told."

"Indeed," said he, "I was only going to say that I had no idea you had thought so deeply that."

"And you had better continue to have no idea," said she. "You will avoid a grave mistake."

"You really think that the standard falls to the practice?"

"I never said that. What I said was that people's real standard (not their imaginary one) set up as the object of pretence) will not remain long above the level of their practice—that it will fall to meet the necessities of conscience, or else—"

"Supposing a person has none?"

"But we are not supposing it; and if you set your ground like that, I will not talk to you at all. It is just the way with all anti-Catholic arguments."

"But don't call mine anti-Catholic."

"And what else is it, I should like to know. You want to make it appear that it isn't necessary for you to be a Catholic; and what is that but trying to prove that the Church isn't the Church. And what is that but being anti-Catholic? You want to excuse yourself: yes—now don't say isn't so—and the last manoeuvre is to pretend you have taken flight at bad examples. What are they after all? Why, it just amounts to this: that certain people who, as you might say by their faces, are not over wise, allow themselves to be led into being sillier than they are by nature, and that certain others, wiser than they, but

gifted with much force of character, are not quite proof against the influence of the period."

"You put it very well."

"No, I don't; it puts itself so, it is the simple fact."

"I should like to know what you were going to say when I interrupted you. You were saying that people's real standard of conduct never can remain long above the level of their practice, but must fall to meet the necessities of conscience."

"Yes; or else the practice must rise up to the level of the standard. People can't go on long being hypocrites to themselves. Remember we are not talking about mortal sins and hard consciences, but of each person's own ideal (it was your own word) as to the application of acknowledged principles to the practice in the ordinary duties of his or her position. Was that what you meant by standard?"

"Yes, I suppose it was—or would have been, if it had been so very particular."

"If you were more particular about what you mean, you would deal more honestly with your own conscience," said Lady Fyfield, accompanying her words with a look which gave him to understand that if he tried that game again he would meet something to his disadvantage.

"Oh, yes; of course I meant that," said Sherborne with much alacrity.

"Do you admit that this real standard of practice will not long remain what it was, if the practice is habitually below it?"

"Well, yes, I believe you are right."

"And you said that Catholics have a higher standard than other people."

"I did. But when I come to examine what it is I meant, I am afraid that I was unconsciously sinking of—of——"

"Of fasting and going to confession, and keeping the commandments. Of course you were I knew that; and if I were to say that that was what I meant, I should find after a bit that you had shifted your ground again. You take the surface of social life, which is just where people are most likely to be deceived by the tone of the world they live in, and you compare it with their standard of right and wrong in religious matters. You compare people's practice in things not rigidly fixed with their principles in what is fixed and mistakeable. Is it honest, now—I won't say to argue, but to *think* in that way? Is it?"

"But I acknowledged it directly I saw how it was. One can't avoid these things always. I wasn't writing an essay. I was answering on the spur of the moment, in a room full of people chattering all round me like a lot of monkeys up a tree."

"But now that you *do* see, do you mean by the word 'standard,' in reference to your complaint against Catholics (English Catholics of the upper classes) what your comparison of their practice with their standard implied?"

"Why, I suppose I must."

"There is no 'must' in the case. Do say exactly what your meaning is. If it is going to give two faces, say so; but don't pretend that you don't know better."

"Well, then, yes. I *do* mean what you say I implied."

"What I say you implied? What you did imply. This quibbling is unworthy of you, but worthy of your case."

"What I *did* imply, then. Have it your own way. But there is a man, just come into the room, that I ought to speak to. I won't be a minute."

"Thank you," said Lady Fyfield, laying her parasol decisively on his arm as he was rising to go. "You can do that afterwards. I dare say the man will not go away. Do you, or do you not, mean what you implied at first?"

"Yes; in a sense."

"In a sense! Why is it that people who are straightforward in all other things cannot be commonly honest where Catholic principles are concerned? Can't you see what a dishonest habit of mind you are in on the subject? And can't you see that it is this devil who puts you into that habit of mind? You would never venture to play such tricks with the truth about anything else."

"Why, I was scrupulously particular to be straightforward about it. My words no doubt meant what you assumed them to mean; but, perhaps, my own meaning in using them was not so clear."

"You have said that before; and I don't ask you what you meant then, but what you mean now."

"You are determined to hold me to that meaning, I see."

"I have been trying all the time to keep you to the plain meaning of your own words—that is all I have done."

"Let it be the meaning of them, then," said Sherborne.

"Don't pretend to concede anything," said Lady Fyfield. "They have no other meaning. Now let us come to the point. What do you expect them to have a fixed standard about, in social life? Not about things that vary with circumstances, and are not always strictly definable—such as dress, amusements, and all that comes under the head of follies. You must look where they know their duty to be, not where it can and does assume all sorts of false disguises. Look at the innocence of thought and word, the charitable judgments of their neighbours' faults, the general simplicity of heart and mind. Do they fall below their standard in all that?"

"No—they don't."

"And behind that there are works of mercy. You know what they are, for I gave you the catechism; and behind that there is the interior life; and not unfrequently you would find both where you would least expect to do so."

"Well, but—about those works of mercy?" said Sherborne. "If one ought to feed the hungry, one ought not to waste money that would help to do it; and if it is a duty to convert the sinner, it is a dereliction of duty to encourage all sorts of sins by frequenting race-courses; and if it is good to instruct the ignorant, it must be bad to mislead them. Now, who dress so extravagantly as Catholic ladies? who crowd to——"

"Yes, I know. Of course it is wrong to be overdressed, or to be extravagant in any expenses; of course people won't edify others by appearing to think of little else than amusing themselves——"

"Or by *more* than appearing to be as worldly as Protestants, without their *savoir faire*."

"Certainly. But you musn't make mortal sins of all these?"

"Surely there is pride——"

"Say rather, vanity produced by silliness and want of ballast. Is a child proud when he struts about the nursery with a paper cap on his head? The people you are speaking of have the defects of children with liberty to indulge in them on a larger scale than children can; but they have also much of the simplicity of children. Understand that, once for all, because it is the fact. But do you *want* to know? or are you only picking up statements of facts and principles, in order to see what *further* objections you can twist out of them? I have seen that game played so often that I am tired of it."

Sherborne's face lit up with a flash of quick recognition.

"No, no," he said, "I am not going to be so bad as that. But you are quite right. It is common enough. And you are right about the simplicity of Catholics."

"Yes," said she; "and, let me tell you, that very simplicity makes their follies conspicuous. They have not the malice to go to work in a business-like way, as Protestants do."

"I believe you are right," said Sherborne, looking half-persuaded and half-doubting; but the doubt was rather in his will than in his mind. "I believe you are right. It is a pity they reflect the external vices of the period."

"Yes," said Lady Fyfield; "it is a pity, and so are a great many other things; but that is no reason for being unjust about it, unjust by vague inferences—you understand me."

(*To be continued.*)

#### A PRAYER.

END Thou this warfare, Lord; no one but Thou.  
Can bid it cease;

See me worn out and helpless near Thee now  
Praying for peace:

Not, as in days gone by, for earthly bliss,  
I only ask for peace: Lord grant me this!

I have turn'd from Thy care and have relied  
On my own strength,

Have scorn'd all help and guidance, in my pride,  
Until at length,

Tempted and fallen, all that pride laid low,  
I know not what to do, or where to go.

But, Lord, I do not wish from Thee to stray,  
Bear yet with me;

Give me Thy love, that in the end I may  
Learn to love Thee,

To think of Thee as Father, and as Friend,  
And to be faithful always, to the end.

Have patience yet awhile and I will try  
To do Thy will;

Remember not my falls in times gone by,  
But love me still:

Make me, no longer asking How? or Why?  
Be satisfied to serve Thee till I die.

E. M. J.

## GIOVANNI DUPRÉ.

THE FAMOUS FLORENTINE SCULPTOR.



THE most eminent of Florentine sculptors died in April, 1882, at the age of sixty-five. The story of his life is an interesting one, and his autobiography, which was published in 1879, is one of the most delightful books of modern times. From it we learn that he was born in 1817, at Sienna, but his family soon turned to Florence, and after a few years in the shop of his father, who was a wood-carver, he apprenticed to one of the most skilled workers that art. As the youngest apprentice, it was his duty to perform the humblest labours of the shop. Between working-hours (from twelve to two in the morning) he ate his *riposo* in Italy) he ate his crust in the shop and amused himself in the traditional manner of incipient artists by drawing figures in chalk on the grimy walls. He had to guide a few good bas-reliefs after Ghiberto and Luca della Robbia. At this time he could hardly write and could not write at all. His few days of school were cut short by his stupidity at figures. Nevertheless he had his own little treasure of seven or eight volumes, bought with saved pennies from street vendors, and locked up in a box in his chamber, where he spelled out in the evenings "Paul and Virginia" and "Jerusalem delivered," supposing, as he says, "all books to be good because they were printed," taking "Congiura de Pozzi" to church to read during Mass, and getting a reprimand therefore. Poor was in his home, and sometimes discord. "Nevertheless," he says, "I was happy. The master fond of me, the other men treated me well; my eagerness to work and the desire of learning were stronger than the miseries of my situation. I felt, moreover, a vague hope of one day surpassing my companions in the figures which I carved laboriously and badly." He could not longings to his master, who wept with him at their futility, but the wood-carver steadily encouraged all such aspirations. He was at last allowed to try his hand at carving cherubs, and did so with good success, but this only made him more discontented. But Dupré's indomitable energy worked through all obstacles, and while continuing his labours as a wood-carver, he contrived to draw and model a little at odd moments, until finally the sculptor Cambi proposed to him to compete for a prize, the subject being a bas-relief of the Judgment of Paris. In this he was successful; and from this time, though much harassed by poverty and inexperience as to the technicalities of his art, sculpture became his profession. He was already married. "One morning," he says, "as I was working at my bench, I saw a young girl pass by with hasty steps and absorbed air. It was a sudden impression, but a lasting one. Every now and then the thought returned to my mind with pleasure. I had not seen her features, nor her eyes, which were cast down, but that trim, modest figure, with those hasty little steps, had touched me. I longed to see it again; every little while I looked up from



ly work seeking the object that had so impressed me, but I was not satisfied that day, nor for many following." At last, on a feast day in church, his desire was granted. "I happened to look up, and there before me was that dear child on her knees. Her face was in shadow, it being bent down, and the church dark, but its features and general expression seemed modest and gentle. I was enchanted. The Mass was over; the people were going out; but she remained still kneeling. At last she, too, rose and left the church, and I followed her at a distance. She stopped at a house over whose door was a placard with *tiratera* (ironer). Many a time I followed her to watch her motions and her ways, and she always appeared chaste, serious and modest. At length I took to following her more closely, and when she perceived it she quickened her pace and crossed the street, so that I stopped, disconcerted, and content. One day I resolved to speak to her. I followed her a long way, always coming nearer. She perceived it, and at length stopped, and, turning round, said, without looking at me: 'I don't want anybody following me.' I stammered some confused reply, and my emotion caused me to stop and look at me. Then she said: 'Go to my mother's house and don't stop in the street.' I thanked her with a look, and separated. The next day I went to Maria's house and found her mother, who was called 'La gina.' It was a small, clean apartment. La gina was a widow. She listened to my story, appearing neither pleased nor sorry, blaming me only for having stopped her girl in the street, and advised me to think of the matter, but thought me too young. She desired to know my mother, and after that, if all was satisfactory, and Maria was so inclined, she would allow me to come to her house two or three times a week. I stayed there an hour or so, that being according to the mother's wish. The mother spun, the daughter wove straw, and I talked of my doings at the shop." There were many difficulties in the way of the young couple, especially poverty, and prudent relations tried to break off the match; but at length a time came when the young lover could say, "I am earning two francs and a-half a-day. Let me be betrothed to Maria." When Dupré and Maria were married and began their humble housekeeping, the wife continuing the trade of ironer. Even when some years later he had begun to work in marble, his circumstances were such that he had to appeal to the public for a monthly stipend while he was modelling the bust which was to render him famous. But it was as the first and last time. "Since then," says he, "I have not troubled anybody."

Further on he gives the following anecdote of the famous Marshal Haynau: "One day there appeared a stranger about sixty, tall, thin, with deep-set eyes, changeful and restless in expression, bushy eyebrows and a long moustache. He was haughty in his bearing, and his countenance so remarkable that an artist could not help wishing to sketch it. This individual thus addressed me: 'Are you willing to do my portrait?' 'Yes,' replied. 'How many sittings will be necessary to model it?' 'Six or eight, or more, according to the length of each sitting.' 'When can you

begin it?' 'The first of next week.' 'Very well, I shall come; at what hour?' 'At nine in the morning, if it is not inconvenient for you.' 'Adieu then till Monday; do you know who I am?' 'I have not that honour.' 'I am the Marshal Haynau.' In his talks with me he appeared like a peaceful man, averse to cruelty, though a severe disciplinarian and inflexible in punishing rebellious soldiers. As to these punishments he made no mystery of them, and named to me the generals and other Hungarian officers whom he had caused to be shot, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. And when I blamed him for it he answered: 'With rebels one cannot do otherwise; I should be guilty myself if I had not punished them.' But when I charged him with cruelties to women and children he denied them explicitly." Haynau wanted Dupré to complete a statue of him. "Oh, as to that, no," replied the artist. "As for the bust, I engaged to do it without knowing who you were, but a statue is an honour which I will not pay you."

Dupré once suffered the pangs of hunger at a palace. He had received a note from Prince Demidoff, begging him to come early the next morning to his villa of Quarto, a good four miles from Florence. Dupré made a slight breakfast. Arriving at the villa he was told the prince had not yet risen, and there was nothing for it but to walk about in the garden and wait his pleasure. After two hours of this the sculptor began to think seriously of the situation, and accosting a servant asked if he could not have something to eat. The man replied that nobody was allowed to breakfast till his excellency had been served.

"And does his excellency breakfast late?"

"Oh, as it may happen; sometimes at noon, sometimes at one o'clock—whenever he pleases."

Dupré walked about for another hour, but the beauties of nature had ceased to attract him, and his head swam with the heavy odours of the flowers. It was too far to go back to Florence. He took his resolution: "Having remarked the table ready laid in the breakfast-room, I walked in, rung the bell loudly, and a servant all in black instantly appeared. I turned towards him with my head high and a voice firm and stern, and pronounced the single word 'breakfast.' The man disappeared and almost immediately returned with a silver soup tureen, and took his place behind me. Two other servants followed with ham, tongue, cutlets, etc., and asked whether I would have Madeira, Bordeaux, or Marsala. I contented myself with Bordeaux, and deigned also to eat a dish of strawberries. As a last sacrifice I accepted a cup of coffee, lighted my cigar, and off to the park again, when the landscape appeared more beautiful than before. I threw myself on a bench and fell asleep. Being awakened by a servant sent in search of me, I found the prince and princess at breakfast. 'You are rather late, are you not, my dear Dupré?' said the prince, upon which I told him the story of my morning. Both he and the princess were immensely amused."

Dupré's wife always remained true to her birth. Her husband went into the grandest society everywhere and great persons visited him, but Sorra Dupré would never change her simple housewifery

habits nor alter her costume. She always dressed as a woman of the people. She had an old-time, robust pride of class, and her husband, be it told to his credit, was never ashamed of her. On the contrary, he loved her tenderly, and to the adoring love of early youth was added, as years went by, a most touching reverence, such as all true, high-hearted men always have for a straightforward, honest, true woman.

Sorra Dupré was a strictly religious woman, true to her strong loyal nature. Dupré was also a sound, practical Catholic: his faith was robust and vigorous, and he made it respected by his associates. He went into the world, was intimate with the people who have taken up new ideas, but they one and all appreciated Dupré's opinions. He retained his mind to the last.

### A MISUNDERSTANDING.



HE was the merriest and most mischievous little sprite that ever bore the name of Mattie. All the evening long she had tormented him by an evident preference for Ted, and Fred had just decided that he could not endure any more, when he saw her write something on a piece of paper and throw it at Ted. Ted wrote in reply and passed it across the table to her. She read it, and the same proceeding was again gone through.

"Before my very eyes!" thought Fred, indignantly looking at Mattie, who, happening to catch his glance at the moment, nodded graciously to him with the most demure expression in her roguish eye.

"It is time we were going," he said stiffly.

Mattie went to the door with them, but Fred went away without the usual hand-clasp. He heard her whisper to Ted, and then cried after them:

"Be sure you don't forget, Ted."

They walked home together, Ted whistling softly to himself, whilst Fred preserved the most taciturn silence.

Ted and Fred were clerks in the same office, and occupied rooms in the same house. Heretofore they had been inseparable, so much so that Fred had taken Ted to call on Mattie several times. Mattie had been engaged to Fred almost a year, and as Ted was his most intimate friend, she had proceeded to make him hers. Fred had regarded this at first with the utmost complacency, but of late the situation had struck him as being rather unpleasant; and this evening their manifestations of friendship had made him decidedly cross.

The next morning, as they were going to the office, Ted stopped before a pillar box, and said:

"I may as well drop my letter in here," but the letter fell from his hand to the ground with the address side uppermost—"Miss Mattie Arnold."

There it lay, and Fred looked from it to Ted's face in stern accusation. Ted forced a laugh as he picked it up and threw it into the box with a vicious little push.

"I suppose you expect an explanation—a la

melo-drama," he observed, with a furtive look at Fred's face.

"Not from you," returned Fred, quickly.

Fred knew he was very hasty, and decided to do nothing without due deliberation. He avoided Ted for the next few days, and on Sunday afternoon prepared to go to Mattie's and quietly and seriously talk with her. But alas, for good resolutions! When he entered the sitting-room, there was Ted, ensconced in the easy chair which Fred had come to look on as his. He took no notice of Ted's polite "Good evening," but fixed his attention steadily on Mattie who had advanced to take his hat.

"No," said he resolutely putting his hat behind him. "Matters have at length come to a crisis. Which of us do you prefer?"

Mattie's face was suffused with blushes, and she remained silent from sheer inability to speak.

"How is it to be? Which is to go?" demanded Fred arrogantly.

Mattie looked at him beseechingly, her little face alternately flushing and paling. Fred watched her patiently.

"I am sufficiently answered," he said proudly, and before she or Ted had realized it, the loud bang of the door betrayed that he had gone.

"Oh, Mattie, I am very sorry; but he had a right to speak to you as he did. If you could only care for me one half as much as you do for him—" said Ted, and then stopped, daunted by the look of contemptuous amazement on Mattie's face.

"And you are his friend!"

The sorrowful voice cut him to the quick.

"You may go," she said, "and at once. I hope never to see you again."

"I am not bad as you think me," he said bitterly. "I had no intention of speaking, till I saw how miserable he made you."

"That will do," she said icily—and then passionately—"Why do you remain?"

Mattie waited impatiently as the days went by for Fred's reappearance. She heard that he had thrown up his situation and left the town. She hoped that from this Fred would glean the truth. But if he did he gave no sign of it. His gradually hope died away. The mother's heart ached as she noticed the weary, hopeless attitude in which her child sat at the window watching but she never spoke of Fred.

And so the days grew to weeks, and months, but no Fred came.

One stormy evening, just after Christmas, Mattie was returning from spending the day with a friend. The wind was so keen and blustering that it was impossible to open her umbrella, and only with difficulty could she walk at all. Coming to a corner, she mustered all her strength to dart round it and fell right against a gentleman coming the opposite way.

"I beg your pardon," said he, courteously.

"Oh, Fred!" said Mattie, breathlessly.

Fred stood perfectly still for a moment, and then offered his arm.

Mattie accepted it thankfully, but her hands trembled so much that Fred placed his over hers to steady it.

"You should not have ventured out in such weather," he said, in a softer tone.

"No," said Mattie, in the same blissful maze when she had first recognized him.

They walked on in silence after this, Mattie lying perfectly oblivious of either wind or rain.

"Won't you come in?" said Mattie, coaxingly, when they had reached the house.

Before he had time to answer Mrs. Lipscombe opened the door. She had been watching for her daughter.

"You are both drenched. Come in out of the rain," she said, and so he went in.

He despatched Mattie to put on dry clothes, and took Fred into the familiar sitting-room.

When Mattie came back into the room it was that she had been crying.

"Put on these slippers, Fred," said the mother, "they are your own. Mattie will tell you about them. I must see about the supper," and she left the room.

"Yes, Fred, they were to have been a birthday present to you," said Mattie simply, in answer to his enquiring look. "I did not know what size you wore, and I asked Ted. He did not know, but he promised to let me know by post next morning. I knew you were provoked, and we were passing the slips of paper, but I did not dream of your being so angry as you were that Sunday," and the little mouth quivered with remembrance.

"What brought him here that Sunday?" said Fred, not attempting to hide the satisfaction her explanation gave him.

"I was as much surprised as you when he came alone," said Mattie, without disclosing her own perfidy.

"Yes, but a good deal better pleased," said Fred, as he kissed her fair forehead, and from this time the course of their love-making was unimpeded by any misunderstanding.

## SHAVING.

**T**HE comparative advantages of shaving, and of permitting the beard to grow, it is perhaps not easy to determine. On the side of beards it has been argued that nature must have bestowed such an appendage for the purpose of being worn; and that, as Tertullian affirmed, it is "blasphemy against the face" to reject it. It is certain also that a well kept beard adds greatly to the dignity of a man's appearance, and finely sets off other parts of the countenance, and in particular gives great expression to the eyes. A comparison of bearded and beardless portraits is generally much to the advantage of the former. Can we imagine that Leonardo da Vinci, Cardinal Bembo, or the Shah of Persia would look so well without their beards. We have heard much of the dignified and stately appearance of the Turks, but such a comparison enables us to perceive that most of their dignity lies in their beards and their dresses. Then we must also take into account the trouble of shaving,

which made Seume, a German writer, say, in his "Journal,"—"To-day I threw my powder-apparatus out of the window. When will come the blessed day when I shall send the shaving apparatus after it!"

On the other hand, it may be alleged that, as the beard has always been shaven wherever men became highly civilized, its growth must have been found incompatible with the convenience and refinements of such a state, and would be a serious incumbrance in many delicate acts. Besides, we find that, among all bearded nations, the beard has always been invested with peculiar sacredness, which preserves it from any kind of violation; and as it is the tendency of civilization to eradicate prejudices, this would suffer among the rest, and men would live in continual peril of the practical jokes and rough handling which so conspicuous an appendage would seem almost to invite. Then it may be questioned whether the care which the beard would require to keep it in a decent state, and to prevent it from becoming a receptacle for dust and other impurities, is not fully equal to any that shaving occasions. In point of mere appearance, also it may be stated that, what the eyes lose by the absence of a beard obtains a full compensation, except in old age, by the greater advantage with which the mouth appears. Upon the whole, speaking from the experience of those Europeans who have worn a beard in other lands, it may be said that the law of this matter should be for every man to shave or not to shave, as his age, circumstances, pursuits, and inclinations might render the most convenient to him.

The practice of shaving probably originated at first from its being found that the beard afforded too good a hold to an enemy in battle. This is the cause assigned for the origin of shaving among the Greeks, about the time of Alexander; and in most countries we find that the practice is first adopted by military men, and that men of pacific and learned pursuits retain their beards much later. The Greeks continued to shave until the time of Justinian, in whose reign long beards became again fashionable, and remained in use until Constantinople was taken by the Turks. The Romans appear to have derived the custom of shaving from the inhabitants of Sicily, who were of Greek origin; for we find that a number of barbers were sent from thence to Rome, in the year 296, B.C.; and the refinement of shaving daily is said to have been first introduced by no less a person than Scipio Africanus. At the expiration of the Republic, beards had become very rare; and historians mention the alarm in which some of the emperors lived lest their barbers should cut their throats. For the sake of concealing the scars on his face, the Emperor Hadrian wore a beard, and this of course, brought that appendage again into use; but the custom did not long survive him, although his two immediate successors wore beards in the character of philosophers. Among the Romans, shaving did not commence immediately on the appearance of the hair; the youth was suffered to acquire a small beard, and the operation of shaving was performed for the first time with a great deal of ceremony. Persons of quality had the operation performed for their sons

by persons of greater quality than themselves; and this act rendered such persons the adoptive fathers to the children. The day was a festival: visits of ceremony were paid to the young men, who received presents from their friends; and the first growth of the beard was solemnly consecrated to some deity—usually to the household gods.

The ancient German nations shaved the beard, except that on the upper lip; and what is expressly stated of one tribe was probably true of the rest—that they allowed no young man to shave or cut his hair until he had killed an enemy in battle. The ancient Goths, Franks, Gauls, and Britons, also wore only moustaches, the hair of which they suffered to grow to a very inconvenient length. The Saxons wore long beards, but, at the introduction of Christianity, the laity began, by degrees, to imitate the clergy, who were shaven; they, however, still retained the hair on the upper lip. The Danes appear to have worn their beards. Sueno, the first Danish chief who invaded this country, was surnamed "Fork-beard." The Normans shaved their beard entirely, and looked upon the appendage with so much distaste, as an indication of misery and distress, that they were the great apostles of shaving wherever they came. Accordingly, they endeavoured to persuade or compel the English to shave the hair of their upper lips. The great majority yielded to the necessity of the case, but there were many who chose rather to leave the country than resign their whiskers. However, beards again had their day. In the fourteenth century they became again fashionable, and continued until the beginning of the seventeenth. At the latter date their dimensions had become much contracted, and they were soon after relinquished, the moustaches only been retained; and at the commencement of the last century the practice of shaving the whole face had become universal. In these latter changes the example of France was followed. In that country, Henry IV. was the last sovereign who wore a beard, and he had a tolerably fine one. He was succeeded by a beardless minor, in compliment to whom the courtiers shaved all their beards except the moustaches. The succession of another minor confirmed the custom, and ultimately the moustaches also disappeared. The Spaniards, more tardily influenced by French example, kept their beards until the French and English were beginning to relinquish even moustaches. Perhaps they would have kept the cherished appendage to this day, but a French prince (Philip V.) mounted the Spanish throne with a shaved chin. The courtiers, with heavy hearts, imitated the prince; and the people, with still heavier hearts, imitated the courtiers. The popular feeling on the subject, however, remains recorded in the proverb, "Since we have lost our beards we have lost our souls."

With respect to beards among ecclesiastics, as the practice has somewhat differed from that of the laity, it requires to be separately noticed. Sometimes the clergy of the Western church were enjoined to wear beards, under the impression that shaving was an effeminate practice, and that a beard well became the gravity of the ecclesiastical character; and at other times shaving was en-

forced, from the idea that pride was too apt to lurk beneath a venerable beard. It is related that Guillaume Duprat, Bishop of Clermont, who assisted at the Council of Trent, and built the College of the Jesuits at Paris, had the finest beard that ever was seen. It was too fine a beard for a bishop; and the canons of his cathedral, in full chapter assembled, came to the barbarous resolution of shaving him. Accordingly when next he came to the choir, the dean, the *prevost*, and the *chantre*, approached with scissors and razors, soap, basin, and warm water. He took to his heels at the sight, and escaped to his castle of Beauregard, about two miles from Clermont, where he fell sick from vexation, and died. We give the story for what it is worth!

By the statutes of some monasteries, it appears that lay brothers were to let their beards grow, but that the priests were to shave. The beards of all that were received into the monasteries were blessed with a great deal of ceremony; and the prayers are still extant which were used in consecrating the beard to heaven when an ecclesiastic was shaven. The ecclesiastics of the Greek Church were great sticklers for beards, and when the rupture between them and the Catholic Church was completed, the latter went more decidedly than it had previously done into the opposite extreme. Nevertheless, the regulations about shaving seem not to have been rigidly enforced on the higher dignitaries of the church, for we frequently find that both cardinals and bishops wore their beards: Cardinal Pole, and Bishop Gardiner, in the reign of Mary I., had remarkably fine ones. The early "bishops" and parsons of the Protestant Church usually wore their beards; but Martin Luther, the apostate monk, is always represented without such an appendage.

It would not be well to leave this subject without observing the remarkable fact that, in most countries where the beard is allowed to grow, the hair of the head is shaven. This is particularly the case in Mahomedan nations, in which, in general, only a small tuft of hair is left on the crown of the head, for the purpose of affixing their prophet a hold in raising them to another world hereafter. The operation of shaving the head is performed by the Oriental barbers with great dexterity, but they are utterly at a loss how to deal with the hair of the head in any other manner. A European will find it difficult in most Mahomedan towns—except in the sea-port of the Mediterranean—to find a man who will undertake to cut his hair, and if he finds one he is obliged to give him very minute instructions. Such is the force of habit, that the writer of this article, who, in some of its details, speaks from experience, can remember no instance in which a Mahomedan barber, however well apprised of what was required of him, failed to come to his task with all his usual apparatus: his basin, soap, his strop, and his razors.

---

DURING a recent examination a medical student was asked "When does mortification ensue?" He replied, "When you pop the question and receive 'No' for an answer."



BLACK DERMOT ANNOUNCES THE ADVENT OF THE SASSENACH.

## The Maid of Erin: or, The Chief of the Red Hand.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE BELATED TRAVELLERS.

**T**HE early twilight of an October morning was settling down on the wild coast of Donegal.

The disk of the great luminary was sinking in a mass of angry red clouds, with the deep purple that bordered them assuming an inky blackness at the verge.

The scene was one of savage grandeur—seaward roared and surged the waves of the Atlantic—landward were towering rocks, here and there scantily clothed with pines, sometimes presenting broad bold masses, at others rising in sharp pinnacles that seemed to touch the lowering evening sky.

Two travellers mounted on serviceable steeds paused, in apparent hesitation, at the head of a



wild defile among the mountains where the sea was shut out by impending barren rocks.

The garb which these persons wore was of the half military character which the troublous times of Queen Elizabeth made prudent even in England, where, despite the boasted excellence of her government, the disbanded soldiers formed themselves into troops of freebooters, who beset the highways so that the burghers could not proceed from one town to another without having men of soldierly appearance to protect them.

The precautions advisable in England were, of course, imperative in Ireland, where the sceptre of the virgin queen pressed so very heavily.

No burghers, however, either of England or Ireland, were these travellers; they had the bold glance, the free assured carriage which has at all times distinguished those whose profession is arms.

They were both young men, tall, well shaped, and good-looking. Their relative position was that of master and servant. He who seemed the superior was decidedly handsome, with perhaps a little too much of pride in the curl of the lip shaded by the moustache of deep auburn, and the earnest glance of the eyes of that dark peculiar grey which is at once both sharp and penetrating; thick locks of chestnut hair clustered thickly round his broad, open brow, and fell over the small Flanders' ruff, which appeared above his buff coat and the cuirass which he wore over it; across the cuirass the cavalier, whose age might have been six-and-twenty, wore a scarf of scarlet silk; buff boots, gauntlets, a cap of scarlet cloth embroidered with gold, a sword and a dagger, completed his personal equipments. At his saddle bow, however, hung a steel cap and a pair of the low clumsy pistols in use at the period.

The arms of the other traveller were very similar, only of inferior quality, while upon the sleeve of his jerkin he wore a swan, wrought in silver, the cognizance of his master.

The last mentioned had reined in his horse at the head of the defile, which seemed to stretch away from the seashore to regions fearfully wild; then he scanned the darkening sky and looked wearily over the waste of moor and mountain for the sign of a habitation.

The goat springing from crag to crag paused, and fearlessly looked down at the travellers; then was heard the hoarse cry of the bittern as he skimmed over the bogs and morasses which stretched below the mountains; and a harsher, shriller sound was in the voice of the eagle which rose majestically from his eyrie, the dying sunbeam touching his broad wings with a blood red hue.

"Verily, mine honourable master," said the attendant, as the cavalier still surveyed in silence the scene, magnificent in its very dreariness. "Verily, methinks that Launcelot ought to have been thy name and not that of thy poor servitor! Sir Osbert Trevelyan, renowned for thy prowess in war and thy courtly graces in peace, this expedition of thine among the savages of Hibernia, is worthy my namesake of the lake, the lover of Queen Guenavor, rather than of a gallant of the court of our wise and maiden Queen Elizabeth—*ma foi*, and *par S. Denis*, as we said when in

the gay and charming city of Paris; what hadst thou to do, Sir Osbert Trevelyan, with knocking up a fanatical friendship with a savage, one of the mere Irish, and then go so far as to promise Orson thou wouldst visit him in his uncivilized region."

"Silence, sirrah," said Sir Osbert, sharply. "Thy tongue is too free and thy wit too saucy. The young chieftain, Murrough O'Brien, is an accomplished gentleman and a brave soldier; twice has he saved my life—first in the Lazaretto of Naples when I lay sick of a fever, and again in the field of battle. He is of our faith, too, Launcelot—that faith which in the court of the she-wolf, Elizabeth, we dare not even suffer to be suspected."

"Go to, my master," answered Launcelot, who fully used the privilege of speech accorded to him as a comrade, rather than as a dependent, "do not believe that the she-wolf, as thou dost so justly name the Tudor, is so hoodwinked as she pretends to be; she shrewdly guesses thou art no Reformer; but my master thou hast a comely presence; such a favour as won the heart of Elizabeth in the gipsy Earl of Leicester, for whom I doubt not Satan has provided his hottest fires; moreover thou holdest thy place well in a galliard, canst touch the lute, and speak in the languages of Italy and France, and art, in a word, just that courtly handsome cavalier in whom our gentle queen would almost pardon Papistry itself, and thou hast been old and ill-formed, I warrant, master of mine, it would have been the burden and the halter for thee long ago! But the evening is closing fast, and this manner of converse will not help us, I trow to either food or shelter; how far deem you are we from the cave, I crave his pardon, I mean the castle of this Irish gallant. Our horses are well tired, and I ween their riders also."

"Launcelot," said Sir Osbert laughing, "thou dost wallow in the prime vice of our country conceit. England is the only spot under the sun, and the English men and women the only people, according to thee, whom heaven cares to bless. Have I not heard thee at Naples, at Naples, and also at the court of France, as fearlessly at those polished nations as thou dost now at those whom you are pleased to call the mere Irish?"

"Faith!" answered Launcelot, "I said that Don was too proud, the Italian too cunning, the Frenchman too flippant, and I hold to my saying like the mere Irish to their unkempt locks and to their saffron tinted vesture of fifty ells of linen; but as yon black sky betokens a storm, and these black mountains promise neither provision nor shelter, I would be right glad to obtain both the one and the other, not only from an Irishman but his linen vesture, but from a Scot, who would scarce any vesture at all; in this land of wilderness and mountains, if we could but see a castle now."

"We are as likely to encounter a castle," answered Sir Osbert. "We have seen more than one pretty fortalice, Master Launcelot, which would tax thy soldiery to besiege, I ween. But castle or cot, I care not, for those black clouds do indeed betoken a storm. We have

lost the landmarks which should have guided us to Murtough's Castle, near Donegal. Nay, I doubt me we have strayed far from the main route to Donegal itself. We must even now take the path that lies before us, and trust to find either castle or shieling ere the night quite overtakes us."

"As you will, my master," answered Launcelot, giving the spur to his jaded steed, as he urged him into mountain defile, which Sir Osbert had already entered. "At any rate, if the storm comes down, we may chance to find a cavern among these wild rocks, and be well contented if we find it with no worse tenants already than the fox or the wild deer, for those Irish knaves are something less gentle, I trow. Thou knowest, Sir Osbert, neither my hand nor my foot are slow for a passage of arms, and whether the tilt be one of courtesy or real fight; but, grammercy! I like to encounter Christian men and not savages."

"Shame on thee, Launcelot," answered Sir Osbert. "The savages of this country, as thou art pleased to term them, are faithful and true, they abide by their ancient bonds and their ancient faith into the bargain, most unlike many of those soldiers of whom you brag—the mercenaries who will sell lance and sword and dagger indifferently to Philip of Spain or Elizabeth, reckoning only on the weight and number of the rose nobles or the Spanish doubloons. Launcelot, Launcelot, I am sore at heart, and have sought this wild country, not merely to renew mine early friendship with Murtough, but to learn of him what keeps his powerful patron and ally, the great Earl of Tyrone, so long from the court of Elizabeth."

"Aye, master; you mean the O'Neil, the Chief of the Red Hand! prouder of that name than of the title of Earl which Elizabeth bestowed, and who so scared the Londoners when he appeared at Westminster with his followers, with their long hair, shaggy as the mane of a wild horse, their short coats of mail and huge sleeves of dyed linen. Mind me well how the Yeomen of the Guard laughed at the savages, and I laughed with them," said Launcelot.

"Marry, Master Launcelot, thy Yeomen of the Guard might have chanced to laugh on the wrong side of their mouths in a hand to hand encounter with those savages," returned Sir Osbert, "but wagers or no, if the whisper be true which I have heard, that the O'Neil, as he is still called in his own country, is about to oppose the tyrannical way of her whose subjects, English no less than Irish, groaned under a sceptre dyed with the blood of the faithful and the true, there is one sword which shall flash in an English hand in the vanguard of the great Tyrone."

"Aye, aye, mine honourable master," exclaimed the attendant, "thy valour in arms, and thy zeal for religion, well become the last of that race of brave and honourable gentlemen of Cornwall, the Evelyns of S. Oswin! but, good lack, the zeal and the valour of these troublous times, end too ten in confiscation—the rack and the halter! did it were well, perhaps, if the noble knight would limit his valour to self defence, as his poor companion and follower, Launcelot Lawton, is fain to do, and shut up his zeal in his heart so as still continue a favourite in the court of the old

queen, who seems to prize youth and comely looks in a brave gallant, the more that they vanish from herself. Good lack, Sir Osbert, Master Osbert, Launcelot Lawton, thy foster brother, who went fishing and nutting with thee in the streams and woods of Cornwall and Devon, would fain thou hadst not set out on this Irish adventure, which promises thee as much danger and less recompense than was dared or won by our fellow Cornishman, the Giant Killer, Jack; but if this be certain, it is for no craven fear of his own that Launcelot gives this counsel, for where thou goest, Sir Osbert, Launcelot will ever follow."

"I know it, my good Launcelot, I know it," answered Sir Osbert, "and therefore it was that I prayed thee to stay in merry London while I took on me this expedition thou didst so much doubt."

"Yes, thou didst pray of me to stay in London," said Launcelot, "and I asked thee then, Sir Osbert, as I ask thee now, what deed or word of Launcelot Lawton so belied his heart that thou shouldst shame him with such a prayer? No more of this, Sir Osbert; let us on, that is to say if we can find a way through this ocean of vapour which is rolling up at our feet."

"That is a question more to the present hour than the wisdom of my visit to this country or thy following me," answered Sir Osbert. "We must have strayed far from the coast, for the roar of the sea no longer mingles with that of the wind, which howls over the mountain tops, and seems to drive down the fogs which are rising around us, and that must surely ascend from some morass, which have we not the better caution will swallow us like a quicksand."

There was reason in the apprehension which these words of Sir Osbert expressed.

When they first quitted sight of the seashore and entered the mountain pass, the rocks that towered on either side had seemed almost to meet above their heads.

Gradually the path had widened and descended, so that the travellers had now come to a halt, at what appeared to be the mouth of a deep and spacious glen, for amid the vast bodies of vapour that rolled upwards as the last lurid streak of the sunbeams faded in the sky, might be seen fantastic promontories, or the black trunks of trees waving on the verge of the vast basin of white mist.

What was to be done? This glen or hollow among the hills into which they must enter as it were blindfold, might include in its apparently wide circle rocky and precipitous descents, no less than treacherous morasses.

Darkness was fast closing in, the more dangerous for the fleecy whiteness of the vapour that hovered between the earth and her black curtain of the night. Neither Sir Osbert nor his attendant had any means of procuring a light, and the flame of a torch, had they even possessed one, would not have dispelled the thick vapour that surrounded them for more than the limited circle of a few feet.

Bitterly cold, too, was the damp vapour; bitterly cold the autumn blast that shrieked athwart the mountains, and seemed to press down and condense that vapour in the glen below.

The wearied horses shivered and, uncertain of

their footing, refused with animal instinct to proceed further till their riders dismounted and led them by the bridle.

Cautiously and in silence they proceeded some way, for the knight was anxious and uneasy, less for himself than for his attendant; and the latter, it must be avowed, silently exulting at the probable mischance which would result from the rejection of his advice—even though he himself would share the calamity.

The ground, too, which was full of irregularities, now descended with a rapidity which the fog made doubly dangerous; and as the travellers again came to a halt, it was but little consolation to them to perceive a faint glow, like the twinkle of a star, illumine the white vapour at a considerable distance.

But little comfort did either Sir Osbert or Launcelot derive from the first appearance of the light, which was more probably the treacherous will-o'-the-wisp dancing over a morass than any friendly ray kindled by human hands.

The light, however, remained stationary and did not hover about in the usual manner of the lamp of the Fin Fiend; and as very cautiously the travellers continued to advance, it manifestly approached them.

Then floating heavily upon the vapour came the sound of distant voices—a grand and melancholy music, like the chorus of a sepulchral dirge that marched, as it were, over the heavy mists.

The light still continued to approach: then it disappeared, and after a space gleamed through the fog a little to the left of the travellers, and again became stationary.

Then a harsh, croaking voice was heard to shout the national welcome, "*Ceadh mille faid hia*"—A thousand welcomes—in a deriding accent that sorely belied its hospitable purport.

The red glare strengthened and spread, and the wind from the high lands at the same moment partially lifting the vapour, Sir Osbert and his attendant perceived the wild and formidable looking figure of a man, with a torch in his hand, peering at them from among the black branches of an old pine that stretched out from the side of one of the mountains that barricaded the glen.

## CHAPTER II

### BLACK DERMOT THE DWARF.

SO soon as he found himself observed by the travellers, the occupant of the pine tree, with the agility of a monkey, or a wild cat, crept to the extremity of the branch, and swung himself down into the glen at their feet, uttering at the same time such an unearthly scream, that poor Launcelot Lawton involuntarily recoiled and crossed himself with a plous ejaculation, apprehending, perhaps, that he was suddenly confronted by some supernatural being more malignant in his nature, as he was more repulsive in his aspect than the pixies and elves of the English counties of Cornwall and Devon. The aspect of the stranger was sufficiently weird and even hideous to justify almost the superstition of honest Launcelot.

In stature, this man scarcely reached four feet, but the want of height was made up by the breadth

of his chest, and the length and iron muscle of his long powerful arms, which would not have misbecome an absolute giant. An enormous hump rose upon his wide shoulders, between which the head, with its mass of shaggy black hair seemed almost sunk. From among the tangled locks of his black hair, coarse enough for a horse's mane, looked forth a face as remarkable for its mingled expression of ferocity and cunning as for its actual ugliness.

The defects of the Munster type were exaggerated in the features of this man; there was a wide mouth, a massive square jaw, a nose almost flat, a retreating forehead, and small twinkling black eyes, but there was none of the comic shrewdness and air of good humour which sometimes redeems the plainest set of features from the charge of actual ugliness.

The thick eyebrows were contracted in what seemed an habitual scowl; the grin, which displayed the large white teeth, was full of malice. The attire of this man, whose age might have been about twenty-eight or thirty years, was as rude as his aspect, consisting, in fact only of a kind of tunic of wool, looking of a dusky red, and girded to his waist by a leathern belt, from which hung a formidable knife; his feet were bare, as also were his legs and arms, save for the covering of coarse black hair with which nature had furnished them.

By the red glare of his torch, which he swung high above his head, this strange looking object scanned keenly the faces of the Englishmen, and seemed to understand, and be greatly amused by the look of horror and alarm which was visible in that of Launcelot, for he burst into a wild screeching laugh, and, turning to Sir Osbert, exclaimed in the Irish tongue, with which the knight had become perfectly acquainted in his intercourse with Murtough O'Brien:

"You are welcome; you are looked for. A branch last night was broken by the storm from the oak that grows in the great court of the Castle, and Black Dermot looked into cloven in the magic hour betwixt night and day, and a dark shadow passed between him and the moon, and he knew that the foot of the stranger drew nigh; but why cometh the noble stag with the mean lurcher at his heels? But let pass; the hand of hospitality is as open for the slave as his master. But come, come! dark and evil things are lowering in the white mists; and Black Dermot, who foretold the coming of the stranger, hath his welcome prepared."

As the dwarf spoke this, he signalled for Sir Osbert and Launcelot to follow him.

It was well, perhaps, that the valiant Launcelot did not participate in his master's knowledge of Irish, so that it was only by the gestures and tones of the dwarf that he surmised the tone of contempt that captivating individual applied to him. Had he thoroughly understood the purport of Black Dermot's speech, it is possible passage of arms would at once have ensued between the Celt and the Saxon.

As it was, with a half-muttered malediction on his master's folly in visiting this wild country, Launcelot followed in the steps of his master and the dwarf, who, swinging his torch low so as to

scatter the mist, led them across the glen till they reached a spacious amphitheatre at the foot of some towering rocks.

As the party approached this place, an intense red glow, as of a huge fire, shone through the vapour, and Sir Osbert presently became aware that the dwarf had let him into the ruins of one of those Druidical temples, the remains of which are scattered over Ireland, the supreme country of Druidical worship, and it would have been easy to imagine that the strange scene to which he presently became a witness was enacted by the votaries of that ancient superstition.

Passing quickly through the outer circle of the Druid stones, the dwarf led the way into the wild open space which surrounded what had once probably been the sacrificial altar.

In front of this altar blazed an enormous fire, round which paced three tall gaunt female figures, attired in woollen tunics, of so dark a blue that they looked as sombre as black. Crowding near this fire to warm themselves in its blaze, or sharpening and polishing their weapons, was gathered a group of men, whose appearance was almost as wild, if not as repulsive, as that of the dwarf.

In contrast to the threatening aspect of those Irish kernes, for such Sir Osbert Trevelyan at once perceived the men to be, was the graceful and almost courtly appearance of a youth who stood near the Druid altar leaning on a harp.

With his green robe, gold chain of many links, bright blue eyes, and fair comely features, O'Carroll Bane, Fair Carrol, might have passed for one of the first, as he was in truth one of the last, of the minstrels.

It was his voice which had led the solemn chorus which Sir Osbert and Launcelot had heard in the distance; and now, as he swept the chords of his harp with a master's hand, the thrilling strain was interrupted by the harsh fierce accents of Black Dermot, the dwarf; who, rushing forward with a frantic yell, called upon all present to witness that the Sassenach stranger and foe, whose advent he had foretold, now stood before them, and to be mindful how he had foretold also that it was for them to avert the evils which tracked the course of the stranger.

It needed not the speech of Black Dermot to raise the fury of that wild throng against the unfortunate travellers; they sprang to action with a yell as vindictive as his own, and twenty naked knives were glaring and glittering round Sir Osbert almost ere he could draw his sword from the scabbard.

Both the knight and his follower were armed and experienced soldiers; but what could two men do against a hundred, save sell their lives as dearly as might be.

A moment, with their backs against one of the Druid stones, the two Englishmen kept their foes at bay; the next, they must have fallen pierced by fifty wounds, had not a female voice been heard to sing sweet, clear and powerful on the night air.

The effect was instantaneous; the threatening weapons were immediately lowered, and Black Dermot, throwing himself on the ground, shrieked and yelled in disappointed fury.

*(To be continued.)*

## SKETCH OF JAMES STUART AS

DUKE OF YORK AND KING OF ENGLAND.

[CONTINUED.]



At every point William of Orange had been thoroughly successful. He was proclaimed king, and the executive power was placed altogether in his hands. He succeeded in subduing the resistance offered by the adherents of King James in Ireland and Scotland. The French fleet was beaten off La Hogue, and some years afterwards William's throne was secured to him by the treaty of Ryswick, and his title was acknowledged by the only enemy from whom he had reason to apprehend a real danger. Still he was not happy. His sullen disposition, his foreign manners, his open favouring of Dutch followers, were not pleasing to the English nation. It was not to be expected that men, who had been unfaithful to their king, would be faithful to a stranger. The nobility were disaffected. There were divisions in the council and wide-spread conspiracies existed in the army and the fleet. All along Parliament had proved stubborn and uncomplying: they forced their new-made king to account for the money which passed through his hands; they settled no revenue on him, but doled out his allowances from year to year; they quarrelled with him about his troops, obliged him to disband them, and at length in spite of an earnest petition from himself, they dismissed his Dutch guards and shipped them off to Holland.

While William was engaged in detecting conspiracies and in quarrelling with his Parliament, the king was dying at S. Germain's. His life in France had been one long endeavour to conform himself in suffering more and more to the life of Him who is the model of suffering men. It had been spent in sorrow for past sin and in works of penance, in humility, in chastity, in prayer for himself and for his enemies, in spiritual retreats at the Convent of La Trappe, and in the conversation of its holy inmates. By misfortune, James had learned to bow to the Will of God, and to accept his chalice with resignation and with joy. He had reached the perfection of S. Paul: he desired, he said, to die, but refused not to live. On the 4th of March, 1701, he was seized with an illness from which he never quite recovered. It was Good Friday, and the little band of exiles were assisting at evening service in the chapel. Unexpectedly the first words from the prayer of Jeremias fell upon the ears of the king. "Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us: consider and behold our reproach. Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens." In a moment the history of his life came rushing back upon him. There was the country, which had been the object of his early dreams and longings, which from boyhood to manhood, in good and evil fortune, in the camp of Turenne, at the court of the King of France, had never been absent from his thoughts; to which, after years of a hard and weary exile, he had returned but to find fresh suffering and another banishment. Before him was the son, on whom, it is said, that in his last days he could never look

unmoved, for in him were centred the cause of royalty and the hopes of the House of Stuart; and to him was left that great and holy work, which he deemed that he himself had been called to do, but like another Moses was rendered unworthy of doing by his sins, the work of turning the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to the fathers, of building up again the fallen church in England. There in the sweetness and innocence of childhood was the daughter born to him in a strange land, given for those others on whom he had poured out his heart in vain. And there, still beautiful in middle age, with features chastened by the trace of many sorrows meekly borne, was the wife, who in her fifteenth year had followed him from her convent-home in Italy, to be slighted in the time of his prosperity and valued when prosperity was gone, who had prayed and laboured for him, and in herself had brought before him, as only a refined and virtuous woman can, what is the fulness of the charm, and the strength in weakness and temptation, and in affliction the tenderness and secret consoling power of the religion to which the grace of God had led him. She had clung to him through good report and evil report. She had been by his side to foster his hopes, to help on his undertakings, to be his stay in disappointment. She had shared his dangers, had tasted of his sufferings, and was now enduring a double exile for his sake. His feeble frame could not support the torrent of his emotions. He swooned away, and was carried from the chapel. On Friday, September 2nd, he gas again seized with a fainting fit in chapel, and was seized again on the Sunday following. He took to his bed and never rose again. He at once sent for his confessor and asked for the rites of the Church. The Prince of Wales entered the room. The father's face assumed a happy look, and stretching out his arms he embraced his son. The Prince stood by in tears. "I am now leaving this world," said James, "which has been to me a sea of storms and tempests; it being God Almighty's will to wean me from it by many great afflictions. Serve Him with all your power and strength, and never put the crown of England in competition with your eternal salvation. . . . If His Holy Providence shall think fit to set you upon the throne of your ancestors, govern your people with justice and clemency, and take pity of your misled subjects." Then, thinking of the queen, he added touchingly: "You are the child of vows and prayers. Behave yourself accordingly. Honour your mother that your days may be long." When his daughter was brought to him he was still thinking of the queen. "Adieu! my dear child," he said, "serve your Creator in the days of your youth, and consider virtue as the greatest ornament of your sex. Follow close the steps of that great pattern of it, your mother, who has been no less than myself overclouded with calumnies; but time, the mother of truth, I hope, will at last make her virtue shine as the sun."

His thoughts now were wholly bent on heaven. He received the Viaticum, warmly exhorted his followers to enter the Catholic Church, and more than once forgave his enemies by name. Every day he had Mass celebrated in his room, and it was remarked that when he had fallen into a

stupor, and nothing else could rouse him, he would wake at once and find strength to join in exercises of religion. Those about him were constantly in tears: James alone seemed to be resigned. "Madame," he said to the queen, who was by his bed in an agony of grief, "do not afflict yourself; I am going to be happy." "Sir," she answered, "I doubt it not, and therefore it is not your condition I lament; it is my own."

All this time the King of France had taken every means of showing his sympathy for James and for his family. He called his great council, and there with the advice of the Dauphin, he resolved to acknowledge the Prince of Wales as King of England. He came to announce in person to the dying man the resolution he had taken. The courtiers and servants were moving towards the door, but Louis bade them remain and hear what he had to say. He spoke to James, but James seemed unconscious of his presence. One of the servants whispered: "It is the King of France." James roused himself and asked: "Where is he?" Then he recognized the king, and thanked him for the kindness he had ever shown to himself and to his afflicted family. "Sir," said Louis, "that is but a small matter; I have something to acquaint you with of greater consequence. I am come, sir, to acquaint you, that whenever it shall please God to call your majesty out of this world, I will treat your son, the Prince of Wales, in the same manner I have treated you, and acknowledge him, as he then will be, King of England." In the gloomy chamber where they were assembled, and in spite of the great sorrow which was hanging over them, joy and hope broke for a moment on the servants and followers of King James. They loudly expressed their gratitude to the benefactor and upholder of their cause. Some fell down and embraced his feet, others thanked him by their gestures. Bearded men, who had left titles and estates without a sigh, and had sternly followed their master into banishment, were sobbing now like women, and even Louis could not hide this sign of weakness. The poor exile vainly endeavoured to utter his acknowledgments. His lips were seen to move, but he was too weak or too much overcome for speaking, and his words died away unheard. For an instant Louis looked on in pity, then with tears in his eyes he embraced the sufferer, and saying "Adieu! my dear brother, the best of Christians and most abused of monarchs!" he hastened from the room. On Friday, 16th September, about three in the afternoon, James the Second passed away. It was afterwards remarked that on Fridays he had always practised a particular devotion to obtain the grace of a happy death, and God had given for his death the very day and hour on which his Saviour died. His heart was taken by his own request to Challiot. His body was embalmed and laid in the English Benedictine Church at Paris.

It will be observed that in this paper we have been careful not to broach any opinion upon constitutional questions of English History. We are persuaded that it would be unjust to judge the political conduct of the princes of the seventeenth century by a standard drawn from the political notions of the nineteenth century. We think it



not at all inconsistent to admire and uphold the liberal principles of our own time and country, and yet not condemn the strictly monarchical principles upon which the Kings of the House of Stuart chose to rule their subjects. The Stuarts received from their predecessors certain prerogatives, which were possibly opposed to the liberties of the people, but we conceive that it was fair in them, nay it was a duty they owed to their successors, to endeavour to preserve in their fulness the prerogatives which they themselves had received. We will go further still. We think it probable that on moral grounds, the armed resistance made in the 17th century to the royal prerogatives and authority was highly criminal. But we cannot help seeing that the effect of that armed resistance has on the whole been highly beneficial; and for our own part we should be very loth to take a single step backwards to the despotism of the Tudors or Stuarts. The Stuarts, who actually sat upon the English throne, were neither cruel nor tyrannical, nor can it be shown that they used oppressively the prerogatives transmitted to them; but we cannot possibly have a guarantee that some prince, who should be both cruel and tyrannical, and who should fearfully abuse his power, would not one day occupy the throne. For these reasons we think it quite consistent to rejoice in the liberties which we now possess, and at the same time to justify the Stuarts in their efforts to retain what was possibly hostile to our present liberties, but was undoubtedly the legal inheritance of the kings of England.

Further, we think it clear that those who wish to form a just judgment of a ruler, must draw a marked distinction between his political and his moral character. The justice of drawing such a distinction is so evident, that we presume it would be admitted on all sides without question. And at most Whig writers of our day, Hallam for example, and notably Macaulay, in their hatred of the political principles and action of the Stuarts, can see nothing admirable in the character of princes, who, whatever may have been their ailments, were assuredly a brave and kingly race of men. Macaulay's "History of England" could have lost nothing if it had been fairer to the Stuarts in general, and if, in particular, it had done more justice to the military genius, intellectual capacity, and upright earnest nature of James II. It has been one of the objects of this paper not to touch upon the political principles of the Duke of York, but briefly to describe his career, from which, we imagine, we shall be able to form for ourselves a truer and juster estimate of his character than any formed for us by Whig historians. Lord Macaulay tells us that "no English sovereign has ever given stronger proof of cruel nature than James II." We believe that no other English sovereign ever received more provocation from his enemies than James II., and no other English sovereign, after triumphing over his enemies, ever made less use of victory. James believed as firmly in the doctrine of Divine right as the sacred character of kings as he believed in the religion for which he gave up his crown. And he, a high spirited prince, the son of a king and brother of a king, and lawful heir to the throne, had for years been subjected to daily insults

and mortifications, had been publicly vilified by the meanest and most worthless persons in the realm, had been accused of most atrocious crimes, had been deprived of his offices and driven with ignominy from his country, had been refused a hearing in Parliament, and in his absence declared unworthy of the succession. He had seen the priests of his religion barbarously murdered, and against his own life seditions raised and wicked prospects formed. A day of triumph came. And what proof did James give of a cruel disposition? Russell and Sydney were put to death because they were legally convicted of conspiracy. The rest of James' enemies escaped. If after his long experience James did not thoroughly know the true spirit of the fallen party, what should we say of his understanding? If after such experience and such knowledge he did not watch them closely, if he did not instantly repress the slightest sign of a hostile movement, what should we say of his fitness to govern nations? We hope at some future time to speak of the reign of James II., and to comment somewhat fully on the Western Rebellion; and it is with a view to explaining the king's severity to the rebels that we have here put forward prominently the Popish Plot and the Bill of Exclusion.

We do not wish to deny that James, like other men, had faults, but Catholics will do well to remember that the real fault for which he suffered was a zeal for truth and for the interests of the Catholic religion. "Had I," he says himself, in a moment of deep affliction, "had I affected popularity or considered only my own well-being in the world, I had not trodden the paths which I am now so entangled in; I could without doing any thing but what his majesty himself pressed me to (*i.e.*, receiving the Protestant communion) have been above the malice of those false and mean spirited men, who now seek my ruin; but I thank my God I have ever had a horror of those base methods of obtaining my ends, and hope I shall still continue to make my duty to God and the king the only rule of my actions."\*

\* King James, Mem., p. 679, vol. i.

THE END.

---

A HEROIC ACTION.—A young man was on his way home from California, carrying with him the accumulated savings of many years, when the vessel was shipwrecked, and he had to swim for his life. He was making for the shore, with his bag of gold fastened to him, when a poor woman was heard imploring him, in the name of God, to save her child. It was impossible to save both the child and the gold; and it was but the work of a moment to let go the cord which held the bag and to seize the infant, with which he swam safely to shore. The young man had been a deserter from the army, and on his arrival in France he was put on his trial for that offence. On the court being made acquainted, however, with the heroic act of self-devotion just related, he was pardoned.

## SHERBORNE;

OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems,"  
"Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)



SHERBORNE understood Lady Fyfield so well, that he elected to make no reply. She waited just long enough to mark his silence, and said:

"You see the worst of them—the silly caricaturing of Protestant fashionable life in its most trumpery types, the conspicuous excess of millinery, the badly done fine ladyism, the imitating fast manners, the hero-worshipping of Protestant fast people; you see, in fact, what is on the surface: you don't see what is beneath. I have seen beneath, and I tell you that you must look beneath the surface if you want to see what Catholicity can do with average natures—ay, and much below average natures. It is on the surface that human respect and the spirit of imitation show out so disagreeably; and do you not see a reason for that? Do you not see that where the fundamental rules of life cannot be altered, subtracted from, mistaken, explained, away, or by any means whatsoever made to be anything but what they are, the rebel instinct of fallen human nature will break out on the debatable ground of exaggerations? For instance: What is over-dress? What is dressing according to one's station—which, we all know is right in principle? What constitutes fastness of manner? What is the line between dignity and assumption between the fair and prudent choice of one's acquaintance and capricious impertinence, between liberality and waste, between generosity and extravagance, between hospitality and convivial pomp? Where is the exact balance of various, and more or less conflicting claims, applicable to each person, and evident to each conscience? Try to define all things, and you will see, even without referring to personal experience of failures in that line, how easy it is to make mistakes about them."

"I certainly should be puzzled to define all that straight off," said Sherborne.

"Do you mean to tell me that you could do so at all, if you had any amount of time to do it in?" said Lady Fyfield.

"Oh, no, of course not—as you put it," said he, hurrying over the last few words.

She looked up, and he said at once, with significant alacrity:

"But *do* go on."

"But there is a special reason why certain individuals of the upper classes of English Catholics are, at the present time, more liable to be drawn into such follies than other people—I mean their connection with the Protestant society of their own class now, compared with what it has been. Just glance at them consecutively, and you will see what I mean. There

was the period of gibbets and racks and dungeons: Catholics were outlaws then in the land their forefathers had civilized. There was the period of crushing fines and disabilities: they were outcasts in those days. There was the period when they were tolerated as a 'hopeless minority,' and held in mysterious respect as mediæval curiosities: they were in the world then, many of them at least, but not of it, though apparently intimate with some that were—strictly speaking, it was not being intimate, but superficially familiar. Then came the period of what I can only call Catholic excavation, when buried truth was dug out piecemeal by the University that had built dogmatic lath and plaster over it. Conversions began to be heard of all about the country, and though they appeared more numerous than they were, and promised to become so more than they have yet been, or seem at present likely to be, nevertheless, at the present time, there are few Protestants of any position in England, who have not one Catholic relation, near or distant, acknowledged or ignored. The gradual rising up (so to speak) of converts, in the midst of a nation long Protestant, has had results that might have been expected—more or less. It has more or less affected both Catholics and Protestants superficially. Protestants are, as a rule, less inclined than formerly to believe the more absurd articles of the no-Popery creed; but they remain in principle just what they were, neither more nor less disposed to be Catholic, neither more nor less hostile to the fundamental principles of Catholicity. Catholics are just what they were in principle and in the practice of definite duties; but the influx of converts, whilst bringing additional numbers and strength, and perhaps infusing fresh vigour in many ways, seeing that a convert is likely to be in earnest, and has not been hereditarily crushed, necessarily brought Catholics into a more prominent, and in a sense, more proper position in the world. Now, I freely confess that the visible consequences of this, in some, are anything but edifying, and I know very well that it keeps many from becoming Catholics: I know it, for I know the people who have been pulled back. I know, too, how morbidly sensitive a thing is a mind struggling against the accumulated sophistries of a life and generations of lives. I know that a rebuff to a high aspiration is one of the devil's easiest means for seducing a soul back from the threshold of the Church. I will say more. I will say that the Catholics of England have had a great opportunity in becoming more generally known, and have not profited by it. They might be the virtual leaders of society, while some conspicuous among them are only its servile imitators. Their houses might be centres where the refined, the graceful, the cultivated, the high-minded, would be certain of a welcome; where people would not be tolerated merely for giving parties, nor made up to for happening to be the fashion. They might be the real leaders of society, though the brilliant positions that the world has in its gift are virtually closed to them; for they represent much noble blood, and many historic names, hallowed by noble and continuous acts of the highest courage, calmly repeated day by day during the times of persecution; they have the moral vigour of fixed and unchangeable principles;

they have rules of interior life and habits of charity, of self-restraint, of self-knowledge, which, where not hidden by fatally conspicuous external faults, have a great power of appeal to the higher aspirations of their non-Catholic associates. They have, in fact, every requisite for virtual leadership by the force of inherited qualifications and personal example; but too many are content to ape, without tact or dignity, those whom they ought either to teach or avoid. Have I acknowledged enough?"

"You have indeed," said Sherborne rather nervously, not quite knowing what he was expected to think about it.

"Of course I have," said she; "and do you know why?"

Sherborne felt and looked undecided; he was wavering between two influences.

"Because you are liberal-minded," said he, trying to recall the words when he had half said them.

"Which generally means favouring error and patronizing truth," said she.

"Well, large-minded."

"Which means, oftener than not, patronizing both and realizing neither. No; please don't call me those names. I don't like them. I have acknowledged all this because it is true, and I volunteered to do so because the whole truth is not only the best apology for Catholic practice in general, just as it is for Catholic doctrine, but also the most triumphant vindication of its real superiority. Catholics are accustomed as individuals to look their faults in the face, and why should there be any difficulty about those that one shares with others?"

"That is carrying humility a long way," said Sherborne. "When did you ever imitate anybody anything, or show the slightest disposition to be undressed, or make it possible to associate your name with worldliness, well or badly carried out? I never knew any one so civilly independent of the world."

"How do you know that?" said she. "I *may* be imitating all the time in another direction; if not, I *may* avoid doing so out of pride or shyness, to be singular, and seem better or wiser than many others. I *may* think as much of not undressing, and abstain from it through motives more reprehensible. I *may* be indulging in a more subtle spirit of worldliness—the desire of seeming superior to it."

"No, no; I know you better than that. I really can't be made to believe——"

"Hear me out. I am not accusing myself of all that I have supposed in this list of possibilities; would, indeed, be too bad if I could; but undercurrents of meaner motives do run unsuspected beneath the surface of habits good in themselves; and even if it should happen to be true that my secret faults are not modifications of those you name in others, how do you know that what I really am are not still worse in the eyes of God?"

"What did you mean by saying that it would be too bad if you did something pretty much the same as what you are excusing in others?"

"There you are again with the old story—avoiding the necessity of an answer by rushing to another question. Well, never mind! I will

answer for both—first for you in answer to myself, and then for myself in answer to you. *You* should have answered that you really didn't know whether my faults were worse than those other people's, or not, but that you wanted to make the others out worse, for the purpose of making them seem to puzzle your sense of right and wrong, with a misleading example. That is what you would have said if you had told the truth—which you never do in connection with Catholics or Catholicity—never, never, because you never *think* truly about it. Now, as to your question why I said that it would be too bad if I did something pretty much the same as what I had excused in others. I did not say it—I spoke of things different and worse; but let it be so, if you like. What you blame them for would be much more blamable in me, who have not their special temptations to fall into those faults, nor their special good qualities to counterbalance them. Now, don't begin asking me what they are—I have told you enough. Look at yourself rather than at others. Look at yourself, trying to avoid, by hook or by crook, by any excuse, however frivolous or unreasonable, the conclusion which you can't get rid of. What have other people's faults to do with you and your duty of submission to the Church? You are not so childish as to expect to find saints by the dozen, or ordinary people without ordinary failings. You know, as well as I do, that the follies you have been complaining of are just the follies that ordinary people would be likely to fall into, particularly under the circumstances I have named. You know, as well as I do, that if you were to measure those very people by the test of the commandments and the works of mercy, you would find, in natures far from exalted, supernatural motives which nothing but Catholicity could implant in them. You know very well, it would be a different thing if you didn't know it, you know very well what would be the result of a thorough comparison between the whole practice of average Catholics, and the whole practice of average Protestants—that it would show a superiority on the part of Catholics, not natural but supernatural, and on no other supposition accountable to any one who knows anything of human nature. You know all this perfectly well—nobody better; for you *have* thought at intervals, when the bias of education, the mesmerism of the national press, and the subtle temptations of worldly interests, disgusted by the colour of aspirations just in themselves, were not happening to influence you—in short, when you were, for the moment, free from intelligent prejudice and human respect. You *have* thought, therefore you *can* think, and therefore you *ought* to think, and if you *would* only think, you would not have brought all this forward as a surreptitious Anglican difficulty. You would not have tried to do so, and working round this last three quarters of an hour to lead up to it—you would not have tried to infer that truth can cease to be truth because a certain number of people who believe in it do things which are silly and wrong. Oh! but you really ought to be ashamed of such reasoning. Why it's a woman's argument—just the sort of thing a young lady would put into her journal abroad. I have heard the sort of thing often and often. A grand sentimental æsthetic flourish

about shrines and convent bells, with some sickly reflection, how beautiful it would be if—but then there are so many beggars about the streets, and somebody was so overcharged about a coral ornament at Naples! You would laugh at the young lady; but you are as bad yourself. You are worse; for she was only attracted to certain externals of the truth, and you are convinced of the truth itself. Yes; you *are* now—and you are trying to make believe that you are not; as if you could get rid of your responsibility by looking the other way, and declaring that you can't see. There now, go and talk to the man you said you wanted to talk to. You had much better. You are trifling with this world and the next. I dare say he can get you a vote, if he doesn't take the measure of your instability, and laugh at you behind your back—which is more likely. There he is by the door. Pray go and talk to him."

She rose with emphasis; even the folds of her dress as she stood still for an instant, with her face and her attention expressively directed away from him, symbolized the meaning of her words. Sherborne got up slowly and disappeared in the crowd, humiliated, ashamed, impressed with a sense of wrong-doing. What else did he feel? He felt an inner consciousness of something, which, in spite of a strong instinct and subtle suggestion to the contrary, claimed his obedience. "Is this the grace of God?" was the thought that rushed into his mind with a speed and force analogous to that of lightning.

Lady Fyfield was at his side again for an instant: his guardian angel must have led her round the other room and suggested what she should say.

"Don't," she said, "don't ask yourself such questions as—'Is this the grace of God?' 'Am I resisting grace?' 'How am I to know whether it is grace or not?' Such questions would never come into your head if grace were not really offered. It is the devil that puts them there to tempt you—oh! you *know* that it is."

She glided away in the crowd, but her words remained with him, and the echoes of bygone days, when she was "the ocean to the river of his thoughts," acted subtly on his heart, disposing him to be true in that human affection.

How long would this last! Let those answer for its permanence who believe in the power of sentiment to create a supernatural motive, and have never experienced or witnessed what Anglican difficulties can do to mislead the intellect, deceive the heart, and paralyse the will.

(To be continued.)

### CONSTANCY.

THERE is a flower, and it doth bloom  
In sunshine and in shade,  
In Hope's Meridian sorrow's gloom  
Its beauty ne'er doth fade.  
'Neath Fortune's smiles and frowns the same,  
In chill Adversity,  
'Tis changeless ever as its name,  
For it is Constancy.

ANNA THERESA.

## FATHER HAND, THE FOUNDER OF ALL HALLOWS COLLEGE.



COMPARATIVELY few English, or even Irish Catholics, we venture to say, are aware that we have in our midst the largest foreign missionary college in the world, All Hallows, Dublin, founded so long back as forty-three years ago; and less still, we feel sure, is known of its saintly founder, Father John Hand.

This may be attributed to the quiet and unostentatious way with which the holy work of this college is carried on, of which the outside public knows nothing, save when a list of the names of its students who have been recently ordained; or who have just taken their departure for America or the colonies appears in the local papers; and perhaps to the fact that no biography of Father Hand has been published until this present year, 1885, nearly forty years after his lamented death.

It is from the beautifully written "Memoir of Father Hand," by the Rev. Dr. McDevitt, one of the professors of the All Hallows, just published, that we gather the following details of the life and work of this great servant of God.

Father Hand was born at Bolies, near Old castle, in August 1807; and brought up not far away from there, amidst the rich pastures of the County Meath.

His family was an ancient one, and highly respected; and connected with the Plunketts, one of whom was the late Dr. Plunkett of the diocese of Meath, a family which has furnished so many illustrious members to the Irish Church in the past.

From his childhood Father Hand possessed one of the most gentle and affectionate natures. He would join heart and soul in innocent amusements of boys; but shrink with horror from their wilder sports. Of all her children he had the first place in his mother's regard; and he returned her love with affection. His tender compassion for the poor of his poorer brethren soon made itself felt. It was his mother's custom to give away *gratis* on certain days to the poor cottiers in the neighbourhood; and he it was who distributed to each their share; and not only that; but would obtain from his mother a good supply of those that could not come, and would carry with his own hands to their cottages a considerable distance away.

He made a long and careful preparation for his First Communion, which took place when he was nine years old; and from an early age he made a practice to fast on the Wednesdays and Fridays of every week and every day in Lent.

When twelve years old he was sent to school, at that time, it must be remembered, being few and far between; and very soon quick parts won for him his teacher's favour, whilst so great was his fellow-scholars' respect for him that they used to call him "the Master."

Ever attentive at church and at Catechism, piety and talents quickly brought him under the

• Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

notice of his parish priest, Father George Leonard, whose great favourite he soon became.

After Sunday Catechism this worthy priest had a Bible and Church History Class for the more advanced children: and when the yearly examination on these subjects came off young John Hand was always foremost. "To the History of the Bible and of the Church," Father Leonard has left it on record, "I added Cobbett's 'History of the Reformation,' and in every book John Hand was leader. If I made a small mistake John Hand was willing and able to correct me. The book would be appealed to and John was invariably found to be correct."

Can we wonder, then, that with such a deeply religious disposition young Hand early felt a vocation for the priesthood; can we feel any difficulty in believing, as he did, that one Christ-mas-tide he heard the angel announcing the tidings of great joy, that the new-born Saviour had summoned him to devote himself to the service of the Sanctuary.

Transported with gratitude for such an astounding favour, he immediately confided the secret to his dear mother. Returning thanks to God, she embraced her boy, and then told him that it was his father's intention to bind him to some business in which he could earn money. With a voice choked with emotion, he cried: "Mother, you must speak for me to him." The smile on her sweet face, and the tender pressure of her hand told him that his cause was safe so far.

But her pleadings with her husband were without effect. He was a man of rugged disposition; and calling his son to him, in a tone of much harshness, he addressed him thus: "The mother has been just been speaking to me of your wish to become a priest, and this is my answer, that you begin to help us at once. It is rough work here on the farm; but you must do it, or serve your time at some business, for the family is a large one. The wife tried in vain to soften her husband's resistance; but he continued inexorable until Father Leonard stood before him.

Father George, as he was popularly called, had ample opportunity of studying the character of his "beloved disciple," young Hand, and of testing his fitness for the sacred ministry. He had already remarked: "What a loss it would be to bury such talent as his in a farm," and when he heard of his favourite's call to the priesthood, and his father's inflexible opposition to it, he readily promised his powerful influence to gain his consent. And the father did yield to his pastor's pressing solicitations, but with a bad grace. "When John Hand was sixteen years old," wrote Father George, "his father consented to his going to a classical school, on condition, however, that his mornings and evenings at home should be devoted to the general work of the farm. To this John readily agreed, and before school and after his return he did more than any lad of his age would do in a day; and still he was always the leader of his class in school."

His father was most severe in exacting a strict fulfilment of these conditions; but at the end of three years his opposition melted, and he consented to his son attending the Navan Seminary

as a day scholar, but still regretting that he had not stopped upon the farm.

Young Hand was nineteen when he came to Navan Seminary, one of the first built in Ireland after the repeal of the penal laws; and here, too, he led in the class, though having to make a daily journey of eight miles to it, often under rain and snow.

And now as his time for leaving Navan was approaching, another trial was in store for him. He won the first prize, which should have gained him admittance to Maynooth College; but not being an intern scholar, he was passed over, and to his deep and painful disappointment he had to return home for another year.

But this long interim, however, was not bespoken in idleness. An opportunity having offered, he learned shorthand, thinking it might help to pay his college expenses, when sent, as he hoped to be, by the bishop, to Maynooth. Providence now manifestly opened up a way for him.

About this time an assistant Bursar, one who should keep the college accounts and superintend the issuing of the college supplies, was required in Maynooth College. The president having spoken on the subject to Bishop Cantwell, who had known young Hand at Navan, moved by a supernatural impulse, he exclaimed: "Dr. Montague, you have created the hour, and I have the man." That man was John Hand, who had, meanwhile, become a paid assistant to his shorthand teacher, and he was at once appointed to the post, so wonderfully and unexpectedly assigned to him, in Maynooth College, which he entered in the August of 1831.

Strange to say, the first greeting which the future founder of All Hallows got from his fellow students at Maynooth was the very reverse of friendly. Some of them had known him at Navan seminary; and now they found him placed ahead of them in the Divinity class, they thought that he was unduly favoured by the president; and they considered his position as Assistant Bursar as being derogatory to one coming from royal Meath.

Now, the strongest expression of discontent and disapproval on the part of the students in Maynooth, one, happily, of rare occurrence, is what is known as *scraping*; and poor Mr. Hand was subjected to its ignominy, although so entirely undeserving of it.

His first appearance in the Divinity class was received with a fierce burst of *scraping* by the malcontents. Startled by the grating noise he quailed for a moment; but quickly recovering his balance he quietly took his seat, and was soon deep in noting the professor's lecture, as if nothing so unkind and unjust had happened.

Never once did he ever afterwards allude to this painful episode, or utter a word of complaint against the movers in it, a proof, if any were wanted, of his sublime spirit of Christian forgiveness.

And in order not to provoke any unfriendly feeling in the future, he went so far as to withdraw from competing with the prizemen of the college.

But this later action did not meet with the approval of Father George; and, yielding to his



remonstrances, he promised him not only to compete but to win a prize in his last year of college life.

The year passed, and John Hand, with all the duties of Under-Bursar, was called to the second premium.

"Many who did not know him when young," Father Leonard relates, "thought his talents were only passable. I do not wonder at this; for S. Ignatius never was more anxious to conceal his virtues than John Hand his talents."

His inner life in Maynooth was, in its fulness, known only to God alone. His mortification of body and spirit; his long watching before the Tabernacle; all this and more were known of him in the college; and one grand memory he left behind him in Maynooth was his beautiful practice of doing everything in the most perfect manner. In Maynooth, Father Hand received the strong milk which nourished him into becoming the great apostle of Erin's exiled sons in foreign lands.

Therefore it is that All Hallows shall ever greet Maynooth in the words of the *Cantic of Canticles*: "My sister, thou art the fountain of gardens; the well of living waters, which run with a strong stream from Lebanon."

Father Hand's ruling principle of ever selecting the more perfect of two courses, now determined him to leave the college of Maynooth forthwith.

In the year 1833, a band of young priests had left Maynooth in order to revive in Ireland the giving of "*Missions*," which S. Vincent de Paul had first introduced into that country, at the request of Pope Innocent X., in the year 1646, with such success that though the eight missionaries whom he sent over were able to remain but a few years, and visit a few places, only, it is on record, that they heard no less than 80,000 general Confessions.

The late lamented Dean Dowley was he who started this revival of the *Missions* in Ireland. Dean in Maynooth College, his burning zeal for the saving of souls was not contented with the training of good pastors, but led him on, together with a number of his students from Maynooth, to becoming members of the order of priests founded by S. Vincent de Paul under the name of "*Congregation of the Mission*" (sometimes called *Lazarists* from the mother house S. Lazore, Paris).

The new Irish branch of this order opened a school in Dublin, in addition to their special work of giving missions through the country; and, shortly after, Castleknock became their headquarters.

Whilst in Maynooth, Mr. Hand had conceived a great admiration for these Fathers; and, after leaving Maynooth in June, 1835, he went straight to Castleknock. Here he was ordained priest on the 13th December, 1835. But still he did not join the Vincentian Fathers, although he shared in their apostolic labours in Dublin with the most burning zeal.

He taught in their day-school at Usher's Quay, for nearly two years; and when Archbishop Murray handed over Phibsboro', one of the suburbs of Dublin, to the Vincentians, he worked with unwearied zeal as a priest there, giving the best

part of his days to hearing Confessions, and preaching often. His style of preaching was easy and dignified, and went direct to the heart of his listeners. His wonderful earnestness, his impressive manner, his truthful, modest face, gave him complete sway over those who heard him. He was now in the freshness of a man of thirty-two, and was remarked for the benevolent expression of his countenance. He was above middle height, but not commanding in stature, for he allowed his head and shoulders to droop. His bearing and address were those of a priest.

He possessed, besides, a marvellous facility of preaching, which may have been due to his earnest and exclusive study of the sacred Scriptures.

And now the time was close at hand, when the glorious thought of that which was to be the great event of his life—the foundation of the Foreign Missionary College at All Hallows first entered his mind. "It was at Phibsboro'," writes Dr. MacNamara of the Irish College at Paris, "that Father Hand conceived the idea of a college for the Foreign Missions. It was inspired by the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, which, at that period (1838), was first introduced into Ireland, and a branch opened at Phibsboro'."

The "*Annals of the Association*" kindled all the enthusiasm of his nature. Turning to the penitent wanderings of the missionaries in the great *land of the West*, he thought of the scattered children of his own race and creed driven into exile through famine, persecution, and unjust laws. He saw them by the mighty rivers of America, like the Jews in their captivity, "*sat upon the rivers of Babylon, and wept when they remembered Sion.*" He followed them into the region of the Southern Cross, into the bush and the mine; and he found them begging for Bread of Life, but no missionary to break it for them. His thoughts travelled back near home, and among the population that thronged London and Scotland's great cities, thousands of Irish Catholics were heard calling for a priest.

One night he went to bed, excited by this reflection, and dreamt of the poor Catholic emigrants from Ireland. Their cry of spiritual distress sounded startling in his sleep. *It seemed to convey to him a message from God to send them missionaries; and he resolved to do so.*

Father Hand believed firmly that the spiritual wants of a people were, as a rule, best cared for by priests of their own race. Therefore, he prayed for light and aid in his heaven-inspired project of sending forth Irish missionaries to his exiled fellow-countrymen.

The proper material for his purpose was at hand; it only needed to be moulded; and this he felt sure could be done by establishing near Dublin a College for the Foreign Missions.

All the resources of his mind were now employed in drawing up a plan to give practical effect to his inspirations; and the document in which this plan was sketched out, though hastily put together, shows, by its scope and spirit, evident marks of a guidance from on high.

Passing over its minute details as to the proposed number of students, and how they were to be supported; and what way he hoped to get the college built, we shall only give two paragraphs which strike the key-note of the character that the superiors and students of his college were to possess.

1. "Nothing shall be left undone to secure the services of pious, learned and experienced superiors and professors, whose example as well as word may edify and instruct the students; so as to form them to virtue and give tone and temper to the college.

2. "As piety is equally, even more, necessary to a priest than learning, the students' time shall be so divided as to leave a sufficient margin for the cultivation of piety and learning, both being absolutely necessary for a good priest."

Nor did he forget the necessary fact that the students educated in his college should be of gentlemanly manners.

Full of his great project, yet almost daunted by its magnitude, he sought for sympathy and counsel from those around him, but only to meet their coldness and derision.

He had about this period been appointed by Dean Dowling, at the request of the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Murray, to attend the Training Schools of the Irish National School Board in Dublin, in order to instruct the Catholic teachers being trained there how to explain the Catechism to the children of the schools which they were subsequently to take charge of. His remarkable success in this delicate task was much appreciated by Archbishop Murray; and from him, at length, Father Hand decided on seeking counsel in reference to the enterprise, which his friends had pronounced to be rash in the extreme. He called early one morning, in 1840, at the archbishop's residence, and was received by him with marked attention. The purport of his visit, he explained, was to ask his grace's advice on a matter which was causing him much anxiety, namely, the establishment of a college for the education of missionaries to preach the Gospel to every creature, but especially to minister to the poor Irish Catholics abroad, who were dying of spiritual hunger. He then proceeded to relate how the idea of it came into his mind: pointed out its urgency; showed that it was not a thing taken upon the impulse of the moment, but one to which he had given much prayer and thought by night as well as by day; and after reading it to the archbishop the rough plan he had drawn up, by which he hoped to found the college, he concluded by asking his grace to give his blessing and approval. Dr. Murray listened to him with the keenest interest. He then pointed out the difficulties of founding such a college in so poor a country as Ireland, and finally he, too, pronounced it to be a *dream*. This pronouncement, coming from so high a quarter was a great blow to Father Hand. But with a full heart he replied to the archbishop after this manner: "Well, your grace, if this be a *dream*, I feel bound to state humbly but seriously, that it is a *dream* in which I saw my Catholic fellow-countrymen abroad in the attitude of those Irish infants whom S. Patrick saw in a vision stretch-

ing forth their hands and imploring the holy youth to come and baptize them. I, too, have had a message from heaven; and, therefore, my firm belief is, that God will yet place your grace by my side in carrying out the sacred trust confided to me." The touching character of his reply, and the earnest heart with which it was spoken so moved the heart of the holy prelate, that from this moment out Archbishop Murray warmly espoused the proposal for a Foreign Missionary College at Dublin.

Acting under his advice, Father Hand addressed a letter, dated 30th December, 1840, to all the Irish bishops, apprising them of his intention of founding the college, and asking their blessing and their approval of the undertaking.

Like most men who have a task to perform, Father Hand had to encounter most serious opposition; but the firm belief that his work was of God, sustained him against every difficulty. Fortified by the archbishop's support Father Hand began already to make preparations for the establishment of the college.

His first concern was to secure the aid of a few learned and holy priests, ready to labour with him for no earthly remuneration than "food and raiment," and prepared to form themselves into a *community* for the establishment and direction of the college; in whose deliberations charity was ever to be scrupulously observed; who were not even to look forward to *vacation* after their year's toil; and who were to pray and even eat with the students, giving them, ever, an example of holiness and self-denial.

(To be continued.)

## THE DUMB LOVER AND HIS PHYSICIANS.\*

**I**N the castle of Montcaller, not far distant from Turin, there lived the widow of one of the principal chevaliers of that country. She was young, beautiful and accomplished, and her excellent conduct shed a lustre of virtue over her personal graces. So simple was her behaviour, that she seemed to have been all her life the inhabitant of a village rather than of a court, and determining upon her never again marrying, she retained only one domestic, and lived in a small country house. Here she employed herself in the humblest duties, seldom allowed herself to be seen except in going to Mass, and lived in a manner quite below her proper condition.

It is the custom in that country for the ladies, in time of peace, to entertain any illustrious strangers, who may happen to be travelling through it, with all the attentions of domestic hospitality; but Finea, the name of our heroine, abhorred this custom, and made her solitude a pretext for avoiding the intrusion of company. But about this time there arrived at Montcaller the cavalier whose misfortune is the subject of our story. He was a knight famous for his valour

\* *Maïas de los Reyes*, 1024.

and address, and had come hither on some important public business. Having completed this, he went on the morning before he returned home to hear Mass in the church usually attended by Finca. He saw her, was struck with her beauty and still more with the report of her wisdom and accomplishments. He, in fact, became passionately in love with her, and according to the usual course of things difficulties only increased his devotion. He hastened to Turin, completed his official duties, and then returned to Montcalleto to pursue the conquest of Finea's heart.

He spent several days in reconnoitring, but his mistress never made her appearance except in her walk to church, and if at any time he attempted to address her as the customs of the time permitted, she covered her face with her hands and would thus forbid conversation. Piqued beyond bearing at this, the knight's affection only grew stronger and stronger. He used every art of a lover, enlarged his presents as his hopes decreased, and the more severely she repulsed him the more earnest was he in his suit. But neither presents, attentions, nor patience availed anything with the widow. The miserable lover was unable either to obtain the least sign of success or to direct his thoughts for a moment from his design. He lost his appetite, sleep fled his eyes, and he fell into a sickness. The physicians not discovering the seat of the disease could apply no remedy, and he went step by step towards the grave.

While in this condition he was visited by a friend of his, a knight of Espoleto. To him Lelio, our hero, related this story of his love and the cause of his sickness, dwelling on the cruelty of his mistress which would no doubt cause his death. The knight of Espoleto, finding the origin of his illness, said to him affectionately:

"Lelio, trust the affair of your love in my hands. Fear not but that I shall discover some method for bringing this lady to a more tractable state of mind."

"I ask no more," replied the sick man, "than that you should speak to her and tell her the condition into which her cruelty has thrown me, for I think if she knew it she would not be inexorable. But tell me, how do you intend proceeding? I have employed both entreaties and stratagems to obtain only one hour's interview, yet without success."

"Attend to your recovery," said his friend, "and leave everything else to me."

Lelio was content with the promise of his friend, and in a few days, to the astonishment of his physicians, was in a condition to leave his chamber. The natives of Espoleto are all great talkers, and endowed with a ready wit; they are omnipotent in words, gesticulations and protestations, by which they make all whom they address converts to their persuasions.

Lelio's friend was one of these, and not forgetting his promise he set about fulfilling it in the best manner possible. As, in addition to their occupation already mentioned, the Espoletons are celebrated for their traffic in all feminine curiosities, he thought he might make use of this circumstance to accomplish his design. He accordingly bought a basket, furnished it with wares

and set out for his destination. On arriving before Finea's house, he loudly recounted his list of articles; and the lady, hearing the noise, stepped to the door herself, and beckoned him with her hand. The pedlar was not backward in accepting the invitation; and when he had entered the house, taking advantage of his assumed age, he began to converse with great ease and garrulousness. The lady put her hand into the basket and having shown great skill in her judgment of the different articles, at last fixed her attention on a piece of valuable and very beautiful stuff, saying that if she could she would have purchased the whole of it.

"Senora," said the pedlar, "take the whole, ask not the price of this or anything else here; all is at your service. I am sufficiently paid in finding that they are agreeable to your taste."

"Heavens," said the lady, "I require nothing but what I can pay for; women like me must not receive things for nothing; tell me the price, I pray you, it is not right you should be so liberal of your property and labour."

"If," rejoined the pedlar, "you have a heart as generous as your countenance is beautiful, you will receive what I offer as coming from one who desires to consecrate them on the altar of your beauty."

Finea, on hearing this blushed like a rose, opening its young buds to the first May sun. Looking at the supposed pedlar she said:

"You astonish me much by speaking as you do. I should like to know to what purpose you thus address me, since I am persuaded you are under an error and mistake the person to whom you are sent."

Then without changing his appearance, but with eyes bent downwards he spoke of the sufferings which her disdain had caused to Lelio, how passionately he loved her, and how no one in the world possessed greater accomplishments, or could be found in the court of Turin with more wealth, valour, courtesy, affability. At length he succeeded so well that Finea agreed to give him a secret interview, appointing both the time and place.

Lelio was delighted with his friend's diligence and hastened at the appointed time to the place assigned by Finea, was conducted by her, in company with a domestic into a low back apartment, but which was sufficiently large to hinder the conversation from being heard by the servant, who was sent to the farther part of it. Lelio began by declaring his intentions with eyes full of love and tenderness, saying how much he had suffered for her sake, and supplicating her to have pity on him, which if she granted would purchase his gratitude for ever. She replied that she was a widow, that she had ceased to think of love; that she now only regarded the services of religion, and that there were many more beautiful women under such restraints. At last, after much reasoning, the poor lover seeing that he was fatiguing himself in vain, and that she was determined not to give him any comfort, with tears in his eyes and almost ready to die, said:

"Since I see I must resign all hope of pity, and that I am doomed to suffer the extremity of misery, I have still one means left of proffering my re-

quest: it is that you would grant me peace for the sake of our common country."

The lady sought a moment to reply.

"I question," she said at length, "if your love, *Senor Lelio*, be as great as you say. But to try it you shall swear to observe one request which I will make, and which if you religiously fulfil you shall obtain my regard in return."

The incautious cavalier solemnly swore to do whatever *Finea* should require and besought her to declare her wishes.

"*Senor Lelio*," she said, "I grant your petition and you must fulfil mine according to your solemn oath. That which I require you then is, that, for the space of three years you speak no more with any human being, neither man nor woman—that for this space you live as if you were dumb."

Wonderful that thus, at the feet of a woman, the spoil of her dexterity, should have fallen all the wisdom and valour of a knight. *Lelio* was for a moment thunderstruck at his mistress's demand, which appeared mad and foolish and almost impossible to be observed. However, having taken a most solemn oath, he determined on fulfilling the promise. Having, therefore, made signs with his hand, placing it upon his mouth, and thus assuring the lady of his intention, he departed after a similar farewell, to his home.

Continuing firm in the same determination to observe his oath inviolably, he pretended to have become suddenly dumb, a misfortune for which he was greatly pitted by all who knew him. From *Montcaler* he went to *Turin*, and thence proceeded to *Ferrara*, still pretending to be suffering under loss of speech, where his fame as one of the most accomplished and bravest of chevaliers had preceded him. The duke invited him to his court, where his noble bearing won him the respect of the courtiers and the admiration of the ladies. He soon had an opportunity of rendering the duke good service by his knightly prowess, and he was in which the prince was engaged had no sooner terminated than he bestowed the highest honours on the good chevalier for his aid. But on this account his sorrow for the affliction under which he laboured was all the greater, and he determined that no means should be left untried for his recovery. He, therefore, made it known through Italy, at all times celebrated for its schools of medicine, that whoever could discover a remedy for the dumb knight should receive a reward of fifty thousand florins, but to prevent needless trouble, that they who failed should forfeit as much or be imprisoned in default of payment. Numerous were the unfortunate physicians who employed all the resources of their art in vain, and repented in prison of ever having made the attempt.

At length, *Finea*, secretly sure of success offered to effect the cure; but all the courtiers ridiculed her idea of a woman performing a cure in which so many learned men had failed. The duke, however, determined on making the experiment of her skill, and directed her to be shown the apartment of *Lelio* which was in the most retired part of the palace.

*Finea*, however, did not meet with the ardour which she had, it may be supposed, expected.

The knight armed himself with reason and resolution, and resisted every approach to tenderness, with the suspicion that she had been attracted by the reward rather than by love and compassion for him. He called to mind also the greatness of the affection he had shown her, and the cruel manner in which she had treated him, having a little cooled his feelings by these means he determined upon taking vengeance upon her for her cruelty, and making her suffer in turn.

*Finea*, therefore, having saluted him courteously without receiving the expected reply, said:

"*Senor Lelio*, do you not know me? Do you not see that I am the lady to whom you a little time since made so many professions of love, *Finea*?"

He answered by signs that he knew her well, but gave her to understand that he had not the power to speak.

*Finea* answered him a little anxiously, that she absolved him from his oath, that she would keep her promise, and excuse him the half year still wanting to complete the period of his silence, that she had come to *Ferrara* for the sole purpose of doing this, and giving him a full assurance of her affection. To all which *Lelio* gave no reply but by touching his tongue and sorrowfully shrugging up his shoulders.

The lady, seeing the resolution of *Lelio*, was at a loss what to do; for neither tears, promises nor entreaties were able to effect the miracle she had boasted herself capable of performing. At last she was obliged to retire unsuccessful, and in default of paying the fine was thrown into prison with the rest.

After this occurrence, the cavalier, well satisfied with the revenge he had taken, presented himself before the duke and loosening his tied up tongue told him the whole history of the circumstances which led to his long silence. He then besought him to free the persons who had been so unjustly confined on his account, and repaid them for their sufferings with ample gifts. *Finea* was then sent for, and in the presence of all the court *Lelio* said:

"Well do you know, *senora*, how long and how faithfully I served you and how truly I deserved to obtain that return which the highest lady in the land fails not to give her faithful lover; well do you know also how little was the reward I received for my great toil, and how you obliged me by an oath to three years' silence. And now, although your rigour deserved a greater punishment than you have received I am determined to use my power with lenity; and I, therefore, publicly say that you ought to receive the reward for my cure, and I supplicate his highness to give it you for a dowry; and to permit me to espouse you, hoping that in future you will be more courteous and tractable."

The duke and all his courtiers greatly applauded the address of *Lelio*, and his highness immediately ordered the fifty thousand florins to be given to *Finea*, as being rightly due to her for the cure of *Lelio*. The nuptials were celebrated with all due rejoicing, and *Lelio* was persuaded to settle in *Ferrara*, where he spent his days with *Finea* in peace and happiness.

## ON SENDING DOGS TO SCHOOL.

**T**HE working man who held that his dog would not speak solely because he feared that the result would have been "his getting sent out to work for his own living" may boast that he is now in the distinguished company of Sir John Lubbock and other great Zoologists of the British Association, who appear to hold that dogs can be taught anything except to read and write! At the recent annual meeting, Sir John Lubbock stated that it was surprising how little we knew about the nature of animals. This he attributed to the fact that hitherto we had tried to teach animals, rather than to learn from them. We tried, for instance, to make the dog understand us, instead of endeavouring to understand the dog. Sir John thought it might be desirable to adopt, with regard to the dog, some such system as was pursued with deaf-mutes, and especially by Dr. Howe. He described the course he had taken in the case of a black poodle named Van. He prepared pieces of cardboard, on which he printed words such as "food," "water," "tea," and no one who had seen Van look along the row of cards and pick out the one he wanted could doubt that he was able to distinguish the different words, and understand that bringing a card was equivalent to a request. The card was certainly not recognised by scent, because he prepared a number of each. He had endeavoured to induce Van to pick out a corresponding card to the one shown to him from others placed on the floor, but the dog did not grasp the idea. It would be interesting to ascertain how far dogs were capable of arithmetical ideas. He had made attempts to test his dogs in this respect, but at present had only made a commencement.

Sir John Lubbock is so well known for his successful training of bees that his present proposal to take the dog in hand with a view to the improvement of his social and intellectual condition is sure of a respectful hearing and interested attention. He proposes to treat the dog on the deaf-mute system. He takes it for granted that the mental processes in the dog and the genuine human savage differ in degree rather than in kind!

Most of us have seen troops of performing dogs and been astonished at their tricks, and well disciplined conduct; but, so far as the evidence of Missionaries and travellers, and commonsense goes, the "inferior" races of mankind, the so-called "savages," are, on trial, proved capable of something more—of absorbing all the book-learning that anyone has as yet endeavoured to bestow.

The dog has great native sagacity; and, therefore, starts fitted to take some advantage of the opportunities which Sir John Lubbock proposes to put in his way—we hope not until all that can be done, both individually and publicly, has been effected for undeveloped members of our own species.

A dog can be taught to understand many

simple propositions of his master's language—changing the language with the master, or the locality. Thus, we are told, when recently a Cheviot shepherd took service in Denmark it was the dog and not his master who first acquired the power of understanding the Jutland peasants around him; and the Spanish dog when transported from the Peninsula to Morocco speedily picks up enough of "Arabic" to make his new service easy. No doubt, the phrases used in a dog are mere arbitrary sounds to be followed by certain acts—phrases with which experience has associated certain acts. But some dogs can do more than perform this kind of service. The Ettrick Shepherd, for example, tells us of a collie which, overhearing a "herd" lament to his wife his inability to get the sheep home, owing to a snow storm, started from the house, without any one being aware of his absence, and returned in due time with the flock, although there was nothing in his former experience—nothing, indeed, but the conversation—which could have dictated such a course of action.

The tales, apocryphal or verified, that fill our story books are many of them more striking than this; but Sir John Lubbock's black poodle with his *cartes*, and his arithmetical processes, may be described not only as beating the Ettrick Shepherd's collie but as almost basking Banagher. A dog has many of the characteristics of the civilization in which he dwells. He is, like his master, subject to "moral variations." He is cunning, mean or magnanimous, thrifty or wasteful. In proof that his "blind instinct is intelligence," a recent writer quotes his foresight—"only possible after a process of ratiocination"—in burying such food as he cannot devour! It may be provident to hide away the superfluity of food in order to enjoy it on some occasion when fortune shall not favour him so abundantly; but we have seen hungry dogs in great distress when both memory and scent have played false to the hidden store! No doubt they will avoid this disappointment when they have picked up the three R's.

There is the patrician and the plebeian dog: dogs of high life and low life, all generally below stairs, and the dogs "capable of military discipline" like those of the Greeks and Romans encased in coats of mail; and the fifty dogs of war of Corinth who saved the sleepy garrison when surprised by a vigilant enemy. No doubt a canine sentry is better than a human one because he sleeps with one eye open, and never gets drunk or surprised at his post.

Will "learning" make our dogs happier? The life of many of them is hard enough without Board Schools and possible over-pressure. And their social relations must be modified sadly for the worse when poodles read their mistresses' letters and bull-dogs take to reading light novels and sporting intelligence! And a St. Bernard making pothooks and hangers, or an insolent pug displaying his "elevation of mind," are creatures too fearful to contemplate out of a nightmare. Perhaps the too well-meaning Zoophilists will spare at least our generation—both man and beast—by not sending the latter to school.





SIR OSBERT BENT HIS KNEE AND LOWERED HIS SWORD.

## The Maid of Erin: or, The Chief of the Red Hand.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE MAID OF ERIN.

**S**IR OSBERT TREVELYAN, still keeping on the defensive, turned his eyes in the direction whence came the voice which had saved him from immediate death.

Then he not only lowered his sword, but bent to his knee to the fair vision that met his gaze.

High above the grassy space on which stood the Druid temple, rose a stupendous rock, and on the summit of this rock, lofty as the eyrie of the eagle, towered a castle which its position must have made almost impregnable.

Fronting the great gate of the castle, yawned a terrific chasm in the rocks, and over this chasm was thrown a drawbridge which, made visible by the light of numerous torches, looked to Sir Osbert as if suspended in mid air.

Below the drawbridge a steep and narrow stair was cut in the living rock, which led down to the glade in which stood the ruined temple which it immediately overlooked. Midway on these stairs with the minstrel, O'Carroll, who had disappeared the moment he perceived Sir Osbert under the guidance of the dwarf, stood a young damsel, beautiful enough to realize the vision of fairy loveliness.

In stature she was of the medium height, which is sufficient for dignity while it does not detract from grace. Her complexion was of that dazzling fairness which accompanies locks that glitter like threads of gold; but her eyes, in uncommon but not unpleasing contrast, were of that soft liquid black known only in oriental climes, or in that romantic Spain which is oriental though in Europe.

The features of the lady were of that exquisitely classic mould which is still peculiar to the women of Galway; and the graceful habit in which her fine form was draped rather than clothed, though its fashion was that of an Irish princess, would not have misbecome a figure of the Greeks.

A tunic of the finest linen or rather cambric, for the flax had been wrought into a fabric as soft and transparent as a cloud, fell as low as her feet, which peered below it with a scarlet sandal; this ample robe was fastened round the waist by a girdle of wrought gold, in the centre of which glowed a large carbuncle; above the tunic the lady wore a mantle of fine wool dyed scarlet, and fastened on the shoulder with one of those antique gold brooches which are conspicuous among Irish antiquities.

Bracelets of massive gold, too, encircled her finely moulded arms; but instead of the coronet of simple gold worn by the princesses of ancient Ireland, she wore on her head, beautifully contrasting with her redundant golden hair, a wreath of emeralds fashioned to resemble the sham-rock.

"What meaneth this!" she exclaimed in Irish as she turned her black eyes from the strangers to the prostrate form of the dwarf.

"Oh, my lady, my princess," ejaculated the deformed creature, as he rose and crawling up the rocky staircase, cast himself at the damsel's feet. "Oh, daughter of Tyrconnel, shalt thou be crushed and trodden down by the tyrannous Saxon; beware, Clarinda, beware of the foe of thy country and thy faith; send this stranger forth, bid him hence, and you will not more wisely bid the daggers of thy clansmen to his heart."

As Black Dermot spoke thus, he rose from his crouching posture, and, descending the rocky stair, he cast a ferocious glance at the English knight, anon striding sullenly away among the ruins of the Druid temple; the while, with softened eyes, the maiden, in pure English, bade Sir Osbert Trevelyan welcome to her rocky home.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE MASQUE AT GREENWICH.

AWAY from the wild coast of Donegal, from the surging ocean waves, away to the mighty mass of commerce and the banks of the wealth-laden Thames.

Queen Elizabeth is holding her court at Greenwich; and on that same October night when Sir Osbert Trevelyan became a guest at the mountain castle of the Irish chieftainess, Queen Elizabeth gave a masqued ball at Greenwich.

The barges of the nobility, gorgeous with carving and gilding, were crowded on the river, whilst innumerable wherries and light boats also danced upon the moonlit waters.

In one of those numerous wherries were seated five persons, two of whom rowed the boat; the others were a young man, whose dress and appearance bespoke a gentleman of condition, an elderly well-to-do London tradesman, and his daughter.

Of this party the gentleman scanned with a curious eye the richly decorated barges and their occupants as though he were rather in search of some particular individual than bent upon enjoying the festive scene. The burgher looked dissatisfied, and indulged in grumbling invectives on his own folly at exposing himself to the insults of those whom he called the skip-jacks of the court, each time that his watermen were greeted with orders to keep the boat at a due distance from the barges.

The young girl alone appeared to enjoy the scene.

The night at Greenwich, unlike what it was on the wild coast of Donegal, was clear and starry light, and the bright moon, sailing amidst fleecy clouds, touched with her silver radiance the sparkling waters and the glittering scene around.

Stately and majestically as a swan came floating down the river, a barge so magnificent in its appointments that it might have been worthy the occupation of the luxurious Cleopatra.

The body of the barge was painted white, and gorgeous with gilding; the fittings of the deck were of sandal-wood and gold; the cushions were of azure blue velvet, fringed with gold; the cushions—of azure blue silk—were thickly spangled with gold stars.

On the deck of this vessel, on a throne-like chair of wrought ivory, cushioned and curtained like the other seats with blue velvet and silk, sat a sleepy-looking splendid English beauty.

Her stately and graceful figure was perhaps almost too mature for her years, which scarcely could have exceeded eighteen.

Her large eyes emulated the colour of the deep sky that arched the scene, and the lustre that shone in their blue depths was as mild and gentle as that of the moon that sailed athwart that cloudless sky.

The attire of this lady was such as became the highest degree: a voluminous robe of the thickest and most lustrous silk, embroidered with sprays of jasmine wrought in silver and seed pearls.

A mantle of blue velvet lined with miniver was partially thrown back from her shoulders and covered her swan-like throat, encircled by a

canet of sapphires and diamonds that gleamed between the *chevaux de frize* of a small ruff of the finest Flanders lace.

A cap of blue velvet, decorated with diamonds, and of that becoming form which is now called the Mary Stuart, partially covered the lady's brown hair; over this cap she wore a long veil of silver tissue; bracelets and rings innumerable, for such was the fashion of the times, decorated her round arms and taper fingers; and her appointments were completed by an oriental fan of gold filigree, set with emeralds and rubies, and slippers of blue velvet, embroidered like her robe with silver and seed pearls, and with high red heels.

On the right of this damsel's chair stood an old woman, handsomely attired in a gown of crimson brocade, with gold beads and lace ruff, apron and cap; she might have been either nurse or duenna to the young damsel, but she had too much of an honest, motherly, English aspect, to fit her for the last-named invidious office.

If the elderly woman, however, looked too comely for the invidious role of a duenna, the handsome, sparkling, saucy-looking lad who stood on the left of the young lady, was the very *beau ideal* of an impudent, mischievous page.

With what an air did he wear his mistress's superb livery of blue and gold, evidently conscious how well it became him; how jauntily his embroidered velvet cap was set at the side of his head so that the drooping snow-white feather that adorned it should come into admirable contrast with his crisp raven curls; how critically he eyed the fair dames and damsels, occupants of the other barges, with those bold black eyes of his; and how imperiously did he return stare for stare to the cavaliers, who looked sometimes as though they would have resented the freedom of his eyes, toying the while with the jewelled hilt of his dagger, as though he would intimate, if his page-boy's dignity were wounded, it would be with the keen blade of that dagger he would seek revenge.

An utter contrast to the lovely lady, and these, two attendants, was the tall, sallow, stern-looking cavalier who sat near the prow of the barge.

Certainly this person was the guardian of the young lady, just as sour and ill-tempered as guardians are reputed to be, and a Puritan to the bargain, if judgment might be drawn from his garments: dark brown velvet, without a trace of lace or embroidery, the close crop of his abbey hair as dry and colourless as tow, and the collar turned down linen collar, which was as near an approach to the Geneva band, as the wearer would bring within the ken of the Puritan-hating queen Elizabeth.

The queen was already seated in the pavilion on the bank of the river, when the stately barge we have described approached the landing place covered with scarlet cloth, which had been thrown out for the use of her grace in the morning.

The beauty and gorgeous attire of the young lady, who was evidently the proprietress of the barge, drew all eyes upon her; for, apart from the blaze of the fireworks, the discharge of which had now commenced, the shore was made as

light as day by the innumerable coloured lamps that wreathed the trees in Greenwich Park, the masts and prows of the barges, and every point of "coigne and vantage," from which the pretty fairyland toys could be suspended.

Thus it was that the murmurs of admiration caused the queen to turn her eyes in the direction whence it rose.

"Humph!" she exclaimed. So that saucy and precise rascal, that gold-scraping, lean visaged hankerer after the men of Geneva, Sir Nicholas Trevanion, has at last seen fit to obey our royal commands, and bring his niece and ward, the Countess of Tregarthon, to pay that duty at our footstool which she should have rendered long ago. By our father's soul we lay but small blame on the wench's neck; it was none of her will to be mewed up like a haggard hawk in the gray walls of Tregarthon Castle I trow, when the masque and the dance and the pageant awaited her in the court of her queen and mistress. The contumacious canting knave, who must meddle with matters spiritual forsooth, the crop-eared villain; his ears shall be cropped a little closer, and to the tune of the bellman at the pillory, unless he makes ample amends for his late contumacy.

"Poor Nick!" whispered Sir Christopher Hatton to Lord Sunningdale, a young nobleman, upon whom it was known that the queen desired to bestow the hand and wealth of the Countess Tregarthon. "Poor Nick! it is well known that he hath stuffed out his money bags with the revenue of his ward. I'll warrant me her grace will make them perspire the gold pieces pretty freely, unless he would have his ears as she threatens—cropped shorter than his hair. I prythee, Sunningdale, what luckpenny out of the Countess of Tregarthon's broad acres hast thou proffered to our most dear queen, that she is so eager to endow thee with the hand of the heiress."

Lord Sunningdale was a tall, slender, fair-haired young man, with well-formed but somewhat effeminate features; a bland courtesy distinguished his manners; he was thoroughly a courtier, an adept in administering flattery, and, therefore, was ranked first among the favoured class, as they might be termed, of Elizabeth's favourites, of whom Sir Christopher Hatton was himself a member.

He was desperately jealous of Lord Sunningdale, and had pointed out that young nobleman's increasing favour with her grace to no less a person than the Earl of Essex, who laughed and treated the information with indifference. The Earl of Essex justly estimated the real amount of Lord Sunningdale's favour with the queen, a favour which he knew that he himself enjoyed in the superlative degree, and which his frank and daring spirit would have prevented his either winning or losing by the common arts of a courtier.

Lord Sunningdale was, however, more than a match for Sir Christopher Hatton; and with a sneer, which was the very reverse of that smile with which he always approached his royal mistress, he replied:

"Go to, Sir Kit; the beauty of the Countess of

Tregarthon were itself an imperial dower. What luckpenny must that be which could purchase in such a matter the favour of our beloved queen?"

Sir Christopher was about to reply with a sneer as bitter as that of Lord Sunningdale.

"Why a year's rental of the lady's earldom," for such it was reported had been the compact between Lord Sunningdale and the avaricious Elizabeth as the price of her favour; but that the attention of all spectators of the scene, both on land and water, was suddenly diverted by an accident which had very nearly proved fatal to the young countess.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE IRISH GALLANT.

THE superb barge of the young Countess of Tregarthon had reached the landing place, and her morose-looking guardian, Sir Nicholas Trevanion, had risen from his seat, and stood at the gangway to hand her from the barge.

Some confusion, however, occurred at the moment: a question of precedence between the oarsmen of the countess and of a nobleman resident in London; these latter rudely pushing aside the raft, with its crimson footcloth, which her lacqueys had put between the landing stage and the Countess of Tregarthon's barge.

This act of discourtesy was committed at the very moment the young lady, still holding her guardian's hand, set foot upon the raft.

The selfish and cowardly Sir Nicholas felt the plank yield, and, relinquishing the hand of his niece at the moment he ought to have held it most firmly, he stepped back upon the barge, and the next moment the shriek of the young lady, as she fell into the river, was re-echoed by the horrified spectators.

"She will be sucked under the boats!" "She will be drowned!" "Is there no one to save her?" These and a hundred other disjointed exclamations filled the air.

But one person only volunteered the dangerous task of attempting a rescue on the crowded surface of the river.

This person was the young gentleman in the little boat with the London burgher and his daughter.

He had watched the barge of the countess, indeed, with an interest not wholly occasioned by her splendour or her beauty, but because he had a missive to the young lady, which her cautious guardian had hitherto prevented his executing, and he hoped that the public fête would afford him some opportunity of eluding his vigilance.

Thus it was that, as the barge of the countess approached the river's bank, at a whisper from the young man, the oarsmen of the wherry approached the barge as near as was consistent with safety, and the young man, rising up, courteously bowed to the countess, as he drew a curious jewel from his breast, which he waved to the lady ere he pressed it to his lips.

This jewel consisted of a spray of jasmine, of which the flower and foliage were imitated by emeralds and pearls.

The young lady started at the sight of this

token, and it is possible that the surprise partly caused her to miss her footing.

If such was the case, the cavalier who was partly the cause of the accident was also the person to repair it; for, while the rest of the spectators were uttering useless shrieks and cries, he tossed the emeralds spray into the lap of the citizen's daughter, and, stripping off his green velvet jerkin with the rapidity of thought, plunged into the river.

Most fortunately for the countess, the tide, which was then at the flood, swept her between the double line of the barges out into the open water, almost facing the royal pavilion.

Once her head, reft of all covering save its native wealth of chestnut hair, rose, above the silver tide, then it was seen no more, till the gallant of the green jerkin appeared, supporting the evidently senseless countess on his left arm, while with his right he struck vigorously for the shore.

The air was rent with shouts of applause and encouragement.

A gallant action of this sort never lacks its meed of praise.

That youth, however, had need to be a strong no less than a brave swimmer, for the lady's robes of price had like to have cost her dear indeed, now saturated and ponderous with water. It was as much as the brave, bold youth could do to hold her above the suffocating tide.

Numbers of the smaller boats, soon as it was perceived the direction in which the damsel had drifted, put off to the aid of the valorous swimmer.

That which he had himself occupied led the way, but the swimmer had reached the river bank ere even that had overtaken him.

A hundred voices then pealed in congratulation—a hundred hands were stretched to help him on the shelving bank of the Thames with his seamless charge.

The countess was laid upon the green and her head still supported on the broad breast of the gallant preserver.

The eyes of the damsel were closed, her hands and cheeks were pale; one of the bystanders vainly endeavoured to force a cordial between her clenched teeth.

The youth would not relinquish his charge, he bent over her, and in a whisper, frantic in earnestness of its expression, he exclaimed: "Oh; Ethelind, star of my life, look up! Remember the Convent of Sorrento! Remember the gardens on its shore!"

It might have been the youth's fancy, perhaps, that the frantic energy with which he grasped the hand of the countess was responded to by a gentle press of her fingers; it was now that he opened her blue eyes, and gazed on him with expression in which surprise and joy were equally mingled.

But whatever interchange of sentiment may have passed in a scene of so much publicity, between those two young persons who had never met before, was prevented by the appearance of one of the royal lacqueys, with the command from the queen that the Countess of Tregarthon should be forthwith conveyed to the palace, and a

stranger who had rescued her present himself all dripping as he was, before her peremptory majesty.

Fierce as was her temper and arbitrary as was her rule, it cannot be denied that Elizabeth was, with the great bulk of her people, one of the most popular sovereigns who ever sat upon the English throne.

The secret of this popularity, perhaps lay most in the condescending and gracious manner which she always exhibited towards those who may emphatically be termed the people; the great masses of the nation, who were not exposed either to her caprices or extortions as were her courtiers.

Elizabeth, of course, knew not who this young man might be who had rescued the Countess of Tregarthon from drowning; he was, she concluded, one of the people, and it was judicious as well as agreeable to the queen, who really loved courage, to reward such gallant actions.

The old London citizen, who had landed with his daughter by the time that the young stranger had fairly got the countess ashore, had handed her gallant his green jerkin, when the command of the queen that he should forthwith appear before her was delivered.

This jerkin was a handsome garment of rich Geno velvet, trimmed and laced with gold, and when the gallant slipped it on over his wet underesture more than one cavalier of the court eyed him with askance and envious looks as he stood before the queen, with that air of well bred and modest assurance, which, united with a fine person and handsome face, was sure to charm the eye and win the heart of Elizabeth.

The queen looked at that stranger cavalier and smiled, and smiled and looked again.

A fine young man of about five and six and twenty was the stranger, near six feet in height, not so admirably proportioned that he did not look his full stature; features, cast in a mould that could have befitted a head of Apollo, were full of expression; there was pride and determination in the curve of his lips, indomitable courage and perseverance in the light that flashed out from those dark blue eyes.

Keen blue eyes they were, too, that were lightened on his face, as though they would read therein the secrets of his soul.

Those keen searching eyes were the eyes of Queen Elizabeth.

The sagacious sovereign perceived at a glance that the young man who stood before her with an air at once so self-reliant and so respectful, did not then for the first time face the circle of a court.

"Whence come you, sirrah?" she demanded abruptly.

"Last from the Duchy of Milan, your grace, where I served as a soldier of fortune under the duke," replied the stranger.

"Your name and lineage?" demanded the queen.

"My name is Murtough O'Brien, a chieftain of Ulster!" answered the youth somewhat proudly.

Elizabeth knitted her brow.

"A descendant of the great King Brian Boru, we suppose," she said with a slight touch of

satire in her tone, "and mayhap a rebel to Elizabeth!"

"The blood of Brian the Brave, which bounded so freely in my father's veins, would congeal in those of a rebel!" answered Murtough. "Was not the great Chief of the Red Hand faithful to the queen? Let her look to her officers, to the minions who abuse her favour, and oppress her royal Irish, that Tyrone is not now a noble of her court."

"Thou art malapert, young sir, and speak with more courage than discretion," answered Elizabeth sternly; "but we pardon the saucy freedom of thy speech, because that it contains withal a savour of the truth. Look you, my lords," she exclaimed, addressing the nobles who surrounded her, with the look and tone which was so unpleasantly like that of her father, "hear the truth from the lips of this bold Irish boy. I do believe, myself, it is to such pitiful knaves, such cowardly cut-purses as I know ye are, that we owe the miserable state of our unhappy kingdom of Ireland! God's truth, we will have a change, my lords, ere long."

A young nobleman, strongly built, but somewhat below the middle height, and with features, the spirited expression of which atoned for some irregularity, stood at the right hand of the queen; he leaned forward and whispered eagerly in reply to her last remarks:

"Ah, would your grace allow me the conduct of Irish affairs, and with such metal as this O'Brian to work with, reports from Ireland should presently bear another aspect."

"We will think of it, Essex, we will think of it," answered the queen; then she turned to an elderly, soberly attired man who at that moment approached her footstool with a cowering air.

"So, Sir Nicholas Trevanion, knight of Cornwall, and guardian of thy niece the maiden Countess of Tregarthon," she exclaimed, "so it does not suffice thee, in defiance of our royal command, to bury thy ward in the solitude of her feudal castle for two successive seasons; but when, in thine own despite, thou art forced to bring her to our court, thou dost most despicable, and with cowardly malice aforethought, contrive to submerge the poor damsel in the river."

"Indeed, indeed," whined the trembling Sir Nicholas, "the whole affair was an accident. I love my niece, your grace. I feared for her the delusions of the court; it was a mistake."

"How darest thou talk of the delusions of our court, thou impudent canting knave!" ejaculated the queen interrupting the prosy excuses of Sir Nicholas. "Mistake, quotha, darest thou say that we mistake! Thou dost mistake thyself in daring to approach us with the hypocritical demeanour of that pestilent villain, John Calvin. We will have none of Geneva in our court, sirrah. Faugh! such doctrines stink worse than the scarlet abominations of Rome herself. Get thee gone, an' if thou darest show thyself in our presence again with those fanatically fashioned garments and close cropped hair thou shall grow shorter by the head, which shall be sent to gaze at the wayfarer on London Bridge, and your four quarters grace four gates of the city. Is the knave deaf? Where is the captain of our guard? To prison



with this fellow till he has paid a fine of a thousand marks for appearing at our court with those vilely cut and ill-coloured garments."

Then the virgin queen, the mighty and really sagacious Elizabeth, foaming with wrath—for she did so candidly and honestly hate the Puritans—actually spat upon the offending costume of Sir Nicholas Trevanion as he was removed from her presence.

(To be continued.)

## FATHER HAND, THE FOUNDER OF ALL HALLOWS COLLEGE.

[CONTINUED.]

**T**HE first priest who joined Father Hand was the Reverend James O'Ryan, who died shortly after All Hallows was founded; then came the Reverend Bartholomew Woodlock now Bishop of Ardagh; next came the Reverend Dr. Bennett, of the University of Louvain, still at All Hallows; and then the late Dr. Moriarty, who died Bishop of Kerry. The other members of Father Hand's circle were the Reverend James Clarke, the Reverend Kavanagh, the Reverend James O'Brien, the Reverend Michael Flannery, afterwards Bishop of Killaloe; and last, but not least, the late Dean O'Brien of Limerick, founder of the Young Men's Society. Equally careful were his rules for the selection and training of the students.

Having matured his plans, Father Hand resolved to perfect it by repairing to France and Italy, in order to visit the missionary colleges there, and thus acquire a practical knowledge of the method of conducting and ecclesiastical college.

Bearing a letter of introduction from his Archbishop, he tore himself away from his loved associates; and prepared to start alone and penniless. Nearly £7,000 were promised him for free foundations by a few generous Catholics; but none of this was available; and he was literally without a shilling for his journey, until, when bidding goodbye to his friends, the O'Reillys of Ratoath, Miss O'Reilly put a purse of gold into his hand, to help him, as she said, on his way.

Having visited every seminary for the training of priests for the Home and Foreign Missions in France, he finally came to the famous college of S. Sulpice, at Paris. He was so pleased with its constitutions, besides seeing how cheerfully and exactly they were observed, and coming up so much to his own ideas, that he decided on adopting the *Rule of S. Sulpice* as the *model* for his own college.

All now wanted was the Seal of the Fisherman, the sanction of the successor of S. Peter; and, accordingly he left Paris for Rome, in January, 1842.

After a four months' stay in the Eternal City, and all the necessary preliminaries towards obtaining the Papal approval of the college had been gone through, he was admitted to the presence the then Pope, Gregory XVI., whose part-

ing words to him were, "I see that you have a burning love for our Divine Lord, and a brave heart to undertake a most difficult task for His sake. This is a great happiness to me, and I gladly give you my blessing and sanction."

We may imagine the flood of consolation these words poured into Father Hand's soul.

He now drafted an appeal to the charity of the Catholic world; and with a subscription of £40 from the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, and a large consignment of books to form the nucleus of the college library, besides a flattering report from his eminence as to his proceedings at Rome, Father Hand left the Holy City in April, 1842, and arrived in Dublin the June following.

When passing through Lyons and Paris, he made an appeal for aid to the converts of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith; but this, and a subsequent appeal made by him, was ineffectual; and it was only in 1847, after Father Hand's death, that this association first made grant to his college.

The Irish branch of the association, however, assisted him; but, perhaps, the most substantial help Father Hand received at this time, was from the penny-a-week collection he organised among the struggling portion of the Dublin population. He himself begged from door to door, not only Dublin, but in his own native Meath; and collected in this way, during the three years, seven months and two days that he was spared to All Hallows, the sum of £7,500, out of which he paid the rent of a large house and grounds, made extensive repairs and additions to the buildings, gave most of the money required for the support of the college, and left on hand, at his death, £2,500.

He next sought to get his college into favour with the Irish bishops; and obtained an interview with them in February, 1841, with the discouraging result, however: "That," as Dr. Cantwell, Bishop of Meath, wrote, "every bishop there, I am convinced, except Dr. Murray and myself, had the strange notion that Father Hand's reason was disturbed by his zeal."

This attitude of the Irish bishops was a mortification to him; but he did not give up. At length he lighted upon a spot, admirably suited for the home of his proposed college. It was the old manor house of the Coghills, on the north side of Dublin, near Drumcondra, which belonged formerly to the Monastery of All Hallows. It was Corporation property; and the great O'Connell happened to be Lord Mayor of Dublin that year. From the beginning he warmly supported the establishment of a Foreign Missionary College, and had given a donation of £100 towards it. To him, Father Hand turned for aid. He called on him, therefore, at his residence in Merrion Square, one morning in August, 1842. The fact of his being a priest barely saved him from being denied an interview at this period of the day, which O'Connell strictly reserved to himself.

Father Hand recounted his struggles and difficulties; and finally begged his influence as Lord Mayor to facilitate the purchase of the Coghill property from the Corporation. "Certainly," replied O'Connell, "your cause is the cause of God, and since it has for its special object the

salvation of our Catholic exiles, I promise to assist you as long as I live with my influence and purse." On an early day in September, 1842, therefore, Father Hand sent in a proposal to the Dublin Corporation the terms of which through O'Connell's weighty influence as Lord Mayor, were accepted; and Archbishop Murray directed that the Catholic college for the Foreign Missions should be opened there at once, under the name of *All Hallows*, that of its original foundation.

Accordingly, on the 18th of October, 1842, Father Hand went into residence with one student. On the evening of the 31st, Dr. Woodlock followed the Reverend Mr. Clarke there; and these two directors, with Father Hand as superior, opened the *College of All Hallows*, with prayer and sacrifice, on the first of November, 1842.

The morning of this memorable All Saints' Day, the *Titular Feast of the College*, these three priests offered up Mass on a small table in the oak-room of the manor house at Drumcondra.

In a few days after, a second student entered; and with these two the regular curriculum of ecclesiastical teaching was auspiciously begun, which has ever since been uninterruptedly carried on.

The opening of All Hallows was announced by public circular, and in a short time urgent messages for help were coming to it from destitute missions far and near.

From India, from America, from Australia came the same sorrowful story: Catholic parents without a priest to bless their union, to baptize their children, to hear their confessions, or to prepare them for death. From distant Demerara, Texas, and Iowa, to Scotland close at home came the same cry for priests; whilst on the other hand Dr. Brown, the Bishop of the extensive Diocese of North Wales, besought Father Hand to admit a few Welsh boys as students, in order to help to restore the faith in their once Catholic principality.

But All Hallows had no missionaries as yet to send. There was barely means enough to support the limited number of students in residence, and therefore the idea of taking more could not be entertained. Father Hand was overwhelmed with grief, and to add to his affliction, he encountered in quarters where he went encouragement bitter taunts and cruel insinuations as to the vanity no less than the futility of the undertaking. In his deep distress he invited all in the college to join in supplication to God to send a supply for the pressing wants of the Foreign Missions, and he wrote out Novena to that effect. He still begged from door to door, or travelled to Meath and distant parts of Dublin on the same errand. The old inhabitants yet remember him as he went on these long journeys, muffled in a threadbare oak, which, with an old worn-out umbrella, he carried about him till his death. He always travelled in a gig terribly out of repair and drawn by a pony which tradition endows with wonderful sagacity.

In October, 1843, he was able to send rather an encouraging Report of the College to the Cardinal-Prefect of Propaganda in which the number of students is given as thirty-eight and the directors as four.

The hopes expressed by Father Hand in this Report were not long delayed. Donations and subscriptions had now increased so much that he was able to turn one of the old buildings on the premises into a study hall, and the loft over it into a dormitory.

This temporary accommodation, together with a plain wing added to the manor-house, gave ample room for the numerous candidates seeking for admission, who now from the one present at the opening day had increased to fifty-four, whilst the number of directors and professors amounted to eight. This growth in the number of directors and students continued to advance steadily; and on the 22nd December, 1845, five months before his death, Father Hand was able to state in the Report he then made to the Propaganda that there were at that date sixty-five students in the college, exclusive of twenty more who had partially completed their studies there and had gone away to their respective bishops to finish their ecclesiastical training under their eye.

A part of the old buildings were now converted into the college chapel; and with the archbishop's leave, opened on Sundays and holidays. Here the missionary work he so loved at Phibsboro' was revived. On Saturday evenings he heard Confessions, and on Sunday he taught Catechism to the poor children of the neighbourhood. Thus, day after day, Father Hand's college was extending its boundaries and increasing its usefulness. Its early difficulties were disappearing, and in less than four years it was thronged with students, taught and directed by a staff of able and devoted priests, who have left their mark not only in All Hallows but in the history of the whole Irish Church. Flattering testimonies came of the zeal of the missionaries Father Hand had sent out in this short interval; and he now began to reap in joy the seed he had sown in tears.

But now the privations endured by Father Hand in begging for his college began to tell on his constitution, which never was strong. Coming home after his weary work of this kind he would go in his wet clothes to pay long visits to the Blessed Sacrament, then he would content himself with a poor meal of cold meat and a few potatoes; and he would even deprive himself of his necessary sleep in order to commune with God. An abscess formed in one of his lungs; and whilst this disease was slowly consuming his exhausted frame he went to the County Meath to collect funds for the college. The bitter March winds he then encountered accelerated his malady, and he returned to All Hallows on the 2nd of April, to die.

His case being pronounced hopeless, Father Hand spent his last days in preparing for heaven, and on Ascension Eve, the 20th of May, 1846, being then in the thirty-ninth year of his age and the eleventh of his sacred ministry, his pure spirit passed into the hands of its Maker.

On the evening of his death, he sent for the eight directors, then associated with him, to hear his last injunctions. For over ten minutes he spoke feelingly of their sacred duty of training good missionaries for the famishing souls abroad; and after recommending Dr. Moriarty as his successor, his voice declined into the gentlest whisper, repeating over and over again, "Love one

another." Then he bade them farewell for ever; adding, "You have done for me all that was possible; I am very happy, I have had all I could desire, and I am now going before my God with well-grounded confidence."

After asking Dr. Woodlock for the last Absolution, no more words were heard from him; but his lips could be seen moving in response to the Church's Prayers for a Soul Departing. As his head sank upon the pillow, he kissed the Crucifix, which his hand grasped until it was made rigid in death.

On the 23rd of May, 1846, his remains were committed to the grave within the college grounds; and a simple wooden cross is all that marks the last resting place of the holy founder of All Hallows, Father John Hand.

After what we have just written, there is little need to dwell on the special virtues for which Father Hand was distinguished: his deep and earnest love of God from his earliest childhood; his meekness and simplicity; his stern devotion to what he believed to be the call of God; his abiding spirit of labour; his unvarying kindness of disposition; and, above all, his inflexible devotedness to the cause of the Foreign Missions, culminating in the foundation of the college, the crowning act of his life.

Up to the beginning of this year, 1885, 1,741 students have passed through the halls of All Hallows, 1,192 of whom have become priests and gone forth to the uttermost ends of the earth: to England and Scotland near home; to Gibraltar, the Cape, Canada, the United States, Newfoundland, India, the Australian Colonies, the West Indies, South America, and New Zealand.

Pious, eminent and devoted professors and directors have faithfully followed in Father Hand's footsteps, amongst whom were the late Father Potter, well known for his Catholic stories, the late Dr. Conroy, who became Bishop of Ardagh, and died whilst acting as Papal Delegate in America, the late Dr. McDevitt, who died Bishop of Raphoe, Dr. O'Connell, now bishop in California; whilst amongst its present staff, are such well known names as the Reverend Dr. O'Mahony, an author and poet, Henry Bedford, Esq., the Reverend Dr. McDevitt, brother of the late Bishop of Raphoe, above mentioned, and author of the "Life of Father Hand," from which the present paper is compiled, and last, but not least, the present courteous and amiable president of All Hallows, the Very Reverend W. Fortune, D.D.

The demand for Irish priests abroad is still great. But as, in course of time, the increase of the Catholic population in America and Australia will enable local seminaries to be established, one of which is just about to be commenced by Cardinal Moran at Sydney, New South Wales, at a cost of £60,000; and, on the other hand, the exodus of Ireland's children from her soil must inevitably one day cease.

All Hallows will then be able to send her priests to help to convert the millions of Pagans who are still sitting in the valley and the shadow of death.

Then will Ireland's early work in converting the heathen be renewed—as it was in the days when

S. Columba and Columbanus, Killian (S. Gall), Cataldus and other celebrated Irish missionaries made the moral desert of middle and southern Europe bloom with Christian virtue—when S. Columba led a heroic band of Irish monks to evangelize Scotia and Northumbria—when other Irish apostles crossed the seas, landed in Flanders and took their course southward—others following the Rhine eastward through the Black Forest into Germany and Austria south of the Danube; others, penetrating into Switzerland, Italy, and Spain, reaping everywhere a rich harvest of souls.

In those days, when Holy Church, we hope, have raised the name of Father Hand upon her altars, and numbered him among her saints, when the words he inscribed on the granite portal of All Hallows: "Go, therefore, teach ye all nations," will have been literally fulfilled by his children, how proudly and gratefully will not Irishmen yet unborn repeat the words of their own gifted poet, Aubrey de Vere:

Hope of my country! House of God!  
All Hallows! Blessed foot are those  
By which thy shadowy courts are trod  
For yet the breeze of morning blows!  
Blessed are the winds that waft them forth  
To victory over the rough sea foam—  
Can God forget the race at home?

J. C.

## SHERBORNE;

OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems,"  
"Grey's Court," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XXII.

**M**ISS HERMIONE CRUMPS was making herself evident in the further drawing-room of Sir Hugh Arden's house in Berkeley Square. The house was roomy—whether the term be taken to mean full of rooms, or of ample size generally, or both. The furniture was good, but rather worn: its loose ornaments were limited, as is wont to be the case in houses let for two months. They had been put away in closets by desire, lest cracks of ancient date should be put down in the bill of dilapidations.

It was the hour of afternoon tea, and the bright blue of the tea-things played an important part at the end of two long rooms whose general colouring had become neutral. At first sight, it would seem paradoxically a small thing that a large lady should be evident, and unnecessary that she should take measures to make herself what she already was; but if one comes to think of it, and consult one's experiences of human types, the fact becomes apparent that some people have a way of impressing their presence more heavily than others, by concentrating all the will they possess on the energy of self-manifestation.

Which was just what Miss Hermione Crumps did habitually, and was practising on that occasion.

If she got on in the world better than people who were better born, better connected, better off, better looking, better educated, even better endowed with those gifts which the world understands, and therefore appreciates without resenting, it was mainly because she concentrated her whole will, energy, attention, and interest on impressing her presence where she wanted to impress it. She had all the requirements for success of that sort—

conspicuous exterior, rude health, versatile habits of superficial sympathy, a sanguine temperament quite free from sensitiveness, a stiff elasticity of tastes that made her seem unselfish about losing chances by being so. Moreover, she had the double incitement of being pretty well connected and quite otherwise, her mother, Crayston's sister, having eloped with the late much respected Mr. Joshua Crumps, then a fine florid young man behind the counter of Messrs. Gingham and Tape, in Ledchester. Crumps, after he was married, abandoned the yard measure, became a keeping partner in a distant establishment, and went abroad as a *rentier* with his wife, her French maid, and a letter of introduction to the English minister at Florence: the practical result of the latter has not been ascertained. At Florence Miss Armine was born, and there she was educated (save the mark!)—taught that black was not so very different from white, if you arranged the lights properly; the difference, except in certain cases (no one could permanently tell what), being reducible to relative position and conditions of sight. In short, she had, without being aware of it, experienced that residence in a Catholic country is, in all things, most dangerous to Anglicans of the present day. Her belief in the Establishment was chief in an institution, not in a creed. Founded in nationalism, it inflated like a balloon, at the thoughts of a British man-of-war, or the sight of a lion and unicorn over the British embassy; associated in England with property and influence, which she appreciated for England while wishing access to foreigners who would destroy both if they could, it glowed in territorial dining-rooms, and lated in family pews. But as to Anglicanism on its own merits, it was well for her, perhaps, that she had never discovered how little she believed, how much indifferentism, to say no worse, had grown up in secret within her, from living in a land where Catholicity has no pseudo-equivalent in England, and where its alternative is an postasy of the vilest, meanest type, especially deleterious to the suspicious simplicity of the normal English mind.

She had not discovered how little she believed, not only thought herself "a good Churchwoman," friend to Italian freedom, and a general discoverer of the good and beautiful wherever it was to be found—"wherever" being understood, on that afternoon and in that drawing-room, as particularly referring to the society of English Catholics, excluding converts, of course, because their *raison d'être* disagrees with the theory of limited selection, which supposes that respectable converts should be the choice of those alone whose families were Catholic in the year 1829. Besides, converts were of no use to her; they might as well be Protestants—in fact, better, if they had any position available for giving distinction by

acquaintance; for as converts they lose much of their former solid advantages, without having the select and mystic dignity which, in the perverted but naturally just and darkly poetical English mind, hangs about those families who retained their faith through the times of persecution. That select and mystic dignity—suggestive of haunted castles, ruined abbeys by moonlight, Benedictines hidden behind tapestry, walled-up nuns, proud pontiffs, belted knights, distressed damsels, conspirators, bandits, trap-doors, dungeons, monks blessing daggers in chorus, Guy Faux on a tar-barrel (compare "Marmion," the opera of "Les Huguenots," Mr. G. P. R. James, *passim*, and the "hollow-boys" on the 5th of November)—had another aspect less romantic but more practical. It represented (at least, she thought so) a certain social value in the eyes of all foreigners worth knowing. "And," thought she, with a simplicity that would have been charming if the thought itself had been a little more so, "it's so much more independent, and all that, and looks so much more like having an assured position of one's own, to know them well, when one isn't one of them."

That was what she thought; and the Ardens were being drawn by sheer force of heavy will into allowing, without conscious annoyance, that kind of social frequentation which is the nearest approach to intimacy between those who have no idea in common beneath the surface of things.

She was sitting there, looking ponderously at home, having been to luncheon at Lord Ledchester's, where she read up the "Rock"; dined, the day before, at Lord Oxborough's, where she delighted Sir Thomas Grubhedge with wonderful tales about "crypto-Jesuits," all from the best authority, made Glenfillan Bruff invite her to his other place, somewhere in Scotland, for the whole month of August, and was asked by Lady Ledchester to stay at Monksgallows on her return south.

"Oh! but I have got such a story for you," said she, after having unfolded her engagements in the form of an apology for being late.

"What is it?" said some one; and then they all listened, keeping their countenances fixed on hers, like Dido's guests before the pious Æneas.

"Well, you know, it's rather a long one," said she, "and I haven't much time. I promised to try a duet with a Mr. —; I forget his name—a charming tenor, they say. I said I would be at—oh! I forget where, but they're friends of Lady Oxborough's, and it was she that asked me to go, and I asked her to call for me here, and she will be here directly, or else Uncle Crayston will call for me. But the story is this—"

"A very vivacious and, no doubt, amiable sort of girl, but I don't quite like her ways; I daresay it's a rash judgment of mine, though," thought Sir Roger in the recesses of his great honest heart and shrewd simplicity.

"She would be much nicer if she were a Catholic," thought both the Miss Ardens, trying hard to think that, sooner or later, she must, and half inclined to accuse themselves of uncharitableness for not quite seeing their way to feel sure about it.

"You know the old woman who lives in that queer house not far from Ferry Corner Station?"

"Yes," said Sir Roger. "She is a lady, and had something to do with old Mrs. Sherborne, whose father forfeited the property in '46; and that was how her husband, who was her cousin also, came in for it."

"Have you ever heard that she is seen sometimes in two places at once?" asked Miss Hermione.

"No, never," said he. "The only thing of the kind I ever heard of was Sir Boyle Roche's metaphorical bird."

"Did you?" said she to the Miss Ardens; whereat two pairs of eyes, pure and translucent as the light of a harvest moon, looked up intelligently puzzled.

"No," they said.

And that was all they said, as became prudent young ladies, who thought probably that the least said is soonest mended when you know not what is coming.

"Nor I either, to tell the truth," said she, with the careless gaiety and hard assumption, in unequal and indistinct proportions, which make up that minor nuisance of the period—chaff.

But they only perceived, or, in their charity, only acknowledged, the gaiety; and they listened in that spirit for her story.

"Well," she said, "you see, they say everything except that. They say she has been seen, with a candle in her hand, at the window of that weird-like old room out of the bed-room at the end of the dark pannelled passage. You remember, the day we were all there, the morning of your ball?"

Yes, they did remember, and had been over the house often before she had ever heard of the place; but it entered into the scheme of her successful oppressiveness to seem naturally more intimate than the person she was talking with, wherever intimacy had had any furthering or even supporting power in the world.

"Well," said she, after a sudden attack on the tea and rolled up bread and butter, followed by a brief soliloquy about Lady Oxborough being late, "you see, it was in that room, and she struck a lucifer match and lit a candle. How she got there in the dark I don't know; but this person saw her—he is some old fellow about the place, I believe, who was a knife-boy, or something of the kind, when she was companion, or lady's-maid, or house-maid, or whatever she was to old Mrs. Sherborne, who was an old witch, too, or something wicked."

"I never heard her accused of riding on a broomstick or blighting people's potatoes," said Sir Roger; "but she certainly profited by the misfortunes of others, if she had no hand in causing them. Her father was accused of helping Prince Charlie in '45—which, as a matter of fact, I believe he never did. The property was confiscated and given to the next heir—a nephew. But the poor man was dead by that time; and it was his son—a boy at Douai, who really lost the property. The sister (the old Mrs. Sherborne you speak of) married the nephew, her cousin. She left only one surviving son. At any rate the youngest, who was the heir, was drowned in the old ford

near Sheldington, where the bridge is now. He wanted to marry his grandmother's companion, this very old lady who lives at the Four Ways; but his father wouldn't hear of it, though she was as well born as he, for the matter of that, and could not help being the daughter of a younger son who had a large family and no profession."

"Oh, yes; and Mr. George Sherborne got Hazeley by a fluke," said Miss Hermione, who was not going to let any one know more about it than she did.

"Rather a slang word," thought Sir Roger; "but I suppose she caught it from her brother—only she has got none, I believe."

"It came to him collaterally, no doubt, from many other properties," he said.

"Yes—and—well, I shouldn't like to have a place that has been unjustly taken from others—that I shouldn't; though I dare say the old fellow was a rebel.—Oh no! I don't mean really, of course."

"Sherborne gets it quite fairly as far as he is concerned, at any rate," said Sir Roger. "It was legally confiscated from the elder line hundred and twenty-four years ago, and it was left by will to his mother, whose heir he is."

"Well, it was very hard," said she, twisting the tassel of her parasol, and pouting. The pose was partly artificial: the thing signified was natural enough. It never occurred to Sir Roger that there is, in certain feminine natures of the less exalted types, a special disposition to resent being civilly contradicted in things unimportant so, giving her credit for virtuous indignation, he merely said:

"Oh! it's all right as far as Sherborne is concerned, I assure you. In the first place—waiving his legal right, and the length of time, and the impossibility of disproving the accusation of what was, in fact, at least high treason—he is, I believe, really the heir, the next of kin; for the elder line died out. The boy who was deprived of his inheritance had two children—sons, both of whom died unmarried. One was guillotined during the Reign of Terror, and the other married a Miss Atherstone, went to India, and both died, as I was told by some one who knew them. I believe she was a sister of that very Mrs. Atherstone who lives at the Four Ways."

"Well, I dare say it's all right," said she; "but it is so awfully jolly to believe in a way that something dreadfully wicked has been done in an old house, especially when an old woman comes and haunts the place on purpose to tell people all about it. It's so like a thrilling tragedy on the stage."

"The villagers always fancy there is something preternatural about Mrs. Atherstone, I know," said Sir Roger, "because she lives alone, and walks in the dark. I shouldn't wonder at anything you might hear concerning her."

"Ah! you Roman Catholics are so matter-of-fact about those things: you won't let one enjoy the thing properly. I do believe, now, you would have Masses said if an old ghost came and bothered you."

"That depends on circumstances," said he.

"Now for my story," said she, "for I shall have to go away directly. Good gracious! it's a quar-



ter to six now. How late Lady Oxborough is. I suppose she had to fetch him from the House of Lords. Well, then—but there isn't much more to tell—the old fellow saw Mrs. Atherstone in that little room. It was twelve o'clock at night, and every one was in bed."

"What was *he* doing at such an hour? I should think he dreamt it all," said Sir Roger.

"He had been seeing to the fire in the grape-house, and all that. It happened a fortnight ago, when the weather was very cold, before I came to town; only I have been so much engaged that I could never find a moment to tell you the story till now."

"Anyhow, I am glad to hear that Sherborne's people are so careful about the fires."

"You are so provoking about it. You won't take any interest in my ghost."

"Ghost? I thought Mrs. Atherstone was alive."

"Yes, she's alive enough, but—well, it isn't exactly a ghost—it's her double."

"That is dreadful. Surely one Mrs. Atherstone at once is sufficient for one neighbourhood."

"I won't be laughed out of my story. It was her double. What else could it be?"

"Are doubles in the habit of striking lucifer matches?"

"I suppose they do, or make believe to do it, like other ghosts. Oh! you mustn't question me too closely about supernatural things, and miracles, and spirit-rapping, and all that sort of thing."

"Then you class the multiplication of the loaves and fishes with table-turning?" said Lady Fyfield, who entered the room at that moment.

There was a dead silence for a moment or two. Miss Hermione Crumps looked about, and made abortive attempts to laugh.

"I should be glad to know," said Lady Fyfield, "what you mean by the supernatural—what you mean by a miracle—what sort of evidence—"

"Oh!" said Miss Hermione, "pray don't—I really cannot pretend to say. I only believe what can understand."

Sir Roger thought of Dr. Parr's answer to a similar statement—"Then your creed will be the truest on record;" and it did occur to him also to ask civilly whether all these things about which he objected to be questioned too closely had any particular meaning separately and collectively in his mind; but he said to himself, "She knows no better," and pretended not to understand—which, in a sense, he certainly did not.

"But I *do* believe *this*," she said, laughing heartily. "It must be something, you know. Here she was—the old fellow saw her distinctly at the window, and all the doors were fastened, so that she couldn't have got in anyhow. And yet here she was—lucifer matches and candle and all. You know the place was said to be haunted."

"Very likely," said Lady Fyfield; "old houses are apt to get that reputation. And what with the heir being drowned, and the property passing out of the Catholic line, and Mrs. Atherstone's connection with the place, I should not be surprised at any amount of ghost stories."

"Oh! yes," said Hermione. "Old Mrs. Sher-

borne haunts it, and her husband, and the man who was drowned, and a lot more besides. But Mrs. Atherstone, you see, had a real candle and struck a lucifer match. She ought to have had a tinder box, but I believe it was the last new thing in modern matches, Bryant and May's, that won't go off except on their own box. And unless she's a witch, and got up there on a broomstick, through the window, or down the chimney, why, I suppose the man imagined it. But I meant to believe it all, because it's so jolly, and—you see I heard it from the old fellow's son; and I am going to tell you how it was, because there's something creepy in that—at least, it sounds as if it ought to be. No doubt the old bureau was bewitched—oh! but I haven't told you about it yet. Well, this is how it was: you see my sister wanted more room at the Rectory for some of the children—the last were twins, and I can't count them exactly, but they're something within a dozen or two, I don't know which for certain. Anyhow, she wanted more room, and so they made another nursery out of an old lumber-room, where there was some rubbish, left there by the executors when the last clergyman of Fernham—old Mr. Moreton, died. It was of no use to my sister, and so they sold it all to a man who keeps a curiosity shop in Lyneham, except one bureau, and that was bought by Mrs. Atherstone, who actually came up to look at it, and nearly frightened the maid-servant into fits to see such a queer old thing, looking as if she had got the evil eye, or had been living inside a wall for two or three centuries, as toads do, they say, and come out rather the better for it. The old thing bought this bureau for thirty shillings or so, which was as queer as herself, and as musty and fusty as possible, after being stuck away there among the rats and the mice and the bats, and she bundled it away to her house pretty quickly in a donkey-cart. Now, the donkey-cart belongs to a son of the old fellow, who saw her and the candle and the lucifer matches and all, up at the window at Hazeley. The son lives in Fernham village, and he told me of what his father had seen, and got quite pale about it. I happened to be coming downstairs at the time, and stopped to speak to him. By the bye, I wonder what has become of old Mr. Moreton's son, who was staying with you last November? He took me in to dinner, I remember, and in to luncheon, too, at Hazeley, and he haunted me at your ball."

Poor Moreton! If he had only heard what was being said and suggested about him in the presence of Mary Arden! Oh, Hermione Crumps! you are an adept at female diplomacy of the baser sort; for you are favouring your own vanity of conquest at the expense of others by suggestion. There is nothing in the fact of his taking you in to dinner as often as he was called upon to do so—but everything in the pretended effort of memory and the emphasis on the word "too;" nothing in the bare assertion that he haunted you at the ball, for it need not imply knowledge on his part—everything in the tone, and the juxtaposition.

"Nobody knows where he's gone to," she said, after pausing to take breath. "Oh, there's the carriage—what a bore!"

This last observation was called forth by the entrance of the butler to announce the fact that

Lady Oxborough had called for her. It abounded in its own meaning.

After she had left the room Sir Roger tried hard to think that the hypothetical brothers were the cause of her less agreeable manifestations, and finding some difficulty in doing so, quickly left off thinking about her. Winifred Arden thought, as before, that she would be much nicer if she were a Catholic, and no doubt would be some day—touching which last opinion the writer of this history is compelled to differ from her. Miss Arden thought as her sister did, but not quite in the same way, not quite as before.

Lady Fyfield waited till the door had closed, and said in a tone of profound conviction:

"What a detestable sort of girl that is!"

"You are hard on her," said Sir Roger.

"Certainly not; she is a horrid girl," said Lady Fyfield, "to pretend that people are running after her when they are doing just the reverse—yes—just the reverse. As if I had not seen him trying to avoid her, though I only just know him by sight! It was so evident."

"But do you know, really," said Winifred Arden, "in spite of all she may say when she is talking so fast, I fancy that some day——"

"Oh yes; because she goes to Benediction, and is intimate with some bad Catholics abroad. I know that game. It pays well. They attract innocent Catholics, like yourself, who are not up to the manoeuvres, and make them think they are going to be converted by the '*Recit d'une Sœur*.' They attract the non-Catholic world by natural affinity and sympathetic force of usefulness to itself. They get on all the better with both by quickly playing off the one against the other, so as to enhance their own value."

Sir Roger laughed, forasmuch as he failed to understand her, and thought that a little ambiguous hilarity was the most serviceable kind of acknowledgment.

"It's all very well to laugh, but I am right," said Lady Fyfield persistently.

"I dare say you are," said he smiling. "But, you know, you good converts are a little hard on the people who don't see it."

"And you good old Papists (I mustn't say old Catholics now, because the term has been monopolized by the last new thing in heresy) are so single-minded, so accustomed by early training to the spiritual straightforwardness of Catholicity, that you can't perceive the by-paths and crooked ways along which these people, whom you say I judge hardly, can always escape from being confronted by the duty of submission to the Church. Why, their minds are riddled with them, like a rabbit-warren; and when you think they are convinced on a point, down they pop, to re-appear presently as if nothing had happened. Mind, I am not speaking of people who have genuine difficulties, and are honest about them, nor of people who have never doubted the Divine authority of the intensely human Establishment—how many there are of these now I can't say; nor am I speaking of people who can reconcile our Lord's anathema against those who 'will not hear the Church' with the theory that there is no visible Church to hear, though they are sensible, sometimes even shrewd, on all other subjects. Oh, I

know well the power of a Protestant education to obstruct and confuse! I know well how it can paralyse common sense, and make religion almost impossible. I feel the deepest sympathy for those who have been from early childhood entangled in its meshes. But the people I am speaking of (and Miss Hermione Crumps is one of them) are not honest enough to be prejudiced, nor feeling enough to be fond of a big family pew, nor religious enough to care about knowing the truth, nor earnest enough to renounce the business-like trifling and reserved patronage which makes them at home on the surface of all religions, and answers their purpose in the world as it now is. They are wise in their generation, I dare say; but don't be deceived about them. Converts are not made out of such stuff as that. Good-bye—I must be going."

"Well, you ought to know," said Sir Roger.

"But you don't quite think I do," she said.

"No, no; not that," he replied, after a moment's reflection, slowly, and, as it were, provisionally.

"We will have it out another time," said Lady Fyfield.

While this conversation was going on, Miss Hermione, having rehearsed "*Parigi o cara*" with the charming tenor, was making herself popular with a select and appreciative audience by adapting her talk to the favourite weakness of each and the general agreement of all.

But she meditated something more difficult than self-adaptation. She had heard that Sherborn was going to take Lord and Lady Oxborough, their two daughters, and all the Ardens, on a drag to Ascot, and she meant him to take her also.

(To be continued.)

## A VISIT TO THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.\*

ON your way to the famous cedar-forest of Lebanon, in Syria, you pass through the charming village of Eden, which stands over 1445 yards above the level of the sea, at the northern extremity of a valley, called the *Valley of Saints*, at the bottom of which flows a river called *Nahr Kadicha*, or the *Holy River*. In summer the population of Eden is between four and five thousand souls, which, in winter, comes down to a few families left to look after the village. The exceptionally picturesque situation of Eden, and the name it bears, have led some of the Orientals to believe that this village was the original Eden, the terrestrial paradise of our first parents. But this opinion, based only on the similarity of name, cannot be sustained. It would be difficult, amongst other particulars, to find here the four rivers mentioned in *Genesis*.

The village of Eden is now in possession of a handsome Catholic church, which replaces advantageously the numerous poor and inadequate chapels which existed here some years ago.

\* From the French of Father M. d'Orléans, O.S.F.C.

The Maronites, who form the population here, and who have been Catholics from time immemorial, are very fervent; it may be through the holy personages who by their lives of penance, have sanctified the neighbouring grottoes in which they dwelt; and for whose memory the whole country is still full of veneration.

From Eden to Bisharri, the next village to the Cedars, is a journey of three hours, over delicious pathways across the marvellous summits of the mountains, which overtop the valley of the Kadicha, affording a prospect the most beautiful that could possibly be seen anywhere.

*Bisharri* means a capital town, and this village was anciently an episcopal see. A little below it, is the valley through which the Kadicha flows, is a grotto in which a Piedmontese Capuchin father lived for thirty years and died in the odour of sanctity. The then Pope, Alexander VII., gave him full authority to celebrate Mass without having any server. After this holy monk's death several Europeans, tired of the world, came to live in the same grotto. Amongst the number was M. de Chastenele, who after leading a holy life here for ten years died on the 15th of May, 1644.

At Bisharri, as in all the villages of this part of Lebanon, the inhabitants only stay here for the summer. The heavy snows in winter render the country impracticable; and they pass the winter months accordingly in some town by the sea-shore.

The Carmelites have a convent here, with two fathers and a lay brother, but in winter the fathers go down with the people, leaving the brother to keep charge of the monastery.

From Bisharri to the Cedars is only a two days' journey; but rather a dangerous one amongst stones and fallen pieces of rock. The mule is the best animal to use here, as a horse would most assuredly break his legs.

The Cedars are a great object of veneration to the Maronites, in remembrance, no doubt, of King Solomon; but still more so because the Most Holy and Immaculate Virgin Mary has been compared so frequently in the Holy Scripture to a cedar.

Hard and incorruptible, thanks to its bitterness, which saves it from the attacks of insects, the sacred wood symbolises wonderfully the Blessed Virgin, whose soul, strong against the attacks of him who corrupted the race of Adam, was continued pure from the very beginning.

Hence the Lebanese, when reciting the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, after the verse "Queen conceived without sin," add "Cedar of Lebanon, pray for us;" and they have raised a little chapel in the midst of these trees, under the title of Our Lady of the Cedars.

The Cedars are called by the Orientals "*Arz-rab*," Cedars of the Lord.

To preserve these noble trees from being cut down for fire-wood, the patriarchs have from the earliest times threatened with excommunication any person who should seriously injure them; and this monition has ever been religiously respected along. Owing to this measure there are now about five hundred cedars here, a dozen of which, and perhaps more, existed in the time of Solomon,

i.e., more than a thousand years before the coming of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Through the care of Roustan Pacha, the last Governor of the Lebanon, the open area which includes the three elevations upon which the cedars cast their majestic shade is enclosed by a wall: and it is hoped that the young cedar-trees now covering the soil, which are thus preserved from injury by goats, etc., will finally cover the mountain sides once more.

Before entering the enclosure, the traveller perceives two clumps of magnificent cedars, too far away to be included in the walled in space. They form, as it were, the vestibule to the sanctuary, the only one of its kind in the world, into which we are going to penetrate. The place on which the cedars stand has the form of a sanctuary. Fronting, as it does, the semicircular valley of the Kadicha, you would think it was the abside of a grandiose temple, of which the cedars formed the altar. As a background to the altar and a limit to the unequalled sanctuary, the lofty summits of the Lebanon range rise up several thousand yards over our heads. The cedars are over 1825 yards above the level of the sea, whilst Dahr-el-Kotib, the nearest peak, overtops us at an elevation of 3,063 yards from the same sea level.

The little chapel of the Blessed Virgin was closed; but through the wide split in the door we could see that it was poor and naked. Forming its floor were enormous pieces of old cedar brought there by the patriarchs to enhance the sacredness of the place, and also to do homage to it.

Some magnificent slabs of cedar have, in like manner, been sent to the great expiatory church of the Sacred Heart, now building in Montmartre, Paris, to be made into doors for this new French sanctuary.

On measuring those which appeared to be the largest of the cedars, the biggest measured over fourteen yards in circumference around the middle of its trunk, which latter was no more than a yard and a half in height. From this trunk rose five branches, the thinnest of which was over three yards in girth, the two thickest over five yards.

The other cedars we measured were over twelve, ten, nine, and eight yards round. The height of the highest did not appear to be more than fifty yards. With one of these venerable trees a little history is connected.

About thirty-two years ago an Abyssinian came to visit the cedars; and becoming enamoured with this unrivalled solitude, he determined to make his abode here for the rest of his life. After great labour and patience, he succeeded in hollowing out a cell in the interior of one of the cedars, in which he could barely stand or sit, but not stretch out; and here he dwelt living on herbs, and the bread he begged in the neighbouring village of Bisharri. One winter the snow fell heavily; and for three days they saw nothing of the poor hermit in the village.

Becoming uneasy, and fearing that he was dead, the good country folk sought him out. They found him at the foot of the cedar which formed his dwelling, ready to yield up his last sigh.

They carried him away at once to the Carmelite convent, where he received every attention from Brother Anthony, the venerable laybrother in

charge. On his recovery, the good Abyssinian wended his way back to his own country, where he lived, until recently, not only a fervent Catholic, but more still, an excellent priest. For he was ordained by no less a personage than Monsignor Massaja, the great Catholic missionary amongst the Gallas in Eastern Africa (who himself related the story to Father d'Orleans).

Considering that the branches of the cedars offer such an extended and horizontal surface to the snow, which falls so abundantly every winter, you are tempted to wonder that more of them are not destroyed. But it is very probable that the weight of snow is never of sufficiently great weight to break down the branches.

Writing in Latin on this subject to Louis XIV., at the beginning of the last century, the secretary of the Maronite Patriarch of that day, states, "That when the snow begins to fall the cedars, by virtue of a natural instinct, bend their branches. The leaves being all at the top of the branches, the tree is transformed into a kind of smooth column or post, which leaves the snow pass without fearing its attack. When its enemy, the snow, is gone the cedar resumes its original form."

We must not imagine that the cedars, which King Solomon made use of to build the temple at Jerusalem were all obtained in the mountains, where the cedars now described are standing. The coasts of Ghazir, as far as Gibail, the ancient *Biblos*, were covered with cedars, and it is from there, chiefly, that those sent by King Hiram to Solomon were procured.

At the present day those mountains are absolutely denuded of these trees, and with the exception of a few scattered ones through the Lebanon, the bulk of the cedars are those we have been describing on the summit of the Kadiescha.

Another French visitor to the Cedars of Lebanon gives the following additional particulars respecting them: "The inhabitants of Syria devoutly believe that these cedars are the remains of the same forest that furnished the wood for the building of Solomon's temple 3,000 years ago; and every year, on the feast of the Transfiguration, the Maronites, Greeks and Armenians have Mass said on an altar formed of a rude stone at the foot of one of these cedars. Numerous travellers have visited these famous trees; and several of them have engraved their names upon their bark: Bellonius, in 1550, counted twenty-eight; Raewolf, in 1575, found twenty-four; Daudine, in 1650, saw twenty-three; Pococke, in 1738, found only fifteen standing, the rest having been blown down by a storm; Burckhardt, in 1810, gives the number as eleven or twelve; and Richardson, in 1818, declares that there were then not more than seven. By this we must understand that these celebrated travellers wish to speak only of those trees whose enormous size indicated an existence of several hundred years; for, as to the other trees here, either cedars or cypress, they form quite a forest." J. C.

WOMEN are said to be always looking in the glass. Men seldom do, unless there is something to drink in it.

## TWO SCARS.

A COCOANUT MAN'S STORY.



HAVE another shy, sir? Three shies a penny!

'Won't have any more shies, sir, becoss coker-nuts disagrees with yer? Wery good. 'Arry, the gent wun't have no more shies, so count the sticks!

He's a rum chap, sir, my mate 'Arry is. See 'ow stiff he 'olds 'isself, like a cokernut stick with the nooralgy in it's neck. He's a old solider, 'Arry is, and he always 'olds 'isself like that, and he never says a word unless he's spoke to first, and then he answers yer wery short, as though his tongue charged 'im three words a penny. But I ain't that sort myself, as am rather lowquacktion, and I could tell yer a tale about 'Arry as would surprize yer.

Sit on the grass and have a pipe with yer while I tells yer about it? Cert'nly I will. Thankes, sir.

It all come about along o' this pitch. Now maybe yer don't know that in the three-shies-a-penny-now's-yer-chance-knock-em-off perfession a great deal depends on the pitch, which is the ground where yer puts up the cokernuts. And Sally and three-shies-a-penny is a 'ighly dwertin' innercent, and 'ealthy recreation, but it ain't no manner o' use for to deny that it ain't often—least as a regular thing—as we gets patteronized by such tip-top swells as yerself, sir, a-beggin' pardon for sayin' so, and hopin' no offence, which the same were not my intenshing.

Consequently, we 'as to pick our ground according. Now this 'ere is a model pitch. It's a good level bit of grass as looks easy shyin', and a nice, lumpy, awk'ard bit o' ground for the gent to stand on when they shy. I'm a-lettin' yer see some of the perfessional secrets, becoss I know I won't go back on a feller.

It looks nice and private, this 'ere model pitch, does, the 'igh palin's there, shuttin' off the gent of the colonel's manshing; and there's the road where all the wans runs to Heppin' Road.

It's about five years ago, now, that me and 'Arry first went into partnership together. I was a-doin' the Punch and Judy lay, and me and 'im and the dawg was passing along 'ere one day.

'Arry says, "'alt" he says, wery short.

"What's up?" I asks.

"See that pitch?" 'Arry says, pointin' at the pitch.

"Yes," I answers; "what's yer lay?"

"Coker-nuts," he says.

"Good," I says, "but we ain't got no sticks and no nuts and no bags, and no nothing."

He jerks 'is thumb towards the Punch-and-Judy box, and the dawg, and he says, "Is this 'ere a-payin' us?"

"No," says I, mournful; "the Hingerin' people 'as forsook the legit'met drammy, and 'as gone in 'eavy for revivals of religion. Our Punch and Judy ain't a-doing us no good," I says, "but we is rather a-lowerin' of our repitation. But we've got 'em," I says, "and I guess we'll have to keep 'em, as the man said when 'is wife had done at a birth."

'Arry stops short again, and snaps out, "what would the man ha' done with them kids if he could?"

"Well, mate," I says, "I suppose he'd ha' liked to have drowned of 'em, as is only natural; but we can't drown the Punch-and-Judy, and what else can we do with 'em?" I says.

"Sell 'em," says 'Arry.

Sure enough, soon after that we got a chance of disposing of the legit'met drammy in the shape of Punch, Judy, and the dawg, and then we started in the cokernut line. Our first pitch was this very spot, and we done a good trade. Customers was plentiful and bad shots.

The manshing belonged then to a old lady as was very kind to us. She never interfered with us, but let us make this plot a reg'lar pitch at all day times, and sich like. Many a mornin' we come out and give me and 'Arry a nice little bundle of pipe-lights—tracks, yer know, sir—and we were always pleasant and sociable like. One mornin' she come out to us with the tracks, and I was a-bowin' to 'er wery polite, and 'Arry tawin' 'isself up like a brick wall, a-salutin' of the lady, the old girl says, "I believe," she says, "I have some sort of right over this plot of ground, the owner of the manshing and the park; but so long as you behave yerselves, and reads the tracks, I shall never disturb you," she says.

"Thank yer, yer ladyship," I replies. "Three shies a penny, marm," I says, "is our reg'lar fee, which 'Arry will tell yer the same; but any me, marm, as yer ladyship would like a nut, me and have a shy for nothink, marm!"

But the next time we come round after that, a noose was told us. The old lady 'ad gone where they don't never want no tracks, and where scarcely thinks they carry on the cokernut persuasion, for I can't think of the hangils a-chargin' each other three shies a penny. The old lady 'ad dead, sir, and the manshing and park 'ad in took by a peppery, yellor-faced, fiery-tempered hold Hangerlow Hinjin Colonel, as was warning everybody about the place. He'd intened the parson till he could scarcely preach, 'ad almost forgot one day to make a collection; the tradespeople trembled as they see 'is face a-colorin' the shop winders, and the plants in the manshing 'ad quite give up the jealous idea of callin' their lives their own.

"The place ain't the same," says the chap as is telling us, "since he come into it. Cayenne pepper is mild alongside of the colonel, and ginger 'ad in it with 'im. His language," he says, "is strong enough to draw a luggage train without a engine. Such hoaths and curses was never 'eard this part before. As sure as you're alive," he says, "he'll march you two off this pitch in years afore no time. He's death, he says 'isself, on wagabones, tramp and wermins."

"What's 'is name?" I says.

"Colonel Rufus Pepperton."

I see a rum look come in 'Arry's face, and I says, "Do yer know 'im, 'Arry?"

"Yes," he answers, and I knowed it was no askin' 'im any more just then, becous 'Arry seldom says more than one word a hour at he outside.

The next mornin' was Saturday, and me and

'Arry got the cokernuts up in good time. We 'ad several young gents a-throwin' wery early that mornin', and after they 'ad gone away 'Arry run up to the cokernut end of the pitch for to throw me up the sticks at the other end to hadd to the 'eap so as to be all ready and 'andy for the next customer, when he sees for the first time the Hangerlow Hinjin. He comes rushing out of the park gates like a wild bull, shakin' 'is fist, 'is eyes flashin' in 'is yellor old face, and swearin' somethink horful!

Soon as ever he come on the ground, I see 'Arry draw 'isself up and begin salutin'; but the colonel didn't see 'im, for he was coming straight on towards me at the other end. Soon he reached me, and then he made a few remarks. "You thieves, scamps, wagabones, tramps, rascals, knaves, blackguards."

"I begs yer pardon, sir," I says, "but are yer alludin' to me, or to 'Arry?" I says.

"To both of you," he hollers, swearing frightful. "Clear out of it!" he says. "Clear out sharp, or I'll shoot the two of you like dogs. This is my ground, and off you go!"

I told 'im all about the old lady what was there afore 'im, and how she never interfered with us, and give us tracks; but I'd better have 'eld my tongue.

"Tracks!" he shouts, "you won't get any tracks from me. What you'll have to do now I've come here is to make tracks! Be off, you lazy thieves!"

Now 'Arry 'ad 'eerd all he said, and I see 'is face gettin' blacker and blacker. Just as the colonel paused, 'Arry stood straight up with a nice knobby stick in 'is 'and, and a look in 'is face I'd never see'd there afore, all the time I'd knowed 'im.

"Colonel," he shouts out in a clear, loud, ringin' sort of voice, "colonel, I'm going to throw these sticks up to my mate. Please march out of the line of fire. Once!"

"How dare you," began the colonel, not stirrin'.

"Twice," sings 'Arry.

"You audacious villain!"

"Three times!" and swift and straight come the nice knobby stick.

'Arry 'ad said true: the colonel was in the line of fire, and the nice knobby stick 'it 'im on the cokernut. Off rolled 'is 'at, and down fell Colonel Rufus Pepperton.

"Carry off the wounded," calls 'Arry, preparin' to throw up the other sticks; but the next moment the colonel was on 'is legs and makin' straight for 'Arry. The gardiner and two or three other men come rushing out of the park at the same time, and 'eld the colonel back, while one of 'em went and fetched the perleec.

That evernin' me and 'Arry was in jail, and the last words of the perleeceman as he locked the door was these, with a pleasin' smile:

"This is six months' 'ard: that's what it is!"

'Ere's a tarblow for yer, sir. Me and 'Arry afore the beaks. Three justicesses on the bench. Perleecemen in bloo. Court crowded. Old Colonel Pepperton, lookin' savager and more yellorer than ever, with a nasty bit of a scar where the nice knobby stick 'it 'is cokernut. Me



and my mate in the dock. The evidence was all give, and I was discharged with a warnin' never to be guilty no more. I didn't leave the court, but stood as close as I could to the dock, where my poor old mate was standin'.

Things looked wery black for 'im.

"It's twelve months' 'ard," whispers the perleeceman to me; "that's what it is. Yer see," he says, "'ow bloo the chairman's nose is. He always goes in for twelve months' 'ard when 'is nose is that colour. It ain't drink, it's undisgestion. It's a beautiful bloo," says the perleeceman, as I think must ha' been a bit of a hartist like; "it's a beautiful bloo, and with the two red noses alongside of 'im, as is clergymen, it makes a wery pretty pictur'."

The three judges put their 'eads together, and the old gent as carried the bloo nose about says to 'Arry wery solemn:

"Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"He's never a-goin' to 'ang 'im?" I says to the perleeceman; and then I ups and says to the judge: "Please yer honour's worship, my lord," I says, "the reg'lar charge is only three shies a penny," I says, "as no doubt your majesty have often 'ad a go at the nuts yerself at that price, as is not extravagant. Three shies a penny is the reg'lar price, my lord, and 'Arry only 'ad one shy. Let 'im off easy, my lord!" I says, winkin' wery respectful.

They turned me out of the court neck and crop, but I got in afore the row was over, and I 'ears the judge say again:

"Prisoner, have you anything to say for yourself?"

'Arry pulls 'isself straight up, puts 'is 'and to 'is 'ead, salutin', and says wery short:

"Yes!"

"What, pray?" says the propireator of the bloo beak.

"This," says 'Arry, and I wouldn't have believed as ten million 'orses could ha' drawn such a speech from 'im: "There stands the colonel," 'Arry says, "and 'ere I stand. The colonel is 'ere to send me to jail, and I am 'ere to go to jail. You sit there to sentence me to jail, and all the crowd of people 'ere are waiting to hear me sentenced. There is the colonel, and 'ere am I, face to face. Face to face, close, for the second time in our lives. Now I'm just going to tell about the first time, and then let the colonel send me to quod."

"Prisoner," says the blue nose, as was undisgestion, "this is all beside the point."

"Sir Frederick," says the colonel, "let the man go on, I beg of you," and on 'Arry went to scene the first, just like a theatyre.

"The place is a burnin' plain in India, and the time is the Mutiny. The air is hot with the smoke of battle, and echoin' with shouts, groans, and shrieks of brave men in their dyin' agony.

"A detachment of British infantry have been in a warm corner through all the fight. They've been roughly handled by the rebels, and a last charge, though they hold the ground still, has almost scattered them. An officer has fainted, and lies white and 'elpless on the earth, with the colours of the regiment clutched close and tight in both hands. He lies apart from the torn and

battered ranks he's been tryin' to hold together. A few full-armed rebels, mounted on captured English chargers, make a wild rush at the flag. The flag—the flag—is wrenched from the senseless fingers, and they ride away in triumph. Then the officer comes to, and he groans, with an agony only a soldier can understand, 'The Colours! The Colours! For God's sake, bring me back the Colours!'

"He tries to stagger on foot but falls back again, too sorely wounded to rise; and again he sobs out: 'For God's sake, bring me back the Colours!'

"A stragglin' soldier of another British regiment, cut off from the rest, hurries by. Look! he hears the cry, gives one look at the officer, and one at the flying rebels who carry the captured flag. He springs on a riderless charger, gives rein, and goes for death or the flag!

"The burnin' minutes pass on, and at last the soldier rides back, with the colours wrapped round his 'eart, and as he puts them once more into the officer's white fingers, they are dyed a deeper red by the blood which is flowin' from a wound in the soldier's breast.

"Colonel, where is the scar I gave you because you treated me and my mate like thieves, and refused a fair warning?"

Like a man in a dream, the colonel 'eld 'is finger to the scar on 'is fore'ead. Off 'Arry flings 'is coat, tears open 'is shirt, and 'olds 'is finger to a big, jagged scar near 'is noble 'eart.

"And 'ere," he says, "is the scar of the wound which that common soldier bore for you!"

I never knowed properly what 'appened after that. But I remember gettin' on a form and yellin' "Ooray!" till I were again chucked out. I remember the colonel springin' into the dock, swearin' the most awful language, and cryin' at the same time; shakin' 'Arry's 'and, and callin' 'im "Comrade." Then I remember 'im 'armin' to the three noses on the bench, and sayin':

"This gallant fellow's story is true. I was vain to find 'im after the day he's been to, but the fortune of war parted us."

Then the Hangerlow Hinjin turned about, and says:

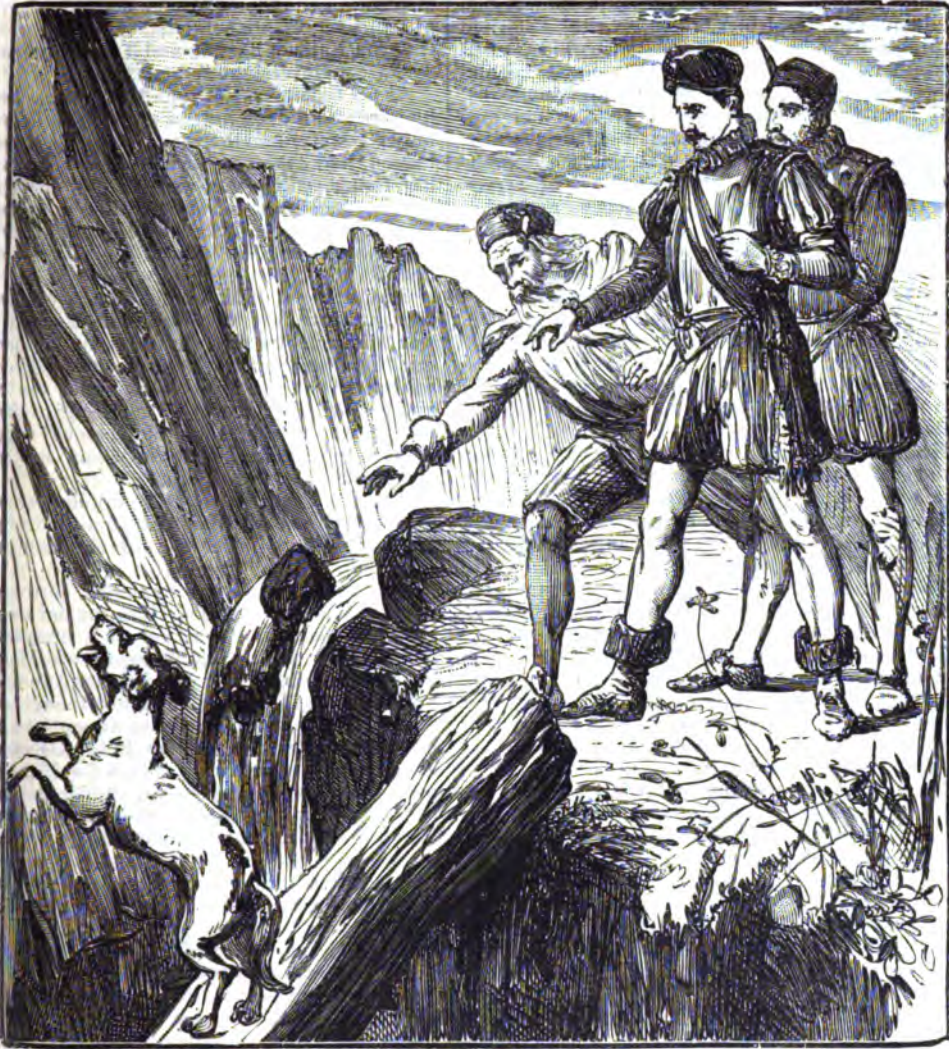
"Comrade, I am ashamed of myself. It isn't because of a bad heart that I am the crusty, ferocious fire-eater you have seen me, but because I have no liver!"

I don't know 'ow they squared it, but I know 'Arry was discharged in triumph, and ever since then I've kept the nice knobby stick that 'Colonel Rufus Pepperton on the cockermut.

He wanted to pension us both off, and do all sorts of things for us; but 'Arry wouldn't take nothing, except the free grant of this 'ere pitch, whenever we want it. But I believe the colonel is a-doin' somethink with the Govinment for 'Arry and me too, unbeknown to 'Arry; and the roarin' trade we do, sir, whenever we wisits this 'ere pitch makes me believe as the colonel has everybody about the place for to come and throw.

'Ow much to pay, sir? I ain't reckonin' 'ow many shies you went in for, but I'll soon let yer know, sir. 'Arry, count the sticks!

R. O.



THE BRAVE DOG IS PRECIPITATED INTO THE TORRENT.

## The Maid of Erin: or, The Chief of the Red Hand.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### IMPRISONED IN HER OWN CASTLE.

**T**HE suitors of old times had a very rough mode of paying their addresses.

We are informed that when William the Conqueror wooed Matilda of Flanders, that, raylaying the lady one day when she was return-

ing from Mass, she having previously frowned upon his love suit, he set upon and beat her attendants, and rolled the damsel in the mire, so that her mantle was all wet and muddy. Yet it stands on record that the Duke of Normandy made a very tolerable husband, and Matilda of Flanders a most devoted wife.

Still a gentler mode of wooing was in general

preferred by the ladies even in old times, and unquestionably the Sassenach knight, Sir Adam Caulfield, did not further his suit with the spirited Clarinda by filling the castle with his armed myrmidons, slaying some of her most faithful adherents, immuring the rest in the dungeons, and imprisoning the damsel herself in her own chamber. This Sir Adam Caulfield was a near relation of that Sir Toby Caulfield, a famous captain in Elizabeth's armies, who had served against Spain in the Low Countries, and who, when the patriot Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel were finally expatriated, was rewarded for his services by a large share of the plunder—that is to say, the lands of the O'Neil and O'Donnel.

It is possible that the avarice of Sir Toby, who, like almost all of Elizabeth's captains, was little better than a bandit, was first awakened by the accounts which his kinsman gave him of the "El Dorado," which was open to ravage in fruitful Ireland.

No meek and mild devotee, however, content with her missal and embroidery frame, like the lady who wrought the Bayeux tapestry, was Clarinda O'Donnel—rather like the heroine of Orleans was she, disposed to mount the war-horse, and herself ride forward in the battle's van.

This Caulfield had met and became enamoured of Clarinda at the Castle of Dublin when the good Sir John Perrot held the office of Deputy.

A mere soldier or rather robber of fortune, this English knight had yet, even in the first instance, proffered his suit for the hand of the wealthy and beautiful Irish heiress, in a style that intimated that the honour of the alliance would be rather on the lady's side than on his.

He received a most determined and even contemptuous refusal; and, to add to his discomfiture, an abortive attempt which he made to carry off Clarinda from her house in Dublin was punished with his personal imprisonment by the virtuous Sir John.

The administration of Sir John produced an unusual degree of tranquillity in Ireland, for he rigidly enforced the law both upon the English and Irish.

It may be imagined how anything like an equal distribution of law and justice suited the adventurers who had bought Irish land at *twopence an acre*.

The Ultra-Protestants were furious against Perrot, and with the aid of Loftus, Archbishop of Dublin, they finally procured his recall.

A charge of treason was fabricated against him, and though nothing more than a few hasty words disrespectful towards the queen and her advisers could be proved against him, yet he died in the Tower, that fortress of doom to so many of the noble and good throughout the sway of the truly execrable race of the Tudors.

Sir William Fitz William, who succeeded the virtuous Perrott as deputy for Ireland, was a most corrupt minister, and hesitated at no iniquity by which he might enrich himself.

He drove O'Rourke, of Breffin, into open rebellion; he committed Sir Owen Mac-Toole and Sir John O'Dogherty to the Castle of Dublin for two years upon a pretended charge of having concealed some Spanish treasure. He put Mac-

Mahon, the chief of Monahan to death, on an accusation equally nefarious, and upon the verdict of a jury of private soldiers. Little marvel was it that the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel took arms against a Government so atrocious.

As for Clarinda, she had from her earliest girlhood vowed a deep hatred towards the oppressors of her country and her faith, whose oppressions, indeed, had deeply coloured her own destiny; for her father, while she was yet an infant in the cradle, had fallen beneath the sword of the Saxon; and her mother had died of that disease which enters into no bills of mortality—a broken heart.

On that night of his bandit seizure of Clarinda's Castle, Sir Adam Caulfield had boasted that it was through the treachery of one of her most trusted adherents that he had obtained entrance, but refused to disclose the name of the traitor; and not the least cause of suffering to the noble damsel was the question which would suggest itself, as to who among those whom she so loved and trusted had betrayed her.

It was not in this, as in many like cases, that the very person in whom Clarinda most confided had trafficked with her foe, for she had confided equally in all.

Now as she sat in the chamber, surrounded by her damsels, and weeping less for her own fallen state, a captive in the power of a licentious conqueror, than that of her followers, who, faithful to the last, had fallen in a hand to hand conflict with Sir Adam Caulfield's soldiers, her thoughts turned to the English stranger, whose advent had been prophetically announced by Black Dermot, and asked herself whether the villain Caulfield did or perhaps belie her people—whether it was not possible that this fair-spoken, handsome stranger had been the traitor and spy the dwarf had proclaimed him.

The lamps were sinking low in the socket, and the first grey streaks of the cold autumn dawn had appeared.

Clarinda had not sought her couch; the maid-mind refused rest to the body. Eva, her faithful handmaiden, wearied with weeping, had fallen asleep on a cushion at her feet, the others insisted should seek some rest on the couch which they usually occupied in the ante-chamber. The poor Clarinda herself was at last feeling that weary apathy which always succeeds to any violent and prolonged emotion, and which, perhaps also fortifies the frame against the shock which it has endured.

Thus, as the lady leaned back in her cushioned chair while each dull lamp sunk low and waned in the socket, and the embers of the wood fire sunk white upon the hearth, her eyes incessantly closed, and she was fast losing the present consciousness of her position, when she was recalled to it by the harsh voice of one of the sentinels whom Sir Adam had insolently posted at the chamber door.

The handmaiden, Eva, started also at the sound, and, shivering in the cold of the coming dawn, looked up with a dazed air at her mistress, and at the first moment of her waking to recall the cause why they both were watchers.

"Eva Mavourneen!" said Clarinda, bitterly

"we are called on by the sentry, the Saxon churl who stands guard over us in our own castle. Go to the door, honey, and demand of him what he wants. Oh, Lady of Mercy! grant me patience to drink this bitter cup of shame and sorrow!"

Eva wrung her hands in helpless anguish; then, in obedience to the command of her mistress, went to the door of the ante-chamber. Eva, the favourite handmaid of the lady of the Red Castle, was possessed, it should be observed, of the extraordinary accomplishment of speaking English. After a few minutes conversation with the sentry, she returned with a pleased aspect, that both surprised and offended Clarinda.

"S. Bridget pray for us!" she said, somewhat angrily, "and what honey has been distilled into thine ear from the tongue of yonder Saxon knave, acushla, that you come smiling to your prisoned mistress from discourse with him?"

"Save you, Clarinda, asthore, lady of your poor Eva's heart's love!" answered the damsel, "it is no message from that dark, hideous Sir Adam, that the sentry gave, but from the fair knight who was your ladyship's guest at the banquet, and whom O'Carrol saved from the knife of Black Dermot!"

"The fair knight forsooth!" returned Clarinda petulantly. "I doubt me that the fair knight, as you term him, is blacker at heart than poor Dermot, whom you hate for his ugliness, is in the face."

"So please you, my lady!" answered the waiting-damsel, who would sometimes dispute with her mistress, according to the fashion of favourite waiting-maids from time immemorial. "So please you, it is not alone for his hump-back and ugly face that I hate Black Dermot; it is for his ugly temper and his ugly deeds. Sure, and who knows, he may be worse than a changeling. Did not your ladyship's noble father find him, when a babe not a day old, in the horrid cavern known as the Wolf's Den, and no mother near him. Who knows but what he was brought straight from fairyland; is he not more spiteful than a Leprechaun, and does he not boast of riding whole nights on the Phooka, that demon horse ~~men~~, which breaks the necks of all who dares to mount him!"

"Eva, acushla, thou art but a foolish damsel!" answered Clarinda. "Have I not heard Father Cormac tell thee that the stories of the Phooka are superstitions condemned by Holy Church, and moreover, that Dermot makes sport of all the fears of those who believe his wild stories!"

"Father Cormac never denies Dermot to be a wicked and malicious omadhaun," said Eva, "and your ladyship knows that he will not admit him to the altar!"

"He is an omadhaun; and such poor witless creatures cannot be admitted to the altar!"

"Graglia! an' if he is an omadhaun, I see not why your ladyship should condemn the poor Saxon knight on his word!" returned Eva. "Hear him but speak a word, sweet lady; it is he who prays admittance to you for a moment; he is no friend of Sir Adam Caulfield!"

"How then obtained he liberty to seek an inter-

view with us?" answered Clarinda: "He could not pass the sentinel without permission from our jailor, Sir Adam!"

"He does not pretend any missive from Sir Adam!" returned Eva. "His attendant, a comely youth, my lady, whose name is Launcelot Lawton, he told me, by good luck, is kinsman to the very sentry whom Sir Adam has posted at your door; no villainous heretic, either, is this good youth, and so, to make short the tale, for in sooth there is little time to spare, if your ladyship will see Sir Osbert Trevelyan, he hath a hope to help you yet to defeat this robber, Sir Adam, and drive him with his knaves from your castle. Sweet, my lady! do not deny the young knight admittance, your plight can be no worse if he has nought feasible to propose, and for my part I would trust either him or that comely follower of his, Master Launcelot, to the world's end!"

"Thou art a very foolish maiden, and marvelously well instructed of the character of this Launcelot for an evening's acquaintanceship!" said Clarinda; "however, it is true as thou sayest, were this Saxon knight even as black a traitor as Dermot's prophecy would make him, our plight can be no worse, so thou mayest admit him, and we will hear what he, her natural foe, can propose to the daughter of Erin!"

It may have been that, despite her proud speech, Clarinda, like her maid, was not at heart ill-disposed to place some trust in the gallant Sir Osbert Trevelyan. When the knight, with that courteous and respectful demeanor, which was the characteristic of true chivalry, bent his knee to the noble Irish maiden, and proffered his sword and his life to free her from the power of Sir Adam Caulfield, not only did all suspicions of his good faith vanish from her mind, but she could not find heart even for her accustomed show of pride, but abandoning to the knight's clasp the hand which he raised to his lips, she wept more like a humble peasant maid than the lofty heroine which she had often proved herself.

Soon, however, she tried to subdue this melting mood, and dashing away her tears, she looked up, and said:

"I take shame, Sir Osbert Trevelyan that thou shouldst see me in this mood, all unbefitting to one in whose hands the wrong doing of your country should have turned the spindle into a sword! But though thou hast seen Clarinda weep, and knowest that Sir Adam Caulfield lords it in her castle, there shall his triumph end, for sooner than stoop to the infamy of a compelled alliance with the foe of her country and her faith, the daughter of Tyconnel, if she has not a sword to expel the invader, can at least find a dagger for her own heart!"

"It shall not need, brave and lovely lady!" said Sir Osbert. "Faith is even more than country; and that holy faith we both avouch, is oppressed in England also by the tyrant Elizabeth. I came hither, lady, to seek my brave friend Murtough O'Brien, to join heart and soul with the great Tyrone, who, it is whispered, has absented himself so long from the court in order to raise his people to oppose the tyrannical English Deputy. I was on the route, as I told you, to



Donegal, when a mistake in the route made me to-night a petitioner for your hospitality. I heard this morning that Tyrone is at Donegal, with your great kinsman Tyrconnel. Vouchsafe but to give me some token that I am really your envoy. Sir Adam will suspect no danger to himself in suffering me and my attendant to quit the castle, and ere the sun, whose first faint beams are striking yon eastern clouds, shall sink in the west, the valiant Chief of the Red Hand, Tyrone, and your own princely kinsman Tyrconnel, shall come to your rescue!"

"Thy proposal soundeth fair, sir knight!" answered Clarinda with a sigh; "but, oh, can I trust a stranger when those of my own household have betrayed me?"

"Alas, fair lady! domestic treason is still the worst!" said Sir Osbert. "But were I as disloyal to my oath of chivalry as Sir Adam himself, as false as the recreant who has betrayed you into his power, what purpose should I gain by presenting myself before the fortress of Donegal. It is at the danger to myself from the wild kernes of Tyrone, and Tyrconnel that I do so—danger of such a fate as your own followers had, but for the gentle minstrel, inflicted on me to-night. It is therefore, lady, that I ask you for some sign, some token which may take me safely past the outposts of their fierce soldiery into the presence of the two great chieftains!"

"Yet you say, sir knight, that you came to Ireland with the intent of joining Tyrone. Suppose that chance had not led you hither, with what token would you then have found your way in safety to the presence of Tyrone?" inquired Clarinda.

"The fair lady persists in doubting my faith," answered Sir Osbert, somewhat sorrowfully; "and she forgets that I was bound first to the castle of my friend, the gallant young chieftain, Murtough O'Brien, whom she has herself told me has been sent on a secret mission to England by the O'Neil."

"No, sir knight, I do not forget," returned Clarinda, frankly, extending her hand to the knight. "And pardon the unworthiness of my suspicions. Alas, the mean vice of mistrust is ever the offspring of betrayal. Let me dismiss it now. If, as you say, Sir Adam Caulfield will suffer you with your follower to pass the castle gates, take you this holy amulet. It was brought from the Holy Land by one of my Spanish ancestors, and contains a coin of one of the blessed martyrs of Antioch; it is known by the captains of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, for Clarinda has ridden among those brave captains over many a league of our distracted country, and this is not the first time the precious amulet has been sent to the great chieftains as a symbol that she needs their aid. At the extremity of the valley, which extends below the castle rocks, you will find a cottage inhabited by the foster father of Clarinda. Dear old Phelim, age has not subdued his activity, or diminished his love for his foster child. Go first and show that token to him, and he will conduct you to the camp of Tyrone. May heaven prosper your charitable mission, and send succour not to me only, but to all the wronged and suffering throughout this unhappy land!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE TORRENT.

It may be supposed that it was not very willingly that Sir Adam Caulfield allowed Sir Osbert Trevelyan and his follower, whom he found as guests at the Red Castle, to depart; but, in the first place, he knew the young knight to be a favourite in the court of Elizabeth, and had no plea for detaining him, especially as his measures towards Clarinda were so unscrupulous that he was doubtful how far even the corrupt deputy, Sir William FitzWilliam would give them his countenance, considering, too, that Sir Adam did not intend him to share the spoil.

The second point, too, and one which, perhaps most induced Sir Adam to let his countryman go free, was that the young knight was a very handsome knight, and Sir Adam found the comparison between his own time-worn and scarred visage and the frank, handsome features of Sir Osbert be odious indeed.

Thus it was that, as the grey dawn was breaking over the mountain tops, the drawbridge which had been raised when Sir Adam and his soldiers obtained possession of the castle, came creaking and rattling down on its chains and hinges over the ravine which would have defended the castle against all but the treachery of its mistress's own people.

Sir Adam himself accompanied the young knight to the castle court, and bowed him on the drawbridge with the utmost courtesy, being glad to be rid of one whom he feared as a rival with Clarinda, in total ignorance that there had been an interview with the knight and the lady, and that he was the bearer of a token from her to her friends.

There was a danger, however, on the path Sir Osbert, of which he and the damsel but little recked.

The domestic foe who had connived at the escape of Sir Adam, and given him the pass key, a sally port at the foot of the rocks, had been the orders of Clarinda, forbidden his place among her retainers on that night, for this traitor was in fact, no other than Black Dermot, the dwarf.

Yes, the dwarf, who had prophesied the fall of the young Englishman, and the evils to Clarinda which would ensue therefrom; the dwarf who loved his mistress, and yet, with strange inconsistency, born, perhaps, of his imperfect intellect, had betrayed her into the power of Sir Adam.

The drawbridge, with the renewed clamour of chains and hinges, had been drawn up again below the frowning portcullis, and the young knight and his attendant had descended the rocky steps and crossing the level ground on which stood the ruins of the Druid temple, pursued their way down the valley in the direction of the cottage of Phelim, the foster father of Clarinda.

Warily the young knight and Launcelot took their way, with scant speech and cautious glance on every side, for they knew not where a foe—either English or Irish—might lurk; for, ah! in those evil times the subjects of the same queen sway arranged like unto banditti against each other.

No bronzed English soldiers with breast-plate



and morion—no wild and half-clad Irish kerne with elf locks and keenly glittering blade, molested them on their way; but as the knight on reaching a turn in the valley, turned once more to look at the castle, a wild haggard face which had been protruded from a cavernous recess in the rocks, was hastily drawn back; then as Sir Osbert and Launcelot went forwards, and the sitting mountains concealed them from view, the haggard face again peered forth, and, rising from a crouching posture at the mouth of the cave, Black Dermot, the dwarf, came forth.

The first lurid sunbeam of the autumn dawn that moment broke over the mountain tops and lighted up the swart and hideous features of the dwarf, their natural repulsiveness heightened by an expression of rage and anguish.

With all the vehemence of an untamed and savage nature, Black Dermot clenched and wrung his new hands, and gnashed his teeth, and tore at his elf locks, and groaned and sobbed, and stamped and raved by turns.

"Yes, yes," he cried, "yon base Saxon, whom they call Adam Caulfield, he may be deceived; it is not Black Dermot, not he to whom was given this hideous visage, this misshapen form, the power to discourse with the demons of the deepest, the fiends that ride upon the midnight storm! He goes forth, this young stranger, this warrior of the Saxons, bright and glorious with his manly visage, as the sunbeam breaking on the ocean wave, fresh as the breeze of the morning, and stately as the young pine tree. Wierd, Black Dermot, what art thou beside him—a mote that crosses the glorious sunbeam, the thorn and stunted thorn beside the tall and stately tree! Shall he triumph, this proud stranger? Shall he gather the lily, shall he wear on his breast the pearl of Tyrconnel? No, no; black streaks are in the web of his destiny; the morning sun may set in a night of despair, and the triumph of hate may be with Dermot the dwarf!"

The last words of this strange whispering were uttered by the dwarf with a chuckle of malice very alien to the frantic rage with which he had spoken; then he crouched down upon a fragment of the Druid stones, and supported his huge body upon his hand, pursued his meditations. Suddenly he started up with a wild exulting cry: "The bridge, the bridge!" he exclaimed. "But the dainty form of this fair Saxon be the food for the worm, and with black Adam Caulfield we will deal anon."

As the dwarf spoke thus he ran to that spot where the jutting rocks had concealed Sir Osbert and his attendant in their way down the valley. Climbing these rocks with the agility of a wild cat, Black Dermot turned his keen eyes in the direction taken by the two Englishmen.

"Ochone!" he murmured, as he bounded from the peak whereon he had perched himself; "they are the dwelling of Phelim; must the old manish, too. Yea, even so, rather than triumph to the Saxon! But yet I would, I would he might be prepared!"

As he spoke thus, the dwarf returned to the crevice in the rock from the mouth of which he had just watched Sir Osbert and Launcelot, and

plunging into it, presently reappeared with an axe upon his shoulder, and taking a devious and narrow path among the rocks, half an hour's rapid walking brought him to the margin of a torrent which fell with deafening roar from the summits of the rocks, and hissed and boiled in a deep gorge two hundred feet below.

Black Dermot knew that from the cottage of Clarinda's foster father, Phelim, the route to the open country was over the mountains from which fell this cascade, whilst there was no other mode of crossing than by the uncertain footing afforded by the trunk of an aged pine which had been thrown athwart the chasm—an aerial bridge dizzily suspended over the white seething waters.

The dwarf was out of breath, and as he paused for a moment and panted heavily, he cast another of his keen glances along the narrow mountain path.

No one was in sight. He had taken a short cut and rightly calculated upon reaching the chasm before the Englishmen. Little time, however, was to be lost in effecting his diabolical purpose, and hastily untwisting a tough, narrow strip of leather, as long as a Mexican lasso, he fastened one end of it firmly to a sharp point of the rocks, and the other to his own girdle.

Then, like a wild cat he crept out upon the pine's trunk, and with vigorous strokes of the axe severed it so nearly to the centre, that it was certain that it would crack and yield altogether beneath the tread of a man.

As artful as he was malignant, Black Dermot concealed the fracture in the bridge from casual observation with pieces of the moss which the spray of the torrent had caused to grow pretty freely about the felled tree.

When his atrocious purpose was thus effected, he swung himself back in safety upon the rocks by the aid of the leather thong, hid himself behind a point of the rocks to wait the result of his manoeuvre.

He had not long to wait; human voices were presently heard floating on the sharp morning air, mingled with the deep baying of an Irish wolfhound.

A bitter malediction broke from the lips of the dwarf.

"Phelim has his dog with him!" he exclaimed. "Bad luck to the brute, if he leaps on the sawn pine my pains go for naught."

With breathless anxiety the malicious creature peered through a chink in the rocks, which commanded a view of the persons approaching.

They were, as Dermot had surmised, three in number—the two Englishmen and the foster-father of Clarinda.

A hale and comely old man was this Phelim, devoted to the young chieftainess by a double bond, for he was her father's foster-brother and had been with Edmund O'Donnell in all his wanderings in foreign lands, and his wife had been the attendant of Clarinda's mother before she became nurse to her orphan babe.

The dog bounded before the three travellers. The villainous dwarf gasped for breath, if the heavy and powerful animal leaped first the mountain-bridge, his plot would fail. The dog was on the very margin of the torrent; he careered along

the bank of the rocks, and snuffed the keen air, and viewed with his bright eyes the whirlpool of waters that bubbled and boiled two hundred feet below.

Now he rushed towards the pine trunk ; it will yield beneath his weight and the proposed human victims will be saved. The dwarf gave utterance to a cry of rage, and bruised and lacerated his clenched fist as he struck it, in the fury of his disappointment on the wall of rock.

Now he breathes freely again, the muscles of his face relax in a smile that makes it even more than usually hideous ; for the cheery voice of old Phelim hails his dog, and the faithful creature bounds back to his master's feet.

On came the little party of the travellers, the dog careering and gamboling round them. They pause when they reach the brink of the torrent ; the Saxons, "perdition on their cowardice," doubted that frail and narrow footing ; but Phelim speaks, perhaps he expostulates with them, assures them that the dizzy mode of transit is safe. He advances to the pine trunk ; he is about to place his foot upon it to lead the way.

"Wirrasthru !" the dwarf is about himself to rush forward and drag the old man back ; it is the Saxons, the cursed Saxons, whom he would destroy ; shall they be saved by the sacrifice of Phelim ?

No ! the dwarf almost shrieks with exultation. Sir Osbert Trevelyan fears not to trust the rude bridge. He is an experienced traveller, he has crossed the Alps ; so he laughs, and, drawing Phelim back, is about to set foot on the slender bridge.

The next moment Black Dermot yells in fury—the gallant dog defeats him after all ; he bounds before the Saxon, the sawn pine creaks and gives way, and the poor animal howls and paws the air, as the severed trees go thundering down into the waters.

Will the brave dog be dashed to pieces against the rocks that wall the torrent ? No ; he is precipitated sheer down betwixt the two halves of the tree, and disappears for a moment in the boiling torrent.

Then a dark object is seen to rise amid the white foam, and, hailed with joyful shouts of encouragement, not only from his master but the two Saxons, the dog swims down the stream till he reaches a spot where the precipice is shagged with brushwood to the margin of the waters, and up the sides of that precipice scrambles the noble animal.

(To be continued.)

A SCHOOLMASTER tells the following story : "I was teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of my session I had leisure to survey my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool. 'Is this the dunce block ?' I asked a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out, 'I suppose so ; the teacher always sits on it.' The stool was unoccupied that term."

## LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

FATHER, I know that all my  
life

2 Cor. v. 1, 2.  
Ps. xxxi, 15.

Is portioned out for me,  
And the changes that will surely  
come

Job xiv, 1.  
Prov. xiv, 26.

I do not fear to see ;  
But I ask Thee for a present  
mind

Deut. v. 24  
Ps. cxix, 34.

Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love  
Through constant watching  
wise,

Ps. cxvi, 1.  
1 Thess. v. 6.

To meet the glad with joyful  
smiles,

Rom. xii, 15.  
1 Cor. xii, 26.

And to wipe the weeping eyes,  
And a heart at leisure from  
itself,

1 Cor. xiii, 5.  
Job xxix, 11-16.

To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless  
will

Isa. lvii, 20.  
Prov. xix, 2.

That hurries to and fro  
Seeking for some great thing  
to do

Rom. xii, 16.  
Deut. xxix, 29

Or secret thing to know ;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

Ps. cxxxi, 2.  
Ps. lxxiii, 24.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoe'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate ;  
And a work of lowly love to do  
For the Lord on Whom I  
wait.

Ps. xxxvii, 23  
Phil. iv, 12.  
1 John i, 7.  
Eph. iv, 3.  
2 Cor. v, 14-15.  
Ps. xxv, 5.

So I ask Thee for the daily  
strength,

Deut. xxxii, 39.  
Matt. vi, 33.

To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with out-  
ward life,

John xvii, 13.  
Ps. xxxvii, 39

While keeping at Thy side :  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.

Ps. lxxxiv, 1.  
John xv, 8.

And if some things I do not ask,  
In my cup of blessings be,

Eph. iii, 20.  
Ps. xliii, 5.

I would have my spirit filled the  
more  
With grateful love to Thee :

Ps. cxvi, 12.  
Ps. ciii, 2.

And careful—less to serve Thee  
much,  
Than to serve Thee perfectly.

Micah vi, 7.  
Col. i, 10.

There are briars besetting every  
path,

Job v, 7.  
Heb. x, 36.

Which call for patient care ;

Ecc. vii, 14.  
2 Sam. xiii,

There is a cross in every lot,  
And an earnest need for prayer,  
But a lowly heart that leans on  
Thee

Cant. viii, 5.  
Isa. xvi, 3.

Is happy everywhere.

In a service which Thy love  
appoints  
There are no bonds for me;  
For my secret heart is taught  
"the truth"  
That makes Thy children  
"free";  
And a life of self-renouncing love,  
Is a life of liberty!

*Rom. xii, 1.  
2 Cor. iii, 17.*

*John xiv, 17.*

*John viii, 32-36.*

*Matt. xvi, 24.  
Gal. v, 1.*

## THE STAGE IRISHMAN.

HERE is an old but true maxim that no one will respect those who do not respect themselves. We are reminded of it, in view of the silly and most degrading conduct of a certain portion of our Irish citizens who encourage by their patronage the systematic misrepresentation of their nationality, customs and traditions, on the stage in London and other large cities. One would naturally conclude that the Irish in England were sufficiently enlightened, and possessed enough common sense to have long ago stamped out the Cockney stage Irishman—the Barney O’Brannigan and Larry O’Toole of fifty years ago. Yet he still flourishes in all our large cities, and judging from the “houses” he continues to “draw,” it is fair to remain one of the lions of the boards for a long time to come. He is, as every one knows, a tatterdemalion, brimful of stable stale jokes, talking an impossible brogue, often with a lilalah in one hand and a whisky bottle in the other, and a *dhudeen* protruding from the band of his battered hat. If anyone should think we are over-drawing the typical stage Irishman, we can only say, let that person go and see for himself at any of the London, Liverpool, or Manchester music-halls or third-class theatres, where many of the proprietors have accumulated fortunes, and mostly by thus bringing Irish life and character into contempt and disgrace, there he will see all that is here described. And by whom are such fellows patronized? By the Irish themselves, or as a rule people do not frequent theatres where Irish “plays” are on the board. If they go at all, it is only occasionally when they feel like enjoying a hearty laugh at the low-bred wit and stupid blundering of Pat and Bridget, as they are represented. Nor are these exhibitions limited to the low class of stage buffoons; our “fashionable” Irish plays are, on the whole, no better. We do not think that Pat Rooney is any more of a caricature on Irish character than is Con in Boucicault’s “Shaughraun.” The wake scene in that play is unspeakably disgusting and disgraceful. It is as impudent a libel on Irish customs as Boucicault’s pamphlet on the Irish question, which tells us that Ireland was not Catholic till after the landing of the Normans, is a perversion of the truth of history.

We know that a certain class of our Irish fellow-citizens has always shrunk, and will always shrink, from such stuff; but the great average taste of the Irish in England has been vitiated by the contamination of Cockney stage literature, and

this debased taste has been subsequently confirmed in part—even by the most respectable of our playwrights and actors. We may regret—we must regret this state of things; but the real question is, how shall it be changed? The stage is the creature of self-interest. If its benefit did not lie in satisfying the debased appetite of the majority, rather than in pleasing the good taste of the few, it would not hazard the respect of the latter. That it does so hazard respect—nay, that it challenges indignation by its audacious hardihood herein—is proof enough for us that it is doomed to be libellous, insulting and degrading, unless prevented by some outside pressure. The origin of the evil is in the community, and from the community must come, if at all, the means of extirpating it.

It is quite time the intelligent Irish population of our chief towns should take into serious consideration this wholesale misrepresentation and caricature of their national character by a set of stupid, half intoxicated buffoons, under the guise of comic theatricals. It can be stopped effectually by withdrawing from any play or theatre that oversteps the proper bounds of good taste all patronage, and by transferring it to such other one as shall resist the temptation to make money by demoralizing the public, or catering to the already demoralized. If this were done oftener—if this punishment were sure to follow quick on the offence—very much, if not all, of the low, debasing stuff we witness in the representation of Irish character on the stage, would be permanently prevented. The only way to appeal to the reason, or instincts rather, of the class of actors we speak of, is to strike them in the only vulnerable point about them—their pockets. Irishmen, or least, should have more self-respect than pay for the propagation of lies and misrepresentation of their character and customs on the stage. Let them, therefore, “boycott” all plays of the class.

HOW TO BECOME AN ORATOR.—Henry Clay, the celebrated American statesman, has left the following on record: “I owe my success in life to this single fact, namely: at the age of twenty-seven, I commenced and continued for years, the process of daily reading and speaking on the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made, sometimes in a corn-field; at others, in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and shaped and moulded my entire subsequent destiny. Improve then young men the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero, by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author; that of the other continues to this day.

## SHERBORNE;

OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems,"  
"Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XXIII.

**N**EXT Sunday afternoon, at or about half-past four o'clock, Sherborne might be seen coming out of Berkeley Square into Hill Street, and round the corner of that mews which found itself famous at no-Popery tea-tables, what time Lord John Russell wrote his Durham letter.

His pace decreased and his countenance expanded as he walked along the uneven pavement of Farm Street, but particularly after he had turned the next corner, and spoken to divers young men decorated as to their button-holes with flowers from Covent Garden. They put him on good terms with himself, those self-impressionable youths, by being on conspicuously good terms with themselves, and by causing him to comfort his conscience with the excuse that, all things considered, he was at least as thorough as they.

Inside the church there was much tramping of feet, bustling movement of ladies' dresses, and manifestation of hats in mid-air, as if by a common agreement to shirk all but the music, incense, and lights. The people who made all this row, disturbing the congregation, and suggesting the idea of a rush for half-price at a theatre, arrived punctually together, and seemed accustomed to do so. Sherborne fell into the line, and felt at home there; for, thought he, "these people can't, all of them, have the difficulties that I have; yet some I have certainly seen doing this long enough without going any further. Some of them, too, are Catholics, and they swagger in just like the others."

Justice, charity, and common sense would have told him to look at the multitude that was there already, quiet and recollected, rather than at the excessively got-up crowd tumbling in just before the *O Salutaris*; but charity and common sense were not asked. They would have told him more than he wanted to know, how far he could have continued to deceive himself in comfort, if he had been alone in the church, with no light but the Sanctuary lamp, it may be idle to inquire. As it was, he got up after Benediction, comforted in his conscience, and secretly grateful to the people who had furnished him with a sort of comparative excuse.

It was a bad sign that he felt less ashamed of himself this time than when he was there last. No man can remain stationary in a current. He makes way or is borne back.

Loud was the sudden outburst of the organ, but louder the millinery that advertised itself on the church steps, louder the manners of young men, more than a few, who swaggered around.

"She's not here," thought Sherborne secretly and without being quite conscious of the thought.

Wasn't she though? He had forgotten that other door round the corner; but Lady Fyfield had not, and as he passed it he met her—the Miss Ardens being within a yard of the spot, and he on the point of turning towards them. Lady Fyfield said nothing, neither did she look at or towards him; yet he followed her—past all the Ardens too, without stopping to speak. If he had been asked why he did so, he could not have given an intelligible answer.

"You had better not come out of your way," said she suddenly, when they had reached the corner of John Street.

These were her first words. As she uttered them she stood impatiently still, fixing her eyes on the ground, and poking at the pavement with her parasol.

"You had better not come any farther, I think," she said, catching up the parasol, and walking away.

Sherborne thought so too, nevertheless became. "You are walking home?" he said nervously.

"I am," was the reply, given in the coldest of tones.

"Across the park?"

"It is the nearest way, I believe."

"To Prince's Gate?"

"I have not changed my house."

Sherborne wished that he had turned down John Street, and was beginning to say, "I suppose, then, as you seem," when Lady Fyfield at last condescended to look towards him, as if willing to hear what he had to say; and this was their conversation:

SHERBORNE: What have I done that you won't speak to me?"

LADY FYFIELD: I have answered your questions.

SHERBORNE: Yes—well—scarcely.

LADY FYFIELD: There is nothing more to be said.

SHERBORNE: Why?

LADY FYFIELD: I think you had better not ask why.

SHERBORNE: Yet you found something to say when last we met.

LADY FYFIELD: I *had* something to say, *and* said it, and I would say it again now if I could do any good.

SHERBORNE: But you have no patience—

LADY FYFIELD: I have had too much—

SHERBORNE: —with a poor fellow who is trying his best to—

LADY FYFIELD: Deceive himself and others.

SHERBORNE: I assure you that I am not.

LADY FYFIELD: Now don't quibble. There are more ways than one of deceiving one's self. You can resist the truth, and you can look away from it.

SHERBORNE: Yes; but I really haven't.

LADY FYFIELD: And you can submit your will to sophistry.

SHERBORNE: Isn't that the same practically as looking away from it?

LADY FYFIELD: No, it is not; and you know that as well as I do.

SHERBORNE: What is the difference?

LADY FYFIELD: You know the difference very well, for you have done both.

SHERBORNE: You give me credit for being much sharper than I am.

LADY FYFIELD: Nonsense! I won't talk to you at all unless you mean to be straightforward. Now, *do you want* to hear the truth, or not? because if you only intend quibbling and catching me up, and getting out of things, you had better go away.

SHERBORNE: No, I really don't.

LADY FYFIELD: People can deceive themselves by resisting the truth. I don't say that *you* have done so—I *hope* you have not: you can tell if you try. They can deceive themselves by submitting their will to sophistry, and you are doing that also."

SHERBORNE: Looking away from the truth in order to deceive one's self implies looking at something false, disguised as truth; and that disguise is affected by false reasoning, which, if conscious, is, in fact, resistance. Submission to a resisting power is resistance by consent."

LADY FYFIELD: And suppose it is. Do people always know what they are consenting to? You are trying to hide what your conscience accuses you of, by making it out to be the same as something else of which it acquits you."

SHERBORNE: But I was going to say—

LADY FYFIELD: That will do now. You are looking away from the truth and submitting your will to sophistry.

SHERBORNE: If I am it is unconsciously.

LADY FYFIELD: Don't say that. The very word "if" denotes a doubt in your mind, and you are bound to—

SHERBORNE: I was speaking hypothetically, not as having any doubt or suspicion myself.

LADY FYFIELD: It is not true. You forget, or try to do so: but I do not. You said to me last autumn at Dredgemere, and again at Bramscote—Mary Arden heard you, so it's no use denying it—you said that you couldn't see your way clearly; that you wished to know the truth; that you had lost all confidence in the Establishment; that the only power Protestantism had retained over you was the negative power to suggest difficulties; that you were continually catching yourself out in epigrams against Catholicity which you never would have thought of using against anything else; that you desired above all things to see your way clearly. You said all that, and a great deal more—you asked us to pray for you, that you might be guided to the truth; and now you ask us to believe that you are invincibly ignorant. I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself.

SHERBORNE: But *do* listen.

LADY FYFIELD: No! I will not. I have had enough of that. You only try to excuse yourself. Go home, and pray for guidance with a firm purpose of following it, and you will soon be at ease. But you have no real intention of doing so. You are not honest with yourself.

SHERBORNE: Bear with me a little longer. I really want more time.

LADY FYFIELD: No, you don't: it is nothing but temptation."

SHERBORNE: One has scruples.

LADY FYFIELD: Don't tell stories. What do you mean by "*one* has"? Do you mean to tell me that *you* have scruples? Answer me that!

Sherborne tried to say that he had; but her eyes were upon him, and he was silent. She waited a few seconds, and said:

"You have answered me by your silence; you dare not look at me and deny it. The fact is, your difficulties are not difficulties of faith: they are worldly difficulties—human respect and ambition. You don't want time to think: you want the will to do so as your conscience would direct, if you would but examine it honestly. Don't trifle with grace, or it may be taken from you. Are you so mad as to risk THAT?"

Presently she added in a softer voice, he having remained silent:

"I reminded you the other night of the promise you made two and twenty years ago; I remind you of it again; and this is most likely the last time, for it seems worse than useless to attempt persuading you."

Sherborne still remained silent, looking towards her from time to time without raising his eyes: nor did she speak again until many seconds had gone by, when she said in continuance:

"Therefore I had better make an end of it now; and I entreat you to listen—"

"Indeed I *do* listen—what *can* I say to make you believe that I do?" interrupted Sherborne.

"It has occurred to me as just possible," said she, "that what I said to you about Winifred Arden may have set you against all that I said besides; therefore, I must ask you to make an effort and separate the two questions in your own mind completely. I advised you not to delude yourself about her, certainly: I tried to save you from a disappointment and humiliation; but I will say no more on that subject: you will see your own way best about that. Be sure of this much, however. You will never win her by playing fast and loose with your conscience."

"Oh! I really am not thinking about her," said Sherborne.

Nor was he at that moment. His voice trembled, and his cheek was pale. His mind had wandered back two and twenty years.

Lady Fyfield made no reply, but after a slight gesture of impatience, instantly repressed, she said:

"Remember! The duty of submitting to the Church is, as soon as you are aware of it, absolute; and hesitation is then without excuse."

"How do you do, Lady Fyfield?" said a voice that she recognized by its distinguishing attribute of a double expression. She looked up and saw Crayston taking off his hat with that kind of deferential self-importance which assumes by implication, and which every woman would appreciate according to her own measure—one as a homage from mysterious greatness; another as humbug added to impertinence; another as something oppressive, puzzling, and on the whole disagreeable; another as proving a right to hero-worship; another as "the most affronting thing in the world;" another as evidence of power yielding itself captive, like Una's lion; others as pretentiousness doubled by condescension.

The latter would have been Lady Fyfield's appreciation of his deportment, if she had thought of it. But she did not consider him in detail; she disliked him altogether, with true female acute-



ness. He tried to join them, but she quietly caused him to desist from the attempt, and said as soon as he was out of hearing :

"That is a horrid man, and he has a bad influence over you lately."

"But I can't bear the fellow—I never could," said Sherborne.

"Never mind. He can influence you badly all the same for that—more insidiously, in fact, because you flatter yourself that he can't."

Sherborne mutely protested.

"Oh! but he has *done* so," said Lady Fyfield, in a parenthesis as if to herself, adding, "I wonder you can tolerate such a man. Other people besides myself can see it."

By this truly feminine piece of rhetoric she had made Sherborne ashamed of himself in relation to Crayston, Count de Bergerac, and Winifred Arden.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

IF Count de Bergerac could have known all that had occurred concerning himself since he drove away from Bramscote in a fly during the small hours, while Crayston was showing circumstantially that he was a swindler, and persuading Sherborne to tell Sir Roger so, or if he could have known all that concerned himself in England since that eventful night, and then have seen just what happened to Sherborne on the morning of the Ascot Cup day, he would have met with an occasion for that kind of "sudden glory" which Hobbes defines laughter to be. The Ascot Cup day turned out for Sherborne thus :

Punctually at ten he drove up to Sir Roger's house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, as hopeful, or at least, as sanguine as ever, of the contradictory fortunes he persisted in desiring. His whole turn-out was thoroughly good; he was thoroughly at home at his work; he was able to say truly that Lady Oxborough, her two daughters, and Miss Arden, had each declined electing to sit on the box, when asked the question on the previous evening, so that the box place seemed to be distinctly and naturally marked out for Miss Winifred Arden, by that potent, though not always trustworthy, friend in need, the force of circumstances. He was in hypothetically good spirits, having just reviewed his own case under the supposition that Popery might not, after all, stand in the way of his election for the county, if he could put off being too definite. Lady Fyfield's warnings had not passed out of his mind: they rankled there, and made him obstinate in his inconsistency. If he had thought out what was rankling in his mind, or to speak more correctly, in his heart, the sum of it would have put itself into these or equivalent words: "She broke my heart and now reproaches me, because, like other broken things, it has no unity."

It never occurred to him, or not conveniently for his purpose, that hearts are not looking-glasses, but are themselves reflected by words and actions, which are in our own power.

A very pretty thing human nature is, and very prettily it shows itself off sometimes in people born for better things. There he was, morbidly sensitive about his first love, and morbidly making

a fool of himself about a young lady who did all she could to make him feel himself in the way.

But what can one expect from a man who is in such a condition that he can feel comfortable after a lady has looked down the outline of her nose while he was trying to engage her in conversation?

He drove up to Sir Roger's door; but somebody else did the same. It was Miss Hermione Crump. Crayston was there too, in a corner of the brougham; but her dress eclipsed him till he was wanted to speak, and then she caused him to come forth with well regulated spontaneity. That self-asserting little man, the measure of all things to himself, was, as it were, lifted off his feet by the pressure of her indivisible intention.

"Oh! ah! how are you, Sherborne?" he said, standing up square, and trying to look unwillingly conscious of being about to confer a favour. "The most provoking sort of thing has happened to me about this going to—"

"Oh! yes—to Ascot," said Hermione; "and just as we were starting he had a note from a tiresome lawyer, saying he must go down to Lincoln's Inn, or some of those places, about some trustee business; and so, just as we were getting into the carriage—"

Crayston was going to protest against the latter statement, as possibly compromising to himself, for he lodged at one of the innumerable private hotels in Albemarle Street, and Sherborne at another lower down. "And," thought he, "confound it! unless he started from his stables—and I don't know where they are—he must have passed my door. And if he noticed that there was no carriage there but this heavy one-horse thing, that could never possibly get to Ascot in a fortnight—"

The roots of his hair came over in a prickly heat, as he thought of what she was entailing upon him. "This is going too far," he said to himself. "It puts one in such a position—to be found out as if one were telling a lie."

So he began to say—but he had better have let it alone—

"The fact is, it was not exactly—"

No! that's just it," interrupted the irrepressible Hermione, in a low voice, well directed at his ear. "I declare now, uncle, I'll tell him you brought me here on purpose, if you say any more about it."

Awed by this threat, and consoling his dignity by a little inward chuckle appreciative of her malicious readiness, he awaited events with fluttering confidence in her ability to take care of him as well as of herself.

"Yes, there we were, on the point of starting," said Hermione, filling up the window and half-open door of the brougham.

A bad word came to the front in Crayston's mind, and the prickly heat again made itself felt at the roots of his hair. He had been untrue in principle and in practice all his life, certainly; but no man could say of him that he had ever committed himself to a direct statement of a disprovable fact.

"Do remember that he must have just driven up Albemarle Street, and seen that we were not starting," he whispered.

"Nonsense! as if he could know now that we were not going from the Dover Street side! The house goes through—at least, some of them do, and why not that one?"

"Here I am, standing and looking like a fool," thought Crayston, from the foot pavement.

"Isn't it provoking, now," said Hermione from the half-open door of the brougham.

"Indeed, it is," muttered Sherborne from the coach-box, looking round stealthily towards the drawing-room windows of the house.

"To be thrown over at the last moment like that," said she; "and when one has made one's arrangements, and given up going to see some people one particularly wanted to see, who are going out of town to-morrow morning—and I can't go by myself! Now, if I could only have known it ten minutes earlier, I could have gone with the Glenfillan Bruffs, for they had asked me to go with them; but I refused, because Uncle Crayston wanted me to go with him; and, besides, I wanted to be sure about being back early. Now, do you think you could manage to find room for me just for a mile or two; we should catch up the Glenfillan Bruffs very soon, with their pair of fat white post-horses. You see I can't go by myself. Perhaps, when ladies have votes, and become members of Parliament, I may be able to go off alone in a hansom, and bet in the ring; but it won't quite do at present. Do you know I am really quite ashamed to ask you; but you can put me anywhere if you can only manage to take me a mile or two, just to catch them up. It's so very provoking to have let them go like that."

In the space of about a second the following considerations passed through Sherborne's mind:

"What a horrible combination of circumstances! Really, the state of that person's mind who can feel a mild satisfaction in helping to place such an underbred oppressive woman as that in society, and make society be pleased at it, as by ponderously exclusive, plain, and pompous neighbour, Lady Ledchester seems to be doing, is inconceivable. Well! she's a woman, so I can't be rude—to say nothing of the votes that Linus ones can get."

This internal soliloquy, as well as Hermione's address, and Crayston's feeble protests against being made responsible for her extemporised facts, had come to an end before the door was opened. Sherborne looked up once more at the drawing-room windows, composed his countenance, and said with an effort which he failed to conceal:

"I am so glad to be of any use to you. If I had known I could have called at your house for you."

"Oh! thank you so much," said she, preparing to get out of the brougham, and holding herself in prompt readiness for eventualities. She had set her mind on the box place.

"It's all right," thought Sherborne. "She will all keep the people occupied. I am glad she came."

(To be continued.)

## ABOUT EGGS.



OF course all of our readers have made up their minds in a collective manner that they will not read one word of lucubration about eggs. We fancy the expression of indignation which is evoked simply by the heading of our chapter only. We can imagine the general contortion of disdain which wreaths every lip in the family circle as each of its members inquires what can be said on such a subject, or rather, what does any one want to know about it! Everybody asserts his or her perfect knowledge of everything interesting in relation to eggs. They could tolerate oysters, and find crabs endurable in a dissertation; but nobody ever could conceive anything new to be related about eggs, or nobody ever heard of an essay on eggs before. If the gentle reader or the gentle listeners will be but patient with us for a little, we trust to convince them that there is a great deal of matter about our subject, as well as in it, which is entirely novel to them, and which may afford much more pleasing information than ever they had any notion was or could be contained in any reflections arising from eggs.

History is silent as to who first boiled an egg, and finding it good at it, deriving much comfort to his inner man therefrom. But there is no one can deny that the primal Ovophagite was a great benefactor to his species, although the obscurity of ages conceals him from our gratitude. Many a time the convalescent, just escaped from days in whose dreary shadow death lingered, has felt the first impulse of returning strength vouchsafed to him through the nutriment of a fresh egg. Many a time a valuable life has been saved from the simple fact, that when the weakened organs, vitiated by disease, could tolerate no stimulant or strengthening food, they could just bear an egg, cooked by a skilful hand, and borrowed thus a little more supply to keep the fire of life alight until it could bear a richer fuel. And for a final instance of the value of an egg, many a time the traveller, taking his rest in "mine inn" on some far wayside, has dined with a gusto from the genial though homely dish of bacon and eggs, fried and smoking, which devourers of dainty French dishes never knew.

In heathen nations to this day the egg is a sacred object as representing the great mundane germ of the transition of things from chaos to order. In the Rig Veda of Hindooism the supreme spirit is represented as decreeing the evolution of the world from an egg. At a later period of mythology, Brahma is stated to have deposited in the primordial seas an egg shining like gold. In the days of the Pharaohs, in the temples of Luxor, it was taught by the Egyptian hierophants that Cneph the Demcurgus produced an egg—the symbol of the world. In the Sandwich Islands an eagle is represented to have deposited an egg in the primordial sea, from whence sprang all of which we have cognisance. To this day, in portions of Finland, where the people have not forsaken the ancient idolatry of their race, they have the same legend as the islanders of the South Sea, with the difference that the wonder-

"MEN live a great deal faster than women," says a writer. This must be true, because you ever see a woman quite as old as a man born in the same year.

ful egg is said to be the produce of an aquatic bird. In the dim old Celtic legends, the mundane egg was produced by a serpent, who had no sooner laid it than he hastened to devour it. The littlest boy at his Virgil will tell us the fanciful creed of Lacedæmon, wherein Leda produces two eggs, from one of which issued Helena, and from the other the Dioscuri. The city of Salmoncus, the grey old Elis, has its wild legend, too, of twin heroes, called Molionides, produced from a silver egg. In far Peru, in the tracks of the footsteps of the victor Spaniard, we meet with another of these symbolic tales in which it is told of the two miraculous eggs, one containing Apo-Catequil, the Prince of Evil, an idol reverently worshipped in that country; and the other containing Pigue-rao-Catequil, who called his mother from the dead. In the Flowery Land we find the same idea expressed in a different way. According to Father Martini, the Chinese acknowledge the creation of a first man, whom they called Poonca. This man derived his being from an egg, the shell of which was snatched up to heaven—the white expanded through the air, and the yolk remained upon the earth.

Curiously enough, not only is an egg chosen to represent the mundane origin, but it is found as the emblem of the renovation of the world after being purified by fire. Herodotus—old Pagan dreamer—relates that the Phoenix buried the body of its father in a mass of myrrh of the form of an egg. The modern Jews, in many places, eat eggs in funeral feasts in token of the resurrection. In Russia also the custom of using eggs in the Paschal season is understood to have the same emblematic signification.

Klaproth gives, from a volume of Japanese chronology, which has been for more than a hundred years past in the library of Paris, a system of cosmogony, which states "that at first the heaven and the earth were not separated; the perfect principle and the imperfect principle were not disjoined: chaos, under the form of an egg, contained the breath of life, self-produced, including the germs of all things. Then what was pure and perfect ascended upwards, and formed the sky, while what was dense and impure—coagulated—was precipitated, and produced the earth." At Miaco, in Japan, there is a pagoda consecrated to a hieroglyphic bull, which is placed on a large square altar, and composed of solid gold. His neck is ornamented with a costly wreath; but what is most remarkable is an egg which he pushes with his horns while he seizes it between his fore-feet. This bull is placed on the summit of a rock, and the egg floats in water, which is enclosed within a hollow space. This egg represents chaos. The Japanese say that the whole world at the time of chaos was enclosed within this egg, which floated upon the top of the waters. The bull observing this egg broke the shell of it by goring it with his horns, and so created the world—by his breath creating the human species. In the Persian belief, they taught that Ahriman, the power of evil, created twenty-four genii, which he enclosed in an egg; and that Ormuzd, the power of good, created the same number, which he also enclosed in an egg. Those eggs breaking, say the Persians, the good

and evil became mingled, and pervaded all things. The great merchant peoples of Phœnicia worshipped an egg with idolatrous rites; and no doubt our forefathers may have looked with awe upon the strange homage of the Tyrian wanderers who traded to their shores, if perchance they beheld them at the religious solemnities of their country in their ships by the sea-board.

So far for the fiction of our subject; now we will treat of the facts. For the weight of substance contained in it, there is no other article of human food as nutritive as the egg. It is divided into three different structures—the shell, the white, and the yolk. The shell is composed of carbonate of lime, and is penetrated by numerous minute pores, which convey air to the embryo during the process of incubation. The same access of air through those tubes is the cause of decomposition occurring in the egg. A very simple process is sufficient to preserve it from this incident. To rub the egg over with any fatty substance closes those minute pores, and preserves it as hermetically sealed as those meats which are put up to keep during long voyages. For this reason eggs are rubbed over with butter by the dealers who desire to preserve them sound. A peculiar sign for discovering fresh eggs arises from this fact: An unsound egg, if shaken near the ear, will give the sound which is conveyed by a puff of air blown with some force through water, the cause of this sound being the presence of air within the egg, whilst a fresh egg, although agitated in the same manner, will emit no sound whatever. The white of an egg has a close chemical affinity to the essential substances of meat—musculine and gluten—and abounds in a far greater degree with fat. It is different in appearance and in sensible properties; but its component radicals are almost the same, and serve nearly the same purposes as material for food. In fatty substance it is only equalled by pork and eels, but it abounds in more nutritive elements than either. As an instance of the appreciation which eggs have received as an article of food, their consumption in the United Kingdom has been calculated to be fifteen hundred millions annually, and at the cost of one penny each, the value of this consumption is estimated at three millions a-year, quite a respectable figure, and enough to make our henwives proud and aristocratic. The Irish hen-roosts and duck-houses are considered to produce five hundred millions of eggs, or one million pound's worth annually; here in England we have the credit of nine hundred millions, and from foreign countries are imported one hundred millions; but this importation has greatly increased of late.

In France the egg produce is still greater, the smaller division of the farms in that country encouraging and stimulating this branch of industrial effort. In Paris the consumption of eggs is greater than in any other city of Europe, and has been shown to be at the rate of one hundred eggs annually to every living soul. But the consumption in the country districts is far beyond this, as in many places junkets composed of milk and eggs are the principle items of food. The egg produce of France has been estimated at from seven to eight thousand millions yearly, or a quantity sufficient to make a string of beads which

would go twice round the world, and at the value placed before by us upon this article of food, that produce is worth fifteen millions a-year. The trade of France to England in eggs has been very considerable since the year 1845, the facilities for transmission and their cheapness of production having increased in a great degree. As an article of commerce the French are pushing a large business in eggs, which is extended every day. At Bastoign there is a farm of two hundred acres devoted to the production of eggs for the London market alone. From Cherbourg to Calais the boats take in cargoes of eggs at every port for despatch to Dover.

In a Roscommon statistical surveyor's report a curious system was described, by which eggs were collected for the Dublin market. A number of runners—little boys from twelve to fourteen years old—were employed by those persons called higgler, or egg dealers. Each boy had a certain route, extending to about fifteen statute miles over the country. Within this district they went round every day to those farmers or cottiers from whom they knew eggs were to be had, and having collected them, returned to the depot of the higgler in the evening, with their load of eggs in their baskets. For every six score thus brought in, the boys received one shilling. This manner of collection prevailed over the country. The dealers then despatched the eggs collected in crates containing ten thousand, and forwarded them to Dublin or England; the estimate of the sale of those eggs was £70,000 per annum.

**A WOMAN'S STRATAGEM.**—The "Wiener Extrablatt" gives the following story: A young opera singer, Fräulein H—, was engaged to be married to a professor of legerdemain. The faithless swain, however, suddenly broke off his engagement and "flitted." He travelled all over Europe, showing his tricks to appreciative audiences. While staying at a German seaport town, he read, in a local newspaper, an advertisement inviting Fräulein H—, place of abode unknown, to apply to the notary of a Pommeranian country town for payment of a legacy of 30,000 marks, left to her by an uncle lately deceased. The conjuror quickly formed a bold resolve. He took the first train to Budapest, where he knew that Fräulein H— resided at that time. On his arrival he threw himself at the young lady's feet, entreated her forgiveness, and vowed that he could not live without her, and would marry her at once. Overjoyed she was soon led by him to the altar. After the wedding, our bold intriguer said to his wife in an off-hand sort of way: "Do you know, my dear, that you have come in for a legacy of 30,000 marks?" She smiled sweetly, and whispered, "I know nothing of a legacy, but I do know something about an advertisement that I inserted myself. I knew that love of money would drive you into my arms. But don't alarm yourself; I haven't an uncle." The magician was himself under a magic spell so to speak. He has made up his mind never to believe another advertisement.

## BURIED IN THE FLAME.

"**I**T is very true, Kathleen," said Edgar Fitzgerald, with a quiet laugh, as out of his large blue eyes, in which there slept the spirit of good nature, he shot rays of fun into the dark, flashing ones of his companion, "it is very true," he repeated, "I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth, as the saying is, notwithstanding I was blessed from the moment I saw the bright sun with a reasonable share of good luck. When I came into this world, Kathleen—made all the more pleasant by your presence, mavourneen—the cats didn't mew, nor the dogs bark—a sure sign, the old lady said who attended on my advent, that my days would pass in peace, and that the love of my heart would be safe in that of the girl who was born to be my helpmate—a true friend through all my life."

"Ah!" said the beautiful Kathleen, with a smile and a toss of her small, splendidly-poised head, "and have you found her yet, Mr. Fitzgerald?"

"By my faith, I have," said Edgar, smiling. "She's all that my dreams ever painted me in the form of a woman. I love her, Kathleen. Ah, if you only knew how deep down in my heart she has buried herself!"

"Then no angel with his trumpet calling to judgment will ever resurrect her?"

"I hope not, Kathleen, I hope not. Why should the darling come out of her home into a cold world?"

"To get a little air and exercise."

"Well answered, young lady. But I'm afraid, should the skittish, timid, nervous creature ever get away, there'd be no catching her again."

"Then she's a prisoner, Mr. Fitzgerald?"

"She is, and again she is not. Kathleen; you ought to know."

"I! How should I?"

"Misery! She wants me to answer what's impossible for a man."

"But how can a woman go and bury herself in a man's heart, and then be and not be at liberty to do as she pleases?"

"Women are born logicians now," exclaimed Fitzgerald, with a quizzical look. "I always thought when a pretty girl loved one, that she didn't care about ranging the commons, and trying to worry poor devils for whom she didn't care a ha'porth."

"And whom do you love, and who do you imagine loves you?"

Fitzgerald laughed and stood up. He was a splendid specimen of young manhood, and the girl's eyes had a warm, soft fire in them as she looked upon him.

"And you want me to answer your perplexing double question?" he asked.

"I shouldn't have asked it if I didn't think you mannerly enough to answer me," she returned.

"Then I'll answer you by repeating one name twice. 'Tis Kathleen, Kathleen!"

The girl turned away her head and suppressed a sigh.

She did indeed love Fitzgerald—more ardently

than he supposed. But there was one whom she loved as dearly, in another sense, as her young admirer. That one was her father. There had been a feud between the Fitzgeralds and the Fawcetts for generations, and until now the wooing by a son of the one the daughter of the other had never happened. Kathleen felt that a great gulf, an impassable abyss, was between them, which neither could cross.

"Kathleen," abruptly spoke Fitzgerald, "don't let us bandy words. You know that I love you with all my heart and soul; that I would lay down my life if it would please you in any way. You know that. Now, girl, why not speak plain. Tell me you hate me, if you dare—love me, if you can."

"Edgar," she whispered, going to his side, and placing one of her little hands on one of his shoulders, "you know that it cannot be. What if I did say that I loved you? It would profit you nothing. Do you think our love for each other would wash out forever the bitter hatred—foolish as it is—that for centuries has divided our people? Love! We who are born sworn enemies—love? No, Edgar. I will tell you I do love you. But what avails it? Get my father's consent, and then ask me. He would shoot you down as he would shoot a mad dog if he thought you cared for me!"

"I know, I know, darling, all—all that. But I'll pray and hope. There's something tells me, Kathleen, that our souls will yet be united."

"I'll wait and pray, too, Edgar," she replied, and then went away in the direction of her home, thinking, dreaming, shuddering.

Edgar Fitzgerald passionately loved the dark-eyed Kathleen, but the bitter feud which had so long made the ancestors of both generations uncompromising enemies, placed them, as the girl thought and often said, so far apart that there often seemed no hope of peace being declared between the families.

Thus the young man mused as he lay in his bed, the windows of the room in which it was looking out upon the homestead of the Fawcetts—a quarter of a mile distant—the old ivy-covered stone house in which Kathleen, the only daughter of the family, slept, and mayhap, in her dreams, wandering through grassy, flowery-carpeted dells with the man of all the world she cared most for.

And while Edgar rested on his couch wide awake, pondering on the crosses of love, his chamber was suddenly illuminated with a glaring, red light. Leaping from his cot, he ran to a window. A single glance informed him that the homestead of the enemies of his family was in flames.

"My God!" he cried, as he tumbled into his clothing and rushed out of the building; "Kathleen is in peril. I will save her, though I die for it!"

With the speed of the antelope he ran across the intervening space. He was the first to arrive.

"Ha!" he muttered, "those insane people will think I have applied the torch to their house. Fools! Fools!"

A window opened in the second story, and the young Kathleen looked out. She recognised the presence of her lover.

"Edgar" she cried, in a low, quiet voice, "do

not fear for me. The fire is below. Go to the window that looks out on the garden, and break through it. It reaches to a large pantry. Open the door opposite that window and you will there find my father. He is a heavy sleeper. Remove him before the smoke or flames reach him. God bless you, darling. When you have him clear from danger, call me."

The building was old, and the old timber is it dry as tinder. Before Edgar Fitzgerald could reach the window indicated by the intrepid Kathleen, the flames, with a loud roar, swept up the lower corridor, and were licking at the panes of the door behind which Mr. Fawcett was reposing, of course unconscious of danger.

Edgar leaped through the window. On opening the entrance opposite, he ran to the bed in which the old gentleman was. Not stopping to awaken him, Edgar raised him in his strong arms, and retreated as he had entered. He was not a moment too soon. As he retired, long forks of flame had eaten their way through the closed door on the corridor, and were already dancing with the curtains that enclosed the old-fashioned bedstead.

Fitzgerald ran to a summer-house in the garden, and there placed his charge on a long bench. There he slept as soundly as if he had not been removed from his comfortable mattress of down.

"Now for Kathleen," muttered the lover. "Perhaps she's in danger. My God, I hear the flames in the lower hall! Ha! I see they have run up the stairs—where Kathleen is!"

The thought and sight maddened him. He rushed to the front of the old building. There he found a number of the Fawcett faction. These, on seeing him, began to cry out that he must have, in revenge, fired the house.

"Fools!" he hoarsely shouted, "do not stand there lowering at me. Help me to save the people within, and then do with me as you will. Kathleen! Kathleen!"

There was no response to his cry.

"My God!" he groaned, "she will perish—perhaps has already been destroyed! Help! help me, men!"

His quick eye caught sight of a ladder lying near the barn. He ran to it, and, dragging it, he brought it to the house, and, by main strength, succeeded in raising it against the window from which his idol had addressed him.

In a moment he had mounted the ladder. On gaining the window, he leaped into the room in which Kathleen slept. When he had disappeared, one or two of the Fawcett faction ran towards the ladder, crying:

"Let's throw this down, and let the villain perish in the flames of his own making."

But three or four of the peasant women, who had been attracted by the "burning," protested, and drove the scoundrels away from the front of the house.

"Kathleen! Kathleen!" again cried Fitzgerald, as he pushed his way through a dense volume of smoke that came up from below. "Kathleen! Kathleen! my darling!" he groaned: "where are you? Speak to me, my love."

She heard him not.

The young lover pushed towards the centre of the chamber. His feet stumbled over some object, and he would have pitched forward if his breast had not struck against a bedpost. He stooped, and with a cry of joy, followed by one of terror, he touched the prostrate, insensible form of his Kathleen. He raised her in his arms and staggered towards the window.

"I have her—I have her!" he shouted.

Regaining the ladder with his precious burden in his arms, he was about to descend, when a sheet of flame leaped from the window and struck him fairly in the face.

"Oh, god! save me!" he groaned. "Shield her!"

He reached the ground. Kathleen was unconscious, but unhurt. The women gathered around her and carried her to a place of safety.

One or two of the more humane of the men, who had witnessed the heroic conduct of Fitzgerald, now came forward to assist him. These noticed that his face was black and burned to a crisp.

"Oh, help, help me!" he moaned. "Will some one give me a hand. The fire has melted my eyes out of their sockets."

Again the men looked in his face. Yes, the young giant, like Samson, was harmless now. He was, as he said, deprived of sight.

The poor fellow was taken to his home. There a physician was summoned, who dressed his wounds. He examined his eyes, and shook his head gravely. Edgar Fitzgerald, he said, would never see God's light again. For many weeks he was confined to his room, but his constant companion was Kathleen, who insisted, in order that she might the better attend on her father's saviour, they should be married. Edgar demurred. He would be a constant burden to her, he pleaded.

"Kathleen, darling," he whispered, "do not sacrifice your young life. I am content to know that I saved you from a terrible death. That will be my solace through all the dark future."

"No, Edgar," she said firmly, yet gently; "you saved the lives of my father and myself, and they are yours henceforth. Father consents. The feud is buried in the ruins of the lost home. Now let us live and die together. Edgar, it is not long since you said you would willingly lay down your life for me. You've done something more worthy—you have lost light, and that is the best of all life, for my sake."

They were married, and in all Meath there was not a more loving or more beautiful wife than Kathleen Fitzgerald, who always insisted that her husband was not blind—for he could see the world always through her loving eyes.

---

ONE of Bishop Bloomfield's best *bon mots* was uttered during his last illness. He inquired what had been the subject of his two archdeacons' charges, and was told that one was on the art of making sermons and the other on churchyards. "Oh, I see," said the bishop—"composition and decomposition."

## STORY OF AN OLD IRISH TUNE.



It was the 26th day of August, 1690, William of Orange beleaguered Limerick. For weeks he had trained his guns upon the ramparts, and the horde of mercenaries who thronged around his banner were impatient and savage to breach the walls and sack the doomed city. For this purpose on this eventful day he summoned all his force to aid him in the desperate enterprise. Brandenburgher, Huguenot, Dutchman, Dane and Briton responded to his call.

A breach was made in the walls.

Despite the valour of Sarsfield and the Irish defenders the enemy poured like a torrent into the city. The Irish were driven back. Borne down by the impetuous rush of overwhelming numbers, they recoiled to the "Black Battery" in despair.

Suddenly from the Irish town arose a strain of music—higher and higher—it was heard by friend and foe amid the din of battle. To one it had an unmeaning sound, but to another it told of hope, of home, and of victory. The Williamites had never heard it before—with the Irish it was a household god. It had been played at their merry-makings, their weddings and their marches, and as its beloved and familiar strains burst upon them in that dark hour, hopeful and bright as the sunlight of heaven, they became animated with an irresistible valour which, scorning all odds, impelled them to turn on the victorious foe in one last, fierce death grapple.

Even the young maidens, forgetful of their sex in the patriotic enthusiasm with which the patriotic air inspired them, rushed to the breach to aid their struggling brothers.

The women fought before the men,  
Each man became a match for ten,  
And back they pushed the villains then,  
From Limerick on the azure river.

The scene is shifted. Half a century has passed away, but not the recollection of Limerick. The sons of the defenders are again arrayed against a tyrant. They are in the service of King Louis of France. The Netherlands, not Ireland is the battle-ground now. The two greatest powers of Europe stand face to face. Europe is the stake. Fontenoy, on the Scheldt, is the field of meeting.

The son of the King of England is at the head of the legions of Wales, Scotland, Dutchland and England.

The French king has no auxiliaries save a small band of Irish, known in his service as the "Irish Brigade." They number above 5,000 men—all natives of Ireland—recruited in Munster and Connaught, nothing French about them only in their arms. Their uniform is green.

It is four o'clock in the afternoon; the French have been driven from the town, the forts and batteries; they have made a fierce resistance; the ground is covered with their dead; but Cumberland and Hay sweep all opposition before



them and occupy the heights, the best strategic point of the battle-field.

The French king is retreating, beaten and conquered.

At this moment the air is suddenly filled with melody. It comes from the quarter where the Irish Brigade is stationed. It rolls over the bayonets of the Irish Brigade, and is heard at intervals between the booming of the guns.

The Irish move towards the heights where Cumberland, with 13,000 veterans is posted. Twenty pieces of artillery and 13,000 muskets belch fire and death into their ranks. They close up and press on without pulling a trigger, for the order is "Cold steel and self-reliance!"

But as they gain the crest of that corpse-strewn hill, the Irish air which buoyed them in the advance, now cheers them on to the onset, and with maddened frenzy they rush upon the bayonets of Cumberland.

"The Black Guard," a Scotch regiment numbering one thousand men, is bayoneted and tramped down before their rushing onslaught. The Dutch, after firing one volley, break down the opposite slope of the hill.

The French pause for a moment in the retreat to harken to the wild hurrah that bursts from their brigade, and regaining courage from their cheer, and determination from the tune which so nerved them, rush to the support of their Irish allies.

In vain Cumberland's cannon batter the head of the advancing Irish.

They fall in swathes, but with a cry of vengeance ringing in their throat—the musketry sends forth its death rattle—the round shot furrows the green ranks—two-thirds of their number are stricken down—their cheer is becoming faint, but again swells out above the surge of battle the thrilling notes of the Irish air—the air which their fathers had heard on the walls of Limerick, and with a wild, maddening, and irresistible impulse they leap upon the astonished foe, pierce his ranks with the bayonet, and dashing him to the earth, proclaim to the French king that Fontenoy is won.

Three decades have dropped from the beads of time. Three thousand miles of ocean intervene, and the new world dawns upon our view.

It is the 10th of April 1775.

As day dawns the English army leaves the town of Boston, and marches towards Concord. Their route lies through pleasant villages and smiling fields, but blood and rapine is in their thoughts; they are intent on murder for they are the serfs of a brutalized king, and obey his behests. They reach Lexington, and from thence to Concord their footsteps are tracked in blood. The people flew in terror from the reddened bayonets, which they deemed invincible and are stricken down in cold blood by the ruffian soldiery. The smoke of blazing homesteads blackens the sky, and the troops of Percy and Pitcairn exult over the ruin they have made. They have brushed aside with their bayonets, or trampled down all who dared to speak of liberty.

No; not all! As they advance towards Concord Bridge, they are met by a handful of men

armed with shot-guns. Pitcairn pauses for a moment. That pause was fatal to the cause of tyranny, for in its brief compass a nation leaped to light and stood upon its feet.

Never was a moment fraught with more stupendous consequences to mankind.

Liberty was the stake at Concord and a Continent the prize.

While the patriots wavered—as well as they might—before that serried mass of trained troops, and their heart-beats reckoned the seconds between time and eternity—while the despairing shrieks of their wives and mothers chilled the blood in their veins, and they stood irresolute—fearful of precipitating a struggle which to them would bring instant death—yet ashamed to throw down their arms and become slaves—then in stout and fearless volume rolled out the notes of that old Irish tune—like a clarion blast it swelled louder and louder—it thrilled their veins and kindled in their hearts a valour grand, daring and unconquerable.

A ride cracks from the American ranks—another and another, and with a bound the patriots are across the bridge—a death grapple ensues—Pitcairn is in retreat—the red banner goes down—and a new nation is born to life and light!

American history tells the rest.

The tune that nerved the soldiers of Sarsfield on the walls of Limerick—and struck down the Briton at Fontenoy, and impelled the heroes of Concord to fire "the shot heard round the world," was the WHITE COCKADE.

SECRETS AND GIRLS.—Secrets are things many girls delight in. My experience has taught me that the fewer secrets and mysteries girls have, the safer and more comfortable they feel. No girl should agree to keep a secret that she will have to withhold from her mother. If it is important and necessary that it should not be communicated to a third party, then she had better refuse to keep it at all. A great deal of unhappiness and misery has been done through small secrets, leading on from one wrong to another, until a web of conceit has been woven so complex and intricate, that it has been nearly impossible to get distangled from. Your mothers, dear girls, are the wisest and best confidantes you can have. Their love, you may be sure, will guide and counsel you aright, and although you make many mistakes and blunders, you can never go very far astray if you tell your mother everything. A girl whose first thought is, that mother mustn't know of this, is standing on very unsafe ground. Hide nothing from your mothers. If you do wrong go to them and own it, don't wait for some one else to tell them, and thus shake their confidence and trust in you. Concealment and deceit can never be tolerated and in your intercourse and association with other girls, shun those who take pleasure in them, and seek the companionship of those with whom there need be no mysteries.



"I THOUGHT YOU HAD LEFT ME ALONE TO DIE!"

## The Maid of Erin: or, The Chief of the Red Hand.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### A RUINED HOMESTEAD.

**T**HE treachery of the dwarf Dermot, compelled the foster-father of Clarinda to guide the English travellers by a more circuitous route to the open country—the autumn day had passed its brief noon, and found them

still distant from the camp of Tyrone, near Donegal. Their horses had been left at the old man's cottage, as the wild road of morass and mountain was pursued more safely on foot. The English travellers had parted with old Phelim when clear of the mountains, among which lay the Red Castle.

But their journey, though then direct, was still

laborious, over hill and dale, stony waste and deep morasses.

Not long either had the sun passed his meridian, when vapours began to arise, which promised to obscure the prospect for which Sir Osbert and Launcelot were so eagerly scanning the horizon, namely, the towers of Donegal, before which town lay the camp of the united Earls Tyrone and Tyrconnel.

Here and there, even in the wild district through which the travellers pursued their way, was visible the havoc of English misrule.

Dismantled cottages, farm houses in ruins, blackened by fire, cornfields laid waste.

The government of Queen Elizabeth always pursued towards Ireland the policy of the wolf and the lamb—they deprived the people of the means of existence and then called it rebellion, because they would not suffer themselves to be exterminated quietly. Famine, that lean horror of the fair fruitful island, cursed it in the days of Elizabeth.

Pestilence followed in the train of famine, starvation brings always other sorrows than itself.

To make a solitude and call it peace,

has ever been the practice of wicked and unjust rulers.

How the compassionate heart of Sir Osbert Trevelyan ached at the desolation he beheld.

Much of poverty, much of wretchedness did the establishment of the reformed religion create in England.

Not only did the agricultural classes in those days, the staple of the working population, very quickly and woefully learn the difference between a lay landlord and an ecclesiastical one, but the artisans and burghers in the towns groaned under the burthen of the poor who had hitherto been provided for by the Church.

These evils, deeply felt in England, were aggravated a million fold in Ireland.

Luckless Ireland, ever torn by intestine dissensions, so often and so woefully betrayed by her own sons, ill-governed by England, even in Catholic times, the Reformation filled her cup to overflowing!

Famine, pestilence, and war had always depopulated the district through which Sir Osbert travelled.

Meantime, it was with deep anxiety as to the fate of the fair chatelaine of the Red Castle, that the knight noted how the shadows of the autumn day began to fall, without his having yet reached the outposts of Tyrone's camp.

Pausing on the borders of a wild moor, he glanced earnestly round, and expressed to his attendant a fear that they had mistaken their route.

"And heaven help the fair Clarinda," he said, "unless I can obtain speech with the brave O'Neil ere night; who knows at what base act the villain Caulfield will hesitate."

"Thy fear hath justice in it, master of mine," responded Launcelot, "and in troth, the fair face of the lady, not forgetting her wealth, were like to tempt more courteous knights than Adam Caulfield to a rough and peremptory wooing. I misdoubt me, we may have again lost our way, if we

could but see a human creature now in the land of desolation, seeing that thou canst speak their barbarous language, the sight of the meanest unkempt kern, were a guerdon in our distress! And see, let us give thanks for the small mercy. Yonder comes an Irisher, wild enough in all conscience! Look at the half naked creature, and avow, Sir Osbert, that the people of this island are mere savages!"

"Peace, sirrah!" replied Sir Osbert sternly, "if the people of this country are wild and miserable, the blame be upon the governors who made them so. But see the poor creature yonder seems to be overwhelmed with some mortal anguish. Come on—it is possible we may afford him some relief!"

The figure which Launcelot had first pointed out, running frantically along the boundary of the moor was, indeed, wild and savage in its appearance.

The naked arms were tossed wildly upwards, the voice was a succession of dismal shrieks and inarticulate cries for help.

To the horror of the knight and his attendant however, on a nearer approach, they found that this half clad and apparently demented creature was a woman.

A woman whose wasted figure was of commanding height, and whose features, haggard with famine and despair, bore traces of impossible beauty.

Her feet were bare, her only garment appeared to be a short gown, of dark blue freize, the long sleeves of which falling backwards discovered her arms wasted to the bone.

Her long black hair floated on the wind, her sunken eyes glared with hunger and despair.

Her voice was one hoarse and terrible scream amid which Sir Osbert could indistinctly detect the constant repetition of the words:

"Oh, my sister, my husband, my child!"

The compassionate English knight endeavored to stay the career of this wretched sufferer.

He spoke to her in her native tongue of comfort and of help.

At first she pushed him angrily away, then hissed at him the word, "Saxon!" coupled with a bitter imprecation.

Then as she fixed her fierce eyes upon him, a divinity of pity that spoke in his looks seemed to touch her heart; and falling on her knees, she crouched at his feet exclaiming:

"Oh, for the Holy Mother's sake, help Saxon help for a miserable creature!"

The young English knight, one of the few whom yet lingered the gentle and courteous spirit of chivalry, raised the poor native with as much tenderness and respect as though she had been some maid or matron of high degree, and requested to know how he could give her help.

"Shure and ye will be travellers!" replied the woman whose language we render into vernacular of the present day. "Ye will be travellers, and maybe the bit or the sup ye have in your wallet!"

Then she wrung her hands, and relapsed into despair:

"No, no!" she then exclaimed, "it's not likes of ye will help me! Are ye not the stran-

Saxons, and sure it is to steal and not to give, that ye tread Irish ground! Out with ye heretic knaves, it's naught ye can take now from me or my poor Redmond, forbye the breath from our bodies, and Mary, Mother, it's the blessing it would be that same to lie down and die beside the children!"

It was in a more subdued manner that the woman spoke thus; then, with a sullen air, she turned in the direction from whence she had come, muttering to herself:

"Wirrasthree, it's lie down and die I will, beside my husband, as well ask this hungry barren moor for bread, as the flaunting thief of a Saxon!"

The impetuosity of the woman's speech had hitherto prevented reply on the part of Sir Osbert, but, as with uncertain tottering steps she moved away, exhausted by her own violence, he followed her, gently offered to support her, assured her that though a Saxon he was no heretic, but as a son of the same faith, united heart and soul with the Irish, and was even then the bearer of a token from a maiden of Erin to the great Tyrone.

The woman looked up wistfully in the young knight's face, and exclaimed impatiently:

"The O'Neil is a great chief, the saints preserve him long to his woeful country; but the O'Neil is not everywhere; there is but one O'Neil, and the false Saxons are plenty as the fallen leaves of autumn! O'Neil and his soldiers be a weary way off, and it is the bit and the sup that Redmond wants to keep him from perishing here now!"

On learning from Sir Osbert that his servant had a small quantity of provisions and a flask of ale, the woman seemed to throw off the weakness, and grasping the young knight's hand, she led, or rather dragged him, towards a clump of trees that bordered the moor.

This clump of trees had hitherto concealed from the travellers a turn in the road, if such thevious and uncertain track across the moor could be called.

As the party emerged from the shadow of these trees, an exclamation of surprise broke from the lips of Sir Osbert, as the red beams of the autumn sun broke through the clouds, and a light breeze at the same moment lifted the thin vapours that rose from the damp earth.

After his journey over the bleak mountains, and away from the barren moor, the young knight was startled to behold a lovely valley smiling at his feet like an oasis in a desert.

Nature had, indeed, done her best to make that secluded nook fertile and fair; nor had man neglected to avail himself of her bounty.

A clear stream brawled across the dell which was dotted with thickets of alder and hazel; green meadows, and the stubble land, which denoted that corn had been gathered in, lay on both sides of the stream.

At the head of the valley stood the ruins of what had once been a farm-house.

A rude building enough, according to modern standards, must this have been, when its owner dwelt here in his humble prosperity. When Sir Osbert reached it, it was a mere ruin, scorched and blackened with fire. The devastation of that ele-

ment was visible, too, in the cornfield through which he was led by the woman, and in the remains of a hayrick near the ruined farm-house.

"The false, murtherin' Saxon!" said the woman, answering the inquiring glance of Sir Osbert; "he burned and wasted the corn, barley, and the fodder, which he could not carry off, as he burned the roof over our heads, and sorra a drop, save cold water, have I had for Redmond's thirst—and he fevered with his wound—nor the bit to ate these three days, since the meal-tub was empty, that the Saxon soldiers did not light upon."

As the woman spoke thus, she led the knight and his follower to the threshold of the ruined dwelling.

It consisted only of one storey, and, though rudely constructed of stones, cemented with clay and grass, it must have been weather-tight, and even comfortable, according to the customs of the time and country.

The stone walls had, of course, defied the flames, but every morsel of wood about the building had been destroyed, and it was entirely unroofed.

Into what had once been the kitchen, or principal room of the farm-house, the woman led Sir Osbert.

The young knight had played his part as a valiant soldier, both in Italy and the Low Countries; and with the humanity inseparable from true courage, he had often sorrowed over the ruin and desolation that tracks the path of war.

But at the first glance into that abode of wretchedness, he shuddered and shrunk back.

"An' what is that you stay for?" cried the woman petulantly; "sure an' its yerself that need not be feared to look on that which the countrymen of you have done. Is it the dead childer that frightens ye? Shure an' if the mother of them could bear to look at them, and so may ye!"

Then her mood suddenly changing, the miserable woman dropped on her knees—weeping, raving, beating her breast, and tearing her hair.

"Oh, my honeys, my darlints—oh, my bright-haired Redmond; oh, Mary, acushla! and it is worse than the heathens ye are trated, and denied a grave; but it's no strength your mother has to dig one, and its food we shall all be, darlints, for the kites and the crows!"

The frantic exclamations of the woman were here interrupted by a hollow voice, crying:

"Shure, Bridget, an' have ye come back at last? Kiss me, honey; I am going. I thought ye had left me alone to die!"

"No, darlint, no!" exclaimed the woman, rushing to a corner of the desolate apartment, where the shadow had hitherto prevented Sir Osbert descrying the wasted form of a man, stretched on a miserable couch of musty and half-burned straw.

The whole scene indeed was one of horror, such as the English knight, amid all the mischances of war and travel, had never before witnessed.

The flooring of the apartment consisted only of clay beaten hard. Every article of furniture had been burned or carried off by a party of English

about three weeks back, under the command of a captain, subordinate to Sir Adam Caulfield.

The pigs, the poultry, the sheep, and the cattle had all been made spoil of on the spot, or driven away.

And worse than this, as Redmond himself now informed Sir Osbert, in a broken voice and with execrations terrible to hear on the lips of a dying man, a young fair girl, the only sister of the poor Irish farmer, had been carried off.

In defending his sister and his home the poor man had been severely wounded. The loose straw on which he lay was deep stained with his blood.

Through the dismantled roof of this wretched abiding-place the autumn rains had poured and flooded the clay floor.

The most fearful feature in the scene of woe, and one from the contemplation of which the two Englishmen turned with a shudder, was in the disfigured half-clad corpses of two young children stretched upon the wet floor in

The sleep that knows no waking.

"Shure, and shure," exclaimed the miserable mother, beating her breast, "it was of the cold and the hunger that they died. Ochone! ochone! for the night, the weary night, when the rain beat and the wind blew, and I hid with my darlins down yonder in the hazel copse, whilst the bitter Saxons half kilt poor Redmond entirely, and set fire to our roof and our hayricks, and carried off our purty Kathleen. May the black curse of a broken-hearted wife and mother cling to them worse than the pestilence! May they die homeless and despairing, and without grace to pray; and may they be hurled like stones into the lowest depths of hell, for ever and evermore!"

As a soldier, whose mission is certainly not one of peace, Sir Osbert would certainly have had as little ability as inclination to preach patience to the wretched woman, had time and opportunity served.

As it was he was fully occupied with Launcelot in endeavouring to somewhat mitigate the sufferings of the evidently fast dying man.

"Poor Bridget!" he gasped, pointing to his wife. "You are a son of the Church, Sir Knight. Though a Saxon, you will not leave her here to die. You may go seek the O'Neil. Take her with you; leave her not here to die, too, of despair and the hunger! Poor Dennis! the betrothed of my Kathleen; he is on the track of the ravishers. Oh, wirrasthree! will he ever come back?"

It was only in broken and disjointed sentences that Redmond spoke. With the last words his eyes closed, and he fell back so heavily on the arm of Launcelot, who was supporting him, that the Englishman at first thought he was dead. Presently, however, he looked up and seemed struggling again to speak, and with some difficulty swallowed a little of the wine which Sir Osbert had before administered. With his cold and clammy hand he wrung that of the young knight, and that sense of gratitude, which never fails in an Irish heart, gleamed for a moment through his fast glazing eyes.

"Graglia, fair Sassenach!" he murmured.

"May the saints have ye ever in their keeping, Shure an' it's lay us in the ground ye will, me and the poor childer! and mebbe its the Pater noster Ave ye wont forget, and the Mass for my sinner soul."

Much moved by this pitiable scene, in a broken voice Sir Osbert intimated that he would comply with these requests.

"The Lord reward you!" gasped Redmond. "The Blessed Virgin have you ever a prayer!" Then he added in a stronger voice, "And oh, sweet Mother of Mercy, blessed be thy name, pray for a dying sinner! Bridget, dear Bridget, look up—be comforted! See, our children are here, and beckon to me! I come, pretty daughter, come!"

A strong convulsion shook the still poor frame, then the glazed eyes fixed and stared wide open—the jaw fell; and with a long, heartrending shriek the woman, Bridget, fell herself on the body of her husband.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE CHIEF OF THE RED HAND.

No expostulation or entreaty on the part of the English knight and his follower could moderate the violence of Bridget's grief, or induce her to release her hold on the body of her husband.

Both Christian charity and his knightly duty for Sir Osbert was one of the few who, in the time of the Tudors, preserved the spirit of chivalry. He commanded that he should fulfil the promise made to the dying man, and lay his body with the children decently in the earth.

Time, however, passed; the sun was low; he had learned from Redmond that the camp of Tyrone was still distant some seven long Irish miles; and what would become of Clarinda if siege were not laid to the Castle that night—what might not have befallen her?

Leaving the miserable widow of the poor Redmond, still raving and bewailing herself over the corpse, the knight and his follower bent themselves to the task of hollowing out a grave with their swords, in which to put the bodies of the poor father and his children. When this task was completed, they again endeavoured to turn Bridget to something like reason.

She answered to their expostulations with frenzied shrieks and cries; suffered them no interruption to remove the remains of her dear one, but still clung, with the tenacity of despair, to those of her husband.

The patience of Launcelot was quite exhausted, and that of his master very nearly so.

"Rouse yourself, Bridget, for the love of the saints," urged Sir Osbert. "Be you, are you alone the sufferer from the doing of the heretic myrmidons of Queen Elizabeth. In England, in the very land of the Saxons, they are the instruments of this sacrilege, treachery and murder. Here, in our own Ireland, will a noble Irish damsel suffer such as that which has been wrought to the body of your dead husband, if I am delayed in ob-

ing for her ere night such aid as the O'Neil may find. Bridget, for the sake even of revenge on the murderers of your husband and fair children, suffer us to lay his corpse in the grave, that we may thereby pursue our search for the O'Neil."

"Aye, aye!" exclaimed in reply a voice harsher and wilder than that of Bridget herself. "Aye, ye, revenge on the Sassenach. Slay! slay! kill! kill! The soul of the Sassenach to the fiends, and his body to the kites and the crows. Search for the O'Neil; oh, oh, he will be here anon; but better flag of welcome for the King of Ulster than the corpse of the Saxon swinging over the threshold which he has defiled with murder and bloodless love!"

Sir Osbert and his follower, desisting from their endeavour to remove Bridget from the body of her husband, looked up at the sound, harsh and wild, of these words.

They had stout hearts, both the English knight and his attendant, but they recoiled, each fixing on the other a look of fearful significance, after a glance at the man who had uttered these words.

Fall in the dismantled doorway, with a hand resting on the wall at either side so as to bar ingress, stood the man whose speech was so terrible.

Instinctively both Sir Osbert and Launcelot felt that they were in a position of more peril than they had encountered in the Druid's temple the previous night.

No miserable blot on humanity, demented in mind and awry in body like Dermot the dwarf, was this; no uncivilized half-clad Irish kerne, with naked knife and unkempt locks.

A well knit comely soldier was he who stood in the doorway.

A young man of about five or six and twenty, sturdy and handsomely equipped as any retainer of an English baron.

He wore the huge jack-boots of the period, a coat, steel breast-plate and gauntlets, and dark red hair curled crisply under his steel helmet round a broad full forehead. His features well formed, even handsome, but distorted by the deadly passion which spoke not more truly in his hoarse voice than in the vindictive gleam of his bright blue eyes.

"Holy Mother, be praised!" pursued the new man in an ironical accent, "has sent us two of the villain Sassenachs to dance to the wake of our Kathleen ashore." He pointed kingily to Sir Osbert and Launcelot as he spoke. "Bridget, alanna, look up," he commanded. "It's proud I am, my Kathleen I love, but truth I have yielded up my bride to the Sassenach, and to her blithe corpse he is wedded. For the merry bridal."

He have said that the English knight and his attendant had stout hearts, but they were human, it is not in human nature to face sudden and instant death without shrinking.

He needed not a word between Sir Osbert and his follower to convince them both that the Irish man was either actually mad or under the influence of some intoxicating liquor.

With the perversity of temper, too, which is so fully the effect of strong drink, he passed

from the sarcastic accent to which he had first spoken to a burst of wild lamentations.

"Ochone! ochone!" he exclaimed, casting himself on his knees beside the dead bodies of the two children; "and is it thus wid you, poor purty darlints? Is it the hunger and the cowl has kilt you both entirely? Oh, Mary, mavoureen! a dainty girleen thou wert; but better thou shouldst die thus with the stain of the green nettles that would not keep the hunger off on thy innocent mouth, than live till the years were over thine head, and thy rosebud lips provoked the blistering kiss of the ravaging Saxon. Oh, Holy Mother, better die as thou hast done than live, like my Kathleen, to be the prey of the spoiler."

As the Irish soldier spoke thus, his voice was broken by sobs, and bending over the dead child he took the little disfigured corpse in his arms, and kissed and fondled it as if it had been still in life.

"Sir Knight," whispered Launcelot to his master, "this fellow will have more like him at his heels; hark to that howling. We shall have a whole horde of wild Irish down on us, and it is no shame on our courage to avoid an encounter in which we must, perforce, be worsted."

"Truly not," answered Sir Osbert, "and though loth I am to draw sword upon these outraged people, we must even fight our way through them, if they, like this poor fellow, implicate us in the misdeeds of our countrymen."

The dead bodies of the two poor children were stretched near to the doorway, and when the Irish soldier threw himself beside them, he still obstructed the egress of the two Englishmen.

Now, as they advanced in the hope of escaping ere the distracted natives, whose wild cries became louder, reached the hut, the man started to his feet, and, with a yell more like the cry of an enraged animal than a human voice, he exclaimed:

"Hark! hark! murderin' Sassenach, did I not tell ye that ye should dance at Kathleen's lyke-wake? See, yonder come the boys wid your countryman, and, sure, it's a nice party of ye shall go down to ould Satan this night!"

As the man spoke thus he brandished fiercely in the faces of the Englishmen a small battleaxe which was slung at his side.

Sir Osbert attempted not to soothe the fury of this man, as he had done that of the dying Redmond and his wife, for he perceived that strong drink had lashed him into frenzy. The woman, Bridget, meanwhile slowly lifting herself from the body of her husband, interposed her poor meagre form between the Irish soldier and the two strangers.

"Back, thyself, Dennis! back, thyself!" she exclaimed; "let not the hard word come from your lips, or the stroke from thine hand against this Saxon, on whose breast my husband died, who moistened with wine his parched lips, and whose hand has hollowed for him a Christian's grave."

"Out on thy woman's feeble whining!" answered Dennis fiercely; "runs not the blood of the false, the murderin' Saxons in their veins? Sons of the Church or false heretics! have not the Sassenachs in ould Erin been ever the same? Out woman! the first spoilers who set foot on



our green shore, they called themselves sons of the Church. Perish the Sassenachs, then, from the face of the earth! Kill! kill! slay! slay! but, see, Bridget, yonder comes thy fair sister—my bride that was to have been, my own Kathleen; but, see you Bridget, she has been for three days wedded to the stranger! Graglia! was I not the liberal bridegroom to give away my bride; but, by the bones of S. Patrick, I must divorce her from the stranger now, and these other Sassenachs shall join him in the purty jig he shall dance for us ere the sun is down."

(To be continued.)

## A GREAT EXPLOSION.

**I**F the Americans really delight in doing things on a large scale they must now feel truly gratified for they have recently consummated the biggest "blow up" on record. The newspapers summarised it thus: "The great rock, nine acres in area, obstructing the navigation between Long Island Sound and the East River, New York, was blown up yesterday morning. The engineers state that the result is satisfactory." It is interesting to consider briefly what was the nature of the really stupendous work this completed. A ledge of rocks—nine acres in extent!—which for ages has been anathematised by every seafaring man who ever sailed through Long Sound was blasted out of existence by General Newton and the engineers who for the last nine years have been working under his directions. "Hell Gate" is the singular name of the passage that was to be widened. The name is not a pretty one, but it is or was appropriate enough. Few of the holiday visitors to the States are familiar with this channel. Travellers from Europe enter New York chiefly through the Lower Bay and the Narrows, and, therefore, unless they are "taken round," miss the strait between East River and the Sound which opens out to the sea on the other side. An excursion to the locality in question is, nevertheless, among the pleasures that a New York host is certain to put at the disposal of a guest who stays long enough to see all the sights of a city already running Paris very close, and which, in everything but population, has long since eclipsed London. Such, at least, "The Standard" assures us, is the opinion of all true Americans. Without stopping to discuss this claim, it is admitted that we have no Hell Gate, and that by no chance can the greatest port of England be approached by so many, and in some respects such circuitous, channels as the first city of the New World. Running up East River as far as "Throgg's Point," about sixteen miles from the city proper, the excursionist is afforded a pleasant panorama of land and water. After passing the ship-thronged wharves and the Brooklyn Navy Yard, Blackwall's Ward's, and Randall's Islands soon came in sight. Between Ward's Island and the suburb of Long Sound City known as Astoria, the passage narrows to the

dimensions of the Harlem River, the mouth of which is due north. The tide as it rushes through forms a swirling whirlpool, which would be in any case dangerous for an unwary navigator. But what makes this entrance to New York so specially perilous are the rocks and ledges which stud the passage, leaving room even at high water for none but craft of very light draught to float over them.

Ships have been frequently wrecked or injured in this locality, and as "the Gate" saves a considerable *détour* for vessels making for New York from the north, the removal of the obstacle has long occupied the attention of the authorities. Again and again have proposals been made for clearing the passage. But hitherto none of these tried had proved efficacious. Indeed, it was not until the invention of dynamite and similar explosives put at the disposal of the engineer a weapon more powerful than gunpowder, that the task was tried in earnest. In 1875, and at a later date, blasting operations were attempted, and several ledges got more or less out of the way. But still the channel was too shallow, and for nine years past preparations have been made for the completion of the work undertaken in the interest of New York and the shipping of the world. Steadily, but surely, the rocks have been honeycombed with borings for the reception of dynamite cartridges, until at last the one in the middle of "the Gate" was nothing more than a set of chambers supported by columns of stone, into which the blasting material had been fitted.

Everything was warranted to go off comfortably, quite as if nothing unusual were stirring! A girl touched a button and an automatic detonator connected with an electric battery at a safe distance from the scene of action exploded the charge with which Flood Rock was stuffed, after some little noise, and the flying about of a few errant fragments, all was over. Beyond an area of a thousand feet the turmoil under the sea disturbed no one. The rock was simply pulverised by the explosion, and after this, all that need be done is to dredge up the resulting sand and mud, in order to make a channel twenty-four feet deep at low water. Altogether, including the reefs under water, obstructions extending over nine acres have vanished, as by the waving of a magician's wand. But the cost is reckoned at over six hundred thousand pounds.

As far as the mere mass of rock removed by one blow is concerned, nothing comparable to General Newton's feat has previously been attempted. During the operations necessitated by the harbour works, some very heavy blasting was done a few years ago at the Holyhead quarries. Gunpowder was, of course, the agent employed, but the charge—twelve thousand pounds in weight—was a mere trifle compared with the two hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds of the infinitely more powerful dynamite employed in the shivering of Flood Rock and its contiguous obstructions. The charges at Holyhead were fired by means of a platinum wire heated by a Grove Battery, and the total quantity of rock removed was about forty thousand tons, separated into various sized blocks. In 1843, when Roundstone Cliff, at Dover, was overthrown for railway par-

poses, eighteen thousand five hundred pounds of powder, in three separate charges, fired simultaneously by a voltaic battery, were employed. The invention of the various nitro-glycerine explosives has, however, rendered such blasting feats as this altogether obsolete. For ordinary operations in mining and quarrying on a small scale, there is nothing so safe, and, take it all in all, so trustworthy, as gunpowder. But when mere destruction—not solely the disruption or removal of a rock mass—is demanded, a far more powerful agent is required. Dynamite supplies the void. But even with dynamite at our command, it is doubtful whether engineering would have advanced so rapidly as it has done, unless the various boring machines which have enabled it to be used had been simultaneously invented. To them are due the Alpine tunnels and the vast Hoosac tunnel in Massachusetts. At Hell Gate also the work would have been difficult without the drill, which enabled the engineers to place the cartridges in position. Had the Egyptians and the Romans been in possession of gunpowder or dynamite, or even of some mechanical form of drill, it is hard to say what might not have been done by the men who built the pyramids, crossed valleys with aqueducts, and reared obelisks of solid stone which it requires the ingenuity of the moderns to remove from the place where they have fallen.

### IN MEMORIAM.

"GOD'S ACRE," RATCLIFFE COLLEGE (1885).

UNENDING life, Lord, give to them !—  
Who rest around in dreamless sleep  
Christ in Thy tend'rst mercy keep  
*Dona eis requiem !*

Here far above the noisy crowd  
On Mother Earth's soft verdant breast  
In solitude's profoundest rest  
They wait the Trumpet loud.

Within the sound of Chapel bell—  
Of liquid voice and organ too  
Join'd in the strains they loved and knew—  
Near kindred souls they dwell :

Remember'd too—at Mass and when  
Revolves the hour of evening prayer  
They, Silent Members, resting there—  
By babes and earnest men.

Oh, holy place of grass-grown tombs  
Cross crown'd thrice consecrated spot ;  
Mid changeful scenes thy ghostly lot  
Sweet with perennial blooms !

The warbling birds at twilight hours  
Come with their full-throated vocal aid :  
And deck the mounds where Ours are laid  
Hoar-moss and blooming flowers :—

Memorials loved till life be fled  
And vain conceits can never more  
Allure to folly as of yore ;  
Till Memory's self be dead !

*All Souls Day.*

*Ads. O. C.*

### SHERBORNE;

OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

Author of the "*Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems*,"  
"*Grey's Court*," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

AT that moment the door opened wide and square, and a burly butler stood in the centre of the open space, with his eyes very much open, as if something unusual had disturbed the course of events natural to that hour of the day, an hour at which a bonnet-box, rather than a four-in-hand, might be expected.

"The old fellow looks all alive," thought Sherborne. "I dare say he feels more interest about the race than I do—which wouldn't be much, by the bye."

But the butler walked down the steps, looking impressed. Sherborne began to feel uncomfortable at this portent. "Something must be wrong," thought he. Then he turned pale, or thought that he did so, and half expected to see Lady Fyfield looking at him round the corner of Chesterfield Street.

The butler came close to the drag, and planted his feet at an obtuse angle firmly; then, looking up with a pair of expanded eyes, quite round and expressively blank, he put forth an inarticulate sound that boded no good to Sherborne's proximate hopes—a sound between a mumble and a whisper, very suggestive of mishaps, to say no worse.

"And the doctor has just been again," were his first intelligible words.

"Been again? Why, what is the matter?" said Sherborne.

"Yes, sir. He came last night when she was first taken," answered the butler, rubbing his thumb-nails with his two forefingers.

"But who—what?"

"He said he couldn't tell for certain, sir; and it mightn't be anything, only a feverish cold; but there was a good deal of scarlet fever going about."

"But who is it?"

"Miss Arden, sir."

"If it's only such a very slight attack, can't Sir Roger and——" was the fragment of a remedial suggestion that rushed into Sherborne's mind; but, at the same instant, the butler, as if reading the surreptitious thought, went on to say:

"And of course, sir, they can't leave her; I should say, they wouldn't like to; and Sir Roger, he told me to tell you how sorry he was he couldn't come down to see you on account of being afraid to give the infection, if it turn out to be anything catching."

"Oh! for goodness' sake don't let anybody bring fevers about," exclaimed Hermione. The fear that produced those ebbs and flows of colour was of an angry kind—a panic demonstration against things hostile to enjoyment.

Sherborne bowed his head, set his teeth, and looked back towards the brougham.

"I think we had better start," he said in measured tones of cold courtesy, muttering to himself afterwards, "Was it not enough, without this?"

Hermione, perceiving that no one manifested any intention of bringing fevers about for her particular annoyance, became at once equal to the occasion.

"We will follow you in the brougham to Lord Oxborough's," said she to Sherborne; and then aside to Crayston, who was about to suggest that she might as well mount the drag then and there, "No! I *can't* do that. I wonder you don't know better than to propose such a thing. Really, it's so *very* odd of you."

Crayston upraised his chin, tried to look as if he had not heard what she said, and handed her into the brougham.

"I suppose she will insist upon sitting on the box," said Sherborne to himself, half aloud.

Just as he was going to drive away from the door a carriage pulled up alongside. It was Lord Oxborough's.

"I thought it would make you late," said Lord Oxborough, "if you had to go all round out of your way for us; and I had heard, too, that Miss Arden was ill."

"*They* knew it, and I didn't," thought Sherborne.

"So we had better mount here," added Lord Oxborough, getting out of the carriage. "Oh! how is Miss Arden?"

The butler answered as before, and the process of mounting the drag began.

"I am so fond of horses—I quite dote on them," said Hermione. "*Do* let me see the driving now." And without waiting for a reply she then took her place on the box, arranging herself in a permanent sort of way, without any apparent reference in her own mind to catching up the Glenfillan Bruffs and their fat white post-horses.

But Sherborne had not yet had the full measure of what he was to go through at that door. Just as he was driving away there appeared at one of the drawing-room windows Sir Roger and Winifred Arden, while Miss Hermione Crumps was exclaiming audibly, "How delightful!" The image of Count de Bergerac rose up before his mind's eye, and in reference thereto he said to himself bitterly:

"Oh! that he were here to write me down—an ass!"

He was not aware that Lady Fyfield could have done that service for him; yet so it happened.

She was in the house all the time, and from a bedroom window had seen him driving off with Miss Hermione Crumps on the box. Unfortunately, in the interests of retributive justice, he saw her not; but then he felt sure that she would hear of it, which was almost as bad.

What became of the Glenfillan Bruffs and their fat white post-horses no one ever knew. Certain it is that Sherborne's drag never caught them up, and doubts have been thrown on the fact of their having gone at all. Indeed one disagreeable person said that they were seen by the curate of their own parish at the Royal Academy, between eleven

and twelve o'clock, examining a portrait of the Bishop of Ledchester's wife.

Sherborne was dull and monosyllabic for the first five miles; but afterwards, remembering the social amenities, and not forgetting the importance of popularity to himself, he made a great effort, and caused Hermione to decide in her own mind that her brother-in-law, Linus Jones, would have to work well for Sherborne at the election, under penalty of having his life made a burden to him mildly. Indeed, he exerted himself much, ~~and~~ favourable impressions generally, and dined at Lord Oxborough's afterwards, where he did the same.

But he left town by an early train next morning, for he said to himself:

"I can't stand looking like a fool to myself. Other people may be wrong—and they generally are, and I can despise their opinion; but I can't deal with myself in that way."

Yet he could deal with himself in that way when his conscience was accusing him of folly immeasurable in degree, infinite in the importance of its consequences.

## CHAPTER XXV.

MARY ARDEN'S illness turned out to be typhus fever. Many ingenious conjectures were hazarded, and learned theories put forth, as to the cause of it; but no one was the wiser for them, except, perhaps, the next Social Science Congress.

It was a hot and vapoury morning in the last week of July when Sir Roger and his daughter left the house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, for Bramscote. There was no perceptible atmosphere, but a heavy smell of drains. At every tenth door there was a railway van, or a cab, and at half the remaining houses the blinds were down. To the many who, in one set or another, with comparative ease, or pitifully straining, had gone through the joyless excitement of a London season, as London seasons now are, it might have been said, for that year, as the croupier of a roulette table says to the disappointed gamblers behind him, "*Le jeu est fait. Rien ne va plus.*"

Miss Hermione Crumps was energising in divers country-houses about this time, first where a Catholic lady had made a mixed marriage, and imbibed mixed principles therefrom, to the greater edification of Hermione; next at the Rectory, where dwelt the Archdeacon of Ledchester, with his wife, and Ethel, and Amy, and the rest, who met her at Exham Road Station in a wagonette as before; then to the Glenfillan Bruffs for the month of August. After that date she intended to be a frequent guest at Monksallows, Lord Ledchester's place, together with the *entree* at Bramscote, which she had gained in Charles Street by local assumption, based on success elsewhere.

Crayston was at Baden-Baden, devoting himself to British tuft-hunting and Continental Liberalism in equal proportions.

Lord and Lady Oxborough and their two daughters were refreshing themselves at Brighton for ten days, taking their pleasure sadly, as Froissart says. The eldest son had gone to fish

in Norway, and, if he had not left it, he lived there still; but, as we have nothing to do with the sons, it is hardly worth while to inquire about them.

Lord Ledchester was at that moment making a speech against the Ritualists in a town-hall somewhere, and his wife was on her way to Monkgallows, having been kept in England by the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, just as she was starting for Schwalbach.

Of Sir Roger Arden's two sons, the elder had gone home for a volunteer review, and the younger was being coached for the army.

A hot and vapoury morning it was. The peculiar odours of London were obtrusive, and ozone nowhere. Nondescript men hung about corners, listlessly staring at whatever happened to be before them; young ladies looked pale and restless amid heaps of luggage and clouds of ball-dresses; fathers of families paid bills pensively. Refreshing was the contrast when Sir Roger's two daughters came forth to begin their journey. Even Mary Arden, who had but just recovered from typhus fever, looked fresh by comparison.

Just as they were starting, Lady Fyfield pulled up in a hired brougham.

"I thought I should catch you as I went by," said she. "I wished to know if you feel at all stronger?"

"As much so as I can expect," said Mary Arden. "I shall be better when I have had a little change of air. But how are you, after all your kindness to me, which I can never forget?"

"As well as possible," interrupted Lady Fyfield. "I leave town to-morrow, as you know, so that I hope we shall meet before long. Well, good-bye, I must not detain you, or you will be late for the train."

"Yes!" thought she, as she drove away, "as well as possible, but in a difficulty."

Her difficulty was a complex one, and the way out of it was not apparent. It was this:—She had begun to suspect that Mary Arden looked upon her engagement to Sir Bertram rather as a duty than a choice, or more correctly speaking, as a choice of will rather than inclination.

Now, if Lady Fyfield had not been a woman she would not have thought about it at all, for she would not have gone the way to discover those bases of suspicion which had set her thinking. If the things that a woman is sure to do, and a man will probably not do, reading letters aloud in the interest of the writer's affections is one. The reason is, that women can, and men cannot, realize an affection external to themselves. Lady Fyfield had received three or four letters from Sir Bertram since her arrival in London the latter end of May, and had repeated their contents to Mary Arden in such a manner that they certainly did not lose by the reading. The effect on her whom the most concerned might truly be called conspicuous by its absence.

"I am afraid she has made up her mind to go rough with it," thought Lady Fyfield, "and not low herself to feel anything either way. I have suspected as much at times, but the suspicion has ways passed away. It was the——"

The hired brougham stopped with a shock and

a jolt before the door of a shop. She got out, and presently got in again, carrying a receipted bill in her hand. Then she went on thinking from where she had left off.

"It was the typhus fever that put me wrong: I thought it accounted for her being so impassive apparently. I said to myself: When people are weakened by illness, they often seem as if they cared for nothing. But she was not so ill as that when I read out the last letter. She was pretty well then."

On went Lady Fyfield from one shop to another, paying bills, or endeavouring to have them sent in before she left London—and if she succeeded, she did more than anyone else has ever done: but she thought of the difficulty all the time, as much as anyone can think when placed in a low rattling brougham, jerked about by a weedy, half-broken cart-horse, all head and legs, while bills, receipts, addresses, notes, and parcels are strewing both seats, and the coachman is continually turning the creaky vehicle on its own axis, having missed the right door, or encountered a brewer's dray in front of it.

When at last she had finished her business, and was driving home, the interrupted thoughts began again, as before, where they had been broken off.

"Yes, she was pretty well then. There is something—somebody."

As this word "somebody" formed itself in her mind, the ball at Brimscoote came before her, as if in a picture. A brass band and a fire-engine dispelled the pictorial recollection; but Moreton's face, as she had seen it for a moment at that ball, was in the picture. Her acquaintance with him was of the slightest, just sufficient to measure Sir Bertram by; and she did measure Sir Bertram, her son, measured him without favour, though the tears welled up with a rush, burning her eyelids.

"And I have had such hopes for him," was the first thought that followed in words—"oh! such high hopes for him! For I knew what she was, and I thought that I knew what he might become—would become, *must* become, if she could care about him. And Sir Roger would like it, and would not like the other, I should suppose; and she, I know, feels herself in a manner bound."

"But she must *not* feel herself bound. She must *not* be sacrificed if,"—and here a mother's partiality pleaded hard—"if it really would be a sacrifice."

Then did Lady Fyfield weigh *pros* and *contras* in this fashion:

"She consented of her own free will."

"Yes; but there was no pleading? Were there no appeals?"

"Granted that there were. She has too much force of character to have been over-persuaded against her——"

"What? her inclination? But a girl has no inclination that way before she has cared for some one."

"Well—against her disinclination. She has too much character to be over-persuaded against that."

"I don't know. She only consented conditionally."

"Just so; and therefore, if she had afterwards become averse to it, she would have said that she was; and she did not; and so, perhaps—"

"No! I don't think she would before his return. Her decision was to depend on what he should be then."

"But if she had any consciousness of a disinclination, she would naturally say so—"

"No! not if the shadow of an unbidden preference crossed it."

Here ended this internal colloquy and the drive too: but the former was afterwards continued with results not more conclusive than before.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE Italian party of action, or permanent disturbance, had long haunted the government at Florence in words practically equivalent to those of Lady Macbeth, with the addition of much fustian and not a little blasphemy. These taunts the government parried in various ways, according to circumstances, loudly protesting meanwhile its honourable intentions wherever there was a necessity for doing so; but when France lay prostrate, while Spain was in the throes of Revolution, and Austria could make no sign, even to stay the accomplishment of her own humiliation, they seized upon Rome, without cause of war, without pretended cause of war, without declaration of war, like pirates—only they had no fighting, or housebreakers when the police are out of the way.

That was what they did, and England openly approved of the deed—poor deluded England! blinded by the wretched heresy which has so often warped the instincts of nobler natures, and paralysed common sense. May God in His infinite mercy avert from England the probable consequence of the moral support she has given to a crime that has no name, because it sins against every natural virtue and most of the Commandments.

It is impossible to mention the fact that Moreton was at Rome on the 20th of September, of disgraceful memory, 1870, without saying thus much; but we are not going to enter into details. They stand recorded, and those who know them not may know them if they will. It is but incidentally that the subject has any business here at all.

Moreton, as we have seen, had left England in the month of November, intending to enter into the Pontifical Zouaves without delay, and giving three practical reasons to himself for so acting, viz., that he could be of more real use in that way than in any other, that he had no conflicting duty elsewhere, and that, therefore the sooner he did what he intended to do the better; but he did delay, nevertheless, and for a reason which he put into plain language thus, when about halfway between Folkestone and Boulogne.

"If I go there so soon it will be set about that I took the step out of disappointment; and a lot of people will grin and whisper, and say that so-and-so became a monk and so-and-so a nun for the same reason, and generalize from it, for

the instruction of those whom they can influence. Of course, I know that all this is done continually; but I won't give them the chance of telling more lies of that sort, if I can help it. I will wait a little. No! I won't! if I had not delayed before, I should not have had all this misery come upon me—it serves me right; and, after all, no one can say that I go on account of her, for no one but Sir Roger knows anything about it. Yes! but people always do find out somehow, and—I don't care for myself, but I *do* for her. If I cared less I should not be shilly-shallying in this way."

The result was that he travelled through North Italy, caught rheumatic fever somewhere in Lombardy, and was crippled by it so long that he did not arrive in Rome till the second week of the following September.

"Better late than never," thought he. "Thank God I am here at last. But where are the barracks? I mean, which is which? And what regiment shall I enlist in? I ought to have seen all about that before I left England, but I can easily find it out. I wonder what the Italian for orderly room is."

He had just been set down at the hotel, and was hesitating whether to carry out at once the purpose for which he had come, or wait an hour.

"I am tired, and have hardly washed the dust off," he said to himself. "But I have been delayed, and these are no times for delay. I will not dine till I have offered myself to some regiment or other. I wish I could come across a stray Zouave."

He had not gone far before he stopped and looked, and looked again at the face and figure of a young man who was coming towards him.

"Surely," he thought, "that must be Count de Bergerac. But what business has he to be in plain clothes? And at such a time as this too! I am afraid there really must be something wrong."

And in an instant all these possibilities occurred to him: "Is he an impostor who has taken Lady Fyfield by passing himself off for a villain here, or elsewhere out of England, as somebody else? Has he been in the Pontifical army, and kicked out as a blackguard? or was he never at all? Or is he an Italian freemason who got himself in for the purpose of doing mischief, and was got rid of as soon as he was found out? Or is he a black sheep of a good family—or a scamp who has set up as a Regenerator of Society?"

The object of these rapid and, if it were possible, simultaneous questions, drew nearer, and looking up, appeared to recognize Moreton. Moreton oscillated between justifiable curiosity and aversion. To know all about the man who was, or had been, engaged to a sister of Mary Arden, of whom he had heard such unpleasant things unwillingly, he would have gone far, and risked much; but an English gentleman has a special repugnance to having his name associated with any kind of adventurer. He looked at the plain clothes, remembered how well-attested the unpleasant story had been, said within himself "Black sheep or impostor?" and instinctively drawing back acknowledged a momentary temptation to retreat.

(To be continued.)

## THE ZAMBEZI.

**F**ATHER CROONENBERGHS thus describes this region of Africa, where the Jesuit fathers have been for some few years engaged in missionary work:

Although the Matabele land is placed under the tropics the climate is more temperate than it is thought to be in Europe. A constant breeze renders the heat always bearable; but in the marshes, the deep valleys, amongst the brushwood the temperate is stifling. All the fruits of the torrid and temperate zones can be cultivated here—bananas, oranges, citrons, cottons, coffee, sugar-cane, figs, pears and nuts; all the legumes of Europe, wheat, grain, potatoes, etc. grow well here, wherever there is water—that is to say, over a small portion of territory by the side of the few streams that do not dry up during the dry season. The rivers, streams and marshes are generally dried up from May to November.

The rainy season begins in November and ends in March. A dry season, and the consequent want of water in the rivers and brooks, render journeys almost an impossibility here. Some rivers, such as the Tati and Gokwe roll their waters under two, three and even six feet of sand. Here you have only to dig wells, and there is then plenty of water for man and beast.

The arms used by the savages here are the *kiri*, a kind of club, the *assegai* (a sort of lance), the weapon with which the late Prince Imperial was killed by the Zulus, and the axe. They have also cutlasses, and many of them have guns mostly of old-fashioned patterns.

The wild animals are of various kinds. South Africa from the Cape to the Congo possesses more than seventy species of antelope. The largest, the *koudou* and the elk are bigger than a bullock; the smallest of gazelles, the *steenbok* and the *duiker* are of the size of the fox, but slender and gracefully formed. I have had some of them caught, but they always die in captivity. The horns of the antelope are not bony, like the antlers of European deer, but are of the nature of cow's horns. The buffalo abounds in the plains far from the great central route, and is a formidable animal to encounter. Three kinds of rhinoceros, the white, the black, and the blue-grey frequent the swamps; they differ chiefly in the formation of the head. The hippopotamus and the crocodile inhabit most of the rivers. At Limpopo I killed a crocodile measuring thirteen and a half feet long. Tawny lions with light manes are numerous in the east of Machouana-land; they measure from eight to ten feet from the nose to the tip of the tail. Two of my hunting friends have made me a present of a lioness's skin measuring nine feet, and a lion's skin measuring ten and a half feet long. There are six or seven species of leopards or panthers, but no tigers. The largest leopard's skin measures nine feet. There are two kinds of lynx, and two of hyenas, the largest as big as a Newfoundland dog. These marauders pester us night after night in spite of our dogs, having destroyed several with poison. The elephant, which threatens to become extinct, inhabits the marshes and the plains. Some of the tusks that I

have seen weighed 110lbs. each. The ivory is sold there at seven shillings per pound, but the natives dispose of it for a less sum. Ostriches abound in the high plateaus of Machouana-land; on the Chacha, and in the desert of Kalahari. I have seen eleven together in the bed of the Chacha. Numerous varieties of monkeys, some six feet in height, haunt the forests, the banks of the rivers and the rocks. At the Uarico and on the Limpopo, I used to amuse myself hunting monkeys; but having killed one of them one day, I felt so sorry that I gave up this kind of pastime.

Of birds, too, there is quite a variety; but they fall short in the matter of rich plumage. Nor has any African bird a song to be compared with the nightingale. Even the swallow is mute; and seems to grieve for its absent country. There are seven species of swallow—the martin being the only European variety. You meet with no less than 600 kinds of serpent from the boa and the python to the night-adder. I have seen only two men bitten, and they recovered. The general aspect of the country is arid and sad; micaceous and quartzsand superabound. Granite emerges in three lines from south-west to north-east. Basalt lime, chalk and coal present themselves in succession.

The trade in ivory, ostrich-feathers, hides and skins is still extensive, though on the decline. The price keeps up of wild ostrich-feathers; but the birds, and the elephants, also, are disappearing. Mr. Frederick Selons, alone, from 1877 to 1880, killed twenty elephants, twelve rhinoceros, four hippopotami, eighteen giraffes, 100 buffaloes, forty-eight zebras, three ostriches, thirteen lions, three hyenas, and 548 antelopes. In 1881, besides other animals, he killed eight lions. The three sons of our neighbour Lea, killed last year ninety-eight giraffes, and forty-eight buffaloes. When we remember that from ten to twelve hunters slaughter similar amounts, besides those killed by the 14,000 blacks of the country, it is no wonder that game is becoming extinct here. One of the five or six merchants of Matabeleland, in his third consignment for 1879, sent off a quantity of ivory, the tusks of no fewer than 440 elephants.

In less than fifty years, the south, as far as Limpopo, has been totally cleared of giraffes, elephants, rhinoceros, ostriches, lions, and almost of hyenas and hippopotami. In twenty years time, there will scarcely be one left south of the Zambezi.

As to the *tsetse*, the kind of fly which is so destructive to cattle and horses, it is found only within the tropic zones.

J. C.

A POLICE magistrate is questioning a tramp whose bearing indicates that he has seen better days: "You look as if you had been a gentleman," he remarks. "Yes, sir," says the prisoner with a sigh, "once, sir, I was worth several millions." "Gambled, eh?" "No, sir." "Squandered it in drinking or riotous living, eh?" "No, sir." "Then to what vice were you addicted?" "Friendship, sir."



## SAVED BY A DREAM.



SEVERAL years ago I resided in a wild, mountainous, and rather lonely region.

There was a railroad but a few rods in front of my door, and a station and a village about a mile to the west.

The nearest station to the east was about ten miles distant.

I moved to the place with my young wife late in the autumn, and about the first of the following March I was attacked with typhoid fever, and was sick for about a month.

As soon as I got strong enough to sit up, and walk a little, I told my wife she had better go and visit her brother, who lived about fifty miles to the east of us.

She hesitated about leaving me, fearing I might need her care; but after waiting a few days, and seeing that I continued to regain my health and strength, she, one pleasant morning about the middle of April, started, intending to be gone between one and two weeks.

The weather for about a week after my wife left me was dry and pleasant.

On very warm and pleasant days I would venture to take a short walk in the forests near by.

One day I exercised a little beyond my strength, and felt quite tired at night, and lay awake a long time. At last I fell into an uneasy slumber, and dreamed a very curious and startling dream.

I seemed to have gone forward into the future a couple of days. It seemed to me that a heavy rain had been falling the most of the day, and all of the day before, but the evening was clear and pleasant and not very dark, though the moon was not shining. I seemed to be walking along the railroad track towards the east. I first passed through a piece of woods about half a mile wide; then, for about a mile, through a cleared field containing a couple of farm-houses, one inhabited and the other deserted. I then entered another wood, and, after walking about a mile and a half, I came to a stream greatly swollen by rain, which had weakened the railroad bridge so much that the passenger train, in attempting to cross, had broken it down, and the bridge and carriages completely wrecked, were lying on both sides of the stream, except portions that were floating down. Some of the passengers lay dead or dying among the ruins, some were floating in the water, and a few were clinging to the trees and bushes on the shore. It was a fearful and heart-rending sight. Although it was night, I seemed to see all these things very distinctly, and can well remember my feelings as I surveyed the scene.

While viewing the ladies in the water, I suddenly caught sight of the mangled form of my wife, and with a wild cry I awoke. This dream made a great impression on my mind.

The next day, early in the morning, it commenced raining, and continued to rain throughout the day and following night. I felt very lonely and uneasy all day, which feeling was increased by receiving a letter from my wife, saying that she intended to come home on Friday night by the express train. I retired late, feeling much worried;

and to add to this the dream was repeated, and even more distinct and vivid than the first. When I arose in the morning the rain was still falling. This was Friday, and therefore was the day on which my wife was to start for home. There were two passenger trains from the East each day, one at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and the other at nine in the evening. This last was the express, and the one by which my wife was coming. Toward the middle of the afternoon the rain ceased falling, and the clouds slowly cleared away.

The dream had made such an impression on my mind that I resolved to attempt to find the stream I had seen so plainly in my dreams, and if it appeared at all dangerous, to attempt to stop the train before reaching it. Accordingly, soon after the rain was over I got ready and started. I had never before had occasion to visit the station in this direction, and therefore was entirely unacquainted with this part of the country. But I found everything just as it had appeared in my dream. In fact, everything seemed as natural as if I had really been this way before. I walked slowly, and late in the afternoon I came to the stream, which flowed rapidly and seemed much swollen. But the bridge, instead of being broken down and mingled with the broken carriages and mangled passengers, was still standing, and though its timbers looked quite old and weather-beaten, there seemed to be little danger of accident by the lighter passenger train.

In due time it came thundering along, and passed safely over the bridge. But, though it might have been owing to my excited imagination, it seemed to me that the bridge bent and shook beneath the weight of the train in a manner highly suggestive of danger. At all events I resolved to wait a little longer, and see if the stream, which was still rising, would have any apparent effect upon the bridge. I took with me a lantern, and also a thick blanket to protect me from the damp night air.

Shortly after sunset, as I was sitting a few rods from the stream, I heard a loud splash, and, hurrying to the bridge, I saw that a portion of the bank on the opposite side had broken away, and also that the action of the water, or some other cause, had weakened the foundations of the bridge in such a manner that a portion of the track was bent and lowered enough to make it impossible for a train to cross. I immediately crossed the bridge, resolved to stop the train, if possible, before it reached the bridge and certain destruction. I went on, and soon found a place which commanded a good view of the track for a considerable distance. I lighted my lantern, wrapped my blanket closely around me, and sat down to my wearisome vigil of two hours. Slowly the moments passed by, but at last a few minutes would decide the fate of the train and its human freight.

Soon I saw a light, far away and very small at first, but rapidly growing larger and brighter. I arose, trembling with excitement, and commenced swinging the lantern above my head; and, as the train drew near, I redoubled my exertions and shouted as loud as I could. Onward came the train at a rapid speed. It was a time of terrible suspense to me. Should the engineer fail to see

my signal, or not see it in time to stop the train before going a few rods past me, I knew that no human power could save it. On it came, and just as I gave up my exertions and stepped from the track my frantic signals were observed, and the whistle was sounded. The train was quickly stopped, and I then informed the engineer and conductor of the danger ahead, while the frightened passengers left the carriages and gathered around me.

Among the passengers I found my wife, not mangled and lifeless, but alive and well, though somewhat frightened and a good deal surprised at seeing me.

The train was backed to the station it had just left, from which telegrams were sent to warn all other trains of the danger.

In the morning my wife and I started for home.

I do not pretend to be able to explain this dream, which was certainly a remarkable one; but I am satisfied that this dream was the means of saving many human lives from a sudden and most terrible death.

## SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS TIMES.\*

**I**T is a pleasing task to trace the early history of such a man as Thomas More. At ten years of age the precocious boy became a page to Cardinal Morton, in whose palace he received his early education. He is described at this period as a "very graceful, witty, and intelligent boy." While amongst the cardinal's household he was often engaged in dramatic performances, and read Latin fluently at ten years of age. His quickness and readiness of reply, and the originality of his genius, made him an object of general admiration. "Whoever lives to see it," observed Cardinal Morton, "will find this most intelligent boy a very rare man." The "little page" was much attached to the amiable cardinal, who spoke to him on every subject of interest to a young pupil.

The future chancellor was the only son of Sir John More, Lord Chief-Justice of England, by his first wife, Mary Hacombe. He was born some time in the year 1480 at his father's town-house in Milk Street, in the olden part of London. He was for some time a pupil of Nicholas Holt at S. Anthony's School, in Threadneedle Street, which bore the highest reputation of any academy then in London, and produced several celebrated men, amongst whom was that most excellent prelate, Nicholas Heath, subsequently, Archbishop of

York and lord chancellor of England.\* The notable Dean Collett also commenced his studies at Holt's school. Roger Ascham has related some pleasant anecdotes of the pupils who figured at Holt's establishment.

At eighteen years of age More entered Oxford University, where he studied for some years. At this university, it is stated, he won the esteem of "young and old." He studied with the greatest amount of industry, and "his piety" says a contemporary, "made the lukewarm believers ashamed." He wished very much to become a Franciscan friar, but his father desired that he should be a lawyer. With reluctance he obeyed his father's command. He quitted his Greek and Latin studies at Oxford, and the company of his learned tutor, Groceyn, and became a law-student at Lincoln's Inn. When a law-student he frequently went to hear the eloquent sermons of his old confessor, Dean Collett; he likewise visited the Carthusian Fathers once a week. As a lawyer he sprang forward at once in his profession. The general opinion of the public was to the "effect that Maister More would never betray his clients." Lawyers and attorneys in those times were considered as "very doubtful in regard to honour and honesty." While employed in the study and practice of the law More had not deserted the literary path in which he had first delighted. He improved himself in all the learning then attainable; he associated with the most eminent and intellectual men of his time; he kept up a constant correspondence with Erasmus. He even found leisure for literary composition. The "History of Richard III." is published among his works, but some eminent Cambridge scholars have raised doubts as to whether he was really the author of this work, which is attributed to Cardinal Morton; that it was written in Latin, and translated into English by More. It is certain that the cardinal employed young More in translating Latin manuscripts; and it is equally true that More would not put forward as a work of his own that which was only a translation. "Utopia," upon which More's fame as an author principally rests, is the history of an imaginary commonwealth, in which he puts forward and advocates some doctrines in philosophy and religion greatly in advance of the age, with so much force and liberality that it seems surprising that the work escaped the censures of Henry's despotic council. It was written in Latin and published about 1516.†

As I have already remarked, both his father and Collett were opposed to More's taking religious vows; still he frequented the society of the Carthusians. Time, however, brought about a change. So More made up his mind for the married state. His son-in-law, Roper, thus simply relates his course of love:

"Maister More resorted to the house of a

\* This paper from Mr. Burke, who has been at work for many years in his researches at the State Paper Office, is timely. Sir Thomas More, along with Cardinal Fisher, is among the three hundred and fifty who died for the faith in England from 1535 to 1681. Of these 82 were laymen: 171 secular priests; 38 Jesuits; 18 Carthusian monks; 14 Benedictine monks; 14 Franciscan friars; 1 Augustinian friar; 1 Bridgettine; 3 Knights of S. John of Jerusalem (or Hospitaliers), besides Cardinal Fisher and Archbishop Oliver Plunket and five women.

\* Nicholas Heath was the last Catholic lord high chancellor of England, and performed the legal duties of announcing to the Houses of Peers and Commons the accession of Queen Elizabeth, who made him a prisoner for the remainder of his life. His character, both as a churchman and as a politician, was without spot or stain. I refer the reader to vol. iii. of the "Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty" for a memoir of Dr. Heath.

† See Foss' "Judges of England," vo. ii.

gentleman named Colte, who resided in Essex. The host had three comely daughters, who were possessed of learning and wit; and their father had often invited young More to his hospitable home, but the 'bashful young man' did not come often; but after a time his visits became frequent. His mind was inclined to the second sister, because she seemed so fair and otherwise agreeable to him. However, when he thought over the whole affair, his delicate mind and critical judgment came to the conclusion that it would be a shame and cause grief unseen for the younger sister to be preferred to her elder one, who was comely and good. So he altered his secret intention, and framed his love most delicately for the eldest of the family. To the father of the family, and the eldest sister, More soon after made known his intentions, which were warmly and joyously received by all the family."

The marriage of More and his wife took place in 1505. The young wife died in the sunny May-day of her domestic happiness, surrounded by her dear, loving little children, her devoted husband, and most faithful friends.\* Three daughters and one son were the fruit of this truly happy marriage.

Some twelve months after the death of his first wife Maister More contracted a second marriage with Alice Middleton, a widow, who was immensely inferior to More's first wife. As over his first choice, so over this, a little romance is thrown, although the commonplace Alice Middleton was not capable of eliciting any romantic passion from it. Perhaps she had some property, and the widower with a young family was attracted by her purse. It is said that almost her first interview with More was to urge upon her the suit of a friend, and that Dame Alice replied, "Well, good Maister More, if you pleaded *before me for yourself* I assure you that you would have far more success." More informed his friend of what occurred, and the gentleman, not being "over in love" with the widow or her purse, retired from the scene, and in a few weeks later Alice Middleton, the "mere housewife," became the wife of one of the greatest, the most amiable, and the most excellent men that England had produced in that age of imperfection and dishonesty.

Maister More first appeared as a popular speaker in the Commons 1504 when Henry VII. demanded a subsidy for the marriage portion of the Princess Margaret, then about to marry the King of Scots (James IV). More objected to the sum demanded; the House adopted his amendment, and the king had the mortification to find himself defeated. Maister Taylor, one of the king's Privy Chamber, went immediately from the House and told his sovereign lord "that a beardless boy had disappointed him of all his expectations."† "Whereupon," observes Roper, "the king conceived great indignation against More, and could not feel satisfied until he had in some way revenged it." More retired from public life

after this event, for he received a warning from the Bishop of Winchester to the effect that he "had highly insulted the king and the royal family." He was only twenty-four years of age at this period. He went to the Continent for a time; then returned and gave himself up to classical study down to the death of Henry VII., when he resumed his labours as a lawyer.\*

In 1509. Maister More was introduced to the king by Wolsey "as a very rising lawyer." His professional income at this time was about four hundred and fifty pounds a year, equal to a very large sum at the present day. The king wished him to give up the law for politics and take office under the crown, but he could not see his way to such a policy. He was about this time engaged in a suit in which the Pope was the plaintiff and the King of England the defendant. The merits of the case were these: A ship belonging to the Pontiff having been seized at Southampton as forfeited to the crown for a breach of the law of nations, the Pope's nuncio at the court of London instituted proceedings to obtain restitution, and retained More as an advocate, "at which time there could none of our law be found so meet to be of counsel." The hearing was in the Star Chamber before the chancellor and other judges. To plead against the crown in the Star Chamber, and before such judges, was a delicate matter; and some persons of legal knowledge looked upon More's pleading as hopeless, if not dangerous. Maister More displayed much firmness, and his arguments were considered by the court conclusive; the lord chancellor pronounced judgment in favour of More client. This case brought More prominently before the public. The king was present at the trial, and, instead of indulging in anger against Maister More, he joined the general acclaim by offering his praise to the Pope's counsel for the ability with which he argued the case. Shortly after More visited the king at Greenwich, which was the commencement of his intimacy—and, I may add, his future troubles. More was made Master of the Bequests, knighted, and sworn a Privy Councillor.† About this time (1514) Sir Thomas More took up his residence at Chelsea, where he was visited by the witty of England and the Continent. The next step in promotion was the chair of the House of Commons. The Commons felt delight and honour in nominating him, and the king assured them that they had made a choice of which he highly approved. Whilst speaker he upheld the house and its privileges—a very difficult task in those days.

According to Erasmus, Wolsey "rather feared than loved More." The cardinal wished him to fill the office of a foreign minister; he did not wish him to be much about court. But More had

\* Lord Campbell's "English Chancellors," vol. i.

† Roper's "Life of Sir Thomas More"; Lord Campbell's "English Chancellors," vol. i.

‡ From the days of Sir Thomas More till the period of the revolution of 1688 the Speakership of the Commons was held, with two exceptions, by lawyers. If those lawyers had been honest men the country might have been gainers from the constant presence of educated gentlemen presiding over their deliberations. But honesty was the very thing they cared little about. The Speaker "received presents" after the fashion of the king's treasurer. The Speaker's salary was a mere trifle, but he had fees which were kept a secret.

\* MS. Diary of Bertha Clitheroe, the school-fellow and early companion of Mistress More when at the convent of Godstowe. Bertha Clitheroe is unknown to posterity, yet she was one of the most true-hearted maids that appeared upon the scene in those troubled times.

† Roper's "Life of Sir Thomas More."

a desire to reside in the vicinity of London, where many of his dearest friends were located. Wolsey had no friendly feeling for him—far from it. Thornhill states that “the grand cardinal detested More.”

When the Great Seal was delivered to More by the king he was inducted into his seat in the Court of Chancery “after a noble exhortation by the Duke of Norfolk, as well to the chancellor as to the people, and an answer of the chancellor.” No previous example of any introductory address on such an occasion occurs; and the object of the Duke of Norfolk’s speech seems to have been to justify the king’s selection of a layman instead of an ecclesiastic by enlarging on the wisdom, integrity, and genius of Sir Thomas More and the extraordinary abilities he had shown as a lawyer. More’s answer was honest and becoming, with a graceful and feeling allusion to the fall of his illustrious predecessor.\*

Sir Thomas More was the most remarkable man who appeared in the Parliament of 1529. In that year the first blow—although somewhat concealed—was struck at the papacy in England.† Many of those ecclesiastical marble piles of magnificent architecture stood in their bewildering vastness, containing chapels, cells, and shrines beneath a common roof. They stood often in defenceless solitudes, guarded by a feeble garrison of inmates and frequenters, a prey ready to the hand of the spoiler whenever he should come up against them. Not otherwise stood England herself as she had been raised by the counsels of former ages—a vast system of corporations, of guilds and fraternities, both lay and clerical; of societies which had outgrown the population and were now to fall in the prodigious redistribution of land and property which was about to ensue. The religious houses might be empty, but they would have contained and educated the multitudes yet unborn. The corporate bodies were a vast provision for a numerous posterity, but a provision which posterity was never to enjoy. The Parliament laid the axe to the tree; yet many years passed over, amidst “the hacking and hewing,” before the Olden Creed was dashed to the ground—dashed to the ground by the basest and vilest conspiracy that ever the perverted machinations of man had conspired to create. The fury of a great revolution fell first upon the church and the religious orders.

The Rev. Canon Dixon, a distinguished Anglican cleric, takes a different view of the “causes and effects” of the English Reformation from that put forward by other Protestant writers:

“As to what are commonly termed the causes of the Reformation, there seems to have been none which have not been exaggerated. Everybody knows what is said of the breaking up of the frost of ages, the corruptions of the old system, the influence of German Protestantism, and the explosive force of new ideas generated by the revival of learning. And everybody has grown accustomed to set the old against the new, as if

they were totally repugnant forces which simply strove to destroy one another. . . . As to German Protestantism, it undoubtedly had a factitious influence in England, but it had made no deep impression upon the nation when the Reformation came on. There was an extraordinary combination of dangerous circumstances. The ancient nobility had perished in the civil wars, and their ranks were filled up by a number of political adventurers, many of whom were amongst the very worst men in the realm. The new peers, with few exceptions, were ranged on the side of the party of innovation. At the head of all was a monarch who was more completely the man of the times than any other person in the whole kingdom—a man of force, without grandeur; of great ability, but not of lofty intellect; punctilious, and yet unscrupulous; *centred in himself*; greedy and profuse; cunning rather than sagacious; of fearful passions and intolerable pride, but destitute of ambition in the nobler sense of the word; *a character of degraded magnificence*. Such a king was no safe guardian of the rights of the realm. . . . *That such a king was on the throne was the circumstance above all others which brought on the Reformation.*”

King Henry was now resolved to have no more clerical chancellors. When he selected Sir Thomas More he thought his selection had fallen upon a man very different from Wolsey. More was decidedly superior to the cardinal in legal knowledge, in political integrity, and was unbending in his religious devotion to the See of Rome. He did not disguise his opinions on the divorce question when he stated in a very delicate manner to one of the king’s confessors that this “indecent affair” ought never have been paraded before the world.

“The wittiest of moralists and the most moral of wits,” writes Canon Dixon, “was little fit to take part in the miserable intrigues of which the king’s policy consisted. The frankest of advisers could ill please the ear of such a despotic prince as Henry Tudor. But the author of ‘Utopia’ was known for tolerant and liberal principles. He was a humourist and a reformer. He was the writer of the first great original book that appeared in the ‘Revival of Learning’; the most renowned of Englishmen then living; almost the most renowned of living men. The countenance of such a man may have appeared desirable in the changes now beginning to be meditated.”

The Parliament of 1529 was decidedly a packed assembly; and such is admitted by Gilbert Burnet. The debates in the Commons appear to have manifested the bitterest feeling against the clergy in general. The two arguments against the Church were—the clergy received *too much money without performing any adequate amount of labour*; they were further charged with neglecting the poor. The latter imputation was proved to be utterly unfounded. The accusations against the Ecclesiastical Courts were sadly true. The fees exacted in the Spiritual Courts were denounced as excessive. And the pluralities became a standing scandal to which every honest Catholic objected.

\* “History of the Church of England from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction,” by R. W. Dixon, M. A., vol. I.

\* “English Chancellors,” by Lord Campbell, vol. i.; Foss’  
Judges of England, vol. v.

† The Parliament of 1529 was called the “Black Parliament,” owing to the first attack being made on the papal power in England. The Parliament of Henry IV., with its “Lollard battalions,” failed in its attack upon the church.

Sir Thomas More took office at an unfortunate period, surrounded by the results of former maladministration and a new school of politicians who were as daring as they proved to be unscrupulous and dishonest. With such a combination of circumstances the overthrow of the ancient church became only a matter of time. The *new reformers* of religion were merely a gang of cunning thieves, whose real objects were to plunder "the heritage of the poor," whose substance had been fenced round by the church for centuries.

Sir Thomas More's elevation to the justice-seat was not only very popular in England, but was received with general satisfaction by the learned men of foreign universities. It is only necessary for me to quote one or two sentences from the letter of Erasmus to the pious and learned John Zebius, Archbishop of Vienna, to show the feeling with which the appointment of More was hailed on the Continent. Erasmus writes: "Concerning the new increase of honour experienced by Sir Thomas More I should easily make you believe, were I to show you the letters of the many famous men who are now rejoicing at the appointment, and congratulating the English king and the inhabitants of his realm on having Sir Thomas More seated on the highest justice-seat. Kings and judges are rejoicing at this intelligence."

(To be continued.)

## HOW DOES MUSIC AFFECT US?

**W**HY does dance music cheer us, and military music make us solemn? A vague sense of the truth made æstheticians answer, for well nigh two centuries, "by force of association." If we ask modern psychology the reason of the specific characters of the various kinds of music, we shall be answered: "It is owing to the association of ideas." But the two answers, though apparently identical, are, in fact, radically different. The habit of association existed, according to the old theory, between various mental conditions and various sorts of music, because the two were usually found in connection; hence no explanation why, before habit had created the association, there should be any connection, and, there being no connection, no explanation why the habit and consequently the mental association should ever have been formed. According to the modern theory, on the contrary, the habit of association is not between the various mental conditions and the various styles of music, but between mental conditions and specific sounds and movements, which sounds and movements, being employed as the constituent elements of music, give to the musical forms into which they have been artistically arranged the inevitable suggestion of a given mental condition which is due to memory, and become, by repetition during thousands of years, an instinct ingrained in the race and in-born in the individual, a recognition rapid and unconscious, that certain audible movements are the inevitable concomitants of certain moral con-

ditions. The half-unconscious becomes part and parcel of the human mind, that just as certain mental conditions induce a movement in the muscles which brings tears into the eyes or a knot into the throat, so also certain audible movements are due to the muscular tension resulting from mental buoyancy, and certain others to the muscular relaxation due to mental depression, this half-unconscious memory, this instinct, this inevitable association of ideas, generated long before music existed even in the most rudimentary condition, carried with the various elements, of pitch, movement, sonority, and proportion into the musical forms constructed out of these elements, this unconscious association of ideas, this integrated recollection of the evitable connection between certain sounds and certain passions is the one main cause and explanation of the expressiveness of music. And when to it we have added the conscious perception, due to actual communion, of the resemblance between certain modes of ordinary speaking accentuated, between certain musical movements and certain movements of the body in gesticulation; when we have completed the instinctive recognition of passion, which makes us cry or jump, we know not why, by the rapidly reasoned recognition of resemblance between the utterance of the art and the utterance of human life, which, when we listen, for instance to a recitative, makes us say, "This sentence is absolutely correct in expression," or, "No human being said such a thing in such a manner;" when we have the instinctive perception of passion and the conscious perception of imitation; and we have added to these two the power of tone and harmony, neither of them connected in any way with the expression of emotion, but both rendering us, by their nervous stimulant, infinitely sensitive to its expression; when we have all this we have all the elements which the musician employs to bring home to us a definite state of mind.

"WHERE you ever caught in a sudden squall," asked an old yachtsman of a worthy crew.  
"Well, I guess so," responded the good man.  
"I have helped to bring up eight babies."

## NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

THE Editor desires to call the attention of Contributors to the following rules regarding MSS.:-

1. Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each contribution must bear on the first page the writer's name and address, and the conditions on which it is forwarded.
3. In no case can the Editor undertake the task of passing an opinion upon the merits or defects of poems or stories submitted to him; nor can he specify the reasons which may influence him in rejecting any contribution.
4. As MSS. are sent voluntarily, the Editor will not hold himself responsible for their safe return; but when an addressed wrapper accompanies the contribution, care will be taken to have such contribution duly posted in the event of its rejection.
5. When a stamped, addressed wrapper is not sent, the MSS. will remain for six months at the office, where they will be obtainable upon application, either personally or by letter enclosing addressed wrapper. Beyond six months no application can be entertained.



# "IT SAVED MY LIFE"

"For the Fever had obtained a strong hold on me. In a few days I was quite well."—Extract from letter of O. Fitzgerald, Esq. formerly Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian in Albania, referring to

## LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE,

WHICH IS EFFERVESCING AND TASTELESS, FORMING A MOST INVIGORATING, VITALISING, AND REFRESHING DRAUGHT.

Drs. **PROUT, MORGAN, TURLEY, GIBBON, SPARKS, DOWSING, STEVENS, CARR JACKSON,** and many other Medical Gentlemen, have given unqualified testimony to the importance of the discovery and the immense value of

# THIS GREAT REMEDY



as possessing elements most essential for the restoration and maintenance of Health, with perfect Vigour of Body and Mind.

It gives instant relief in HEADACHE, SEA or BILIOUS SICKNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, LASSITUDE, HEARTBURN, and FEVERISH COLDS; prevents and quickly cures the worst form of TYPHUS, SCARLET, and other FEVERS, SMALLPOX, MEASLES, and ERUPTIVE or SKIN COMPLAINTS, and various other altered conditions of the blood. It is the cure for CHOLERA.

**CAUTION!**—Dr. Wilson writes: We all know how much rubbish is put into the market in imitation of it.

In Patent Glass-Stoppered Bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 21s. each.

## LAMPLOUGH'S CONCENTRATED LIME JUICE SYRUP.

A perfect Luxury. Taken effervescing with Pyretic Saline a most agreeable Summer Drink. Sold by all Chemists in Patent Glass-stoppered Bottles at 2s. and 4s. 6d. each.

**H. LAMPLOUGH, 113, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON, E.C.**

ESTABLISHED 1851.

## BIRKBECK BANK—

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

THREE per CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS, repayable on demand.

TWO per CENT. INTEREST on CURRENT ACCOUNTS calculated on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £50.

The Bank undertakes for its Customers, free of Charge, the Custody of Deeds, Writings, and other Securities and Valuables; the collection of Bills of Exchange, Dividends, and Coupons; and the purchase and sale of Stocks, Shares, and Annuities. Letters of Credit and Circular Notes issued.

THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free, on application.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

The Birkbeck Building Society's Annual Receipts exceed Four Millions.

**HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH,** with immediate possession and no rent to pay. Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.

**HOW TO PURCHASE A PLOT OF LAND FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH,** with immediate possession, either for Building or Gardening purposes. Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.

A Pamphlet, with full particulars, on application.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

# Hop Bitters

Are THE PUREST, CHEAPEST, & BEST BITTERS EVER MADE.

They are compounded from HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, PODOPHYLLIN, and DANDELION, the oldest, best, and most valuable medicine in the world. Contains all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, being the greatest BLOOD PURIFIER, LIVER REGULATOR, and Life and Health Restoring agent on earth.

## No Disease or Ill Health

Can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

TRY HOP BITTERS TO-DAY.

May be had of all Chemists throughout the World.









# THE LAMP.

*Established Half a Century.*

## CONTENTS:

PAGE	PAGE
LEAGUED WITH THE EVIL	WITCHCRAFT AND FATHER
ONE (Illus.) ..... 289	SPEE ..... 315
TO A TIGRESS'S SKIN ..... 291	SIR WILLIAM DALMEIER'S
THE MAID OF ERIN; OR,	ELECTION ..... 318
THE CHIEF OF THE RED	TURNING THE POINTS ..... 317
HAND ..... 296	LAND OF TIN ..... 320
CONSOLATION ..... 300	NEW MUSIC ..... 332
SOME ANIMALS I HAVE	ABOUT LOBSTERS ..... 336
KNOWN ..... 300	LOVE AND ANGER ..... 342
WHAT THE ANGELS TOLD ..... 302	WEDDINGS AND THIR
SHERBORNE; OR, THE	ASSOCIATIONS ..... 347
HOUSE AT THE FOUR	A VICTIM TO ADVICE ..... 350
WAYS ..... 303, 312, 312, 345	"PARCEQUE JE L'AIME" ..... 351
MR. THORNLEY'S ROSES	THE MONKEY AND THE
(Illus.) ..... 305, 321, 337	CROW ..... 352
SIR THOMAS MORE AND	FIDELITY OF A LION ..... 352
HIS TIMES ..... 309, 325, 342	Etc., Etc.

### OFFICES:

LONDON,—25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, E.C.

DUBLIN,—SMITH & SON, MIDDLE ABBEY STREET,  
M. H. GILL & SON, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE  
STREET.

LIVERPOOL,—SMITH & SON, CASTLE STREET.

MANCHESTER,—J. HEYWOOD, DEANSGATE.  
SMITH & SON, 1, NEW BROWN STREET.



## BRADFORD'S



"VOWEL" A1.

Will wash eight shirts  
in ten minutes.

PATENT "VOWEL" A1  
**Washing, Wringing  
AND  
Mangling Machine**

Is PERFECT as a Washer, a Wringer,  
and a Mangler.

See "Vowel" Testimony, containing the experi-  
ence of over 500 users.

Trial free, carriage free, full instructions free,  
and satisfaction always guaranteed.

Mangles from 45s. Wringers from 25s. Write for New  
Catalogue.

THOS. BRADFORD & CO., High Holborn, LONDON;  
Victoria Avenue, Manchester; & Bold St., Liverpool.

## EXTRACT.

"The 'Vowel' A1 is the  
best value of any thing in  
my house, and the best  
laundress I ever had. We  
have really no trouble with  
our washing now, and that  
is high praise, considering  
the constant worry and  
trouble before we had the  
Machine."

PURCHASER'S LETTER.



ANYONE who  
has a WRINGER  
and a MANGLE  
MACHINE should  
remember this

BRADFORD'S are admittedly the best, and  
the true sense are the cheapest. Thousands  
these invaluable machines have been doing  
service for from 10 to 20 years, and are little  
worse for wear. See CATALOGUE.

## CAMBRIC

Samples & Price Lists Post Free.

Children's ... 1/5 per doz.  
Ladies' ... 2/6 "  
Gents' ... 3/8 "

HEMSTITCHED.  
Ladies' ... 3/11 per doz.  
Gents' ... 6/9 "

All Pure Flax.

By appointments to the  
Queen and Crown Princess  
of Germany.

## POCKET

"The Cambrics of Robins  
and Cleaver have a world  
wide fame."—Queen.

## HANDKERCHIEFS

Robinson & Cleaver, Belfast.

Telegraphic Address "LINEN" BELFAST

## PARKINSON &amp; FRODSHAM

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKERS, JEWELLERS, &c.,

4, Change Alley, Cornhill, London,

HIGHEST CLASS MEDALS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

Gentlemen's Lever Watches  
in Silver Cases, with  
Crystal Glass ... £3 5 0  
Ditto, English, winding with  
key ... .. 4 7 6  
Keyless ditto ... .. 6 2 6  
Keyless Hunting ... .. 6 10 0  
Open-faced, Keyless, with  
Crystal Glass and Com-  
pensated Balance ... 7 7 6  
Hunting ditto ... .. 7 15 0

Ladies' Silver Watches,  
Keyless, Crystal, with  
horizontal escapement 2 10 0  
Ditto, Lever ... .. 3 0 0  
Ditto, superior ... .. 3 10 0  
English Lever ... .. 5 0 0  
Hunting ditto ... .. 5 7 6  
Semi-Hunting ... .. 5 15 0

Gold Rings, Chains, Lockets,  
Brooches, &c.

Diamond Rings.

Astronomical, Turret, and Electrical  
Clocks. Ship's Chronometers as sup-  
plied to the English and several other  
Governments, for Yachts.

PARKINSON & FRODSHAM'S Silver Keyless Lever Speciality Watch, Crystal Glass, £2 2s.; Hunting, £2 10s.  
Semi-Hunting, £2 15s.; Non-Magnetizable Watches for Electricians, £2 10s.



Gentlemen's Gold Keyless  
Levers, in Crystal Glass  
Cases, best Swiss ... £11 4  
Superior compensated ... 12 0  
English Keyless, with  
Crystal Glass ... .. 13 0  
Ditto ditto ... .. 16 0  
Ditto ditto ... .. 18 0  
Ditto, Hunting ... .. 15 0  
Ditto ditto ... .. 16 0  
Ditto ditto ... .. 22 0  
Ladies' Gold Keyless Swiss  
Horizontal ... .. 8 0  
Ditto ditto ... .. 8 0  
Ditto ditto ... .. 8 0  
Hunters & Semi-Hunters 6 0  
Ditto ditto ... .. 7 0  
Ditto ditto ... .. 8 0  
Ditto ditto ... .. 10 0

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Diamond  
Rings artistically mounted at moderate  
prices.

Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, &  
other precious Stones mounted in Gold  
Brooches, Lockets, Solitaires, &c.

Clocks; a large selection in wood,  
marble, and bronze cases. Hall Clocks  
striking and chiming in various long  
cases.

Designs and Prices on application.

Established in 1801.



PRIZE OR—VICTIM?

## Leagued with the Evil One.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE PRIZE.



UDWIG FASNACHT was sitting in his studio one winter afternoon in a state of deep dejection. His elbows rested on his knees, his head in his hands, and he was gazing with a look of despair at an unfinished

picture on his easel. The subject was a martyrdom. A young man in the full flush of health and strength was about to suffer. In the fore-ground lay a cross, with hammer and nails—two executioners stood sullenly by. On the right was a statue of Jupiter, with an altar before it, on which the fire was already kindled, while a priest stood before it with an incense-box, to offer the

doomed man his last chance of life by consenting to throw a few grains of incense on the altar-fire. Around the youthful martyr clustered his friends—his father with his grey hair dishevelled—his mother with her face hid in her robe—and standing nearest to him a young woman of great beauty, his wife or his betrothed, holding out her arms with a look of beseeching agony. But the young man was not looking at her. He kept his eyes fixed on the cross at his feet, and his ear bent to the lips of a monk, who, with shaven crown, and coarse travel-stained raiment, was evidently encouraging him to win a martyr's crown. As the picture was sketched, the young man was in the act of waving aside the heathen priest with one hand, and touching one of the executioners with the other, as if inviting him to begin his awful task. But the picture was not what it ought to have been. The composition was striking and effective but not harmonious. The colours, good in themselves, did not go well with each other; and, worst of all, there was neither strength nor emotion in the face of the principal figure.

The artist groaned aloud, and then, rising, stamped with rage. He seized a large brush full of paint, and held it over his work as if he would destroy it with one stroke.

There was some reason for his exasperation. The good burghers of Munich had offered 5,000 thalers for a picture which should be judged worthy to occupy the place of honour in their new council-chamber, and the fame which would attach to the winner of the prize would bring wealth in its train. Nor was this all. For the last twelve months Fasnacht had been madly in love with Rosa von Aspel, the only daughter of the wealthiest citizen of Munich. People said she was heartless and a flirt, but Ludwig cared nothing for them. Her beauty had over-powered him, and her rank, unknown to himself, enhanced her worth to him. The haughty air with which she treated him on the few occasions when he ventured to visit at the Von Aspel mansion only added to his passion. Now Fasnacht was not only a poor man, but one of humble birth. For him to have aspired to a daughter of the "noble" class would have been utter madness, but for his art. Already he had won marked success; it was the age when a great painter was held in the highest esteem by prince as well as burgher: if he could really rise to the eminence that his art could place within his reach, he would not be an unworthy husband even for Rosa von Aspel. And now this picture, on which he had spent the toil of months, which was to be the test of his power and the foundation of his fortune, and the winning of his bride, was a failure.

Fasnacht threw down the brush, crossed his arms on his breast, and walked gloomily to the window which overlooked the street. It was a gloomy day, threatening snow. He stood silent for a few moments, and then with a gesture of despair he cried aloud:

"I would give all I have—all I am—to make it a success!"

As he spoke the wind sighed, and the first flakes of the winter's snow began to fall. There was a knock at the studio door, which Fasnacht, again absorbed in gazing at his picture, did not

hear. The door was softly opened, and the artist started as he beheld at his side an old man, clad in tattered clothes, with thin white hair, and piercing black eyes.

"Who are you? what do you want?" exclaimed Fasnacht impatiently.

"I am a poor dealer in colours, from beyond the Alps," said the old man, dropping his eyes. "I have ventured to come to offer your honour some famous precious colours, used by the great Italian painters."

"Oh!" said Fasnacht with a sneer. "Well, let me see them."

The old man turned out his wallet, and the artist, on testing one or two of the colours was surprised at their brilliancy. When he lifted his head from his inspection the old man was gazing at the unfinished picture, and the painter thought, or fancied, that the stranger's lips wore something of a sneer.

"It is good work," said the Italian critically—"good in parts, but there is much to alter. The subject is a bad one."

"Are you a judge of pictures?" asked Fasnacht.

"I? Well, I know something of the art. Would you like to have this"—touching the side of the canvas—"what it ought to be?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Fasnacht in astonishment.

"I was at the window just now, and I heard you say you would give your all—all you have, and all you are, to have this picture a success. If you are still of the same mind, I think I can carry out your wishes."

The painter glanced at the window. It was closed. But clearly he had been overheard. He laughed uneasily.

"Are you a magician?" he asked. "How can you read my thoughts, and see what I want the picture to be?"

"The picture shall take the prize," said the old man with strange emphasis; "that is, if you keep to your words. What is it you desire?" he added almost fiercely, looking into the young man's face. "Look at that!" he cried, as he turned to the canvas on the easel, "will *that* take the prize? When you have failed in this competition, will what words, think you, will Rosa von Aspel answer your words of love?"

The young man started back.

"How do you know that? How dare you talk of that?" he demanded.

"You will sink into poverty and despair, and Rosa will marry another," went on the Italian without heeding the interruption. "Or—let me help you with this picture: the figures shall remain substantially as you have drawn them. You will win the prize, and with it fame, wealth, and Rosa."

"And on my side."

"Oh! do not go back from your word, sir; honourable men do not seek to do that. I only use the usual terms."

The young man paused, but the temptation was too strong for him.

"Let it be as you say," he said in a low, hoarse voice, and rushed from the room.

When he returned after a long aimless wandering, during which his mind had been



alternately filled with a savage joy and a horrible foreboding, the wintry sun had set, and the snow was falling in earnest. Fasnacht lit a lamp, and approached his picture. To his surprise nothing had been touched: it was exactly as he had left it.

"Can the old man have been mocking me?" he said to himself; and he knew not whether to feel relief or disappointment at the thought.

He went out, and dined at an inn. After dinner three or four of his friends came in and lounged up to his table.

"Well, Fasnacht," said one of them, "you certainly came out well at Herr von Aspel's to-day. You made quite an impression on the fair Rosa."

"You are mistaken; I wasn't there at all, Max," said Fasnacht carelessly.

A burst of laughter from the little group of men followed this speech.

"How well he keeps it up!" cried one.

"You are a born actor," said another. "Really you should take to the stage. Only that would mean giving up Fräulein von Aspel."

"Gentlemen," said Fasnacht, rather stiffly, "it pleases you to be witty. I assure you I have not been near Herr von Aspel's house this week."

He was answered only by another burst of merriment, though not so loud a one as before.

"Very good—wonderful control of feature," said another of the young men, knocking the ash off his cigar.

In the midst of the laughter, Herr Fasnacht turned as pale as a sheet.

"What is the matter, Ludwig? Are you ill?" they asked in turn.

"No," he answered, as a horrible dread overpowered him, "only a little weakness. Give me some brandy."

He drank the brandy, and sat silent for a few minutes. Then under pretence of wishing to speak about some orders, he quietly drew one of the men aside.

"Max," said the artist, "I have not been well lately. No, don't smile; I am quite serious. I have been working too hard, and it has injured me. My memory plays strange tricks sometimes. I forget what happened only a few hours ago. Now, when we were at Herr von Aspel's this afternoon, did I do anything eccentric or rude? Did I look as I usually do?"

"Certainly you did; and you seemed full of spirits," answered Max Baumgarten. "I must say I didn't know you were such a clever fellow. Both Herr von Aspel and his daughter were enchanted with your wit, and so were we all. You have been deceiving us, or too shy, all this time."

"But, Max, I must have appeared presumptuous—frivolous—"

"Not at all, I assure you, my dear fellow. Your manners were perfect. But what is the matter? You are trembling all over!"

"It is nothing. Don't speak of it, my dear friend. I shall be well again in a minute or two."

Ludwig Fasnacht sat down, drank a little more brandy, and then rose to go home. Of one thing he was certain—he had not been at Herr von Aspel's house for the last three weeks.

At the doorway he was confronted by a child—

a little girl about ten years old, with a pale sweet face, crowned by a halo of lovely golden hair. The child was lightly clad and was shivering in the November weather. Her bare feet pressed the trodden snow.

"Give me a trifle sir," she asked timidly, holding out a trembling hand. "I am very cold—cold and hungry."

Yesterday Ludwig Fasnacht would have seen that the child's needs were relieved before he went another yard on his way, but he was in no mood now for acts of mercy. Her timorous appeal fell upon deaf ears; her shivering form woke no pity in his heart.

"Out of my way," he cried roughly, as he pushed her to one side.

On reaching his home, Fasnacht with trembling fingers lighted a lamp and opened the door of his studio. The colours left by the Italian were lying here and there, as if they had been recently used. He went forward to the picture and held up the light. And a shudder ran through his limbs as he saw that now, indeed, the work was begun. Much of what he had done was painted out; the drawing, too, was altered, and some of the figures had been made to change their position; but the artist's eye could see that it was the hand of a master that had done it. The new colouring was wonderfully brilliant—doubtless the colours brought by the Italian stranger had been used.

As Fasnacht turned to leave the room, he met his old housekeeper in the doorway.

"Ah! Herr Fasnacht," said she, "you should not work so late. I have seen the light in your window all the evening. You will ruin your health."

The painter said nothing, but hastily went out and closed the door, resolving never to open it again until the time came for sending up the picture to the judges.

"All I have—all I own," he muttered to himself, as he climbed the dark and worn staircase to his bedroom; "and what a price to pay!"

It was some days before Herr Fasnacht ventured to pay a visit to Von Aspel's house; but when he did so, he found himself most graciously received.

"When you were here yesterday, Herr Fasnacht—why do you start?—you promised to bring me a sketch portrait of myself next time you came. Have you forgotten it?"

"It is not finished, *mein Fräulein*," replied the artist.

"Ah, well—why do you look so sad?"

"I am not sad; but it is a gloomy day, and I do not feel well."

"You have been so gay lately; we all thought some extraordinary good fortune had happened to you."

Strive as he might, Herr Fasnacht could not bring himself to speak. He smiled, but he knew that his smile was a ghastly one. Presently another visitor came in—one of his rivals—and Rosa immediately transferred her attentions to the new-comer. The painter sat gloomily in a corner, watching the coquettish smiles with which the girl was charming the young officer at her side, and unable to listen to the worthy Herr von Aspel's efforts to entertain him. At last he could bear it no longer, and he rose to go.



The indifferent air with which the Fräulein bowed her adieu, said plainly enough :

"I do not care to see you, if you are sad and ill at ease. Be gay and agreeable as you were yesterday, or stay away altogether."

But the touch of her hand made the blood thrill through his veins. Every day after that he went to the house, and watched it intently from the outside, without the courage to enter its doors.

"What is the matter with you, old friend," said Max to him one day. "I never knew such a changeable fellow. When I met you this morning" (Fasnacht grew cold, for he had spent the morning as usual in a long solitary walk) "you were as bright as the sunshine : now you are as gloomy as a churchyard on a rainy day. Where have you left your fine spirits?"

"Oh! I have had bad news—nothing worth mentioning," answered the painter incoherently.

"I am told Fräulein von Aspel is certain to accept you," pursued Max. "She refused poor Eberhard only last night, you know."

"Ah!" exclaimed Fasnacht; his face brightened; he clenched his fists; and a look of triumph came into his eyes.

"Don't look like that, man; you frighten me; good-day," said Max, as he walked away.

Next day two soldiers came to Fasnacht's house, and demanded to see him.

"What is it?" asked the artist anxiously.

"We have come to arrest you, sir."

"For what?"

"For striking down the child, of course."

"The child—what child?"

"Don't pretend ignorance, sir."

Fasnacht said no more, and followed the men to the courthouse. The magistrates were sitting, and the case was called at once. From the evidence of several persons it appeared that late the night before, a little girl—the same child who had begged from the artist at the door of the hotel—had been standing in the street, when two or three horsemen came along the road at a smart trot. She was right in their path, and they called out to her to clear the way, when Fasnacht darted from the side of the street, and knocked the girl down right before the horses' feet. It was a miracle she was not killed.

The magistrates sternly called on Fasnacht for his defence. It was useless, he saw, to declare that he had not been on the spot, as was indeed the truth. It was an accident, he said; he had meant to save the child—to push her out of the horses' way.

The magistrates shook their heads and conferred together in a whisper. They believed the man had been drunk, and had had some dim drunken idea of getting the girl out of the way; and they, therefore, determined to discharge the prisoner.

Fasnacht left the courthouse without asking what had become of the injured child.

## CHAPTER II.

### TWO OF THEM!

FROM that day the artist was haunted by a horrible fear. What if he should meet his mysterious

other self in the dark passage, perhaps, that led to the studio, when the light which burned there from sunset to midnight had gone out? More and more he kept aloof from his fellow men, wandering by lonely mountain-paths, and unfrequented ways, hiding his awful secret, and longing for the day when his reward should come.

At last the day arrived for sending in the pictures for exhibition. It was late in the day before Fasnacht could make up his mind to enter the studio; and when at last he did so, he found everything placed exactly as he had left it. But when his eyes fell upon the picture on the easel, he started back with a low cry of horror, and covered his face with his hands. Nerving himself with an effort, the artist looked once more at the canvas. The scene was the same, that is, the personages were the same, as before, but the picture itself was entirely changed. A little cloud of black smoke on the altar of Jupiter proclaimed that the offering of incense demanded by the law had been paid. The young man who had formerly been represented as turning in sorrow from the girl who was beseeching him to save his life, had taken a step towards her and was locked in her embrace—one of his feet rested on the cross, which still lay in the foreground. The father and mother were lifting their faces with looks of joyful surprise; the figure of the monk was the only one which had been blotted out. The martyr had become an apostate. The whole canvas glowed with colours of unnatural brilliancy; one might have fancied that the picture lit up the room as if with living fire; and yet a subtle harmony of colour prevented any appearance of garishness. The drawing and the technical skill were alike beyond praise.

The picture was sent in, and the prize of 5,000 thalers was at once awarded to it, in spite of the protest of an old-fashioned councillor, who had a superstitious dread of placing such a painting in the council-chamber.

Congratulations, orders for pictures, invitations poured in upon Ludwig Fasnacht, till he began to forget the terror which haunted him.

Six weeks after the adjudication of the prize Fasnacht encountered his friend Max Banngarten.

"Well, Ludwig, I wish you joy. She is certainly a beautiful girl. The marriage is on Thursday, I hear."

Fasnacht took care to hide all traces of emotion at this news. Indeed he had been expecting for some days to hear something of the kind.

"Thank you, Max; yes, I am certainly lucky."

"What is the matter? Are you in a hurry?"

"Yes; forgive me—I must be off at once."

In fact Fasnacht could not contain himself for joy. The hour of his triumph had come. Two days more, and the peerless Rosa would be his bride. He rushed home, dressed himself carefully, and set out for Herr von Aspel's house.

Rosa was at home, but a little crowd of congratulating friends was in the room; he could not see her for a moment alone, to pour out his long pent-up words of love.

Next day it was the same, and Rosa seemed so intimate by her cold manner that he might have spared her a visit on the last day of her maiden

life. A frown came over his face, and he sat moodily by, hardly listening to the remarks which were made to him. Happening to move his seat, his glance fell on a rich set of ruby ornaments.

"Who gave you these, Rosa?" he asked.

She stared at him, and then burst into a laugh.

"Why do you laugh?"

"At your pretending not to know your own gift. Do you think I am likely to have two sets of rubies like these? Papa says they are fit for an empress. Ah, Ludwig! and you pretended to be so poor all this time!"

The young man said no more, and soon took his leave.

The wedding was celebrated with much pomp—the bells rang, the crowd cheered, banners were hung across the streets.

"How strange he looks!" said a woman in the crowd to her neighbour, as the wedding party left the church.

And indeed a savage unholy joy gleamed in Fasnacht's eyes. He had his reward. He might shake off now the chill fear which had been weighing on his heart.

Herr von Aspel gave a splendid wedding-feast, at which all the leading citizens with their wives and daughters were present. The short November day closed in before the feast was over. At last the bride retired to her own apartment, to change her dress and take off her jewels, before leaving her father's house. Her husband accompanied her to the door of the banquetting-room. Her maid was out of the way—making merry, no doubt, with the other servants. But no matter, she said, she could wait upon herself.

Fasnacht went back to the company; but he felt unaccountably restless. Making some slight excuse he rose, went back to the corridor out of which his wife's apartment opened, and paced impatiently up and down, waiting for her re-appearance. At last he went up to her door, knocked audibly, called his bride by her name, and slightly pined the door.

At that instant a wild unearthly shriek rang through the house; and the wedding guests, rushing to the spot, found the bridegroom supporting his wife's head on his breast, and restraining her arms, while he cried loudly for help.

As they poured into the room, she rose, with a smile of idiocy on her face, uttering some unintelligible sounds. Suddenly her eyes fell upon her husband, and for an instant reason seemed to return. She then sat down in her bridal attire, looked at him, pointed her finger at him, uttered his name with a gasp: "Ludwig! Ludwig! wo!" and again the awful shriek rang through the house. Ludwig rushed from her presence—it into the night, that cry still ringing in his ears. For hours he wandered on, without the least knowledge of the direction he had taken, a prey to furious rage, remorse, and despair. Even if he had known how to retrace his steps, he would not have dared to do so. The accused, denouncing cry, "Ludwig! Ludwig!" must have been remembered by others as well as himself.

At last he sank to the ground through weariness, under the shelter of a hayrick, and when morning came he rose, stumbled on, and as soon as he came to a pathway, followed it without

knowing whither it led him. The rage and horror which had possessed him the night before had passed away, and a deep dejection had taken their place. His passion had at last consumed itself, and the bitter ashes which remained were all he had.

"For what," he asked himself, "have I bartered my soul?"

As he went tramping mechanically on, he heard a voice, a thin childish voice at his side. He looked sharply round, and saw that he was passing a little girl—the same child who had begged from him, and for assaulting whom he had nearly been sent to prison.

She was still in the same wretched plight in which he had last seen her. The keen morning air, still laden with frost, chilled her slender form, and once more she held out her hand:

"Help, sir! help a poor child."

Fasnacht's heart was touched with a feeling of pity to which for the last few months he had been a stranger. He stopped.

"For love of Jesus!" she added, with an anxious look.

He placed his purse in her hand.

"Take it, my poor child," he said.

The girl seemed transported with gratitude and joy. She thanked God, and wept tears of happiness. Then she seized the young man's hand, and would have him follow her. Supposing that he was about to be led to some poor cottage, and exhibited as the family's benefactor, Fasnacht hung back; but the child insisted and dragged him along, and gently forced him to follow her.

They left the lane, crossed some fields, and found themselves on the border of the forest. Still the child pressed on through the trees, with her half-willing follower, till after half an hour's walk up a gentle ascent, covered with trees, they came to a ravine or cleft in the rock which formed one of the banks of a river, foaming and roaring far below. Here the child pointed to the mouth of the ravine, and in a moment disappeared among the trees.

Fasnacht, imagining that he saw something like the mouth of a cave among the undergrowth, pushed on, when suddenly he came on a man, tall and gaunt, clad in a simple garment of rough cloth, which reached to his feet. His hair and beard were nearly white, long, and untrimmed. His face and hands were thin, his form wasted with fasting.

"My son," said the hermit quietly, "what dost thou desire of me?"

The artist dropped his eyes before those of the old man, and his disconcerted manner showed that he was hesitating whether he should go or stay. Gently the monk laid his hand on the young man's arm and drew him a step or two onwards, where on one side of the rocky path, at the door of the cave, a rude seat had been hollowed in the stone. Here the old man sat down and waited. For some time the artist remained silent, but at last he gave way, and falling down at the hermit's knees, told him his story.

The monk sighed deeply.

"My son," said he, "you have committed a fearful sin, but the mercy of God is great. Do not despair, and you may yet rescue your soul. For

your penance, go back to the city, and bear patiently the consequences of your traffic with the Evil One. Take great care of your afflicted wife, and pray God constantly for her. In one year come back, and I may give you absolution."

Weighed down and weary with shame and contrition, yet with a lighter heart than he had known for many a day, Fasnacht returned to Munich. Rosa, he found, was hopelessly insane, but no one seemed disposed to blame him for what had happened. The rubies which she had worn at the wedding-feast had disappeared; and it was commonly supposed that the thief had terrified her to idiocy by his sudden and dreadful appearance. They supposed that her cries and gestures when in a lucid moment she caught sight of her husband, were appeals for help. He took charge of his wife, as he had a legal right to do, and nursed her with his own hands.

About this time it was noticed that the brilliant colours in which Fasnacht's picture had been painted were beginning to crack in the most extraordinary manner. The effect of this was that the faces of the figures in the picture acquired a horrible leering expression, as if they had been conscious of the part they had been made to play, and were exulting in the change which had been wrought on the canvas. Evidently the beautiful colours had been mixed with some worthless pigment. The painting was utterly spoiled, and Fasnacht found himself compelled by the opinion of his fellow-townsmen to take back the worthless canvas and return the amount of the prize. He had no heart to begin another picture.

Within twelve months of her marriage, Rosa was laid to rest under the yew-trees, and on the morrow of the anniversary of the wedding, Fasnacht found himself once more kneeling before the anchorite in the forest. The old man had not long to live after giving the penitent the promised absolution. Fasnacht closed his eyes, and then made his home in the hermit's cell.

JOHN LETS.

### TO A TIGRESS' SKIN.

LIE there upon my couch, my splendid spoil,  
Golden satin, striped with velvet black.

It was a sin the lovely skin to soil,  
That dazzling clothed thy undulating back.

Yet well thou knowest, oh, tigress, fell and fair,  
Thou nightly snatched young calves from out  
the fold,

Leaving heart-broken mothers mourning there;  
Nay, once struck'st down a poor man weak and  
old.

And once a little child! to feed your young.  
Yea, when we followed you on foot i' the grass  
Our bullets just—just—stopped you as you sprang!  
You very nearly made mince-meat of us!

Yes, till a sunstroke made me fly the sun,  
I always liked to point at you my gun.  
To slay the young and old you make your duty,  
So we make our devoir to slaughter you, My  
Beauty!

CAMERON MACDOWALL.

## SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS TIMES.

[CONTINUED.]

IT has been stated, upon the authority of John Foxe, that Sir Thomas More was "a cruel persecutor of the reformers, and caused even little boys to be flogged because they adopted *Protestant principles*." Speed, Burnet, and Home have all "improved" Foxe's relation. More's house at Chelsea has been represented as a "inquisition jail," and the amiable chancellor "acting the part of a grand inquisitor"; that there was "a large tree in his garden where the reformers and other *valiant soldiers of Christ* underwent cruel whipping, and that, too, under the especial superintendence of Sir Thomas More himself."

Some of the leading reformers, however, describe Sir Thomas More as a man of unquestionable truth, kindness, and honour.

Here is More's own version of the narrative originally furnished by John Foxe:

"Divers of them," says More, "have said that of such as were in my house when I was chancellor I used to examine them with torments, causing them to be bound to a tree in my garden and there savagely beaten. Except their salekeeping, I never else did cause any such thing to be done unto any of the heretics in all my life, except only twain; one was a child and a servant of mine in my own house, whom his father, before he came to me, had mixed up in such matters, and set his boy to attend upon George Jay.

"This Jay did teach the child his own grievous heresy against the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, which heresy the child, in my house, began to teach another child. And upon that point I caused a servant of mine to stripe him like a child before my household, for amendment of himself and example to others. Another was one who, after he had fallen into these frantic heresies, soon fell into plain open frenzy, albeit that he had been in Bedlam, and afterwards, by beating and correcting, gathered his remembrance. Being, therefore, let at liberty, his old perversions fell again into his head. When informed of his relapse I caused him to be taken by the constables and bounden to a tree in the streets before the whole town, and then striped him till he waxed weary. Verily, God be thanked, I hear no harm of him now. And of all who ever came into my hand for heresy, so help me God, else had never any of them a stripe or stroke given them, so much as a fillip in the forehead."

Alarmed at the progress of the Reformation, and shocked by the conduct of many of its most zealous apostles in Germany, More became determined to discourage what was then styled the "new learning" by every legitimate means. He "never strained or rigorously enforced the law against the reformers." "It is," observes Erasmus, "a sufficient proof of his clemency that while he was lord chancellor of England no man was put to death for these pestilential dogmas, while so many

• Roper's "Life of Sir Thomas More."

at the same period suffered for them in France, Germany and the Netherlands." \* He was present many times at the examination of persons charged with heresy, and concurred with the council in sending them to prison; but he could adopt no other course, unless he violated the existing law on the subject, which was one of the king's favourite statutes. It was not till he had resigned the Great Seal, and was succeeded by the pliant Audley, that heresy was made high treason and the scaffold reeked with innocent blood.† Yet Audley was afterwards the earnest supporter of the Reformation wherever or whenever it suited his interests. As the colleague of Cromwell and Cranmer, Audley carried out the schemes devised by a capricious king against the lives and the property of the English people.

From his own great rectitude, honesty, and piety Sir Thomas More entertained a horror for every kind of vice. He sometimes punished depraved criminals severely; but where he could perceive any feeling of repentance he acted in an opposite spirit; never approving of the sanguinary criminal code then in existence, he was consequently on the side of clemency. "He was," writes Lord Campbell, "three centuries in advance of his age." A passage in his "Utopia" is illustrative of his real opinions on the cruelty and injustice to which the people were subjected by the existing statutes of England. He represents his observant traveller, who had visited Utopia and describes its institutions, as saying:

"There happened to be at table an English lawyer, who took occasion to run out in high commendation of the severe execution of thieves in his country, where might be seen twenty at a time dangling from one gibbet. Nevertheless, he observed, it puzzled him to understand, since so few escaped, there were yet so many thieves left who were still found robbing in all places. Upon this I said with boldness: 'There was no reason to wonder at the matter, since this way of punishing thieves was neither just in itself nor for the public good; for as the severity was too great, so the remedy was not effectual; simple theft was not so great a crime that it ought to cost a man his life, and no punishment would restrain men from robbing who could find no other way of livelihood.'"

More was of opinion that concessions never satisfy an unprincipled faction, and history gives many similar evidences down to the present time. As the policy of the party who were pushing forward the revolution in religion and property gradually became known, the conscientious and upright judge felt bound to retire from the justice-seat that was now about to be desecrated, and law and equity threatened with extinction if they did not become the footstools of an arbitrary and an unjust monarch. To the evident disappointment of the king, the chancellor suddenly resigned the Great Seal. The Church party felt that some mighty changes were now at hand.

\* The German Anabaptists, who became such a scourge in England, were first known in London about the year 1525, after the decisive defeat which they sustained at the battle of Frankenhausen.

† Lord Campbell's "Lives of the English Chancellors," vol. i, p. 548; Foss' "Judges of England," vol. v.

After consulting Archbishop Cranmer the king sent for Cranmer's friend, Sir Thomas Audley, then speaker of the House of Commons. Audley, Thomas Cromwell, and Cranmer were the private advisers of the crown at this critical moment. Audley was sworn into office as lord high chancellor of England. The Royal Supremacy was the first question raised in order to overturn the connection with Rome. The question was delicately touched upon by Sir Thomas Audley in his interviews with More, but the latter cautiously evaded the expression of a legal opinion until the king demanded his judgment on such a matter. Although possessed of but a limited patrimony, he had no hesitation in surrendering his large emoluments and splendid position when his conscience and honour were at stake.

As soon as the king's council had arranged their plans the oath of supremacy was offered to all the public men known to be conscientiously attached to the Papacy. Sir Thomas More had no equivocation upon the matter. His opinions were placed upon record at once. He was soon after arrested and charged with high treason. His arrest caused a profound sensation at home and abroad.

King Henry was well acquainted with Sir Thomas More's fixed opinions upon the question of the Royal Supremacy in spiritual matters. So the command to take the new oath was nothing more or less than an order for the headsman to prepare his weapon. Sir Thomas More was enjoying the society of a few friends at Chelsea when a king's messenger suddenly entered and informed him that his presence was required immediately at Lambeth Palace. More obeyed the order of the council. At Lambeth Archbishop Cranmer and the other commissioners tendered to him the oath of supremacy; but, as they expected, it was respectfully and firmly declined. They desired him to walk awhile in the garden, that he might reconsider his reply. He was called before the council again, but only repeated his refusal. He was next committed to the Tower with Bishop Fisher.

When More was committed to the Tower the constable apologized to him for the "poor cheer the place furnished for prisoners"; to which he replied, "Good maister, assure yourself I do not mistake the cheer; but whenever I do, then spare not to thrust me out of your doors." For one month More was not permitted to see his wife or daughter, on whom he impressed the solemn obligation of not repining for him, declaring that he had violated no law and could never acknowledge the king as "Christ's vicar on earth."

The Duke of Norfolk, Cromwell, and other members of the council were sent to remonstrate with More; and next Cranmer, who proposed to argue the merits of the supremacy statute. The archbishop, however, failed to convince, and only demonstrated by his manner that he was a personal enemy. Almost every day commissioners or spies visited Sir Thomas More; but, being an astute lawyer, he did not commit himself by any unguarded expressions. On one occasion, when his noble daughter, Margaret Roper, came to visit him, the Carthusian abbot of Sion and three of his brethren of the Charterhouse were marched by his window on their way to execution for not accept-

ing the supremacy oath, when More suddenly exclaimed: "Lo! dost thou not see, Meg, that these blessed fathers be now so cheerfully going to their death as bridegrooms, to their marriage?" He then hinted to her that a like destiny awaited himself. His daughter wished him to "yield to the king in some way." He wrote to her a letter of rebuke, and concluded with an assurance that "none of the troubles that might happen unto him touched him so near, or bore so grievously on him, as that his dearly beloved child, whose judgment he so much valued, should labour to persuade him to do what would be contrary to his conscience." The good daughter's reply was worthy of her parent. She submits reverently to his "faithful and delectable letter as the truthful messenger of his virtuous soul, and rejoiced at the philosophic grandeur of his mind under such trials." She concluded in these words: "Your own most loving, obedient daughter and bedeswoman, Margaret Roper, who desireth above all earthly things to bear John Wood's stede, to do you some service."\* When his spouse visited him she "scolded him severely for his foolery in being there at all." The poor lady was sadly distressed at this time. In mental powers she was vastly inferior to her illustrious husband. She was a "plain house-wife," destitute of ambition, and devoid of all heroic qualities. A woman of the world on a small scale, her family was her universe. She cared nothing for the respective claims of the injured lady of Arragon or her fascinating rival; she had heard of the greatness of Wolsey and other prelates and statesmen, yet she knew not in what their greatness consisted; she looked upon Cranmer as a "schoolmaster" who had winning ways; she thought Fisher was too honest for the times, and Gardynier and Bonner were sensible men because they pleased the king. She had enjoyed a cheerful and a happy home, a gentle husband and loving step-children. No wonder that her mind became embittered, and that she appeared rude and ungracious in manner.

Here is the scene at the Tower between the "rude house-wife," as she has been described, and her learned and witty husband:

"Ah, Maister More, I marvel that you, who have hitherto always been taken for a wise man, will now so play the fool as to lie here in this close, filthy prison, and be content to be shut up thus with *mice and rats* as your companions, when you might be abroad at your liberty, with the favour both of the king and his council. . . . I muse what in God's name you mean here thus fondly to tarry?"

"Having heard his wife's discourse to an end, Sir Thomas More, in his usual good humour, said: 'I pray thee, good Mistress Alyce, tell me one thing.'

"What is it?" said she.

"Is not this house as near to heaven as my own?"

The "housewife" still maintained her views, and the husband was unable to convince her that it was better to remain in the Tower than to dishonour himself by accepting liberty at the sacrifice

\* John Wood was an old and faithful servant whom Cromwell permitted to accompany his master to the Tower.

of what he considered the highest and holiest principles. But when the dark hour came "Mistress Alyce" proved herself to be a true woman and a noble wife. She was compelled by necessity to sell her wearing apparel to provide food for her husband, so recently the chancellor of a great kingdom, then wasting away his life in a damp dungeon in the Tower "*amidst mice and rats*." "Mrs. Alyce" was, however, cheered in her labour of love by her amiable children; and they all now looked on their poverty, under such circumstances, as a necessary offering at the shrine of truth and virtue.\*

\* Roper's "Life of Sir Thomas More"; Lord Campbell's "English Chancellors," vol. i.

(To be continued.)

## THE MAID OF ERIN; OR, THE CHIEF OF THE RED HAND.

### CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

**A**S Dennis spoke thus, a wild rout of men, women, and even children, had passed down from the moor. The cries of rage, hoarse or shrill according to the sex and age of those who uttered them, which had startled the two Englishmen, were mingled with the mournful chant of the *caoine* the death-song of the Irish.

There might have been from one to two hundred persons, who formed a kind of irregular procession, which divided in the centre as it approached the door of the ruined farmhouse, to make way for a kind of bier, rudely formed of twisted boughs, on which was laid the corpse of a young girl, whose livid features were as finely set as those of a Greek statue, the long hair, which was parted on either side of the face and which swept as low as the knee, having the hue and gloss of polished ebony.

Bound hand and foot, and linked to the corpse by strong ligatures at the waist and wrist and ankle, with a gag in his mouth, and wildly glaring eyes, and veins that stood up on the forehead like knotted cords, a man clad in the habit of an English soldier of the period was also stretched upon this bier.

Dennis laughed madly, a laugh more horrible than any wail of lamentation, as, seizing Sir Osbert Trevelyan by the arm, he pointed to the bier and its double burthen.

"Look, Sassenach, look!" he exclaimed, "my bride and the bridegroom who tore her from me. Ochone! ochone!" he continued, suddenly changing his tone to one of inexpressible sorrow and remorse. "My Kathleen, my beloved, my lost one. Tell me, Sassenach, can any vengeance be too terrible to take upon yonder bound and struggling wretch? Oh, wirrasthru, my Kathleen, that the hand of Dennis, who loved thee so, should have driven a knife into thy heart! But thou didst forgive me, my Kathleen, thou wouldst again forgive me could these pale lips move once more in words of love and pity for thy miserable



Dennis. Oh; Mother of Mercy, those lips polluted by the kiss of the ravaging Saxon. Yes, Kathleen, I believe—I believe death was welcome to thee, my ruined love. But stay thy flight to heaven, unsullied soul of the darlint of my heart. Look, look, Kathleen on the revenge I promised thee! Ha! ha! ha! didst thou hear him plead and shriek by turns—this fine Sassenach lover, who stole thee from my arms—when I made perfect his espousals with thee, my bride, and linked him to thy bleeding corpse? Faugh, the blundering baste of a Saxon; his yells and his cries spoiled the chant of the *cooiners*, and fain were we to stop his noisy mouth, Kathleen. Three days and nights, Kathleen, he has been thy companion. Race be wid us all, as silent he has been, Kathleen, as thyself, and sorra the bit or the dhrup that has passed his lips. He has fasted in thy company, Kathleen, and sure not the heart of him would murmur at that same, for thou wast his ride, and his only, never to belong to thy poor Dennis more. And now he shall be divorced from thee, Kathleen—his vile body shall taste the flames which ould Satan has prepared for his iller soul! Dost hear, murtherin' plunderin' villain?" continued the maddened lover, ceasing his wild apostrophe to the corpse, and addressing the miserable English soldier who was yoked to it. Dost hear, thy bonds shall be cut; thou shalt be severed from Kathleen, the cold bride with whom thou hast been wedded three nights and days; and sure we will warm your blood, which leebree has grown chill with the hunger and the watching. Quick, quick! Larry, Michael; what say ye, boys? Pile up the logs and make the fire blaze for the Sassenach to dance by; and sure his countrymen here shall join in that dance, orbye Bridget, and Redmond too, though the corpse of him starts up to save them."

At these words of the frantic Dennis, a rush was made at Sir Osbert and Launcelot, who, despite their resistance were quickly disarmed; for what valied the bravery of two men against fifty infuriated and determined assailants. Then ensued terrific scene, a scene not without parallel in the annals of an oppressed country, for savage deeds rovoke a savage vengeance.

At the foot of a blighted oak whose scarred, gnarled branches almost overhung the roof of the armhouse, a pile of wood was raised, then the bonds which bound the English soldier to the corpse of Kathleen were severed, and the gag taken from his mouth; his feet were left tied together, his arms fastened behind him, and in this condition he was dragged to the blighted oak, and suspended over the pile of wood at its roots by a leathern thong fastened to his waist.

The entreaties and execrations of the miserable wretch were equally horrible to hear, when Dennis, with his own hand, fired the pile, and the light came, leaping upward from the straw and furze, sized with wood, scorched his feet.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Dennis; "is it the coward that ye are, after all? It's ashamed ye ought to be to set such a bad pattern to your countrymen, instead of teaching them to dance a jig in purty fashion!"

The Englishman replied only by horrible yells as he vainly endeavoured to draw his feet out of

the flames, which had already burnt the ligatures that confined them. Presently the thong round his waist gave way, and, falling heavily in the midst of the fire, he disappeared for a moment in the thick smoke that rose from it.

Dennis again laughed wildly, but the next moment fell a bleeding disfigured corpse, with his skull fractured by a fearful blow from a heavy charred log which the Englishman, who in his agony had burst the bonds that confined his hands, snatched up as he struggled out of the flames.

A hundred hands avenged the fall of Dennis. Battle-axes, javelins, stones, the wretched Englishman was assailed by all; it was his crushed lifeless body only that the maddened Irish thrust back into the flames.

Then, greedy for fresh victims, they turned to Sir Osbert and his attendant, and ill would it have fared with both, but that at the same moment a small but well-appointed party of horsemen came galloping from the moor.

Well-appointed Gallow Glasses were they, horsemen with breast-plates and morions, swords and spears.

They were led by a knight in rich armour, whose raised vizor discovered a noble and manly face. A Red Hand was blazoned on his shield, and on the gonfarron borne by his standard-bearer.

The assailants of Sir Osbert desisted from their attack on the appearance of this knight, and crowded round him with frantic cries of welcome.

It was O'Neil himself, the CHIEF OF THE RED HAND.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE LADY OF THE RED CASTLE.

WHILE the brave English knight, Sir Osbert Trevelyan, was thus encountering so much peril in behalf of the fair Clarinda, the damsel herself was the victim of a racking anxiety, and so much of fear, as her free and frank nature would be capable of. Rough and brutal was the wooing of such suitors as Sir Adam Caulfield. Clarinda might well deem him capable of any outrage, and when about noon he demanded admittance to her presence, and sternly bade her damsel, Eva, quit the chamber, she rose up and confronted the knight with a show of courage which, alas! she had not, and her heart beat heavily with a ghastly resolution, and her hand grew cold as she clutched the hilt of a dagger which she had hidden in the folds of her robe.

With an affectation of courtesy which was in truth only an aggravation of insult, Sir Adam Caulfield bent his knee to the damsel, and attempted to take her hand, which she scornfully withdrew.

"Fairest Clarinda!" exclaimed the knight, with an ironical laugh, "thou hast at heart, I am sure, a full confidence in the strength of my love for thee, or thou wouldst not so front the suitor who must be thy husband ere the sun goes down, or thou wouldst fear that I should revenge on the wife the contumely I have endured from the mistress!"

"False Saxon!" exclaimed Clarinda, "the daughter of Tyrconnel can die rather than pronounce the vow that shall bind her to the foe of her country and her faith!"

"Grammercy! for thy politeness, damsel," answered the knight; "but that I love thee more, even than thy lands and castles, for which I stint not to own a liking, I should scarce offer to wed with thee, for of the castles and lands I might get the fee-simple on showing thee a Popish traitress to our lady queen, and for the rest, I know that there are Englishmen of valour and degree scarce equal to my own who would hold an Irish and Papist damsel well preferred, even in the state of a light o' love. I, on the other hand, am prepared to wed thee; not only on the simple, honest fashion of our reformers, but the better to satisfy thy squeamish conscience, I will wed thee also according to thy Popish rites, with candle and holy water and incense, and therefore have I sent out some of mine honest English lads to lay hold of some Irish priest and bring him hither to celebrate our espousals."

"It is well," replied Clarinda. "Thou mayest force hither, in bondage of your ruffian soldiers, some minister of our Holy Church, but thou wilt not more compel him to sacrifice of the marriage rites, than wring the wedding vow from me."

"You take it bravely, sweet lady," responded the knight, "but thou dost therein only the more defeat thyself. I swear, Clarinda, I love thee better for thy scornful speech; it is pretty to see the dove ruffle her pinions, in the fashion of the falcon, but I will tame thee to the jesses yet. Seest thou, Clarinda, the red sunbeam of this October day glint on the summit of yonder rocks? When it fades in the purple of evening we meet at the altar of thy castle chapel!"

With an ironical bow, Sir Adam then quitted the apartment.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE RESCUE.

WEARILY the day wore on with Clarinda. It was an awful alternative—that which was contemplated by the noble Irish maiden.

Death itself was indeed preferable to an union with Sir Adam Caulfield; but death is grim to contemplate even to age and sickness, how much more so to youth, and health, and beauty?

Clarinda had yet a hope—that other, English knight, the gentle and gallant Sir Osbert Trevelyan. Would he reach in safety the camp of her noble kinsman? and would Tyrone and Tyrconnel be in time to rescue her from the outrages of Sir Adam? Clarinda knew that the Chief of the Red Hand was well provided with the munitions of war; that his Kernes and Gallow Glasses were well armed, and that he had even some of the clumsy fieldpieces in use in those days, while the party of Sir Adam was quite insufficient for the ultimate defence of the castle.

But time was, in her great peril, of such supreme importance. To what outrage might not Sir Adam subject her at the first intimation of the approach of her friends?

Her kinsman, Tyrconnel, was well acquainted

with the structure of the Red Castle, but would he remember the sally-port, below the rocks, the only medium by which she could hope that her friends would force an entry into the castle in time to save her.

This sally-port would, no doubt, be guarded by the soldiers of Sir Adam, who had boasted how the treachery of one of her own people had admitted him that way into the castle; still it was that avenue only through which she would look for rescue.

The night fell suddenly in storm and darkness, the sun sunk beneath a bank of lurid clouds, and the wind howling dismally over the mountains drove hail and sleet and rain before it.

The apartment of Clarinda, in which she had been throughout the day imprisoned by the order of Sir Adam Caulfield, overlooked one of the inner courts, the extremity of which, opposite to Clarinda's chamber, was bounded by the castle chapel.

The last red streak of the autumn sunset was almost extinguished in the west, when Clarinda was drawn to one of her chamber windows by the loud shouts and brutal laughter of the English soldiery in the court below.

Grief and indignation, contended for a master in the heart of Clarinda, as throwing open the casement she looked down into the court.

Some half-dozen of Sir Adam's men were busied among them an aged man in the garb of a Franciscan friar.

Even in the waning light Clarinda perceived that the locks which fell thinly round his tonsured crown were white as snow, and his venerable face stained with blood.

"Come, shaveling, mend thy pace. We had had trouble enough to get thee along," cried one of the soldiers, thrusting the friar so rudely between the shoulders that he stumbled and fell on his face; then he was dragged to his feet by the cord that girdled his habit, and protesting in loud oaths that had they their will they would transfer the hempen cord from his waist to his neck, the soldiers forced the friar across the court and disappeared with him beneath the low-browed portal of the castle chapel.

"The sweet Virgin preserve you, lady dear," exclaimed Eva, as she twined her arms round the waist of her mistress, "the villainous heretics they have dragged the father here to wed you to your spite to Sir Adam. Good lack! what will you do?"

"Not wed with yon felon English knight, be assured dear Eva," responded Clarinda. "But come, Eva, let us to the turret-chamber. If Sir Osbert Trevelyan be as faithful to his trust as thou thinkest, and as I would fain believe myself, and has met no let or hindrance on his way, the great O'Neil, and my own noble kinsman of Tyrconnel, may be on the march to our relief. Come, girl, come to the bartizans of the turret, whence we overlook all the passes of the mountains; those fiery streaks that linger in the west will show the glitter of a spear or helm."

As Clarinda spoke thus, she crossed her chamber, and threw open a door, which discovered the narrow winding stair of one of the castle turrets, which was visible only from that apartment.

At the summit of this stair was a chamber, which had in sooth been used as a prison, for the ancestors of Clarinda had been fierce and arbitrary according to the wont of feudal barons; and captives of importance had been often confined in the chamber of the west turret, for there was no escape from it, for its single narrow casement was strongly grated—a superfluous precaution, as it overlooked the fearful rocks on which the castle stood.

The turret-chamber was dismal enough; an iron stanchion with a chain depending from it, was fastened in the wall; but the stanchion was loosened and the chain grown rusty, for the gentle, as well as chivalrous father of Clarinda, had diverted this chamber from its original purpose and used the turret as a watchtower, having a door constructed in the outer wall which gave egress to a stone bartizan or balcony. Clarinda sighed heavily and shuddered, as, followed by Eva, she stepped out upon this balcony, and, leaning over its embattled wall, scanned with an eager eye the wide expanse of country which it overlooked. On a fine day, the prospect from the bartizan of the west turret was magnificent. Wood and water, rock and fell, looked gaily in the sunlight. But now a funereal blackness was spread over the woods that twined their gnarled branches in the blast that rent its way through them with a voice dismal as that of the vexed ocean. Still the naked summits of the rocks soared grimly in the lurid glare of the waning sunbeams, and the cascade flashed with spectral whiteness through the gloom, as it mingled the hoarse roar of its descent with the shriller raving of the autumn winds.

What frenzy was there not in the strained eye which Clarinda bent upon the wild scene in the vain hope of catching the glimmer of a spear or helm! What torture in that intense listening for the trampling of chargers and clink of mail, amid the howling wind and roaring waters!

Eva leaned also over the bartizan, but it was only to scan with brief and timid glance the steep descent of the turret-wall and the rocks on which it was reared, the unfathomable blackness of the depths below.

"Eva!" exclaimed Clarinda, looking up with a laugh, the tone of which jarred on the ear of the affectionate handmaiden. "How dull-witted is this losel English knight. He thinks he has imprisoned me so safely, Eva, and knows not how easily it can be mine to escape from him!"

"Escape, sweet lady!" ejaculated the damsel. "Good lack, unless the O'Neil come quickly! I know not how you will escape this vile Sassenach, or your faithful soldiers either lie cold in their own heart's blood, or are imprisoned in the castle's deepest dungeons."

"Go to, thou foolish maiden!" responded Clarinda, winding her white arms round a projection of the parapet. "The dull Saxon reckes not of this high turret; he heeds not that he has left pen to me this blessed certainty of freedom."

"How mean you, lady?" gasped the handmaid.

"I mean, Eva, that I will be free," responded Clarinda. "Look you, Eva," she continued, raving from the fold of her dress the dagger which she had concealed there. "I have be-

thought me—I am but a feeble woman; the brute strength of Sir Adam may suddenly snatch this weapon from my grasp, but he cannot hinder me to leap from this embattled wall; and sooner shall this poor frame be dashed out of all semblance to humanity, upon the rocks below this turret's walls than Erin's maid shall wed with Erin's spoiler. Here, then, Eva, do I take my stand—here do I await the coming of O'Neil, or the outrageous demand of Sir Adam!"

Poor Eva had no arguments to divert this desperate resolution. She wrung her hands, and sunk weeping at the feet of her mistress, who remained leaning on the parapet, still watching, still listening. Suddenly the wild fierce blast of a trumpet wrung out upon the gale.

"Holy Mary!" exclaimed Eva, starting to her feet. "We are saved! We are saved! Truly the great O'Neil is at the castle-gate, and summons the Saxons to surrender!"

"Nay!" returned Clarinda. "Knowest thou not better the war notes of Erin's chivalry. That blast is from the bangle of our foes: it denotes hurry and alarm. It may be that scouts have been sent out by Sir Adam, and have encountered the O'Neil and his army on the march to our relief. Heaven grant that it may be so! But, alas! my Eva, the moment that precedes our deliverance shall be also the moment of greatest peril. Who can tell to what violence Sir Adam may be urged in the fury of his disappointment at the approach of O'Neil? Mary, Mother! Holy S. Clara! pray for a forlorn maiden. Preserve her alike from self-destruction and dishonour!"

Thus, with clasped hands, Clarinda bowed down her head, and clung still closer to the wall of the bartizan, fully resolved to cast herself from the dizzy height, rather than submit to the outrages of Sir Adam Caulfield.

"Oh, my lady! Oh, sweet Clarinda!" exclaimed Eva, "hint not at such dreadful deeds; have faith—have courage. Heaven will not suffer the wicked Sassenach to triumph. I will run down to your chamber; perhaps the guard is removed; at any rate I may hear what is passing with Sir Adam and his men!"

Without waiting for the assent of her mistress, the light, foolish damsel tripped down to Clarinda's apartment.

The lady remained still leaning on the wall of the bartizan, her heart throbbing heavily, betwixt mingled hope and fear.

In a few minutes she heard the tramp of mailed feet rushing up the turret-stairs, loud execrations, and the clash of steel mingled with the heavy tread of the soldiers. Then three or four of Sir Adam's men rushed out upon the balcony, the foremost of whom caught the mantle of Clarinda in his grasp; fortunately the brooch that clasped it at the bosom gave way in the wrench and the ruffian staggered back with the garment in his hand.

"Villains, stand off!" shrieked Clarinda; "approach me nearer, by an inch, and I cast myself from the turret-wall!"

Then came a wild female shriek; and it was the small white hand of her beloved Eva, that stayed the desperate Clarinda, as she was about to spring from the parapet.

"Saved, beloved lady, saved!" sobbed the damsel, as she twined her arms about her mistress; but the reaction of the rescue at that supreme moment overcame even the strong nerves of Clarinda, and she sunk down pale and motionless, unconscious that she was borne tenderly back to her chamber by the gallant and gentle English knight, Sir Osbert Trevelyan, and that her noble kinsmen, Tyrconnel and Tyrone, the great chief of the O'Neils, bade her look up, for that her oppressor, Sir Adam Caulfield, was slain, and his men driven from the Red Castle.

It was not in vain that the Franciscan friar had been dragged to the Red Castle by the myrmidons of Sir Adam Caulfield, for he was called upon to celebrate the nuptials of its mistress; but instead of uniting her to the rude soldier, Sir Adam, he placed her hand in that of the courteous and gentle Sir Osbert Trevelyan.

It was but two days after the rescue of Clarinda that she stood before the altar with the English knight.

Brief courtships were sometimes a necessity in those days, and both Tyrone and Tyrconnel were anxious to secure for the heiress the protection of a husband who was a tried soldier, as well as an accomplished and handsome youth.

Sir Osbert's friend and Clarinda's foster-brother, Murtough O'Brien, were also present at these nuptials, which were the more hurried for the news he brought from the court of Elizabeth, that her favourite, the Earl of Essex, was appointed viceroy, and immediately on his arrival in Ireland would march with a large army on the forces of the Irish chieftains.

As to the rescue of Clarinda, it was as she conjectured—that the scouts of Sir Adam had announced to him the approach of O'Neil. The villainous knight was slain defending the sally-port, by which, through the treachery of the dwarf, Dermot, he had himself obtained entry to the castle on the preceding evening; his body was carried off by some of his followers who escaped, for it was not found among the slain.

The hideous and treacherous dwarf was never seen again.

In the wars that followed, Sir Osbert Trevelyan was constantly engaged; ever foremost in the fight, he yet passed scatheless the bloody conflict; and peace at length resting over the land, with his loved bride the knight sought that happiness and repose he had so hardly earned; but no lapse of time could efface from his mind that wild night upon the coast of Donegal, and his first meeting with the MAID OF ERIN.

THE END.

### CONSOLATION.

THERE is a smile for every sigh,  
For every wound a balm;  
A joy for every moistened eye,  
For every storm a calm.

Each sigh is sent a smile to light,  
Each wound in mercy given;  
Each tear-filled eye will yet be bright,  
Each storm subside in heaven.

### SOME ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN.

**I**N a former paper I said nothing about cats, which to many may seem a serious omission. I cannot say that I am a very great lover of cats in general, and I think that most people who have lain awake at night in a London square, or in any other place where cats hold their midnight revels, and have listened to the unearthly yells or hisses that seem to be the staple of their social intercourse, will agree with me that (at any rate for the time!) they do not love cats. I am besides a passionate lover of wild birds, and when I find a little heap of feathers, stained with the life-blood of some too confiding robin, or of a lovely sweet-voiced thrush I feel, in my wrath, ready to invoke the aid of all the "thought-executing fires," not only against the offender, but against his descendants unto the ninth generation! . . . So that, as a race, I think I may say I do not care very much about cats.

But there have been individuals with whom I have lived on the friendliest terms, and whose memory I hold in my heart. And first of these comes up before my mind a romp of a cat we had some years ago, with whom I have had such games as, I fear, I must not expect to enjoy again—for want of a companion, merely, for I am quite ready! But I am afraid I "ne'er shall look upon her like again." All kittens, as a matter of course, are playful and amusing, though not all in the same degree; but many, when they grow up, become staid and commonplace, except, perhaps, when they renew their youth for a brief space, and have a game with their children. But the Baby (as we called her) never lost her sense of the ridiculous. The cares of motherhood weighed but lightly on her. For one thing I don't think she was ever allowed to enjoy them very long; for, as she was not a great beauty, I fear most of her families had to be consigned to a watery grave.

But this did not affect her spirits much, and she seemed quite ready for a game very soon after her bereavements. The races we have had together! . . . She used to challenge me to the chase, directly she heard my footstep, by running on in front of me with her ears laid back and her tail wagging very violently; and when I accepted the challenge, away we used to start round the garden, when she would hide behind bushes, spring out upon me as I passed, and then fly on to another ambush. Sometimes these games were carried on in the house, when we would race through the passages till we were both breathless—she varying the proceedings by laying in wait behind doors, and in other dark corners, and jumping out off all fours upon me when I least expected it. Poor Baby! . . . Her restless feet have been still for a long time now. . . . She used to shake the handle of the door when she wanted to come into a room; she could just reach on tip-toe, and we were very proud of this accomplishment, as no one had taught her how to do it: she had evolved it entirely from her inner consciousness!

Another cat that I remember with affection is a poor waif that the coachman caught and trained

for the stables once when we were without a stable cat. She was all black, and would have been handsome, but that she had unfortunately lost one of her paws in a trap, which somewhat marred the continuity of her outline. She was a most loving old thing, but was rather given to lifting up her voice in lamentation, thereby exciting the ire of some members of the family, who voted her unanimously a nuisance: so I, who from my infancy have had a leaning towards the down-trodden and the unhappy, took her under my special protection, and used to carry out surreptitiously no end of dainties to the stables; an attention which poor puss greatly appreciated, and repaid in a characteristic manner. For when, in the course of time, she became the "joyful mother of children," nothing would satisfy her till she had carried them one by one and laid them in my wardrobe. It was quite in vain to bring them down; time after time she climbed up with them, even after they had grown quite big, and it must have been no small labour for her, crippled as she was: for my room was on the second floor, but she persevered in her self-imposed task, quite disregarding all temptations to stop at any room on the first floor, feeling, I suppose, they were safe with me. I have so often recalled, and been touched by this, the greatest proof she could give of her trust in me.

Another stable cat we had I must mention, though he was of a very different character. Bold and defiant, he would commit depredations under your very eye, looking at you first to see that you noticed him. I have never known such an utterly hardened cat! He was very clever though, and invented a fine way of getting into the larder. The latch (an old-fashioned one) was of course too high for him to reach from the ground, so he used to mount on a shutter that was used at night to close a half-glass door leading into the garden, but in the day-time stood on the ground by the larder door; and from this coign of vantage he could easily press down the latch with one of his muscular paws. The first time he did this, the cook ran from the kitchen in some alarm, as knowing none of us were anywhere about, she imagined some tramp might be walking in.

A great contrast to this cat was one I brought home with me once as a very small kitten, when I had been staying with some friends. He grew into a very fine large cat, and I made a great pet of him, though I must confess that my love for him was rather of a vicarious nature. He was perfectly devoted to me, and would listen for my footstep, and look about for me when he heard my name mentioned. I taught him to shake hands, which I had never seen a cat do before; and when he had mastered this accomplishment, he was so pleased with it, that he would insist sometimes on shaking hands with me over and over again. I have found this slightly inconvenient when I have been in a hurry—but I could not resist him when I saw him sitting before me, looking at me with his loving eyes, and holding out his paw (for I am always very polite to animals, and take the greatest care never to hurt their feelings, in any way, if I can help it). He had very strange tastes in eating, too, for a cat.

He liked figs and raisins—and he also had a great fancy for biscuits, and any kind of sweets.

One of his daughters was a perfect copy in miniature of himself, except that she inherited from her mother her large Russian feet. She had all his ways, too, and was just as fond of me as he had been; this was the more curious, as I never did anything for her, nor took any especial notice of her, till she began to follow me about like my shadow, when I was obliged, in common courtesy, to respond.

We called her Winnie, and she was, I think, the most gentle and unselfish little cat I have ever known. She was, besides, quite a good Samaritan—and I shall never forget her kindness on one occasion to a half-grown kitten of her mother's. It was a great beauty, with long hair and a fine tail, and had been brought down one day for the inspection of some friends. After they were gone the mother seized upon it, and was carrying it back again with much labour, for it was a very fine kitten, and putting it down every few moments to rest herself, when Winnie, who was near, took advantage of one of these pauses, and carried off the kitten, holding her head very high in the air (for she was small of stature) lest her burden might drag on the ground. I followed her, fearing she might hurt the kitten, as it was not hers, and was much ashamed of my most unjust suspicion when I found she had put it into her own little basket (for she had a tiny family herself) and was looking triumphant over her feat of strength when I reached her. I am sure she must have thought the poor kitten was having a bad time, being dragged up and downstairs, and that she would rescue it. Dear little Winnie! She is far away now, happy I trust, in her Dorsetshire home at sunny Lyme Regis.

One more merry-hearted little puss I must mention, who belongs to a friend of mine, who rejoices in the name of Christopher. When he was quite a tiny baby, a companion was given to him in the shape of a young mongus that one of my friend's brothers had brought home for her from India—where, as I daresay most people know, the mongus (or mangouste) is kept in houses as a protection against snakes. The two soon became great friends, and Ching, as the mongus is called, being rather the elder, used to take the greatest care of Christopher, and to play very gently with him, for fear of hurting him; but now that they are both grown up, though they still continue fast friends, such consideration is no longer thought necessary, and they have tremendous romps together: rolling on the ground, climbing trees, and running the most exciting races, which Ching generally wins; he is so exceedingly swift in all his movements.

I wonder if any of my readers ever kept a mongus as a pet. Ching is the only one I have known, and he is certainly a very interesting study. He is most intelligent, and perfectly devoted to my friend, listening for her footsteps when she is absent, and never long happy away from her. He follows her about almost like a dog, and many a walk have we had together with Ching in attendance, though, as he is rather nervous and afraid of strangers, he had to be carried if we met many people. He is not afraid of



snakes though, and once when he was out he killed two adders in a very short time. His favourite food is meat, and almost the only time he ever shows any temper is when he is eating it, for if he is disturbed he is apt to growl in rather a fierce way; at other times he is as gentle as possible. But though he prefers meat there are many other things which find favour in his sight: such as cake (with plenty of eggs in), bread and butter, fruit, primroses and other flowers, etc., but his most favourite luxury is "Lime Juice and Glycerine!" Whenever he finds a bottle he quickly takes out the stopper (nothing pleases him more in a small way than drawing corks), lays the bottle on its side, and with his long nose and longer tongue generally manages to half-empty it. I daresay a great part of his pleasure in this proceeding is that it is a stolen joy, for he delights in mischief for its own sake, and seems quite to rejoice sometimes in the idea that he is doing something naughty. One of his greatest amusements used to be to hide beans under the drawing-room hearth-rug. He would go through this proceeding, first hiding them, then finding them and drawing them out over and over again, seemingly with unflinching interest.

Though devoted to my friend, and she can do anything with him, he is not equally amiable to all members of her family, and some I believe, he positively dislikes, though he is never aggressive in any way. At night, when he is tired, he retires of his own accord—sometimes to his own room, but oftener to my friend's, where she finds him curled up in the warmest corner of her bed, with a firm determination expressed on his sleeping countenance not to be rejected at any cost.

But Ching has led me a long way from my starting point—cats. I do not in the least believe in the truth of the reproach so often made against cats—that they have no attachment to people, only to places. Of course there are cats of shallow natures, to whom much love of any sort is not possible, for their characters are as various as the expressions of their faces; but that some cats are capable of the most disinterested affections I do not for a moment doubt. I think the characters of animals depend in a good measure on those of their owners and associates, and that, even in unpromising cases, quite surprising qualities might be developed with care and perseverance.

For instance, I never will believe that a foxhound ought to be so stupid, as on all sides he is declared to be. Nature surely never intended this when she gave him that noble head and those lovely pathetic eyes. But, even in the highly intelligent human race, people of one idea, if not stupid, are apt to be tiresome as companions; and when a dog is, from generation to generation, debarred from the possibility of acquiring any other idea, than that of going straight across country behind a fox, what chance has his brain of developing? . . . (Ye shades of all fox hunters, past and to come, pardon me! . . . I know what you would say on the subject; but, then, though among you, I am not of you. I like not "the war of the many with one!") . . . I daresay, too, that even pigs might develop broader foreheads, and less superfluity of jaw, if once they could be educated away from the idea, that the one

end of their life is to eat—or rather digest, as much as possible in a given time. For there is a great deal of humour in a pig! (And where there is a sense of humour, what may not be hoped for? . . .) It may show itself in strange ways. . . . For instance, why he should make a point of running in between one's horse's legs, when one is riding, I cannot imagine, if he be not fond of practical jokes! I have considered the subject, and ~~this~~ this must be the explanation; unless indeed—~~and~~ this is possible—he may get confused, and, ~~for~~ those people who hesitate and deliberate ~~for~~ of saying the wrong thing, and then infallibly ~~put~~ their foot into it!" after much consideration, ~~on~~ exactly the way that is most likely to end in a catastrophe.

Another of a pig's great ideas of fun is a race. Often when riding through country lanes, I have heard a burst of pig-laughter from the other side of the hedge, and looking over have beheld a pig in hot pursuit of me; and it is wonderful how fast pigs can run. While trotting along a road I have been raced by two or three at a time, till I have been scarcely able to rise from my saddle with laughing; and my horse, whose temper is by no means forbearing, has been excited to a state bordering on frenzy! . . . And here I would remind any of my readers who may by chance remember a former paper of mine, that an excitable temper is not in the least incompatible with the perfection, there claimed, as the distinguishing characteristic of my horse. United as it is with the most loving gentleness, it is only one of the many charms, that make her, to my mind at least, "stand alone, with nothing like to her." And, with her beloved name, this second paper must end.

E. M. D.

#### WHAT THE ANGELS TOLD.

A LONELY man in silence sat,  
With hopeless grief oppress'd:  
A gentle child in childhood's grace,  
Clung to her father's breast.  
"Oh, father, do not weep," she said,  
In accents sweet and low:  
"Mother will come to us again,  
The angels told me so."

In happy dreams the child had seen  
Far off another home,  
Unclouded skies, undying flowers,  
Where sorrow could not come,  
And seraphs with sweet harmonies  
Appear'd in golden glow,  
And everything was beautiful  
The angels led her to.

She lay clasp'd in her father's arms,  
So faint but still so fair,  
And look'd toward the open door,  
As at some bright thing there.  
"Mother!" she cried with outstretched arms,  
Then whisper'd soft and low,  
"Father! I knew she'd come again,  
The angels told me so."

## SHERBORNE;

OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems,"  
"Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

**B**UT by this time Count de Bergerac, true or false, was close to him, and evidently intended to speak.

"I think I had the pleasure of meeting you," said he in French, "at—"

"Bramscote," said Moreton, adding in his own mind, before the word was quite pronounced, "What a fool I was to put it into his head!"

"Bramscote," repeated the other man almost simultaneously.

"He didn't hesitate about the name of the place," thought Moreton. "But the plain clothes won't do, here, and at such a time."

"Last November," said the suspected one, seeming unconscious that there was any question about his identity.

"He *must* be the man, or how could he know that?" thought Moreton, as certain people said of the Tichborne Claimant. "But I don't feel that it is all right. What shall I say to catch him if he is an impostor? Yes," said he aloud, "you left he same day as I did."

"Yes, I believe I did," answered the other quite naturally.

"You were in the Zouaves, I remember," said Moreton, looking hard at the plain clothes.

"Yes, and so I am now. I see you are puzzled at finding me in plain clothes. The fact is, I have been on sick leave. I caught the Roman fever in the summer, and I have been on the hills to get rid of it. I am not well yet; but I had to come back at once and as quickly as I could, for Codorna, they say, is on the march, though Visconti Venosta declared but three weeks ago that an attack on Rome would be contrary, not only to the September Treaty, but to the common rights of nations."

"This is all very well," thought Moreton. "But it sounds a little too much like a newspaper—in the way he says it, at least. I wish I had seen more of him—or the other man, whichever it was that I met at Bramscote. But I had very little conversation with him. He was generally talking of Miss Winifred Arden, and when he was not, he was rather silent, naturally. And after the second day I took very little notice of the people. Somehow I think that fellow is not quite like the man I met there; but I don't know. I have only one clear impression of that visit—one only."

"Which way are you going?" said his companion, who seemed rather ill-at-ease, but unwilling to leave him.

"I have come to serve in the Pontifical army—the Zouaves, I suppose," answered Moreton.

"Will you go with me to the barracks where you are quartered? I want to offer myself at once. I shall bring him to book now," thought he, feeling much pleased at his own sharpness.

"Oh! yes—certainly," said the other. "Of course I will. But do you mind going a little later? I thought of dining before I went. I started early this morning. I will call for you afterwards."

"He is ready to go. It *must* be all right as to his identity," thought Moreton. "I will ask him to dine with me. I shall be better able to judge in that way than out in the street," so he said:

"Come and dine with me at the hotel where I have put up."

The invitation was accepted, not quite without hesitation, and they turned their steps towards the hotel.

"He must be the same man," thought Moreton. "But how about that story? I hope—for her sake, for the honour of the Pontifical army, I hope it is all right. But I am afraid there is a screw loose, a something wrong somehow."

"Which way did you come?" asked the object of his thoughts.

"By Civita Vecchia," answered Moreton, as they came in front of the hotel.

Leaving his mysterious friend, or whatever the suitable term might prove to be, in the room where they were going to dine, he hurried away to have a bath, and change his clothes.

"Poor fellow!" he thought, when he hurried back. "If his happiness has been imperilled by a report, I pity him with all my heart, and I will do all I can to save him. It is not always possible to disprove accusations."

"I am sorry to have kept you so long," he said, as he entered the room.

"I think you have been very quick," answered the man of questioned identity. "I have been reading a newspaper which I had in my pocket."

"Nothing good in the way of news, of course?"

"No, indeed. The day before yesterday a telegram came from Passo di Correse, saying that the Italian army was concentrating there, with everything ready for invasion."

"There are some things that no amount of experience can teach one to expect," said Moreton. "So Codorna commands this—I can't give it a name, for there is no name that can express the comprehensiveness of its villainy. And who else is there?"

"Bixio has been given the command of a flying squadron."

"Bixio—Bixio, the ex-Garibaldian," said Moreton, meditatively. "Bixio, who hates Christian Rome as the fiends of hell hate it. That looks badly. There are some men who never come to the front except when the devil sees an opportunity. I have heard that some Italian officers were arrested here last month disguised as pedlars, and all sorts of blackguards have been sent in with false passports to get up demonstrations and pretended rows to give an excuse to the Government for interfering *à la Cavour*."

"Yes," answered the other. But he shrugged his shoulders; whereat Moreton looked very hard at him.

Just then a waiter said, "In tavola," and the conversation was for a while rather desultory, with intervals of silence. Moreton was in a meditative mood, and his companion seemed more or less reserved.

"I am glad I didn't fall in with them," said Moreton, "It might have been awkward."

"Very awkward, indeed. Did you come from Florence?"

"No. I have been staying at Spezia, and I came by steamer from Genoa. I have had rheumatic fever."

"Did you find Spezia a good place?"

"Sea air is always good, I believe, for that sort of thing. There are plenty of better places, but then they are farther off, and I wanted to be here as soon as possible. Shall we start?"

It was growing dusk, and Moreton, not unmindful of the peculiar institution which makes localities unsafe where itinerant patriots are likely to be found energising on their own account, felt carefully for a certain toy pistol which he had secreted in a coat pocket. He had brought it from England, saying to himself, "In case of accidents," and had stowed it in a breast pocket with his pocket-handkerchief, while travelling.

"It is time to load it now," thought he; "but not in this room: it would make the waiter take me for an assassin, if he should happen to come in."

He went into his bedroom, took one of three or four cartridges from another pocket, loaded the pistol, and, replacing it, returned to his companion.

The streets were almost deserted, and the few people they met were not prepossessing—especially one who passed them at a slow pace, with a hooded cloak thrown over his left shoulder, and a *Speranza d'Italia* hat slouched over a mass of very black hair. He appeared to be of no particular age, country, or class, and had a countenance that would have made him an invaluable model for a fancy portrait of the foul fiend.

Moreton saw at once what he was. "Keep your eye on that fellow," he said, putting his hand into the pocket where the toy pistol was. "Our lives are of use just now."

"There is no occasion for that," said the other, curling his lip with a sarcastic smile, but turning very pale. The stranger fixed his eyes on each of them successively as he passed; and an awful pair of eyes they were. Moreton was a resolute man, and had an old-fashioned contempt for foreign conspirators, whom he was in the habit of classing generically as blackguards, but he shuddered at those eyes; his hair felt as if it were stiffening, and the blood seemed to freeze in his veins. It was not the force of their fixed ferocity that could affect him in so strange a manner, nor the glare of evil passions making human nature horrible: the one would not have seemed strange, the other could not have been felt. Nor, indeed, was it the character of the eyes alone. It was the preternatural malignity symbolised in every feature, from which all human expression, even the very worst, had disappeared.

"Is this the devil, waiting about to welcome Codorna?" thought Moreton, repressing the shudder, and looking hard at the man, not without a painful effort. "One ought to be in a state of grace to meet him, whoever he is—Hullo!"

This last word was called forth by a sudden suspicion, unexpected, ambiguous, embarrassing. His companion had apparently been recognized

by this man; and such a recognition would raise awkward difficulties with regard to the former, affecting his identity, as well as his character, worse than before. Moreton looked round instantly to see whether there was any sign of recognition on his part, and then gave a glance back at the regenerator of society.

"The Sect," said Moreton half aloud. "Hullo under the thumb of that scoundrel."

"Who are you?" said the regenerator in a bullying tone.

"What business is that of yours?" asked Moreton, keeping his eye on him, and bringing out the toy pistol unostentatiously, yet so that it could be seen. The man glared at him like a tiger, and said:

"I suspect that you are one of those fools—(here he brought out a volley of blasphemous and impure words) 'who come to keep that—'"

"Don't say that again," said Moreton, putting the pistol in his pocket, and showing a decided disposition to hit out with his left in case of a repetition.

The man passed on, casting back sideways looks of hatred such as the countenance of an Italian freemason only is capable of expressing—the diabolical hatred which grows out of habitual sin against light.

"I shall have my revenge on some of you before long," he said: "on you, perhaps. Your protectors, the French, are *hors de combat* now. We shall meet again, Papalino—"

The remainder of the sentence may perhaps be better imagined than described, but is still better unimagined.

"A pleasant sort of a customer," thought Moreton. "And he has some sort of power, De Bergerac. It must be because De Bergerac is one of the Sect—willing or victimized. And accounts for his loafing about in plain clothes, telling cock-and-bull stories about returning sick leave. I don't believe there is anything the matter with him. But here he is, going with me to the barracks where he is quartered, or pretending to do so—I wonder which it is?"

Never had Moreton been in so difficult a position. What was he to think? What was he to do? De Bergerac was voluntary accompanying him quietly to the barracks in spite of the very suspicious recognition. Did that indicate hardened guilt, or unconscious innocence, or the force of necessity? What was he to do? Report it? But was the evidence sufficient to justify such a step? After all it amounted to nothing more than this: that an ill-looking man in the street had apparently given a look of recognition at a Zouave, whose face he might have seen frequently, and that the Zouave had appeared to recognize—what? the man? There was no proof of that. The man's character? Why, he could not have failed to do so. Not report it then! Not report a grave suspicion that could not be reasoned away—a grave suspicion that one of the Sect was actually serving in the Pontifical Zouaves!

"What!" thought he, "allow such a suspicion to pass, for fear of looking like a fool if it should be unfounded! Most emphatically, no! But I will just see what he has to say for himself first."

(To be continued.)



"MIND, DEAR, YOU TAKE CARE OF HIM!"

## Mr. Thornley's Roses.

By BRUCE MONTGOMERY.

**T**HE time of flowers was almost over, and the fruit was beginning to swell under the influence of the rays of the summer sun. Cherries abounded, and the gardens of the picturesque neighbourhood of the town repaid the labour of the cultivators. This part was called the suburb, and was a long unpaved street or other high road with a gutter on each side, which separated it from two narrow footpaths. There were rows rather of gardens than of houses,

and in the gardens, perhaps close upon the road, stood villa-like residences, great and small, the resort of affluent people during the heat of the summer, and the permanent dwelling houses of those who were occupied partly in manual labour and partly in the cultivation of their gardens.

The Thornleys belonged to the former class. Their plot of ground had descended from father to son, and as the town gradually approached nearer, the value of the land increased, the plots of ground



were divided, hot-houses were added to the open cultivation of the land, the population became more numerous, and then came butchers, bakers, and other tradesmen with different kinds of goods. Here and there a tree had been planted, and the great attractions of these houses in comparison with those in the town induced many persons to engage them as country residences. Such people now formed the bulk of the population. The pleasures of country life could be fully enjoyed. The upper classes of society began to flock hither, and between the older and less showy houses there arose villa-like edifices. The rows of rough lattice work or low hedges, which separated the gardens, were supplanted by iron railings with gilt tops, and instead of little wooden doors there were ornamented gates. Paths of yellow gravel carefully cleared of weeds, passing between the green lawns and bright flower-beds, were lost sight of behind the houses.

One of the most aristocratic-looking of these villas had the name of "Mr. Thornley" engraved on a small plate affixed to one of the gate-posts, and near it was a bell with a bright brass handle. The present proprietor of this residence, and the present proprietor of this name, was a quiet man who, after much travelling abroad, now desired to lead a life free from conventional restraint. His parents were affluent people who among other fancies had that of intending to call their children by names beginning with the letters of the alphabet in succession. They never, however, got beyond B, for they had only one son—the present Mr. Thornley—to whom they gave the name of Aaron, and five years later heaven sent them a daughter whom they called Bertha. The old people lived very simply, brought up their children in a simple manner, and laid by every year a considerable sum of money to increase their capital. Bertha married a Dr. Masonius, but Aaron at present showed no inclination to follow her example. He had passed through the High School and the University, but as he had no taste for any line of study, on the death of his father, which left him in the possession of a considerable property, he joined a scientific expedition to the interior of Africa. On his return home he felt that a taste for travel had arisen in him. He took what money he thought he should require, asked his mother to take care of the rest, and then set out to visit Greece and Asia Minor. Then he joined the expedition to discover the source of the Nile. Then he visited Patagonia and New Zealand; thence he went to Delhi, and over the icy summits of the Himalayas he entered the territory of Afghanistan. His wanderings lasted for about ten years, during which time his mother had died. Tired of travel he returned to the home of his childhood, and as he now longed for the enjoyment of family life he married a lady who but for one weakness seemed deserving of the high esteem in which Thornley held his wife.

This weakness was the love of distinction. She valued her husband very highly; it had not been exactly a love match but rather the result of an arrangement of Mrs. Masonius, his sister. Yet the course of it proved that a fair share of married happiness may be enjoyed when there is mutual esteem, and both parties are resolved to

fulfil their respective duties. The happiness of Mrs. Thornley was complete when her good-natured husband permitted her to have engraved on her visiting cards instead of *Aaron Thornley*, first Mrs. A. Thornley, and then Mrs. Albert Thornley.

Another cloud which hung in the matrimonial horizon was also dispersed. A woman is pleased if when she is asked what her profession is, she can answer:

"I am my husband's wife and nothing else."

And that is in fact her only calling: she feels and is justly proud, if she can say that she completely fills the place originally assigned to her in the economy of creation.

But it is quite a different thing when the man is in question. Then it is humiliating for a woman to say, if questioned as to the calling of her husband:

"He is my husband nothing else."

This was not the case with Thornley, for, if he had in fact no occupation which brought him pecuniary profit, he was by no means without it.

He worked at his notes, arranged his sketches, studied new books of travels, compared them with his own experience, and confirmed his knowledge of geography by books upon the subject: in short, he was busy from morning till night, like a learned man who desires his acquisitions to be made useful to others.

So as Mr. Thornley troubled himself about little but his family and the extension of his geographical knowledge, he was rather surprised when he received an official communication informing him that he had been chosen as mayor of his native town for the coming year. The letter containing this announcement was flattering, and he decided to accept the office which was not very onerous, and to gratify his wife by giving her the power to say that her husband was the mayor of South.

After the birth of one son, Mrs. Thornley gave up all hope of any increase in her family; and the little Edgar became a continual source of anxiety. He was tended with the utmost care, and had not Dr. Masonius interfered the poor child would have been wrapped in wadding and would never have been allowed the free use of his legs.

Poor Thornley knew nothing about the management of children, and thought his wife's solicitude on the boy's behalf very natural and quite the correct method of rearing their only one. Now and again on rare occasions the father would be allowed to have his little boy all to himself for a short half hour or so, but the fond mother's last word was always—"Mind, dear, you take care of him."

As the boy grew up, Uncle and Aunt Masonius were in fact his good angels; when with them the boy could play at ball, climb trees and run about to his heart's desire.

The Thornleys had no suspicion of the kind of education he was receiving, though it is true that his mother was sometimes puzzled as to how the ominous rents in his clothes could have occurred, joined up by strange needlework, or the black marks upon his shins and elsewhere.

The boy, now a growing lad, became an object of great affection to his father who, however, soon



lost his great anxiety about him. His mother's care continued to be unabated, and at eighteen years of age he was still protected from cold and forbidden all intercourse with lads like himself as if still a child. His father lived in his study, his garden was his only recreation, and he felt sure that his son's welfare would be attended to by the mother.

Edgar grew up a fine young man. During his boyhood his mother's care had often been irksome to him, and he sometimes set her at defiance; but at seventeen he became conscious of the motive for all this care, and thenceforth his mother had nothing to complain of, and he usually replied to her anxious questions by a smile and a caress, and generally had his own way.

But Uncle Masonius and Aunt Bertha were the people whose company he most delighted in, and if they advised him they were quite sure that he would pay attention to what they said.

But he did not, therefore, love his parents the less. He felt himself continually surrounded by proofs of their affection and gave them his whole heart. He read his mother's wishes in her eyes, and if these wishes were not always in accordance with his own, he concealed his secret objections. His father was a person to whom he owed the highest respect, and this he most willingly paid. There was nothing more to be desired.

"I will tell you now," said Masonius to his sister-in-law, as she made a remark on his management, "a boy must have fresh air; he must be able to stretch his limbs. You have always treated him like a puppet. When with me he has driven a hoop, played at ball, has ridden on horseback, climbed trees, has fought, and has shot with an arrow at a mark, he has coursed with my hounds and played single-stick with my lads; but you have been in a constant state of anxiety about him lest he should tire himself or get one of his bones broken."

"But suppose some accident were to happen to him?"

"Can any greater misfortune fall upon him than to be deprived of the use of his arms and legs?"

"But my anxiety——"

"Yes, true. I mean that you should bring up our boy not in the way that is pleasant to yourself, but so as may be useful to him."

"Of course."

"Then you should control your anxiety. Do you think that I was never anxious when I saw my Herbert climbing up the lime trees? But this is of your only fault. You have always given him gentle words; you have always been caressing him and you have made yourself unhappy if he as not returned your endearments or has repelled them."

"But my Edgar is my all——"

"There again this shortsighted selfishness!"

"Oh, brother?"

"Will he be able to fight the battle of life upon the thought that he is your all? Gingerbread is good after dinner and helps digestion, but nothing more destructive to the teeth. Boys require restraint, they must learn to control their wishes, and to fulfil their duties even when they are unpleasant ones. If he is not willing to do this then

speaking seriously to him, and if he will not listen—ask him if he has not received in common with my Herbert many a well deserved box on the ears from me."

"But brother, if I had only known that!"

"Be easy; it has done him no harm. Children know well enough who those are who love them and who dare to punish them. You see he bears us no ill-will; and is very respectful towards my brother, and is particularly considerate to yourself——"

"But you do not require that——"

"Listen; it is I who have taught him that it is his duty to consider you, for you only taught him that he might give the rein to his tempers, and repel your caresses as annoying and tiresome."

Mrs. Thornley could not conceal from herself that there was much truth in these words. She might be thankful that her brother-in-law had, in common with that of his own children, undertaken the most unpleasant part of Edgar's education. She was well content with the result, and she had good reason to be so.

Meanwhile Edgar grew up; he passed through his school and began his career at the university with the intention of studying medicine. His father's hair had, by this time, become thin and grey. He lived in quiet, busied in his philosophic studies, and what leisure time he had he devoted to his family. He spoke more than formerly about death and eternity. But he did not neglect smaller things in these great considerations; he was equally attentive as formerly to his wife, and was a true friend to his son.

With the lady time seemed to stand still; she looked younger than she was, and to her her son remained a child. She treated the man of five-and-twenty with a full-grown beard, exactly as she had ten years before, tied his neckerchief properly when he went out, and warned him to be careful in crossing the streets not to go under the wheels of some carriage, and Edgar was full of expressions of gratitude for those maternal counsels.

The Masonius pair shrugged their shoulders, and should the doctor be present he added:

"And go quietly on your way, and do not stop so often to look into the print shops and the bazaars."

Towards the end of Edgar's term of study a cloud appeared to darken the heaven of this happy quiet life. Mrs. Thornley observed that her son became more silent. What had never been the case before, when he was with her his thoughts were evidently elsewhere, and he gave inappropriate answers to the commonest questions, blushed and was embarrassed, sought out quiet places, and was annoyed and displeased if disturbed.

His mother could not discover the cause of this change; at first she ascribed it to indisposition and asked the opinion of her brother-in-law. It was singular that though Dr. Masonius had a reputation of being brusque and abrupt, his sister-in-law had the strongest confidence in him, though she always came to her husband as soon as she had been furnished with proper materials by Dr. Masonius.

"Do you think that Edgar looks ill, brother?"

"I have not observed it."

"He is so quiet and out of spirits."

The doctor shook his head:

"I have not remarked that."

"Do you not think that he may have grown too fast?"

"Let him have a beefsteak and an egg every morning, that does no harm under any circumstances."

"How perverse you are!" said the lady rather piqued.

"How can I be? I tell you of the means by which you may restore health which has been weakened by rapid growth. And as it can do no harm to the strongest man, you may make use of it without fear."

"But you do not think that that is his case."

"Twelve years ago it might have been possible that he had outgrown his strength, and his singular mode of bringing up might have rendered it more likely."

"And how so?"

"It is a case which is very plain. Just think, sister, of a boy of nine years and very tall, always wrapped in silver paper. He never took a step unobserved. He never ventured into the streets on account of the bad boys and the evil ways he might learn there. From morning till night he was always full dressed; then he either went out for a walk with his governess or cultivated his mind in the newly established Kindergarten, where he built towers with bricks, drew figures, or painted prints. He had no friends; if he went to see anyone his parents were full of anxiety as to what might happen to him; and if anyone came to see him it gave too much trouble for him to be welcome."

"But the school?"

"You know he did not go to school as a child. Why did you have a governess for him? And so his life passed on within a circle of people who idolised him and guarded him from every accident. Poor boy! I do not believe that his skull has ever had a bump raised upon it by a blow. Wonderful self-deceit! And you pity the lad. I know that his food was distasteful, he was pale and worn out at nine years old. But for the freedom he enjoyed when with my children, he would have been an old man in his childhood. You know you were even afraid to give him soup made with meat, because you had heard that it was too nutritious if made in that way. And now you know what is the consequence?"

"What?"

"Consumption. On my word, sister, I could box his parents' ears. And besides a child should never find his time hang heavy on his hands."

"Oh; oh!"

"Yes, sister, a child should never find time tedious, he can amuse himself with an old nail. Perhaps he will scratch the furniture with it, but that a child should desire occupation for his time and not find any is frightful. But be easy; Edgar is not ill from over occupation. He used to be a merry child, and now——"

"Perhaps he dreads the examination?"

"No; that is not the case, nor has he any cause; I know that, for I have often held an argument with him—but——"

"Well, what then?"

"A time comes when men fall in love."

"Oh! that child?"

"Child? A fine kind of child! Pray how old are you?"

"I? Folly? Edgar does not think of such things."

"I can hardly hope that, sister. A young man of his age, who is insensible to that feeling seems to me like a child whose time passes heavily. I will sound him."

"For goodness sake, Masonius, do not make the boy prematurely wise——"

"He is now in the eighth term of his medical studies; but I do not blame you."

The doctor quitted the room and found Mr. Thornley, who was a more intelligent listener, in the garden. He thought such was very likely the case, but he had not the most distant idea when Masonius asked the question, in what manner they could proceed.

When the doctor returned home he found, as it often happened, that his nephew had joined the family circle.

Masonius talked about this and that, but said nothing of his sister-in-law's apprehensions. Then he suddenly began:

"But children, have you heard that Rosenthal, the banker, has decamped, leaving his wife and children in the lurch."

"Father," replied Adele, his daughter, "you are four-and-twenty hours too late. The whole town is now talking, not so much of his escape as of the circumstances that the engagement of his daughter to Sir James Harting is broken off."

"Yes, little one," said Masonius, as he patted his daughter gently on the shoulder, "that interests you more than me. Have you heard anything about the action of sulphuric ether upon the formation of tubercles?"

"No, father," answered Adele, simply.

"You see, my child, that interests me more than it does you; and yet I was informed of what you tell me earlier than you were."

His audience broke out into a hearty laugh.

"Yes," continued Masonius, after the burst of merriment had a little subsided, "there you see another example of one of our modern marriages, wealth the prime object, and inequality of class entirely disregarded. People think they can adapt their sense of morality to the times. But it cannot be."

"But must not the progress of the human mind have an influence upon manners? We cannot always see things from the same point of view as our ancestors," said Edgar.

"In morals there is an outer form as distinguished from an inner one. The outer form may change and many things which at one time and in one place are condemned, may be practised in another without remark. So far, Edgar, you are right. But the outer form has an inward part which can never change, and this inward part is formed by Christianity. In this lies the whole code of honour, of justice, of truth, in fact of all that we call morality, and in regard to which lies the important question whether we are moving to the right or to the left of our teacher."

"To the left, father!" interrupted Adele, "but if the teacher points to the place on the left we take it without hesitation, for the highest respect we can, pay to those above us is to follow their precepts without delay or contradiction."

The doctor felt in his waistcoat pocket in which he was accustomed to keep his small change, and took out a threepenny-piece which he placed in his daughter's hand.

"Very well, my little Adele, very well! as a reward, buy yourself some little thing you want with this."

Again they all laughed excepting Adele, who looked grave.

"But, father, you are making fun of me. I will not have your threepence."

"Silly thing!" observed Herbert, giving her a little push; "three pennies are money."

"Very true," said Adele, clearing up and seizing the coin. "Thank you, father."

It was all cheerfulness in the Masonius family; a hasty word was ever hardly returned; never since childhood had the harsh words of authority been needed.

"Let us return to our morals, uncle," remarked Edgar. "You were explaining——"

"That these first principles must have their root in the teachings of Christianity."

"Father, is it true that doctors are unbelievers?" asked Adele.

"Be easy about that," said Herbert, annoyed. "You may see by our father that this is not true."

"Let her alone," said Masonius. "I am pleased when she asks me about things which she has heard out of doors, and I like her always to come to her mother and me about them."

"Then I may ask you, father?"

"Certainly, my child. Whoever told you that doctors are unbelievers told you an untruth. But knowledge, and particularly natural science, has this danger; that it fascinates the mind, puffs men up, and makes them proud, and at last brings them to believe that there is nothing in the world or above the world but the things they can see and enquire into. A well-known enquirer into natural science once said that he could find no place for Our Lord God in the whole world; just as if God needed a place in order to exist. This pride through which the angels fell causes many men to fall who ought to be our torch-bearers and are yet princes in the kingdom of darkness. But then there have been learned men in all times who by the modest manner in which they have borne the renown of their scientific discoveries, have gained the palm, and who have yet prized their belief in God and in revealed religion above all worldly knowledge. They have lived respected in this faith and have died happy in it. Say this to those who tell you such things. It is not the knowledge acquired by the enquirer, but his pride which places him in opposition to our God; and if those you speak to do not believe you, then send them to me, and I will cure their blindness. Now do you understand me?"

"Yes, father."

(To be continued.)

## SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS TIMES.

[CONTINUED.]



RUSHING down every opponent who had the courage to speak, the king became furious to find that a late member of his council had the conscience to declare against the monarch's assumption of spiritual power. The battle of spiritual freedom—the battle of the Protestants against Mary Tudor, of the Catholics against the despotism of Elizabeth, of the unprincipled and hypocritical Puritans against Charles I., of the Independents against the Presbyterians—began at the moment when Sir Thomas More refused to deny his honest convictions at the command of a cruel and merciless tyrant who styled the multitude as brutes only fit for the "rope," and sent the cultivated genius of the realm to the reeking scaffold to pay the penalty awarded to honesty.

The most disgraceful of the many schemes used to adduce evidence against Sir Thomas More was that of sending Maister Rich to visit him in the Tower. Rich was appointed solicitor-general from the fact that at the English bar—low as it was in morality and honour at that period—there was, perhaps, not another man who would stoop to the same infamy to promote the policy of the king and his council. Fortified by an order of the council, Maister Rich, accompanied by Sir Richard Southwell and Mr. Palmer, went to the Tower for the ostensible purpose of depriving More of the few books with which he had hitherto been permitted to soothe his hours of solitude. While they were packing up the books Rich, under the pretence of "old friendship," fell into conversation with More, and in a familiar and confidential tone, after a compliment to his wisdom and learning, put a case to him.

"Admit," said Rich, "that there were an act of Parliament made that all the realm should take me for king, would not you, Sir Thomas, take me for king?" "Yes, sir," said More, "that I would." Rich became much elated, and put the case further: "Suppose that there was an act of Parliament that all the realm should take me for Pope, would you not then take me for Pope?" "For answer," said Sir Thomas, "to your first case, the Parliament may well meddle with the state of temporal princes; but, to make answer to your other case, suppose the Parliament should make a law that God should not be God, would you then, Maister Rich, say so?" "No, sir," said Rich, "that I would not; for no Parliament could make such a law." Sir Thomas More, now suspecting that some dark plot was at the bottom of this discourse, made no further observation on the questions raised. On his departure Rich took leave of his "old friend," as he styled him, in an apparently kind manner, "assuring him of the regard he entertained for him and hoping that all would end well." \*

On the 7th of May, 1534, Sir Thomas More was arraigned in the Court of King's Bench, but the

\* Lord Campbell's "English Chancellors," vol. i.; Rossin's "Life of Sir Thomas More."

trial was postponed till the 1st of July "to enable the crown to procure further evidence." When the trial was finally arranged Sir Thomas More was compelled to walk from the Tower to Westminster, clothed as a malefactor, before the gaze of a multitude of people. His hair had become gray since he last appeared in public; his face, which, though still cheerful, was pale and emaciated, his bent posture and feeble steps, which he was obliged to support with a staff, showed the rigour of his confinement, and excited the sympathy of the people, instead of impressing them, as was intended, with a dread of the king's vengeance. His presence in the King's Bench as a prisoner for high treason awoke the bright memories of his past career, when in that court, arrayed in the robes of the lord high chancellor of England, he had knelt at the feet of his venerable father, then the chief justice of England, to ask his blessing before he entered his own court to adjudicate as chancellor. Very many of the spectators at the trial had witnessed those scenes between the father and the son, and a bitter feeling of sorrow and of indignation was perceptible in every face. The king's council being well aware that they were engaged in an unpopular prosecution and that public opinion was against them, Cromwell made preparations to crush any movement of the populace. "I know," said he, "how to make the swinish multitude become tame." His ill-favoured and fearless presence struck terror in the people's hearts.\* "After the lapse of three centuries," says Lord Campbell, "during which statesmen, prelates and kings have been unjustly brought to trial in this same court, considering the splendour of More's talents, the greatness of his acquirements, and the innocence of his life, we must still regard his murder as the blackest crime that has ever been perpetrated in England under the forms of law."† Sir Christopher Hale, as attorney-general, conducted the trial, aided by Maister Rich, the solicitor-general. When the frivolous indictment was read Chancellor Audley, addressing the prisoner said: "You see, prisoner, how grievously you have offended the king's highness, yet he is so good and so merciful that if you will lay aside your obstinacy and change your opinions we hope you may obtain pardon."

Sir Thomas More replied:

"Most noble lords, I have great cause to thank you for this your courtesy; but I beseech the Almighty God that I may continue in the mind I am in until my death." The charges against him were substantially reduced to one—namely, "attempting to deprive the king of his title and dignity." This accusation was unsupported by evidence. His alleged treasonable letters to Bishop Fisher were not proved, on the ground that they had been destroyed. Judging from the legal position of the case at this juncture, it was Sir Thomas Audley's duty to direct the jury to return a verdict of not guilty. He, however, called upon

the prisoner for his defence. A dead silence now prevailed; all present held their breath; every eye was fixed upon the victim. Sir Thomas More was beginning by expressing his apprehension "lest, his memory and wit being damaged with his health of body through long confinement, he should not be able properly to meet all the matters alleged against him."

When he found that he was unable to support himself by his staff his judges evinced a touch of humanity by ordering him a chair. When he was seated, after a few preliminary observations he considered the charges against him in their order. "As to the king's marriage," he said, "I confess that I always told his highness my opinion thereof as my conscience pointed out to me, which I neither would nor ought to have concealed. I do not consider it to be high treason to give my opinion on the subject where the king sought that opinion from me as his councillor. I should have basely flattered him if I had not uttered the whole truth unto his highness. As to the letters to Bishop Fisher, the king himself stated the contents of them, and showed that they were free from blame."

On the charge that he had declined to declare his opinion when interrogated respecting the supremacy, he answered "that he could not transgress any law, or incur any crime of treason, by holding his peace; God alone being judge of our secret thoughts."

The attorney-general interposed, with much rudeness of manner saying: "Maister More, although we had not one word or deed to assert against you, yet have we not your silence when you acknowledge the king to be the supreme head of Christ's church on earth, which is an evident sign of a malicious mind in you?" †

Sir Thomas More, however, reminded the crown lawyers of the maxim among canonists and citizens, "*Qui tacet consentire videtur*." As to the last charge, Sir Thomas More argued that the only proof was his saying that "the Statute of Supremacy was a two-edged sword," which was interpreted as his reason for declining to answer, and could not be construed into a positive denial of the king's supremacy. He concluded his defence by solemnly declaring that he had "never spoken a word against the Supremacy Act to any living man." ‡ The jury were of opinion that there was no evidence before them to convict the prisoner of high treason. They hesitated, and seemed for a few minutes to disregard the unmistakable looks and gestures of the judges and the attorney-general. But the suspense was soon removed by the appearance of a new witness in the person of the solicitor-general.

Maister Rice, "having been duly sworn," made a statement as to the "*confidential conversation*" which he had had with the prisoner in the Tower on the removal of the books, when Rich

\* Roper's "Life of Sir Thomas More."

\* "Hang them up! hang them up!" so frequently uttered in a ferocious tone by Henry, was first suggested by Cromwell as a means of striking terror into the populace. Perhaps it was Cromwell who originated the term for the people, which has been so often misused.

† "English Chancellors," vol. i.

† Bribery and fraud in the administration of justice became notorious in those times. Sir Christopher Hale, the attorney-general, who prosecuted Sir Thomas More on the part of the crown, received a grant of a portion of the lands of the Bishop of S. Gregory for his unblushing perversion of law and equity upon the trial of Sir Thomas More.

‡ Lord Campbell's "English Chancellors," vol. ii.

raised a question, as the reader is aware, touching the supremacy law, and asking More's opinion of the statute.

Every honourable man in court—apart from the judges and prosecutors—felt horrified at the conduct of the solicitor-general and the chief commissioners who permitted it. The suppressed murmur, however, subsided when Sir Thomas More rose, throwing aside his staff, and, with renewed vigour of mind and body, commenced his reply to the allegations of Rich: "My lords, if I were a man that did not regard an oath I would not at this time stand here in the way I do before you. If the oath which you have taken, Maister Rich, be true, then I pray I never see God in the face; which I would not say, were it otherwise, to gain the whole world." Having related the conversation with Rich, he continued: "In good faith, Maister Rich, I am more sad for your perjury than for my own peril. Know you that neither I, nor any man else to my knowledge, ever took you to be a man of such credit as either I or any other would vouchsafe to communicate with you on any matter of importance. As you well know, I have been acquainted with your manner of life and conversation for a long time, even from your youth upwards; for we dwelt in the same parish many years, and you were always considered very light in your tongue, a great dicer, a gamester, and not of any commendable or virtuous name in the Temple or elsewhere."\*

Then, addressing Audley and the judges, More said: "Can it, therefore, seem likely to your lordships that in a case of such magnitude I should so unadvisedly overshoot myself as to trust Maister Rich—a man always reputed to be possessed of little truth or honesty?" Sir Thomas More continued his address for some time, and argued his case with all his wonted ability and with the energy of conscious rectitude. He made a deep impression on the spectators, and even Cromwell's carefully selected jury were again bewildered at the turn the trial took. At this juncture Rich felt alarmed, and produced Southwell and Palmer, who accompanied him to the Tower, in order that they might corroborate his statements; but these gentlemen declined giving any evidence, declaring that they did not listen to the "confidential conversation" which passed between Rich and More. If Maister Rich presented a bold and shameless front at this moment, the chancellor was his superior in the strength of unblushing audacity—at once regardless of the honour of the ermine and the truth and equity that should characterize the office of a judge. Sir Thomas Audley, as the lord chancellor of England, charged the jury. After complimenting the crown lawyers on the "ability and impartiality" with which they had conducted the case, he proceeded to dwell on the enormity of the offences charged against the prisoner, the danger to the king's highness and the tranquillity of the kingdom by the course fol-

lowed by the prisoner. He defended the conduct of Maister Rich, stating that he gave his evidence with delicacy and reluctance, and from the most loyal and the most pure motives; that his testimony stood uncontradicted, if not corroborated, as the denial of the prisoner could not, of course, be taken into account; that as the words related by Maister Rich undoubtedly expressed the real sentiments of the prisoner, and were only abiding a necessary inference, there was every probability that they had been spoken. If the jury, therefore, believed what Maister Rich related to them, then the case for the king's highness was established against the prisoner.

The jury retired, and returned into court in twenty minutes, declaring "Sir Thomas More guilty of high treason against his highness the king."

Sir Thomas Audley could not repress his too apparent pleasure at the verdict so recorded, and immediately proceeded to pronounce sentence of death, but was interrupted by Sir Thomas More. "My lords," said he, "when I was a judge it was the custom to ask the prisoner before sentence whether he could give any reason why judgment should not proceed against him."

Sir Thomas Audley became excited and admitted he had made a mistake.

The question was then put. Sir Thomas More, in his reply, denied the power of parliament to pass the statute transferring the headship of the church from the Pope of Rome to the King of England. He took exception to the framing of the indictment and the manner in which the trial was conducted. But the judges were unanimous in their approval of the verdict, and Chancellor Audley pronounced sentence of death, "ordering that, after the head was cut off, the body should be made four quarters of and set over four gates of the city, and the head to be placed upon London Bridge."

Sir Thomas More again addressed the court, and now more freely expressed his opinions on the Supremacy Act. He said that, after having "studied the question for seven years, he could not discover by what possible means, or argument, or law a layman could become the head of the church. It appeared to him quite impossible."

Sir Thomas Audley asked him if he was wiser than all the learned men of Europe.

More replied "that, with very few exceptions, the learned men of Christendom were just of his way of thinking on this great question."

Sir John Fitz-James inquired if the prisoner had any more to add.

After a pause Sir Thomas More proceeded:

"As the blessed apostle S. Paul was present and consenting to the death of the proto-martyr, S. Stephen, keeping their clothes that stoned him to death, and yet they be now twain holy saints in heaven, and there shall continue friends for ever; so I verily trust, and shall therefore heartily pray, that, though your lordships have been on earth my judges to condemnation, yet that we may hereafter meet in heaven merrily together to our everlasting salvation. And now, my lords, I heartily say, 'May God preserve you all, especially my sovereign lord the king, and grant him faithful councillors!'"

\* Sir Richard Rich was descended from a wealthy mercer of London, who built and endowed several almshouses for the poor and gave liberally to Peter's Pence. This worthy man lived about 1440. I refer the reader to vol. ii, p. 373 of the "Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty" for an account of Rich's career down to the moment of his sudden death, when he cried out, "Bring me a confessor," and the next moment expired.



When Sir Thomas More resumed his seat a profound silence ensued, and after a few minutes he rose again, and, looking earnestly round the court, bowed to the judges, commissioners, and bar. He then took his departure for the Tower, with the headsmen walking before him. Near the gates of the old fortress a painful incident occurred. His beloved daughter, Margaret Roper, rushed through the crowd, and, pushing aside the halberd-men, threw herself upon her father's neck and kissed him repeatedly, not able to speak, not able to cry. "And," writes a spectator, "this scene made the hearts of the very halberd-men full of grief; anon she did speak, and the tears rolled down her face when she said, 'Oh, my father! Oh, my father! are you going to leave us? Are they so wicked as to take your life?' The father replied that his daughter should submit to the will of God, and pray for his enemies. She again clasped him in her arms, exclaiming, 'Dear loved father, your blessing again!'" "After this farewell he felt that the bitterness of death was over, and he awaited the execution of his sentence with cheerfulness."

A few words as to Sir Thomas Audley. He held the Great Seal for a period of twelve years, during which, to please the humours of his royal master, he sanctioned, as lord-chancellor, the divorces of that royal master's three wives—the execution of two of them: the judicial murders of Fisher and More, and many others who, animated by their example, preferred death to a violation of conscience and dishonour; the spoliation of the church, and a large division of the plunder amongst those lawyers and needy squires who aided in carrying out the sacrilegious robbery; the recognition of the king as Christ's vicar on earth; the condemnation to the stake of those who denied transubstantiation, and to the scaffold of "all manner of persons" who had the honesty or the courage to reject the royal supremacy. On the passing of the Six Articles Sir Thomas Audley was vehement against the Reformers, and entered into all the king's mystical scruples; he denounced the claims of the pope one day, and those of the reformers next. His conduct to the aged Countess of Salisbury is the most heartless on record. To mention Sir Thomas More even in contrast with such a man as Audley seems unnecessary, and the name of More's less estimable predecessor, Cardinal Wolsey, acquires an added brightness when the moderation of Wolsey's ministry during the earlier years of Henry's reign is compared with the persecuting spirit which prevailed while Sir Thomas Audley presided as chancellor. A close review of Audley's disposition and actions at once condemns him. He was false, treacherous, mean, cowardly, and thoroughly devoid of any honourable principle. He professed friendship for many, and may have sworn such amities; but friendship in him had no real existence. King Henry was not slow in discovering that he had at last, according to his ideas of equity, put "the right man in the right place." It may truthfully be said of Audley that in every infamous action of King Henry he found a second in his lord chancellor.

\* Condensed from Lord Campbell's "English Chancellors," vol. i.; also Foss' "English Judges," vol. v.; Thorndale's "Memorials;" State Papers of Henry's reign.

(To be continued.)

## SHERBORNE;

OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS.

BY EDWARD HENEGE DERING,

Author of the "*Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems*," "*Grey's Court*," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

MORETON, fixing his eyes suddenly on his companion, said:  
"That is one of the Sect—do you know anything of him? He seemed to know you."

"I know *who* he is," said the other. "He is, or at least was, a lawyer, I believe, somewhere in the north of Italy, and he has very wild political ideas. But he is not so bad as he seems, I believe. By the bye, talking of lawyers and business, I quite forgot that I have some business this evening—tiresome business it is for somebody else. Now what is to be done? The fact is, I shall be some time. I almost think you had better stop at the hotel to-night, and come to the barracks to-morrow morning. What do you think?"

"Well," thought Moreton. "After all, I must have gone back there; and I may just as well go by myself. But it looks very odd—this important business all of a sudden, and his never thinking about it till after he had seen that man. I wonder whether he wants to get rid of me; and if so, why?"

"Good-night, then," said his companion. "*À demain.*"

"Stop a moment," said Moreton. "I can wait for you outside while you do your business. I want to smoke a cigar." And he looked at him with square eyes fixedly, that expressed some such British remonstrance as this:

"If you are trying to play the fool with me, you had better say so, and let us understand each other." But he failed to extract that information. The reply being:

"I am afraid it is impossible. It was very stupid of me not to have remembered that engagement before I had brought you so far."

"Oh! as to the distance," said Moreton, making his eyes still squarer—"the distance is nothing. *But!*"

He broke off significantly, and stood significantly still, facing his ambiguous acquaintance. The answer was:

"You see, perhaps I shall be three hours there. I should like to stroll back with you first as far as the hotel, but I see by my watch that I am half an hour later than I said I would be when I made the engagement."

He walked away briskly; but Moreton shouted after him in a voice that brought heads to the nearest window:

"But, I say—you have never told me what barracks I am to go to, and where they are."

The ambiguous young man took a card out of his card-case, wrote a direction on the back, and giving it into Moreton's hand, hurried on, saying again, "*à demain.*" Moreton walked quickly back, soliloquizing thus:

"Here is his card, and here is the direction; and he keeps on saying '*à demain*.' Well! he may have had an engagement, and forgotten it; he may have nothing to do with that half human fiend we met just now. It may be so, but somehow I don't believe that it is. God give me prudence in this matter!" And while instinctively beginning a *memorare*, he reached the hotel.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

THE next morning Moreton woke up suddenly, feeling, as it were, stung by a sharp recollection of his evening's experiences, and of the dilemma in which they had placed him. Thought he:

"Either De Bergerac is, or is not, what I suspect him to be. If he is, I don't see how I am to prove that he is; if he is not, it will be very hard lines on him to bring the matter forward. In either case I shall do no good, and put myself in a false position. 'Therefore,' says human respect, calling itself prudence, 'leave it alone.' But then if he is, I shall have done my duty, whether I succeed or fail in proving it; if he is not I shall equally have done it, if I have sufficient grounds for thinking that he is. It may be a wrong judgment, but it isn't a rash one. Therefore, I ought to act at once. Not quite so fast! There is room for a little distinguishing here. I shall have done my duty whether I succeed or fail in proving it, provided that I take reasonable precaution. But to act at once, without knowing more than I know at present, would not be taking reasonable precautions. Therefore, I ought to wait, and see a little more of him before I do anything about it."

This process of reasoning, and the act of opening his eyes, were co-instantaneous. A little common sense is a wonderful epitomiser of arguments, and a good logician withal.

One more question suggested itself, and occupied about the same length of time in answering as the others, though, like them, it cannot be transcribed so compressed a form. In words it amounted to this:

"I suppose they have an early drill—I wonder when it will be all over. I don't know, and don't now how I can know, so I must take my chance out it."

And, taking his chance accordingly, after having first heard Mass at the nearest church, he dined in the Zouaves before the day was much over.

At the first available moment De Bergerac sought him out with evident pleasure.

"We met at Bramscote," began De Bergerac, "dining himself looked at in a manner suggestive of doubts. 'That's just what he, or the other fellow, said yesterday evening,'" thought Moreton. "Is he the other fellow?"

"How late did they keep up the ball," said De Bergerac. "I had to leave at one o'clock to catch a mail train."

"He is not at all embarrassed, and he says nothing at all about yesterday evening. 'What does it all mean?'" thought Moreton, half inclined to question the evidence of his own senses. "Could I have gone to sleep and dreamed it all?"; I remember going out and coming in, unless

I dreamed that too. I suppose I am all right in my head. I feel cool and collected enough."

And he began to fumble for his pulse, to assure himself that he was not in a fever, De Bergerac, in the meanwhile, looking on with a peaceful countenance but a sad one. Thought Moreton, in the space of a second or two:

"There was a subdued agitation in his countenance and manner yesterday, but not now, and he says nothing about having met me then. And why did he speak French then, and very good English now? And how comes it that he speaks English so well—almost without a foreign accent? I like the look of him to-day. Perhaps, after all, it was only his own private affairs that made him look queer; and, if he knows, by this time, what I heard against my will in Sir Roger's room, it certainly is enough to make any one look queer. Perhaps he had just heard it—just got a letter about it. I hope it is all right, but—I wish I could account for that ill-looking fellow in the cloak staring so hard, and seeming to know all about him."

De Bergerac sustained the beginnings of their conversation, which at first consisted of detached sentences, with varying intervals of silence. Moreton looked at him from time to time with square eyes, but gained no information thereby. At length, after a desultory talk on the news of the hour, De Bergerac said rather suddenly:

"I wish to speak with you alone—now, while I have time to do so—on a matter of serious importance to myself and, perhaps, to others."

He spoke in a deliberate manner, neither hurrying through his words nor dwelling on them overmuch; but he changed colour more than once as he spoke, and his voice trembled. Moreton began to listen actively, with sharpened attention; and into his mind there rushed a torrent of questions beginning with "I wonder." "I wonder whether he is going to tell me that he has been taken in by the Sect, and is afraid to break with them—or to pretend that he has nothing to do with them, and give some reason why that ragamuffin stared at him—or to assure me that Italian freemasons are very honest fellows, calumniated owing to misapprehension on the part of the Pope ill-informed—or to say that he has been cut by the Ardens, and ask if I have heard anything about him."

"In a few hours you or I, or both of us, may be either shot or bayoneted," said De Bergerac.

"Nothing more likely," said Moreton; adding within his own mind, "I have been to Confession and Communion this morning; I may save a better and a more useful man, one whose life is of value to others, and I shall certainly die in the holiest cause that a man can die for."

"Nothing more likely," he repeated, and then relapsed into silence, waiting reservedly to hear more.

"Or be murdered by some of the Sect if Cadorna gets in," said De Bergerac. "He will be followed by a train of them—not to mention the sweepings of the prisons."

"You seem to know a good deal about the Sect," said Moreton.

"I should think I did," was the reply, spoken with decision and emphasis, but with a simplicity

of manner that made Moreton feel half ashamed of having suspected him.

"You have seen something of them—have you?" said he in as careless a tone as he could command.

"Yes, I have," answered De Bergerac. "More than I want to see again."

"I dare say. But was it as bad as what one hears of?"

"I don't know how much you have heard; but have you read 'L'Ebreo di Verona'?"

"Yes, I have, and I believed it on the authority of the writer; yet often it required all my confidence in Father Bresciani's word to make one believe such things possible."

"Well, all I can tell you is, that Father Bresciani has understated his case. Perhaps you will be able to judge for yourself some day. Anyhow, the less you see of them the safer for yourself. But I must say what I wanted to say—now, while there is time; for who can tell, from day to day, what may happen?"

"Very well. And I was just going to ask you a question."

Moreton felt a strong impulse to press the question, which of course was about the man in the cloak; but it occurred to him that it would be better to hear first what De Bergerac had to say, because then (so he more prudently reasoned) he would know better how to proceed.

"What I wanted to say," said De Bergerac, "was this—"

And then he paused, looking for the first time a little embarrassed, while Moreton again squared his eyes at him, for fear of being taken in. The silence was brief, but emphatic. De Bergerac broke it.

"I met you first at Bramscote," he said.

"I wish he would say something about where he met me next, and who it was that we fell in with by the way," thought Moreton, making a gesture of assent.

"Did you hear anything said about me at any time by any one?" said De Bergerac.

"I heard that you were engaged to Miss Winifred Arden," answered Moreton prudentially.

"Yes. But did you hear nothing else—nothing against me?"

Moreton hesitated. "What do I know about this man?" he thought. "And the story was told before me in confidence."

"I see you have heard it," said De Bergerac.

"Have you any objection to tell me what it is?"

"Oh, people are always chattering about somebody's affairs," answered Moreton. "One is always hearing some gossip that goes in at one ear and out at the other."

"I don't think it has gone out at your other ear," said De Bergerac gravely; "and you must excuse me if I persist in the question."

Moreton was favourably impressed by his words and manner, but still hesitated. It was now De Bergerac's turn to look with square eyes.

"May I ask," he said, "why you refuse to do so small an act of charity? Now, just consider what it is you are doing. A lie is told of me in my absence—a lie affecting my character and my happiness: so much I have strong reasons to sus-

pect. However, whatever it is, you heard it, and when I ask you to tell me what you have heard, in order that I may know how to deal with it, you refuse. You consent to the calumny by not giving me a chance of disproving it, when you know that I have no other means of finding it out now, and that my life is not worth a day's purchase to an insurance office."

Moreton started at this idiomatic bit of English. He first remarked to himself parenthetically:

"Perhaps, after all, he will turn out to be an Englishman. I give up attempting to make out who or what he is."

Then in the same kind of parenthesis (for the question as to what he had heard was awaiting its answer all the time) he said:

"Favour my curiosity; I can't help it. But you speak English almost as if you were an Englishman."

"So I am," answered De Bergerac. "But I want an answer to my question."

"In a moment. But how are you English?"

"By being the son of an Englishman."

"But how are you Count de Bergerac?"

"In the female line—from my mother."

"You must have lived in England a great deal."

"I was at——"

Thought Moreton: "Upon my word it is hard on him not to tell him if he is all right; and if he had not seen that fellow in the cloak look at him so, and——"

"I ask you again: what did you hear about me?" said De Bergerac.

"Well, now, what should you do yourself?" answered Moreton. "I don't deny that I heard something about you; but——"

"You had better say '*against* me,'" interrupted De Bergerac, "for that is what it was; I know that."

"Very well—*against* you; so it was. But the thing is, it was told before me in an implicitly confidential manner."

"Nonsense! I don't ask you to say who told it, or who was by when it was told, or where it was told, or when. I ask you *what* it was."

"If it were not for that fellow in the cloak!" thought Moreton.

"Did you promise not to tell me or anyone else what it was?" said De Bergerac.

"No, I didn't promise," answered Moreton, halting between two scruples.

"Did the person who told it know that you heard what was said?"

"I suppose so. He knew I was there."

"And didn't ask you to keep it secret?"

"No."

"In what possible way, then, could it be implied that you were bound to hold your tongue about it, at the expense of charity and fair dealing, when the person who told the story volunteered to do so in your presence, and never asked you not to repeat it?"

"Well, no; it was not implied—of course it was not," said Moreton rather suddenly, after a short pause and a final hesitation. "That was not my reason; it was only an excuse."

\* The name of the college is not legible in the MS.—(Ed.)

"You are a cool sort of fellow," said De Bergerac. "And what is your reason?"

"Was," said Moreton. "I am going now to answer your question, and tell you exactly what I heard about you. But first I must ask you to wait while I—"

"No, I can't wait—really," interrupted De Bergerac. "Tell me the reason afterwards."

"Very well," said Moreton. "What I heard then was this: That you had got money out of an Englishman at Florence—borrowed a hundred pounds and bolted. The man who told this had heard it from a man who told him he had it from the man it happened to."

De Bergerac looked very grave, and said nothing for a while, but showed no signs of agitation or surprise.

"I have been thinking," he said, "or trying to think, how so circumstantial a lie can have arisen, and I can make nothing of it."

"Nor I," said Moreton, feeling another attack of cautiousness come over him, but throwing it off again instantly.

"Unless"—muttered De Bergerac, turning very pale, and adding quickly, "Now for your reason."

"The reason why I was shy of saying much," said Moreton, "was this: The fact was (I may as well say it at once) I took you for — No! not exactly that, but I really did, in a way, suspect you of belonging to the Sect."

"Not a very likely position to find one of them in," said De Bergerac.

"No. But it might be, and therefore—"

"Indeed, it might. They have got into strange places. Well?"

"Why, the fact was, I—you puzzled me last night."

"Puzzled you last night? What can you mean?"

"Yes; yesterday evening, when I was walking with you, and we met that—met that cut-throat looking fellow in a hooded cloak."

"Walking with you yesterday evening? Why haven't seen you since I left Bramscote—till this morning."

"Well, I thought it queer: only it was so like you, and you—that is, he, whoever he is, knew me, came up and spoke to me, and talked of having met me at Bramscote. He didn't seem to know much about the place, by the bye, or the people who were there. And there was another curious thing that struck me as being odd: he was in plain clothes. He said he had just returned from leave."

"I have not been ill, and I have not been on leave since last November, nor out of uniform."

"That I couldn't tell for certain. It made me, of course, to hear of a private going on furlough in plain clothes; but then I remembered that the privates in the Zouaves are different from others, both in class and in motives of service; so that—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted De Bergerac. "It might have been—almost anything might be. I want to know about this man that you met yesterday. Are you sure that he was like?"

(To be continued.)

## WITCHCRAFT & FATHER SPEE.



BELIEF in witchcraft has always prevailed largely in the Christian Church, and in the middle ages it became a monstrous phenomenon, half delusive, half real—a kind of madness in which witches, accusers and judges share alike.

By witchcraft we mean a system in which, in virtue of a contract, explicit or implicit with the Evil One, persons have exercised extraordinary powers. The first ecclesiastical legislation that we hear of on this subject, is when the Council of Paderborn, in the eighth century, condemned to death anyone who should believe a person to be a witch, and should on that account have burned him. This earliest canon on the matter is a condemnation, not of witches but of witch burners, and in the so-called Canon of Ancyra, about A.D. 306, witchcraft is treated rather as a delusion than anything else. The witches are condemned for believing or professing "that they ride by night with Diana, goddess of the Pagans, and a countless number of women, upon certain beasts, and silently and in the dead of night traverse many lands, obeying her commands, and were on certain nights summoned to do her service. There is a decree, too, of the Bishop of Conferans, in the south of France, in the same sense, at the close of the thirteenth century.

Unfortunately for the interests both of humanity and religion, the later mediæval decrees against witchcraft were not framed upon this model. They assumed, as the basis of their estimate of facts, the confessions of the supposed witches, i.e., of persons whose imaginations were in such a state of excitement as to render their statements in the main untrustworthy. The result was an infectious kindling of the popular imagination, known as the most terrible of the mass-maniacs of the Middle Ages, *Hexenwahn* (witch-mania).

This contrast in the character of the legislation of the earlier and later middle ages, is not to be accounted for by the change of belief in the reality of witchcraft in general, whatever might be said of certain of its phenomena. S. Augustine and other fathers express the standard doctrine, which was accepted by such writers as the Venerable Bede in the seventh century, and by Hincmar, the most enlightened of the French bishops in the ninth. Various suggestions have been made by way of accounting for the disastrous growth made by witchcraft between the ninth and sixteenth centuries, such as the affliction of the Black Death, the disturbance arising from religious difficulties, and other circumstances which may have played a part in bringing it about. A Bull of Innocent VIII. endeavoured to bring the trials into the ecclesiastical courts, but the whole movement was more a lay than a clerical one. The laity carried everything before them in the witch-courts, to the grievous prejudice of justice and decency. That the Popes themselves had little to do with initiating these horrors is proved by the circumstance that in central Italy but few were burned for witchcraft, and in Rome itself not one single person.

The persecution was at its height in France at the beginning of the sixteenth century, in Germany nearly a century later. The Archdeacon Remigius in his work on Witchcraft, published early in the sixteenth century, boasts that in Lorraine in fifteen years he had procured the burning of 800 witches; he was himself, however, afterwards burned upon the same charge. At Geneva, when Calvin was supreme, during the three months between February 17th and May 15th, 1545, thirty-five witches were executed.

In this ghastly arena Protestants and Catholics were ardent rivals. In the town of Elwang in Swabia, in the space of two years, 1611-1613, when its spiritual direction had been entrusted by its bishop to the Jesuits, 300 witches were burned, and among them a girl of sixteen, on her own delation; and a young bride on her way to church gave herself up as a witch.

At Würzburg, between the beginning of 1627 and February 1629, 158 witches were burned in twenty-nine burnings. Amongst them we find fourteen curates of the principal church, canons, town-councillors, a chancellor's widow, a doctor of theology, several youths and boys of noble family, a blind maiden, a little girl of nine with her smaller sister, many respectable burghers, Gobel Babelian, the prettiest girl in Würzburg, and a sprightly student who knew many languages and was an excellent musician. In fact every exceptional person was liable to the suspicion of witchcraft; the exceptionally clever, the exceptionally stupid, the exceptionally ugly, the exceptionally pretty.

Neither Catholics nor Protestants, however, failed to furnish protestations against the abuse. The first voice raised on the side of humanity seems to have been that of that wonderful anticipator of good things, Cardinal Nicolas de Cusa, Papal Legate in Germany in 1452. He says that "where men do believe in these witchcrafts, there are found many witches; that they cannot be exterminated by fire and sword for the more diligent is this sort of persecution so much the stronger grows the delusion. The persecution argues," he says, "that the Devil is feared more than God, and though the witches deserve to be utterly extirpated, yet we must act cautiously lest worse come of it."

He says he examined two of the poor women, and found them half crazy. He received them to penitence. He summoned Denys, the Carthusian, from his retreat to be his assistant in the work of gentle reformation. But the light which proved a new dawn of humanity perished with its author.

In the first half of the sixteenth century the reality of witchcraft and the character of the persecution were attacked by the Protestant Ulric Molitor at Constance and Cornelius Agrippa, at Metz. Many books were written on both sides, but to oppose or censure the conduct was a work of the utmost peril. The Jesuit, Adam Touner, Chancellor of the University of Prague, ventured to reflect upon the justice of the procedure and to urge milder measures, and after his death his body was torn from its grave and burned by an infuriated mob as that of a witch-fosterer.

Frederick Spee, Jesuit, social reformer and

national poet, lived at the beginning of the seventeenth century. He is scarcely known in this country although in Germany his name is inseparably connected with the first successful attempt at the suppression of witch-burnings.

Frederick Spee was born in 1591 at Kaiserslautern near Dusseldorf. His father, Peter Spee, was seneschal of the little town. He brought up his son as a staunch Catholic, and sent him at an early age to the Jesuit College at Cologne, where his career was exceptionally brilliant. In 1616 he left Cologne returning in priest's orders as professor of philosophy in 1621.

The year 1647 introduced Spee to the vocation of his life. The Bishop of Würzburg obtained him as confessor to the witch-prison through which numerous victims had, since the preceding year, been passing to a fiery death.

He was here prepared for his future task by years of such experience, as to a man of his sympathetic nature must have been little short of a living death, and at the end of this time it is surprising that the authorities whom he wore out with his ceaseless expostulations and disguised sympathy with their victims, were able to be quit of him. He left his office at the age of 39, with the white hair of premature old age, with a heart on fire with the matchless wrongs which he had been a helpless spectator. Of these wrongs were he gives in several examples his *Cautis Criminalis*. Of the 200 victims, whom, as goal chaplain he had to attend at stake, there was not one, he tells us, of whom he could convince himself, whilst none of whom he was assured, were innocent. One of his experiences was as follows:

A young woman came to him from a neighbouring hamlet in great distress, because people were beginning to accuse her of witchcraft. Her greatest grief was the anxiety lest confessing herself to be a witch, while on the rack, she should find a lie upon her lips, and so peril her soul. Spee consoles her by telling her that a man of God will not reckon against her what she has done in the stress of torture. She goes home comforted, and in due time is racked and burned.

The *Cautis Criminalis* was completed after Spee's dismissal in 1629. It is a collection of closely argued theses in Latin, with interlarded vivid description and expostulation; its speaking is simply tremendous. He paints vivid colours the hopeless tangle of accusation which the poor victim is involved. "Gaia" accused—"is either of bad or good report; the former her reputation gives a presumptive guilt, for vices go in company. If the latter, it is an equivalent presumption against her; witches are wont to cloak themselves under the appearance of virtue. Again, Gaia either fears fear or she does not. If she fears it, it is because she knows what is in store for her; it proves her consciousness of guilt. If she does not fear this is another proof, for witches could make a lying pretence to innocence." She is racked till she becomes her own accuser; she is allowed neither advocate nor liberty of self-defence, and even if she were allowed an advocate she would be found bold enough to defend her; she insists upon her innocence she is remanded



prison, where she may bethink herself seriously she will still be obdurate. She is then brought back and the rack programme is read out to her. If she then confesses she has confessed without a rack." And after such a trial as this Gaia is, without a scruple, hurried to the stake; for whether she confesses or not her fate is death—she must die.

"If Gaia rolls her eyes under torture, it is a proof of guilt; she is seeking her (demon) partner. If her eyes are fixed, 'Look there' they say, 'she has found him, she recognises him!' They proclaim, during her rackings, while she is lying down her pain, or when she swoons, that she laughs and sleeps, that she has attained invulnerability by her charms; that she is so tough that there is nothing for her but to burn her.

"If, as sometimes happens, the accused dies under torture, it is said that the Devil has throttled her, and she is buried by the executioner at the Devil's foot. If she does not die, and fresh evidence is required before she is attached to the stake, she will return to prison and be loaded with heavier fetters, and be left for a whole year in the solitude of her dungeon and its influence on body and soul."

One great abuse against which Father Spee had to contend was the committing persons to the rack only on the rack-extorted evidence of others, and further he attacks the whole system of *inquisition* so far as it is founded on the untrustworthy evidence of the witches themselves. He boldly challenges the judges to show him how a Gaia, however innocent, could possibly escape. The German world of Spee's time had no craft on the brain; its barest suspicion made the boldest tremble, and the fear of it clung like a light to all the higher developments of life.

Father Spee, however, fully recognised the abolition reality of many of the phenomena connected with magic and various degrees of complicity therein on the part of the witches. But he was that the remedy was worse than the disease; it was not a remedy but rather the great propagator of the disease, the seat of which lay mainly in the imagination by the morbid excitement of that faculty; that its method of procedure is characterised throughout by hideous injustice involving a multitude of innocent victims for one guilty. He strove, therefore, to stop the prosecutions, to stop torture and, above all, he endeavoured to restore the poor victims, whether innocent or guilty to the communion of Christianity, whence the character of witchcraft had gone far to remove them.

In the name of humanity, justice, religion and patriotism, Father Spee appealed to his country; and it was not in vain. In Würzburg the executions ceased almost immediately; the Duke of Brunswick followed the example, and before the end of the year 1631, the Imperial Chancery ordered a new edition of the book *Cautis Criminosiis*. Occasional examples of witch-burning lasted on far into the next century, but the tide is really turned. The book was not left unopposed, but no real head was made against its author. Several editions were published, and it was translated from the Latin into German, Dutch and French.

Spee gives an amusing story, for the truth of which he pledges himself.

At a place in Germany, "choke full of ashes from the witch-fires," a certain great prince was entertaining two virtuous and well-informed ecclesiastics. The prince asked one of them what he thought of their practice of accepting ten or twelve affidavits purporting that the witness had met this or that person at the Sabbath, as sufficient to warrant the arrest and racking of the accused. He himself expressed some scruple on the point, seeing that the Devil is such an absolute master of delusion.

The good father answered with the glibness which characterises those "who have been scarcely four feet from their own stove side," that the judge might rest quite satisfied with such a number of affidavits, since it is not possible to suppose that God would allow an innocent person to be so assailed, and that he might proceed to the torture without scruple. The prince demurred, but the priest stuck firmly to his position. "I really feel for you, my father," the prince concluded, "for having thus pronounced your own sentence; for no less than fourteen persons have deposed to you having been with them at the Sabbath, and that you may not think I am joking, you shall presently see the documents." And there stuck my fine fellow looking like a pat of butter in the dog-days.

In November, 1628, Father Spee was sent on a mission to Piena, a Lutheran township which had come into the hands of the Archbishop of Cologne. Here he met with his usual success. Several of the Lutheran clergy were received by him and twenty-three of the neighbouring villages, and subsequently the town itself embraced the Catholic faith.

During this mission he received a severe wound upon the head from an assassin, and lay for eleven weeks at the point of death. After his recovery he was sent by his superiors to the old Abbey of Falkenhagen, where he remained to rest and recruit his strength, and here it was that he wrote the poems which have made Father Spee one of the literary celebrities of his country, but as no fame of literature could satisfy his thirst for missionary work, he looked up and consoled every afflicted person in his thinly populated neighbourhood.

In 1631 Father Spee had to leave his pleasant retreat at Falkenhagen for Cologne, where he worked very hard in the Confessional, and many conversions, both from heresy and ill-life, were due to his efforts. In 1633 he left Cologne for the Jesuits house at Treves.

In the August of that year Treves had been delivered over by its governor to the French, and the Jesuits, who were strong Imperialists, had their schools closed. They were still holding on in a small way, when in 1635 the Government issued a decree for their expulsion; but before this was effected the Imperialists managed to effect an entrance into the town, and a desperate street fight ensued. During this time Father Spee was busy among the combatants, doing important service to friend or foe. As soon as the battle was over, Father Spee hastened to Von Rettburg, the commander, and prevailed upon

him—Heaven knows how, except that Father Spee was not an easy man to refuse—to grant all the prisoners their liberty. There were many wounded of both sides still in hospital, where pestilence added to the difficulty of the situation. Here Father Spee at once established himself as confessor, nurse, physician and general servant, and he met with his reward; they brought him home to die. He died surrounded by his brethren, on August 7, 1635. He lies in the crypt of S. Simeon's Church, at Treves, and his epitaph is simply "Hier liegt Frederick Spee" (Here lies Frederick Spee).

### SIR WILLIAM DALMERE'S ELECTION.

"**D**O you think, then, Mr. Willis, that Sir William Dalmere is likely to gain his election?" asked his friend Mr. Spencer, who as the chief tradesman of the little town of Tarville, and a member of the corporation, was a great man. They were leaving the town hall at the hour when business was over, and took their way across the market-place towards their homes with pleasant thoughts of what the good wife might have provided for their respective dinners. "I am convinced," replied Mr. Willis, "that he will drive his opponent out of the field, for not only our clergyman, but our chief banker, Mr. Westlake, takes a lively interest in his success, and, besides this, he is the avowed favourite of Lady Murray, the wife of the head of our corporation, our very influential neighbour, who has a large acquaintance with the inhabitants of our little town."

"What are we to think?" said the great man, as, according to his custom, he suddenly turned round and faced his companion. "You know the candidates better than I do," continued the father of the town; "I am sorry to say I know them but slightly. Tell me, then, what kind of man Sir William is."

"He is a silent, thoughtful diplomatic kind of person. I made one at a game of whist with him and some of our neighbours yesterday evening at the club. What I heard of him there, was little more than the account of the tricks he had won."

"What!" said his companion as he again faced round; "our club? What party? Impossible! He made an election speech yesterday evening at the 'Sarverwein Hotel,' I am told."

"Then you have been falsely informed," replied his friend shaking his head. "How can I possibly be mistaken when I met him myself at the club? But here our paths diverge. I wish you a good appetite."

"Appetite!" replied his friend absently, for he was deep in thought upon his chances at dinner, and as he crossed the street on his way home he ran against one of his acquaintances, Mr. Farwell, who had just partaken of an appetising glass of bitters.

"Ah, pardon me, dear sir! Anything new?"

"No. What do you think of our new candidate?"

"At present not anything; I know him so little—"

"Ah, then, you were not at the 'White Horse' yesterday evening, when Sir William Dalmere addressed his electors."

"You mean at the 'Sarverwein Hotel.'"

"No, no; at the 'White Horse.'"

"But that is impossible, sir," exclaimed Mr. Spencer, and he moved two steps backwards so quickly that he trod on the foot of his friend's dog, which snapped angrily at his leg. "I was told this morning that he had made a speech at the 'Saverwein'; my colleague, a very safe authority, declared to me ten minutes since that he had played a game at whist with him at the club, while you heard him at the 'White Horse' all on the same evening. Is some wizard abroad in Tarville? Good morning, sir, I must go home and have my dinner and a nap, for all this confusion makes me feel weak and giddy."

And he went on at a quick pace, but came to a sudden stop where the street was torn up to be newly paved.

However, he soon beheld the smoking chimneys of his own hospitable roof, and already he enjoyed the hope of inhaling the odour of a piece of hot roast pork and onion sauce. Thus, we cannot say with Schiller:

Two murderers on the narrow path  
Closed suddenly his way,

for it was only the editor of the Torville "Weekly News," Mr. Marder and his reporter Mr. Smithton, whom he encountered. The latter was gesticulating as he swung some sheets of paper in his hand; and his chief followed him in a helpless manner. As soon as they caught sight of the approaching gentleman they rushed upon him like birds of prey, scattering the dust of the broken up street right and left.

"Throw some light upon this, Mr. Spencer."

"Is it a question of the street-lighting, gentlemen?"

"What? Street lighting! We want to get upon the Dalmere question," cried the editor. "Just consider, sir; I find in our editorial two different reports of speeches made by the candidate, Sir William Dalmere, at meetings held at the same hour yesterday evening at two different places. Look here—the 'Sarverwein Hotel.' Look there—the 'White Horse.' And then there is a third which this unhappy man my reporter, will have he heard on the exchange."

"Will have! Mr. Marder," growled the reporter: "has, has; I must beg to be considered in my right mind. Sir William Dalmere spoke yesterday evening at the exchange. I think my ears are quite large enough for me not to be mistaken."

"You may be quite right," remarked Spencer; "but, gentlemen, if you ask for my decision upon the Dalmere question, I must tell you that I have heard from an authentic source that Sir William Dalmere played a game at whist yesterday evening at the club."

As he said this the great man of Tarville made himself away from the two press-pirates, and made his way with rapid steps, like a horse

animal, through the intricate passages of the torn up street.

We will leave the two literati in a state of the highest astonishment and turn for a while to the hero of our story. Sir William Dalmere, for a while a little known person in the town which he now desired to represent in Parliament, was a clever fellow. Depending upon the influence of certain persons in the town, and his own merits, he had caused a great number of his photographs to be distributed. This idea was original, and brought him a great deal of favour and sympathy. In all small towns there was in Tarville an enthusiastic and voluntary fire brigade for special occasions; Sir William Dalmere had had all the members of it photographed in their fire brigade uniform, with a burning house in the background and mothers wringing their hands. Tarville had a rowing club of fine young men; Sir William sent members of it his own portrait as an oarsman. Sir William belonged to the militia, levied for the defence of his country and many of the principal young men in Tarville imitated his dress and manner. Sir William became a member of the corporation; all persons of consideration and particularly those who had pretty daughters paid him attention. His last photographic venture was a trump which did him good service; he was photographed lying in bed, buried in pillows and covered with a night-cap, in the act of extinguishing a light upon the elegant table by his bedside.

"That will work," said an experienced old man, who knew the nature of most of the inhabitants of Tarville.

And he did not err in his prognostications. Sir William Dalmere became popular by the time it was night, without anyone, except those who had listened to his addresses, knowing more of him than they had learned from the sight of his photograph.

But we must return to our friends of the press. Hardly had Mr. Spencer quitted the editor and reporter, leaving them anew a prey to the winged worm of doubt, when they suddenly observed advancing towards them a man elegantly dressed in black, with well fitting buck-red kid shoes on his hands, and swinging a light black cane.

"Thank heaven!" cried the reporter in a suppressed voice to his chief. "Courage; Here comes our man. Now we shall hear the truth."

"Yes, right! truth!" whispered Marder, and went to meet the approaching gentleman.

They both raised their hats in a courteous manner reaching him and at the same moment looked anxiously:

"Where did you speak yesterday evening, sir, I ask?"

And the most responsible of the two continued:

"You are said to have been seen at four different places."

He laughed in a singular manner as he said: "Ah! was it so! Well, gentlemen, I spoke as a gentleman"—indicating the reporter—"can tell."

"We spoke with each other afterwards," said the reporter, "You see, Mr. Marder," cried the reporter, "the others are deceivers."

"Deceivers is a hard word, sir," said the can-

didate with a cool smile. "Good morning, gentlemen," and he quickly went on his way.

The men of the press felt angry at this treatment, and thought over what more they might have asked, and what more might have been answered.

"I wish, Snuffleton, you would shake up your lazy wits, and bring a little more life into our weekly paper, and tell me, besides, where Sir William Dalmere lives."

"As far as I know, at the 'White Horse.'"

"But I think I have heard that it is at 'Sarverwein's Hotel.'"

"Shall we lay a wager?"

"No; Let us go and ask, ourselves."

The hotel of the "White Horse" stands on the sunny side of the pig market. Our Dalmere hunters had soon reached it. A gentleman dressed in black sat under an old chestnut tree, before the door. On a table near him lay a black cane and a glass half full of sherry. In his red-gloved hand he held a smoking cigar. Could this man be identical with the person who had just now left them so ungraciously? Could he, by some roundabout way—for the two "Weekly News," had taken the shortest to the hotel—have contrived to outstrip them? They looked sharply at him; no two eggs could be more like each other than this Dalmere and the other Dalmere.

"May I ask your name?" said the reporter, mildly.

"My name is Dalmere; if you will, Sir William, but I do not value that," he replied, indifferently.

But now the editor took up the word from his diplomatic reporter, and continued in an exculpatory manner:

"We beg, for the sake of the correctness of our paper, that you will tell us where you made a speech yesterday evening."

"Of course, here; in the hall of the hotel. I know, very well, that I am said to have spoken at the 'Sarverwein Hotel,' and at the Exchange. May be so."

"Do you mean to say," interposed the irrepressible Snuffleton, "that you do not exactly know whether you spoke there or not?"

"Who knows!" replied the candidate, with unshaken calmness, drank the remains of his wine, blew a cloud of smoke from his cigar into the boughs of the chestnut, and with a short "Dinner time, gentlemen," disappeared within the doors of the hotel.

A feeling of horror came over the editor, accustomed, as he was, to fearful occurrences; and even the reporter, who believed so implicitly in his own story, experienced a shudder.

"It seemed to me as if the man, if such he be, limped with one of his feet as he went into the hall," whispered the chief man to his factotum.

"Was there not a smell of brimstone from his cigar?" whispered Snuffleton, and sniffed the air around.

"And those frightful red gloves?"

"And that diabolical smile!"

Art thou, Oh fellow,  
A fugitive from hell?

the editor ventured to quote in a low tone, from his literary reminiscences.

But the reporter took him by the arm and drew him away, for a waiter appeared at the door as if about to ask them their commands.

Meanwhile Mr. Spencer had finished his repast. He had made a good dinner, and was enjoying a short rest on his sofa, in the room behind his shop, when an elegant pony-carriage drew up before his door, and a lady, who seemed to come from one of the landed estates in the neighbourhood, alighted and entered the shop of the father of the town, and man of business.

"Lady Murray!" announced the apprentice, rushing into the back room with hands smelling of red herrings.

The merchant arose from his afternoon's nap to receive his customer. Now he was all sweetness, and showed the wealthy lady black silks, curtains, almond soap and monogram paper, with equal graciousness.

When everything was packed up and paid for at once, the great lady held out her hand, in its pearl grey glove, to the delighted citizen, as she quietly observed as she took leave:

"You will give your vote, my dear sir, to Sir William Dalmere, will you not?"

"Which Sir William Dalmere?" enquired the merchant.

"As far as I know there is but one who bears that name," replied the lady, smiling.

"That is impossible!" cried Mr. Spencer, shaken out of his politeness by the recollection of the occurrences of the morning. Then correcting himself, as a well-bred tradesman, he continued, rubbing his hand:

"I mean to say, good lady, that in our town they have played me the clever little trick of telling me of a whole series of Dalmeres who are candidates." And now he stated all that we already know of this mysterious affair.

First the lady shook incredulously her noble head; then she laughed as only a born De Courcy could laugh, and said:

"Then, good sir, you, and at the same time the whole town of Tarville, must have been victims to some kind of, I know not what, for I give you my word as Lady Murray, that our candidate, Sir William Dalmere, dined with us at Firgrove House yesterday evening."

"Then there are five Dalmeres," cried Mr. Spencer, and forgetting his delicate situation, he struck the counter with great vehemence.

"There must be some extraordinary juggle of persons," replied the lady, still maintaining her finished manner. "Do you know the candidate personally?"

"Oh, yes! Everyone in Tarville knows him. Here," and he felt in his breast pocket and brought out a number of photographs which he placed before the lady. "Here he is as a sportsman, here as a militia officer, and here lying in bed and with the light——"

"Very good, very good," interrupted the lady, hesitating as her colour rose a little. "The portraits leave no doubt as to the identity of the gentleman we name. Then only vote for Sir William Dalmere and all will be right."

Another gracious smile and the lady returned to her carriage.

The good man closed the door of the carriage

with a low bow, and the light vehicle rolled away over the rough pavement of the street.

It is easy to believe what an excitement prevailed in all the circles of citizens on the evening before the election. The Dalmere question engaged the attention of all minds. There were many wagers laid as to which of the speakers who addressed exactly the same eloquent speeches, in exactly the same dress, with exactly the same gestures on the same evening in three different places was the "veritable Jacob." Some people said it must be Drillington, who has the greatest pleasure in playing tricks upon people. Others had different versions of the story. All, however, were unanimous that the candidate, Dalmere, must be chosen, and then the "veritable Jacob" would be discovered and the enigma solved.

On the morning of the decisive day the electors streamed in crowds to the place of the election. The name of Dalmere was pronounced almost unanimously.

When the mayor, with a voice trembling with emotion, gave out the result, the people rushed in three different groups to the three places well known to our readers. All three were empty, that is, there was no longer any Sir William Dalmere living there; the birds had all flown, and murmuring and disappointed the three streams of people returned to their place before the town hall in the market-place.

Then there stepped on to the balcony of that building, amid the exclamations of his electors, the conqueror of the day, clad in spotless black, and with brick-red gloves in his hands, and in a few well chosen words returned his deepest thanks for the confidence placed in him.

He had hardly concluded when a voice—it was that of the reporter Shuffleton—cried in a loud voice:

"But where are the four others?"

"What four others, gentlemen?" he replied with cool courtesy.

"Let us see your brother!" cried the editor.

"I regret that I have not one, and I again return you my thanks. Farewell."

He spoke and disappeared in the interior of the building. The mayor, however, who appeared to have been initiated into the mystery, stepped on to the balcony and besought the people to disperse quietly. We say expressly *appeared* to know, for, in fact, as Sir William had been obliged to make a journey to the capital on the very day of his nomination, it was necessary for him to know the state of the case. Sir William Dalmere, who was the Macæus of all artists, had chosen four actors who were his friends, and greatly resembled him, who were to copy his dress and manner, and undertake to play his part as candidate at four different places in the town of Tarville; and their skill brought to pass what we with our acknowledged truthfulness have related to the reader.

As the happy couple were leaving the church the husband said to the partner of his wedded life, "Marriage must seem a dreadful thing to you; why, you were all of a tremble, and you could hardly hear you say, 'I will.'" "I will have more courage and say it louder next time," said the blushing bride.



THE COUSINS CHATTED UNDER THE OLD TREES.

## Mr. Thornley's Roses.

BY BRUCE MONTGOMERY.

### CHAPTER II.



AND now," said Dr. Masonius, "we will return to morais. Look children; in modern times we have diverged from the morality of Christianity, and the breach

is continually widening. There is an outward appearance of propriety—the *form* of which I just now spoke, and which may be broken; the idea constantly becomes more confirmed that the highest practical wisdom is to divest one's self



secretly of all duties and to live, as far as possible, according to our own pleasure. Here we see that Rosenthal outwardly appeared a good family man, and yet all of a sudden he has acted in as shameful a manner as a man could; he has left his wife and children in the utmost poverty. And Sir James Harting, who ought to have come forward as their protector, appears to me to be the most contemptible of creatures. I am very strong in my judgment upon these so-called love affairs."

As he said this the doctor looked at Edgar, and observed the change in his colour; that he twisted his moustache and looked enquiringly at the pattern of the carpet.

Dr. Masonius seemed unwilling to relinquish his subject. He continued with an occasional glance at Edgar:

"A time comes when the heart of man feels a void, and he loves; and children, when I married your mother—is it not true, Bertha?—we had long known and loved each other."

"It is too long ago for me to remember," said Mrs. Masonius, with a smile.

"Yes, mother," said Adele, "you know only three weeks' since, when I wanted to go to the concert, and Herbert would not take me, you said that the strong must always give way to the weak, and act in a chivalrous manner towards them, and that my father had always acted so towards you, and that it was just the same now as when you were bride and bridegroom, and that all people who loved each other acted so, and that brothers and sisters must love each other. Yes, yes, mother, indeed you said so. If people love each other the stronger must always do what the weaker decides. Now I have often thought that if I should marry——"

She could not finish her sentence, for peals of laughter resounded on all sides.

"Now why do you all laugh?" asked Adele, surprised, "mother really did say that."

"Very well, child, very well," said the doctor, after he had in some degree recovered from his fit of laughter; "you have propounded enough for to-day, keep something for to-morrow, and do not detain me any longer from business. When I think it time for my daughter to marry, and anyone behaves in a way that leads me to suppose he wishes to marry her, I shall believe that he means to ask for her."

Again he looked at his nephew, but this time Edgar did not cast down his eyes but looked innocently at his uncle and nodded slightly, probably without knowing that he had done so.

Dr. Masonius knew enough for the present. He took a cup of coffee and went out to visit some of his heavy patients, as he called those who were dangerously ill. As he passed he saw Mr. Thornley in the garden, and told him that Edgar was indeed in love, but he did not yet know with whom:

"Perhaps he does not know the lady intimately, but in any case he means honourably; and you see, old fellow, there is an end of the business for the present."

Thornley hastened to his wife.

"Just think, Hetty!" he cried, almost out of breath.

"Hetty? Albert do not always call me Hetty. You know that I like to be called Harriet."

"Well then think, Harriet! Edgar is in love!"

"With whom?" asked the lady, quickly.

"That I know not."

"Oh, what a man! You know not," she cried, not without a tone of sarcasm in her voice. "I knew before this that Edgar is in love. You see, dear Albert, when a man is five-and-twenty years old, and has passed his medical studies for eight terms, and is accomplished like our Edgar, of course he falls in love."

"From whom did you acquire your knowledge?"

"Our brother, Masonius, told me."

"Very well. Now tell our brother Masonius that I am already occupied in seeking a suitable match for Edgar."

"Do not do that, Hetty," replied her husband, "if he is in love we can ask him with whom, and if there is nothing to object to in his choice, that will be the most suitable match for him."

"Edgar is not sufficiently experienced to choose and, besides, he is too modest. I wish a higher connection for him than his wishes would rise to."

"But suppose Edgar should dislike your choice?"

"He has always been a dutiful son."

"That has nothing to do with it, Hetty. It is a risk."

The lady made a gesture as if putting this idea aside.

"I think I ought to know my son," she said.

"Look, Hetty; we have passed our silver wedding day and live very happily. You rule the house, and I am not the man to contend against a rule with which I am quite satisfied. You consider me, you provide me with every comfort; I desire that your orders should be obeyed, and I am the most faithful and most grateful of servants."

"But yet Albert you are the master, you are the husband. You are a good husband, an excellent husband."

"Yes, Hetty, I know. But you keep me a little under petticoat government. You consider me rather a simpleton—oh, do not protest; if I did not know that, I should, indeed, be one. But be assured that a man who has visited the Gallas and passed alone through Afghanistan, is no simpleton. Understand that, thanks to your care, I find myself most comfortable in my library and in my garden. Therefore it is that you wield the sceptre—not because I—now we understand each other."

"But, dear husband, what does this mean? Have I failed in any of my duties to you?"

"No, not at all. Continue your rule. I will only add one simple remark; if this boy has a single drop of your blood in his veins, he will not accept the choice you make for him."

"I shall like to try that."

"He will say to you: 'If she pleases you so well, marry her yourself.'"

"I am sure Edgar will never forget what he owes to his mother."

"I hope not. He will choose a very respectful form of expression in which to tell you his mind."

"We shall see. He is just entering the gate. I

will only tell him that I am occupied in providing for his welfare, and you will hear his reply."

"Yes, you can tell me. Meanwhile I can read the paper and need not mix myself up in this affair. But Hetty, Hetty," he continued, holding up his finger in a warning manner, "first let Dr. Masonius understand him. He knows him thoroughly, and can do what he pleases with him."

"But Edgar is my son!"

"Do not risk your authority on a question in which you rather overstep its limits, and thus will provoke the opposition of your son! Wait, at least, till you are informed of the whole matter."

"I know quite enough to be able to seek a suitable match for my son. But silence, I hear him on the steps. It is only a trial, little husband."

Edgar entered, kissed his mother's hand, cordially greeted his father, and was in the best of humours; his parents had never seen him so cheerful during the whole of the vacation, which was now coming to an end; all his sadness had disappeared.

"There is a wonderful change," said Mr. Thornley, and buried himself in his gazette.

No wonder that Edgar looked bright, for much had taken place meanwhile.

When Dr. Masonius left home it was a signal to everyone to return to his work or his occupation. This was not exactly expressed or commanded, but was understood as a thing of course. Herbert, who was studying architecture, went to his drawing board, Adele had some purchases to make for her mother, and Edgar drew on his gloves to return home. As his way for some distance was the same as Adele's, they went forth together. They went on thus for a while. Adele chatted about Sir James Harding, Edgar said nothing, but at very five steps he sighed.

At last Adele grew tired of talking, and as Edgar again sighed she said:

"You are a very tedious companion. My mother says you ought to be polite to me, for what right between brothers and sisters is also right between their children. Now you are walking with me just like a sighing paladin. What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," said Edgar again sighing as he raised his eyes to heaven.

"Nothing!" said Adele jokingly. "Have you no idea of whom my father was speaking?"

"Speaking when?"

"Just now. Father always does that."

"Does what?"

"When he wishes to read anyone a lecture he always wraps up his meaning after that manner; and what he says is felt without pain being given."

Herbert had a love affair of which he said this thing to me——"

"Well?"

"I should be angry."

"Oh! Adele, I fear that applies to me."

"Let us see," said the girl, as she stood still and considered her cousin from head to foot.

Edgar also stood still, the colour mounting to his temples.

"Now what do you stand there for as mute as a

fish. You know what my father said; you must marry."

"Ah, Adele! I would willingly do so but——"

"Is she not willing?"

"She does not know of it; and my father does not know of it, and my mother does not know of it; no one knows of it—I shall go mad if it lasts much longer."

"But my father knows of it."

"Yes, he sees everything. I believe if he looked at me he would know what I ate at dinner to-day, and I do not know that myself."

"Poor man! But how can any one fall in love without knowing with whom?"

"Yes, how can he? I was always amused when I read in romances. 'To see and to love was one.' I then thought myself the romance writer with his power of inventions. But it has come. Love is there; the story may go on. I feel it myself. Yes, I have seen her continually, not only once; I heard her—and loved."

"Then you heard her and loved her?" said Adele, clapping her hands with pleasure. "Oh, how romantic! let us sit down for a while and tell me all about it."

They had come to a place at the side of the river furnished here and there with benches, which invited the tired passenger to rest. The cousins, however, did not avail themselves of the benches provided for the comfort of the wayfarer, preferring the shelter of some tall trees under which they sat down in rustic fashion and chatted as the river flowed peacefully by them.

"Now," said Adele, "satisfy my curiosity, I am burning with impatience."

Who art thou holy wondrous maiden?

What happy land is thine? Tell who

The god-beloved parents are who claim thee?"

"I beg of you, Adele, not to trifle."

"Oh, I am quite in earnest. Can I laugh when I am on the gridiron? Who is she?"

"Oh, I do not know myself," replied Edgar sighing.

"Well," replied Adele surprised, "that is a singular feeling! Then:

There is no fire that burns so hotly

As secret love, when no one knows for whom."

"You are a silly creature, Adele," said Edgar rising, "I might have known that."

"But Edgar, stay a little and tell me the story in a sensible manner. And I will be as reasonable as—as—well, Ulysses."

"Six weeks ago when the vacation had hardly begun, I went early one morning for my usual walk in the garden. Everything was quiet, the sun had hardly risen, the sparrows were twittering, and a gentle breeze agitated the high elms."

"Well."

"Then a window opened in a house opposite and a girl's head appeared. 'She is up early,' I thought, and slid behind the bushes. I did not wish to be disturbed in my meditations. Presently there began—heavens!"

"Began—what?"

"The notes of a pianoforte—a chord—all was quiet and the notes spread through the air around; and then I heard a voice——"

"Did she sing at four o'clock in the morning?"

"And what did she sing? You must not think that it was an air of Rossini's; no, no, she sang quite as if to herself, a singular song, and yet I could hear every word. It was Longfellow's."

"But, Edgar, you should have sung:

Come into the garden, Maud."

"Folly, you little fool!" muttered Edgar angrily, but after a while he continued:

"It was not the words nor the melody to which I listened; it was the voice. Oh, child, you do not know how fascinating that is. I sat upon the bench under the elder bushes and thought of nothing, absolutely nothing; I gave myself up to those tones and let them sink into my soul. Beauty is nothing compared with such sounds. By the end of the first verse my eyes were moist, by the end of the second it was all over with me—I was done for."

"This mode of expression is not very flattering to the lady."

"I do not allude to her, but to myself. I was not any longer able to control myself."

"Well, now, what happened further?"

"Further? oh further! It is fearful; it goes no further. I have sent her flowers anonymously, and there is the whole acquaintance. In a week I shall return to the University, the holidays will be over, and I have not yet got so far as to be able to wish her good morning if I met her in the streets. If she is engaged when I return home, I shall put a bullet through my brain."

"Engaged? To whom?"

"How should I know? Do you think she is likely to remain long disengaged?"

"But what is her name? Where is she? What was she doing in the house opposite to you? You must have learned all this."

"She is alone in the world. Her father died two or three years since, and left nothing behind him—that is my only hope."

"And why so?"

"Because no one is so clever as not to think about money."

"But what does she live upon?"

"She gives lessons in music, translates for a bookseller, and does fine needlework."

"Do not think it amiss, Edgar, but you are a real simpleton."

"Am I? What do you want me to do?"

"Why cannot you go to her with a cigar-case, and say you want some work to be done upon it for your uncle's birthday?"

"What do you think? She would be offended by this, perhaps."

"Then I must decide to take music lessons of her," said Adele, sighing.

"Oh, will you?" cried Edgar, beaming with delight.

"I have already been begging my mother to give me this indulgence, and now I shall use my best endeavours—it is so delightful to play the piano well; but it tires the fingers a little. But what would not one do for you men?"

"Oh, you are the dearest of cousins!" exclaimed Edgar enchanted.

"Yes, and just now you called me a little fool,"

she said rather coldly, "but I will overlook this mistake."

"Do not make up any stories, Adele, but rather call me in return a stupid youth; that is the most terrible name you can give to a student, and I ask nothing more; but Adele——"

"Well you are pardoned," she replied, "but you see, Edgar, a man who lives opposite to a girl he loves, and in six weeks has only got so far as to send her flowers anonymously, has no head. Do not contradict me; I tell you the merest simpleton is wiser than you. But we are losing our time. I shall be in disgrace when I get home. Be cannot you tell me her name?"

"Her name is Amelia Gaskell," replied Edgar.

"Amelia! Oh, I love that name. You know it is Amelia Manners who writes those beautiful tales. But she married, and I am angry with her; but that does not make me dislike her name."

"And why should it?" asked Edgar, who was walking on by Adele's side.

"Well, she has a beautiful story in one of the magazines, and I was sitting reading it when I heard my father ask my mother what I was so much interested in. I heard him but I wanted to know the answer."

"And what did your mother say?"

"It is one of 'Amelia Manners', and her stories can be placed with confidence in the hands of any child. But you know I am not a child. I am seventeen and a half, and shall leave school next Easter. But I want something better than tales."

"You are quite right. I will lend you a book fit for older people, but you must say nothing about it."

"Certainly not. I will read it at night when everyone is asleep."

"That is the best time."

"What is it called?"

"'Preparation for a Happy Death.'"

Adele was silent, and Edgar turned the subject. "Since I have known that you will take music lessons I have altered, and am now able to tell and to talk."

"But mother has not yet given her consent to the music lessons."

"Go to Miss Gaskell at once. I will pay the lessons."

"No, Edgar; I will not go without mother knowing of it. I should be obliged to find a new untruth for every lesson. No; that would indeed make her angry; and with reason. If we cannot persuade her to agree to this we must find some other way. But I will not do anything without the knowledge of my parents. I should be ashamed of myself, and before you and before the world. Oh, Edgar, how could you make such a proposal?"

"Adele, do not make me out so very wicked."

"But, now, tell me more. Her name is Amelia Gaskell. She gains her own living. To what class does she belong?"

"Her father was a doctor; her mother died when she quite young. They did not live here but I have heard in S—. But perhaps my uncle knew her father at the University. He never made anything by his profession. I do not know why."

By this time they had reached Thornley's gate

"Now, I have made a long round that I might accompany you home, and I must make all speed in my return. I will see what I can do for you, Edgar. Be comforted. If I can I will help you, be sure——"

"Look, there she is!"

"Where?"

There was a house in a garden just opposite, and at one of the windows stood a girl who was pouring water from a little can upon some flowers on the window sill, after which she took down a cage with a canary bird. Then she closed the window.

"Edgar! I thought you had more taste. But that is your affair."

(To be continued.)

## SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS TIMES.

[CONTINUED.]



**CHILST** speaking of Audley I cannot resist relating a remark made by that high authority, Sir Henry Spelman, concerning the noted chancellor.

Spelman states that Audley was one of those persons "punished for sacrilege by leaving no male heirs." Audley left an only daughter, who married the Duke of Norfolk, whom Queen Elizabeth put to death for his endeavour to free the royal captive of Tutbury Castle—Mary Stuart. Had Audley lived till the reign of the "gentle Queen Bess," he would have realized a retribution more strange than the fanciful stigma of Sir Henry Spelman, as he would have seen the daughter of *that* queen (Anna Boleyn) upon whose trial he had sat in judgment, and to whose judicial murder he had lent the aid of his talents, sign the death-warrant of his *own beloved daughter's husband*.<sup>\*</sup> Many cases resembling terrible retributive justice occurred in the reign of Elizabeth. The learned and blameless daughters of the Duke of Somerset, the man who struck down Catholicity in the reign of Edward VI., died almost in poverty. The descendants of the leading Puritans of a later period met with an immense reverse of fortune. And one of the last of Oliver Cromwell's family has been described by a writer of the last century as "an old cobbler, eighty years of age at the period of his death in one of the miserable back slums of London." The Cromwell family "all came to grief," and were pursued by strange misfortunes.

To return to the martyr of the Tower. The court party used every effort to induce Sir Thomas More to make a recantation of his opinions on the supremacy law; but, in the words of Audley, he continued obstinate." The warrant was then issued for his execution. Having been informed that the "king was pleased to remit the severe

parts of the sentence, and that he be *merely be-headed*," he expressed a hope that none of his friends might experience the like mercy from his highness the king.

The day before his execution he wrote with a piece of coal (pen and ink being prohibited) a parting letter to his daughter, Margaret Roper, containing farewell blessings to all his children, and even to his domestics. Adverting to their last interview, he says: "I never liked your manner towards me better than when you kissed me last, for I am most pleased when your daughterly love and dear charity have no leisure to look to worldly courtesy."

At an early hour on the morning of Tuesday, July 6th, 1535, the illustrious prisoner received intelligence from Sir Thomas Pope that it was the "king's command that he should die before nine o'clock that morning." He was further requested to "make no speech to the people."

Sir Thomas More expressed his thanks for the "good tidings" and said he should obey the king's command. He begged [one favour—namely, that his daughter Margaret might be present at his funeral; to which Pope replied: "The king is willing that your wife, children, and near friends may be present at your funeral."]

In two hours after this interview with Sir Thomas Pope the procession to the scaffold was formed. In his hand Sir Thomas More carried a red cross, and his looks were raised towards heaven. As he passed along the wife of a wine-merchant pressed through the crowd and offered him a goblet of wine. He gently refused, saying: "Christ at the time of His Passion drank no wine, but vinegar and gall." He was next addressed by Mrs. Rachel Chylde, who rudely demanded some law-papers she had given him to examine into her case when he was chancellor. He replied: "Good Mistress Rachel, in an hour hence his highness the king will rid me of the care I have had of thy papers."

Another woman charged him with having given an unjust judgment against her.

"I mind you well," he answered with much firmness, "and were I again to give sentence in your cause I would not alter a word."

A mob was retained by the Boleyn party to deride and insult Sir Thomas More as he passed along to the scaffold. The conduct of the lower classes on this occasion was, according to Griffin and Thorn-dale, "brutal and disgraceful"; yet there were many edifying exceptions—"wives, children, and maidens stood forth upon the highway waving the cross and other emblems of religion." A citizen of Winchester threw himself at his feet and asked his prayers. "Go," said Sir Thomas, "and pray for me awhile, and when that while is gone I hope to be able to pray for you in heaven."

Having reached the scaffold, a murmur issued from the vast crowd, who were of the better class near the Tower, awaiting the "last farewell." The sight of the late lord chancellor in such a position struck almost all present with horror, for there was an earnest popular opinion of his exalted virtues, his rectitude and amiability. Having knelt in prayer for a short time, Sir Thomas More rose, and, addressing the chief headsman in an

<sup>\*</sup> Roper's "Life of Sir Thomas More."

<sup>1</sup> Audley was raised to the peerage on the occasion of the king's marriage with Jane Seymour. He also received a large portion of the monastic confiscations. The principal service he rendered to the crown was that of arranging the trial and carrying to a successful issue the judicial murder of Anna Boleyn.

air of pleasantry, handed him an angel in gold and said: "Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thy office: my neck is very short; take heed, therefore, that thou strike not awry for saving thy honesty."

Sir Thomas More then briefly addressed the populace, stating that he died a true member of the Church of Rome, and for whose principles he was always willing to offer up his life. He was a loyal and true subject to King Henry and his family. From his heart he forgave his enemies, and died in peace with the world.

When the martyr had laid his head on the block he desired the executioner "to wait till he had removed his beard, for *that* had never offended his highness the king."

A signal was given, and at one blow the head was severed from the body and held up to the gaze of the horror-stricken people. In the course of the day the head was spiked on a pole and placed on London Bridge. The noble daughter subsequently received it, and preserved it as a precious relic during her life, and in her dying hour ordered it to be laid with her in the same grave.

Canon Dixon thus refers to the judicial murder of Sir Thomas More: "So died the noblest layman that *the Church of England has ever had*."

In what sense is the reader to understand the above words? Does Canon Dixon believe that More was a Protestant—a Protestant at a time when Protestantism could obtain no footing in the land? Of all the public men of the time—lay or clerical—More was the undoubted champion of everything in connection with the Papacy. In some further observations upon the execution of More Mr. Dixon says: "*His head was hailed* and then fixed on London Bridge, when the head of Bishop Fisher had been flung into the river." \* I suppose this command came from Lord Cromwell.

When the news of Sir Thomas More's execution reached the king he was playing at "tables" with Queen Anna; he was apparently startled, and, turning his eyes upon her, he is reported to have said, "Thou art the cause of this great and good man's death," and immediately retired to his private room and permitted no one to approach him.† The next day Henry was in a different mood. If he felt any real sorrow or remorse at the recollection of the times when he put his arm round Sir Thomas More's neck in the garden at Chelsea, or was instructed by him on the motion of the heavenly bodies from the housetop, or was amused by his jests and innocent stories at the dinner-table or supper, the feeling was transitory indeed; for he not only placed the head of his "beloved friend" where it must have been conspicuous to his own eye as he passed almost daily from Greenwich to old Whitehall, but gave further evidence of his unforgiving vengeance by expelling the widow and orphans from their residence at Chelsea. The king "did not leave Dame More," writes a contemporary, "a seat to sit upon nor a blanket to cover her, and

the family were reduced to actual destitution; and the king's vengeance threatened any one who might aid the More family with either food or money." Popular feeling was thoroughly debased. The rabble applauded every action of the king which might hand over another victim to the headsman. The middle and upper classes only studied their own interests and personal safety. The clerical party, who in former days were ranged on the side of the oppressed, were now silent spectators of the direst and most heartless tyranny. The bishops were also silent. The invincible courage of Fisher was not to be found in their ranks.

The correspondence of Erasmus diffused a feeling of execration throughout Europe against Henry and his council, and English ambassadors abroad were "looked upon as the agents of an inhuman monster." Amongst Lutherans, as well as "papal and anti-papal Catholics," there was an unanimous denunciation of the "great, learned and most worthy Englishman." \* Charles V. sent for Sir Thomas Smythe, the English ambassador at his court, and addressed him as follows: "Sir Thomas Smythe, we understand that your royal master, the King of England, has put to death his wise and most trustworthy councillor, Sir Thomas More." Sir Thomas Smythe looked abashed and pretended ignorance of what occurred. "Well," continued the emperor, "it is true; and this we will say, that if he had been ours we should sooner have lost the best city in our dominions than so worthy a councillor." †

It seems to have been the delight of Erasmus to introduce men of learning and wit to More. Amongst the learned and witty who visited the happy home at Chelsea were Stephen Gardiner, Edward Fox, and other notable churchmen. Cressacre, the great-grandson of More, has chronicled anecdotes of his rich humour. He never laughed at his own witticisms, which flowed from him naturally and without an effort, but "he spoke them so gravely few could say whether he were in jest or earnest; yet, though he never left his mirth, his heart was ever humble and mortified, and all the while he exercised acts of self-denial which worthy men would have wondered at." Although More had corresponded with Erasmus, he had not yet seen the great scholar, who, with the desire, to give a surprise customary to the time, called upon the chancellor without announcing himself. Sir Thomas More was so delighted with the conversation and learning of his visitor that he exclaimed; "You are either Erasmus or some being of the other world."

Collett informed Erasmus that in More's youth he was the greatest genius he knew of in England. Another contemporary states that he had many personal peculiarities. "He had a habit of walking with his right shoulder higher than his left, from no known motive but a desire to be singular." Cranmer's opinion of him was hostile. He thought Sir Thomas More "somewhat too conceited and desirous of esteem; that he would never vary from what he had once expressed.

\* "History of the Church of England from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction," by R. W. Dixon, M.A., vol. i, p. 295.

† Lord Herbert's "Life of Henry VIII.," Campbell's "English Chancellors," vol. i.

\* "Reports from the English Ambassadors abroad as to Public Opinion concerning Master More's Execution.

† "Memoirs of Charles V.," Despatches of Sir Thomas Smythe.



whether wrong or right, because he thought a change of opinion would lessen his reputation." Lord Cromwell had a great admiration of More. When More refused to take the supremacy oath it was reported that Cromwell "wished his only son had lost his head rather than Sir Thomas More should have refused the oath." \* One of More's most endearing qualities was his warm friendship to those whom he selected for his intimacy; he was formed by nature for social attachments. Reginald Pole declared in after-life that he was prouder of the friendship of More and Fisher than that of all the great princes of Europe together. Cranvild states that he "would not exchange the acquaintance and sweet conversation and friendship of More for the wealth of Cæsus." On another occasion the witty chancellor told Cranvild that his "love and courtesy shook away sorrow from him. And," he added, "I know no other remedy for the shortness of my friend's letters but to read them again and again." "I know," says Erasmus, "my dear Sir Thomas, that your delight is to be rich in faithful friends, and that in this you reckon to consist your greatest earthly happiness. For the delight which other men take in dice, chess, cards, music, and hunting is less than what you find in intercourse with a learned and congenial companion. And so, though I know you are well stored with this kind of riches, yet because I know a covetous man can never have enough, and that this manner of dealing of mine has before now changed luckily both to you and to me, I deliver to your keeping one friend more, whom I would have you accept with your whole heart. As soon as you know him I look to be thanked by you both, as I was by Cranvild, who now so possesses your love that I am well-nigh envious of him."

In writing to Peter Giles, of Antwerp, More describes his various occupations:

"Whilst in pleading, in hearing or deciding causes, or composing disputes as an arbitrator, in waiting on some men about business and on others out of respect, the greater part of the day is spent on other men's affairs, the remainder of it must be given to my family at home, so that I can reserve no part of it to myself—that is, to study. I must gossip with my wife, and chat with my children, and find something to say to my servants; for all things I reckon a part of my business, unless I were to become a stranger in my own house; for with whomsoever either nature or choice has engaged a man in any relation of life, he must endeavour to make himself as acceptable as he can. In such occupations days, months, and years slip along; and what time, think you, is left for writing?—without saying anything of what is wasted in sleep and meals, which consume nearly half our lives."

\* Froude's "History of England," vol. ii.

(To be continued.)

THE three wonders of the world at present are: How fluff accumulates in the vest pockets, where the pins go to, and why, when a man comes out of a bar he looks one way and goes the other.

## TURNING THE POINTS.

A RAILWAY PORTER'S STORY, TOLD TO HIS VICAR.

BY R. O.



BOB SCRATCHERTY was a parishioner of mine, and a strange specimen of a parishioner for any clergyman to own.

He was a rugged, grizzly man of about fifty, with shaggy hair, sound heart and a wooden leg.

His attendance at church was almost as irregular as his features, and when he did come his conduct was so strange that he quite alarmed me. So much so, that on one occasion, a bitter winter morning, I upset the glass of icy cold water which stood on the pulpit ledge, right on to the perfectly bald head of the clerk underneath.

That clerk never forgave me, but suspected me of Ritualistic leanings for the rest of his life.

This is a brief description of Bob Scratcherty's eccentricity on the occasion I speak of, and it will serve as a fair sample. He made his appearance, with what turned out to be in his opinion a walking-stick, but which I took to be, first, an Indian club, and then a new leg for the Vestry table. What with this weapon and his wooden leg, he made, as he tramped the aisle, a noise compared with which the clang of the wooden shoon was nowhere. After slowly lowering himself into a seat, he glared suspiciously round. Before long he dropped into a doze, but only for about five minutes, when he awoke with a start, and made a savage lunge all round with the Indian club. This three-fold performance of dozing, waking, and lungeing he kept up all the time I was preaching. I found the explanation of his uneasiness was traced back to the circumstance that upon one occasion some mischievous boys took advantage of an unusually refreshing sleep in which he was engaging during the sermon, to unscrew and secrete his wooden leg, extorting heavy black mail for its ransom.

Bob Scratcherty could not write, and when he got his census paper one year, he asked me to fill it up for him. I called out the heading of each column, and then wrote down his answer. "Religion?" I called, and was then preparing to return him as a member of the orthodox Church, when to my amazement he repeated thoughtfully: "Religion—religion, is it?—wait a bit, sir, wait a bit."

Willingly falling into his sober humour, in the hope of a good exhibition of "character," I laid down my pen.

"Yes," I said, "Religion—what shall I put down as your religion?"

Bob Scratcherty fell into serious reflection, and—a habit he had when thinking out any abstruse idea—tenderly scratched his wooden member. mean his leg, not his head.

Then slowly he said, "My religion is this, sir, an' please put it down—*turnin' the points for the Down Express!*"

"What?" I cried.

"*Turnin' the points for the down Express,*" he repeated. "Please write it down, sir."

This, however, I positively refused to do without an explanation. This explanation is the little tale I am going to tell you, as nearly as possible in the words of the gentleman whose religion was—TURNING THE POINTS FOR THE DOWN EXPRESS.

The fact is, sir, I never knowed much about religion. My father were a perfessional drunkard; at least, I never see 'im do nothink else but drink. His nose, for size an' color, would ha' took the prize at any show. My mother were naterally a religious woman, but a touch of father's complaint, an' the cares an' worrits of a apple stall in Leadinghall Street, perwented of 'er from a follerin' of it up, like. So, between the two, I were not properly instructed. I ain't sure as I was ever baptized, but I can answer to bein' vaccinated. When I was a warmint of about ten, father dropped into a beerygrave, 'is last dyin' wordsbein' stool chucked at me an' mother. The doctor said 'e 'ad the deliriums tremums. I don't know about that, but I know 'e 'ad a parish funeral. The sale of Hingerlish cholera in the shape of sour apples were not brisk enough, mother said, for to bury 'im at Westminster Habby. Mother ruined 'erself soon arterwards by a 'eavy spekelation in windfalls, an' 'inted I'd better 'ook it, an' set the Thamas a-fire by myself. An' as she follered up the 'int by a-turnin' of me out, I thought I'd better take both the 'int an' my 'ook. So I took em.

I didn't set the Thamas a-fire, but I 'awked vegetables. I 'ad a pardner wot started the business with me. He stole the vegetables: and I got the barrer lent me for nothin' without arstin.' I didn't see the owner w'en I called for it—an' I were never passin' that way arterwards for to give 'im a call.

Well, sir, 'tis only a short story I've got to tell yer, an' I'm getting well into it arter my own style.

I 'ad all sorts of hups an' downs, fust a-tryin' one thing an' then another. I 'ad hups an' downs, as I said, but there was more downs than hups. I 'ave 'eered as 'ow every mountain 'as its walley, an' every walley its mountain, but my life were more walleys than mountaneous.

But at last a reg'lar 'igh old mountain of a hup come in my way. I got a berth as a sort of hodd man at the Jumble Junction of the Great Manglem Railway. My dooties was to do anythink that wasn't good enough like for a porter. I were a good deal jumped on by the other gentl'men at the junction, partickler by the reg'lar porters, but I were allowed some privileges, includin' ringin' a big bell, an' 'ollerin' out the name of the station, an' sometimes taking a message up to Bill Reynolds in the big signal box outside the Junction.

He were a rum chap, Bill Reynolds—a reg'lar right-down genuyne roarin' Methodist. None of yer cantin' kind, but one of the right sort, sir, as meant all he said.

I told yer just now as I didn't know much about religion, but I always thought there were something in it, an' soon as I knowed Bill Reynolds well I knowed there was something in it.

One cold Saturday afternoon, close on Christ-

mas, w'en traffic was gettin' very 'eavy, I got sent up to Bill's box with a message from the station-master. I 'ad been at Jumble Junction then four or five months, an' me an' Bill Reynolds knowed each other well, an' used often for to 'ave a chat together.

"There's a meetin' to morrow," says Bill, "wilt go, lad? 'Twill do thee good."

"Are you goin', Bill?" I says. "Nay, lad," says Bill, shakin' 'is 'ead, "'ere in this box, all day long, I must praise God by a-doin' my duty. But thou canst go, for 'tis a short day w' the—an' maybe thou wilt hear that which will do thy soul good," 'e says again.

Mister, I shall never forget that Sunday long as I live.

'Twas my short Sunday, as Bill 'ad said; an' w'en the evernin' come I cleaned myself up as I went down to the meetin', as I promised Bill Reynolds. I felt very shy, an' sort of on the wrong metals; but I caught 'old of one o' Bill's pals, an' I says, "Mate," says I, "Just shunt me into a sidin', will yer, where I shall be out o' the way?"—an' I gets a nice quiet seat in a corner. 'Twas almost the first sermon I ever 'eerd, and I've never forgot it. The text was the words, "Wot give His life a ransom for many."

'Twas very late w'en the meetin' broke up, but them words, an' the wonderful tale the preacher told us about 'em, seemed to burn in my 'eart, an' I kep' sayin' 'em over and over again as I walked 'ome.

"Give His life a ransom for many!"

The night was bitter, cruel cold. The snow 'ad been fallin', an' there it all lay over the great wide fields, all white an' shinin' an' beautiful in the moonlight. I thought I'd go down to the station an' 'ave a chat with Bill Reynolds, p'rhaps, w'en 'e come off dooty.

The words kep' ringin' in my ears as I walked on; "Give His life as a ransom for many!" Just as I got to the station, I see a 'eavy goods train, long an' loaded, steam thro', slow, on the down metals. She was bound north-west, an' would turn off at a junction about three mile down the line. A minute passed.

Then the Church clock struck the hour.

Twelve!

Twelve o'clock. The down express from London due. Overdue three minutes.

I raise my eyes to Bill's box.

The signal stands "Line clear!"

But the down express? Has she passed?

God! Good God! There—there—at sixty miles an hour—'er lamps like great glarin' eyes—Good God! she's comin'!—Comin'—the goods train befor 'er—she'll catch 'em where the line curves round. The sidin'—God 'elp me—the sidin'!

A wild spring over the railin'—on the line—my 'and on the lever, flashin' the red light beside it, an' *turnin' the points!*

I don't remember no more till I woke in the 'ospital. Then they told me wot I'd done. Just in time, I'd turned the points—just in time to run the down express on to a long, clear sidin' where she soon pulled up, an' not a life were lost, nor a limb broke. They found me lyin' in the snow, an' took me for dead, for the engine 'ad caught me some'ow (though I managed to hold on till the

train 'ad passed), an' my leg was wounded an' 'elpless. An' I lay, white an' bleedin', but muterin' somethink they didn't understand about the meetin', an' about Him wot gave His life to save many. Bill Reynolds, sir? He 'ad been on dooty for eighteen hours without a break—eighteen hours in the bitter cold—eighteen hours with weary body an' achin' brain.

An' they found 'im dead, sir—dead in his box—dead at his post of dooty, with the signal up, "Line clear!"

Poor old Bill Reynolds! while he stood up there in 'is cold, icy box, a signal went up for 'im,—"Line clear!"—an' Bill passed right through to the terminus.

That's 'ow I lost my leg, sir; an' that's why I says put down my religion, "Turnin' the points for the Down Express"—'cos I ain't done nothing in the way of religion, 'ceptin' savin' the lives of them people in the Down Express by a-shuntin' of it on to a sidin'.

But I ain't quite sure that there were not more religion in me w'en I done that than in them rich Directors of the Great Mangleman Railway as allowed poor Bill Reynolds, all numbed an' cold, to work eighteen hours at a stretch. Poor old Bill Reynolds, as were found dead!

## THE LAND OF TIN.

**F**OR upwards of twenty centuries the peninsula of Cornwall, the southmost county in the British Isles, has been supplying the world with tin. Notwithstanding this continued drain upon its resources, it is at present annually producing over ten thousand tons of tin-ore, which is very considerably more than the produce of all the rest of the globe; the only other localities in which this metal has been found in any quantities being the Islands of the Eastern Archipelago, and Saxony, and Spain. This fact evidences how vast must have been the first deposit of tin in its rocks.

In the days of Solomon, the ships of Tyre discovered the "far islands of the West," and the daring merchants of Asia furnished the Assyrians with British tin, to form those bronze vessels and ornaments which the researches of Rawlinson and Layard have brought to light in the midst of the vast and desolate plains of Assyria, after the lapse of so many ages, and which serve to illustrate the state of art-manufacture of the magnificent monarch, Sardanapalus, who, as we have been told in the "Bentley Ballads," was

Nineveh's king,  
And if all be quite true that the chroniclers sing,  
Loved his jug and his glass,  
And was given, alas!  
Not only to bigamy,  
Nor even to trigamy,

But (we shudder to think on't,) to rankest polygamy.

We still find marks of the subterranean explorations of the Phœnician miners, or "old

men," as they are locally termed, as well as of their smelting works, and to them, also, it is more than probable may be ascribed the erection of those stone circles and pillars so frequent in the peninsula. Some zealous antiquarians assert that Cornwall never came under the dominion of the Romans. If such were the case, however, it would be difficult to account for the indubitable "levels" or "galleries," of the Roman miners found in the county, and which, even in their ruins, display no inconsiderable engineering skill. There is, in our opinion, very little doubt that the Romans were well acquainted with the vast store of mineral treasure that exists in Cornwall; and that they not alone conquered and possessed it, in common with the rest of Britain, but sought its buried treasures with that indefatigable industry which was the secret of their empire's strength. The Saxons were less successful, not having been able to subdue the Cornish men until three hundred years had elapsed from the first landing of Hengist and Horsa. Many of their camps and earthworks are still discernible. This almost isolated district was made a kingdom in 446, A.D. by Vortigern. The West Saxon monarchs conquered it in 650, and in the course of the ninth and tenth centuries, it was overrun by the Saxons and Danes. For many years, until the abdication of Cadwaladr, the Britons of Cornwall and Wales acknowledged a common sovereign. The former was erected into a Duchy by Edward III., in the year 1329, when its extensive stannaries or mines, (so called from the Latin word *stannum*, tin,) together with those of Devon, were granted to the Black Prince, who, with the succeeding Princes of Wales, drew immense revenues from the county. The dukedom is still held by the Prince of Wales, who has an exchequer court and a revenue of £30,000 from land, and appoints the sheriffs. Formerly, for the general regulation of the stannaries, representative assemblies of the miners were summoned, both in Devon and Cornwall. These were termed "parliaments" or "convocations of tanners," and were convened by the Lord Warden of the stannaries, in virtue of a writ issued by the Duke of Cornwall, or by the king, when there was no duke, authorising and requiring him to do so. The last convocation was held in 1752.

The name Cornwall appears to be derived from the Celtic *cornubia*, signifying a horn, which is not inapplicable to the form of the country, and the Saxon *wealas*, a title given to the Britons. Its area, exclusive of the Scilly Isles, is 1365 square miles, about seven-eighths of which are arable, meadow, or pasture. The surface is irregular. A ridge of bleak, rugged granite rocks, rising to the height of from 800 to 1368 feet, traverses the centre of the peninsula, from which the country slopes, and the streams flow on each side. Some of the hill valleys on the southern side are charmingly picturesque, while the "combes" or short valleys, which run towards the sea on the north-western side, are very remarkable. The river Tamar, which rises in the north-eastern angle of the peninsula, and after a course of fifty-nine miles along the eastern border, falls into the roadstead of Plymouth Sound, forms the boundary between Cornwall and Plymouth. In every other direction the sea alone is the limit of the county.

By tracing the coast line, we shall touch at a great number of interesting spots, as well as be enabled to note the chief geographical features of the county, which returns two members to Parliament, and, according to the census has a population of 355,558.

There is, perhaps, no portion of the sea-board of the British Isles on which the Atlantic breaks with greater force than on the north-western coast of Cornwall, between Morwenstow and Tintagel Head, nor is there any other part of the peninsula which abounds in wilder or more picturesque scenery. The towering cliffs are everywhere broken and worn into a hundred fantastic forms, representing turrets, columns, and castles, rising far out to sea. There are two shallow bays, Bude and Widemouth, useless from accumulations of sand, and then come the prominent headlands, Dazard Castle, Penkender and Carnbeak Points. Bude Bay derives its name from the village connected by canal with Launceston; the latter place connected with Exeter by a railway renders the north of Cornwall more accessible. The well-known "Bude Light" was named by the inventor, Mr Gurney, from this village, where he resides. In the immediate vicinity of this spot was the ancient mansion of Stowe, for six hundred years the residence of the Cornish Grenvilles, a family of much renown and influence. It was at Stowe that, during the Parliamentary Wars, the intrigues with General Monk for the restoration of Charles II. were mainly carried on. About the beginning of the last century this splendid edifice was pulled down, and even more stately Stowe, in Buckinghamshire, partly constructed with the materials. Passing the gloomy harbour of Boscastle, where may be seen a rare phenomenon, known as the "blowing hole," which is caused by the water being sucked into a fissure in a rock, outside the harbour, and ejected again in a steam-like jet of spray, and into which it is locally affirmed, a young lady bathing in the harbour, some years since, was drawn as into a whirlpool, and never afterwards heard of, we reach the "silent tower of Botreaux," to which is attached one of the most poetical of the innumerable wild legends of Cornwall. It is to the effect, that "once upon a time" a jealousy existed between Botreaux and Tintagel, on account of the beautiful peal of bells belonging to the church of the latter, while the former possessed none, and the chimes of which would be tantalizingly wafted up the coast on the calm summer evenings. The inhabitants of Botreaux soon raised a sum of money to provide a peal for their church, and the day at length arrived when the vessel containing them hove in sight. As she drew near the shore, the sweet chimes of the Tintagel bells were borne across the blue waters, and the pilot, who was a Tintagel man, reverently uncovering his head, exclaimed: "Thank God I hear those bells once more! With His blessing we shall set foot on shore this evening." "Thank God upon land, you fool!" interrupted the captain, "on sea thank the seaman's skill, the good ship, and the prosperous wind." Scarcely had the scoffing words been uttered, than a terrible storm arose, the vessel was dashed to pieces on the dark rocks, and of all the souls on board, the grateful pilot alone was spared to tell the tale, while:

Still when the storm of Botreaux' waves  
Is raging in his woody caves,  
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,  
Peal their deep notes beneath the tide!  
"Come to thy God in time!"  
Thus saith the ocean-chime—  
"Storm, billow, whirlwind past,  
Come to thy God at last!"

Proceeding onwards along the "thundering shores of Bude and Boss," we reach the towering precipice of Tintagel Head, crowned with the venerable ruins of the castle reported to have been the birthplace of King Arthur. Judging from the existing remains of the fortress, it was unquestionably of Roman erection; but, although its history is enveloped in impenetrable obscurity, it is not improbable that the early Britons had here some rude fort before the invasion of the Romans. The site of the castle occupied a considerable space partly on the mainland, and partly on what is called the island, a portion of the promontory almost completely insulated by the action of the waves, and the only access to which is now by a narrow path over the dangerous cliffs on the western side, where the least slip of the foot would be certain to be attended by fatal results. After the Norman conquest, Tintagel Castle became the occasional residences of several of the English princes, and here the celebrated "King of the Romans"—as Richard, Earl of Cornwall was called—entertained his nephew, David, Prince of Wales, when in rebellion against the king in 1245. In "Doomsday Book" Tintagel is mentioned as "Duchino," or "Chain Castle." It appears to have been kept in tolerable repair, and to have been occasionally used as a prison, until the reign of Elizabeth, when it was allowed to fall into ruins, which are the property of the duchy. From this interesting locality the coast takes a bold sweep to Paddar Bay, an excellent harbour, and the town of which is very romantically situated. Trevoze and Towas Heads are very prominent cliffs, and a few miles south of the latter point, at Perran Porth, near Perranzabuloe, are the singularly interesting ruins of the buried church of S. Piran, which were discovered in 1835, having been inhumed by the treacherous sands for several hundred years. According to tradition it was erected by S. Piran, a disciple of S. Patrick, who in his zeal to convert the fierce inhabitants of this part of Britain, established a church on their inhospitable shore. His reputation for sanctity was so great, that the environs of the church became a favourite burial-place; and when the ruins were being exhumed, an immense accumulation of skeletons, regularly arranged was discovered. In the course of time this building was overwhelmed, and another church erected further inland, which however met the same fate, and so late as 1803, a third church was built still farther from the shore. In the vicinity are the remains of an amphitheatre, of uncertain date, 130 feet in diameter, and capable of accommodating 2,000 persons. About three miles from Perranzabuloe, near the coast, is the little village of S. Agnes, interesting as having been the birthplace of Hoppy, the carpenter-artist, whose sketches first attracted the attention of the celebrated Dr. Walcott ("Peter Pindar").

The young genius was carefully educated for a painter, and under the assumed name of Opie, was one of the most popular portrait painters half a century ago, although he never lost his rusticity of manner. His wife, Amelia Opie, attained much reputation as the authoress of some agreeable tales and verses.

At the north-western extremity of the pretty Bay of S. Ives is situated the pleasant and busy town of the same name. It is a place of considerable antiquity, and, like S. Piran, is supposed to be of Irish foundation. Notwithstanding the dangerous character of the adjacent coast, it is the principal station of the pilchard fishery, the whole occupation during the summer months of the seafaring population of the Cornish seaboard. As many as 40,000 hogshheads of pilchards have been salted and packed here in one year, the value of which was no less than £80,000, Italy and Spain being the chief consumers. The Spaniards call these fish "fumados," of which, perhaps, the local name, "fair maids," of Cornwall, is a corruption. Near this part of the coast is the town of Redruth, the centre of an important mining district, and the name of which is said to be derived from "Dre-druth," that is to say, the "Druids' town." Be this as it may, crom-leacs, circles, and other mementoes of the Druidical carnegreedy are still visible in the vicinity. The richest and most profitable tin mines in Cornwall are in this parish, and vast as has been their yields, they appear to increase in wealth the more they are developed, in addition to which, it may be added, they are comparatively inexpensive to work.

The bold promontory of the Land's End is, as its name implies, the westmost part of England. Its immediate neighbourhood is, probably, of the entire peninsula, richest in antiquarian remains. Amongst these is the celebrated "Logan" or "Logging" Stone, on the point of land where the ancient castle of Treveen formerly stood. It is a popular error to suppose that this is one of those mistermmed

#### Rocks of the Druid race.

Which a single touch in the world sets moving.  
But all earth's power can't stir from their base.

The foundations of this part of the coast consist of a stupendous group of granite rocks, which are worn by the weather into the forms of prismatic, cubical, or spheroidal blocks. The surface of the "Logan" in contact with the under work is of very small extent, and the whole mass is on such accurate poise that, despite its weight of nearly sixty-six tons, the gentlest push applied to its under edge will cause it to very perceptibly oscillate. In the year 1824 it was, in the course of a frolic, thrown off its balance by Lieutenant Goldsmith, an officer of the navy, and nephew of the immortal Oliver, and some sailors, who were afterwards ordered by the Admiralty to replace it, a task which they achieved at the expenditure of much time, and the wear and tear of no end of tackle. Such stones are, without doubt, whether we meet with them in Cornwall or in Ireland, identical with the *Babylia* or "animated stones" of the Phenicians, alluded to by Sanchoniathon. The employment of these natural phenomena to

the purposes of Druidical superstition has been thus poetically referred to :

#### Behold yon huge

And unknown sphere of living adamant,  
Which, poised by magic, rests its central weight  
On yonder pointed rock ; firm as it seems,  
Such is its strange and virtuous property,  
It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch  
Of him whose heart is pure ; but to a traitor,  
Though e'en a giant's prowess nerved his arm,  
It stands as fixed as Snowdon.

Not far from the "Logan Stone" are situate the Botallack and Levant mines. The workings of these extend considerably under the waves of the Atlantic, the miners pursuing their labours at the distance of half a mile from the shore. To aid their tasks gigantic steam-engines, with cylinders 100 inches in diameter, are employed in pumping water from these vast depths. Winding-engines, which are masterpieces of mechanical skill, are ever at work, raising the minerals from each dark abyss, and "man-engines," so termed because they bring the wearied miners to the light of day, saving them the toil and danger attendant upon ascending perpendicular and rickety ladders, have been introduced in some of these mines. Twenty-four miles off the Land's End, and to its south-west, are the Scilly Isles, a group about thirty miles in circumference, and comprising more than one hundred and forty islands. Only six are inhabited—S. Mary's, the largest of the group, on which stands the fortified town of S. Hugh, the capital ; Tresco, S. Martin's, S. Agnes', Sampson, and Bryer. Together with Cornwall, the Scilly Isles were the Cassiterides, or tin islands, of the Phenicians and Greeks ; the Romans used them as a place of banishment for political offenders. They were held by Sir John Granville for Charles I., during the Parliamentary wars, and no less a distinguished personage than Blake, "Admiral and General at Sea," was employed in 1651 to dislodge the Royalists. In 1707 the flag-ship of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and several other vessels, were wrecked on the Gilstone Rock, off one of these islands, the admiral and not less than two thousand others perishing. Penzance, near the head of Mount's Bay, is the most westerly town in England. Between this bay and the Scilly Isles, arable land, meadows, woods, and one hundred and forty parish churches, are said to be submerged. Two very eminent men, Lord Exmouth and Sir Humphrey Davy, were born in Penzance, as well as two very remarkable women—Dolly Pentreath, memorable in the county as the last who spoke the real Cornish language, (a Celtic dialect, by the way,) who died at Mousehole, an adjoining village, in 1788, aged 102 ; and Mary Kalynack, who, in 1851, at the age of 84, *walked* to London to see the Great Exhibition and catch a glimpse of the Queen. On the opposite side of Mount's Bay is the town of Marazion, or Market Jew, which is connected, by a long, narrow causeway with an island about a mile in circumference, on which stands S. Michael's Mount, a lofty rock nearly two hundred feet in height, and the summit of which is crowned with the ruins of a monastic edifice, "the rude remains of high antiquity," and a castle, which underwent a severe siege during the Wars of the Roses.

Lizard Point is the southmost part of England. In the little parish church of Landewenack, in its immediate vicinity, the service was performed in the Cornish dialect for the last time in 1680. From the Lizard the coast trends away in a north-easterly direction to Black Head, and thence to Falmouth, once a seaport of great importance in the West Indian and Portuguese trades. It was defended by Pendennis and Mames Castles, on the opposite side of the estuary of the Helford, both of which were built by Henry VIII.; Pendennis underwent a lengthened siege by Oliver Cromwell. From this point to the Devonshire boundary the principal headlands are Dodman Point, and Gribban and Rame heads. Truro, a handsome town, in the centre of a leading mining district; Launceston, possessing very interesting ruins of a noble fortalice; and Bodmin, are the remaining towns demanding special notice. The latter is now the chief town, and is a place of great antiquity, having been the seat of an important monastery in the Saxon and early Norman times, some remains of which still exist. In the time of Henry VI., about 10,000 Cornish men opposed the authority of the Protector Somerset, but were defeated by Lord Russell. The rebels had insisted that the youthful monarch should abide by all the decrees of his council, and in all things take the advice of their leader, Arundel of the Mount, and the Mayor of Bodmin. The royal general told the latter he would see him hanged first, and fulfilled his promise. A certain ungallant and scandal-loving local historian says that the mayor's wife intended to petition Lord Russell for her husband's life, and would, perhaps, have been successful, but she delayed so long in adjusting her new French hood, that the unfortunate mayor was gibbeted before she arrived.

When we add that old red sand-stone, the "Killas" of the miner, covers about three-fourths of Cornwall; that in the interior of the county this is intersected by three large masses of granite, as well as by porphyry veins and dykes, and limestone beds; that the climate is mild, especially in winter, but damp, with almost daily visits from Jupiter Pluvius; that the greater portion of the population are of course, connected with mining operations, and generally devoutly believe in all kinds of superstitions and hobgoblins, we have said all that our space will permit us anent the LAND OF TIN.

### NEW MUSIC.

"*Bitter Sweet*," by Caroline Lowthian, a charming and graceful set of waltzes, melodious throughout, and must become very popular.

"*Why Must We Say Good-bye*," by Edith Cooke, words by Henry Treadwell, an exceedingly pretty song admirably arranged—would suit most voices.

"*Peace Troubled Heart*," by Ciro Pinsuti, words by D'arcy Jaxone, a very pathetic song, sweetly set, with all the usual attractiveness of this well known composer's productions.

London: J. B. Cramer & Co., Regent Street, W.

### SHERBORNE;

OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS.

BY EDWARD HENEGE DERING,  
*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems,"  
"Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

#### CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

"**I** AM quite sure about the likeness," said Moreton.

De Bergerac took short turns up and down the barrack-yard for two or three minutes; then stopping short, he said:

"I know too well who it must be: and you must be told, as you have seen him; for I owe it to the regiment I serve in—I owe it to the Holy Father, whose uniform I wear, that your mind should be cleared of this suspicion so far as I have power to clear it. A Pontifical Zouave must not be suspected."

"It was only a passing suggestion of prudence or caution, or perhaps rash judgment," said Moreton. "Such abominable and out-of-the-way things have happened, that one becomes over-suspicious, out of a habit of necessary self-defence."

"Certainly," said De Bergerac. "I don't blame you—I can't, for I should have done the same myself. But I have other reasons for telling you what I am going to tell. Such things can't be too widely known, and by knowing it you may, perhaps, be able to do an act of charity some day, if you should fall in with him again. The fact is, I have an unfortunate twin-brother, who turned out wild, and who, I have reason to believe, has been got hold of by the Sect. Poor fellow! Just after he had left college, and when I was on my point of setting off to travel, he went to Italy, the father having been ordered there for consumption."

It would have been better if he had gone with me, or had had something to do somewhere; but, as it happened, there he was, with lots of energy and no fixed employment. It was the old story—the story written on the breaking hearts of so many Italian mothers and sisters and wives in these days. Morals, the Sacraments, the priests, the temporal power, were each assailed in turn by a gradually undermining process, beginning with what is frailest in human nature, and most liable to come into practical collision with principles. He went wrong altogether—perhaps the quicker because he had been brought up so Christianly. He went down almost without a struggle, like a young bird out of a nest. It killed my mother. The bitterest day of my life was when I heard that he was at Mentana in a red shirt. I had not returned from my travels then. I heard of it some time afterwards. I had been travelling in the East. It was a bitter sorrow that—one can hardly imagine a worse."

"If I had only known who he was when I met him yesterday!" said Moreton, feeling half inclined to accuse himself of indifference, because he had not guessed the truth and acted upon the guess. "If I had had any sense at all I should have seen through it, and collared him."



"How could you?" said De Bergerac.

"You may depend on me, if ever I fall in with him again, be the consequences what they may," said Moreton. "But don't you think he may be already wanting to free himself from this diabolical thralldom? It rather strikes me so, judging from what I saw."

"Yes, I do think so. He wrote to me last November—I got the letter at Bramscote—I remember that it came to Lynham by second post, and was brought to Bramscote with the fish."

He tried hard to smile at this juxtaposition of facts; but the pathos of it overmastered the attempt, and he hurried on.

"I had read it just before dinner," he said, "and I had to talk to a Mrs.——"

"Mrs. Linus Jones, a portentous woman."

"Very. His letter touching and fearful; for I thought that I could see in it the chains he was now struggling to break, now clinging to in despair. I wrote to him at once. I have had no answer."

"Did you happen to mention my name?" said Moreton.

"I did. I told him who were there, and described the party, and what we did. I thought it might amuse and interest him. It came into my head that, if I could get him to England, I might, perhaps, have a better chance with him—in the country at least."

"Ah! that was how he knew about me, and talked about having met me at Bramscote. But I wonder why he pretended to be you?"

"I can't tell at all—unless he had some wavering impulse to break with the Sect, and hoped, that you would somehow help him to do it, in spite of himself. How long was he with you?"

"He dined with me—that took about an hour altogether; and then we started as if to come here."

"How was his manner?"

"Reserved by fits and starts, with an artificial swagger every now and then. At other times he was restless—quietly restless. His conduct was odd altogether, in a quiet way. Sometimes I half thought he was going to say something that weighed on his mind. Perhaps I was mistaken, but it struck me so. There were no signs of it after we met a man, evidently one of the Sect, who recognized and seemed to threaten him—that was why I took you for one of them, believing your brother to be you."

"I see it all," said De Bergerac. "He didn't tell you where he lived, of course?"

"He pretended to be quartered here."

"What became of him?"

"He pleaded an engagement; I offered to wait for him, but he said he should be too long; and he went off, leaving me his card. And here it is."

Moreton pulled the card out of his pocket, and gave it to De Bergerac, who, clutching it nervously, remained silent.

"What is there particular about it?" said Moreton.

"It is *his* card, not mine. Look at it. There is the Christian name—Henri."

"We ought to be able to find him," said Moreton.

De Bergerac shook his head, and seemed for a while absorbed by many troublous thoughts. At last he roused himself and said:

"Our army is about eight thousand, in Rome; all but the city itself being virtually occupied by the enemy. In a few days we shall have upon us sixty thousand men, backed by the whole Italian army, with a population of twenty-five millions to recruit from, and the moral support or toleration of every government in Europe; for France, even if she were not crushed by defeat, is now ruled by Favre, Crémieux, and Gambetta."

"You mean," said Moreton, "that unless something should occur which we have no reason to expect, we can die at our posts, but not save Rome. I have seen that all along."

"If Cadorna's army enters here," said De Bergerac, "the scum of Italy will follow."

"And then"—interrupted Moreton, "the reign of the seven deadly sins, the apotheosis of evil, hell represented in the persons of its bond-slaves on earth! But about this story against you. Excuse me, I know the precise injury it is doing. You must write at once to Sir Roger Arden. Have you heard from him?"

"Yes—a put-off for a year on the plea of her youth; but I could see there was something more. I wrote again, and had the same sort of answer. The difficulty is, that there is nothing to lay hold of; and he might say 'Qui s'excuse s'accuse.'"

"Perhaps. Where did you make his acquaintance?"

"I was staying at Dredgemere last October, and met him there. He asked me to Bramscote, and I went. It turned out that Lady Arden was an old friend of my mother's before either of them married. Do you know Lady Fyfield?"

"Very slightly. Do you know her well?"

"My mother knew her very well, but that will not enable her to be answerable for me."

"Anyhow, you ought to write, both to her and to Sir Roger. It is sufficient that you have heard of what has been said. By the bye, I remember the year—what a fool I am not to have thought of that before. It was two years ago."

"Well! that simplifies it, for I was in Rome the whole year."

"You must go and write those two letters while you are able," said Moreton. "Don't delay a moment. It may be the last chance."

De Bergerac took his advice, and the two letters were posted that same day.

On that same day Count Ponza di Martino arrived in Rome, bearing a letter in which King Victor-Emmanuel informed the Pope that, with the affection of a son, the faith of a Catholic, and the loyalty of a king, he was going to steal his remaining provinces and besiege him in his own city.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHILE the Holy Father was writing his reply the king's troops had already begun the invasion. Dates often tell strange tales, but never perhaps have they told so foul a one as this.

On the 19th of August, Signor Visconti Venosta,

Minister of Foreign Affairs, had said in Parliament: "The obligation of not attacking the frontiers of the Papal States, and of not letting them be attacked, remains in force. And, gentlemen, if this obligation were not confirmed by treaty, it would come under the obligations already provided in the common law of nations, and in the political relations of States." On the 5th of September the "*Opinione*" gave out that it had been unanimously resolved, at a Council of Ministers to march on Rome. On the 6th the official gazette contradicted the report, while troops, with pontoons and field telegraphs, were being concentrated on the Roman frontier. On the 9th Count Ponza di San Martino arrived in Rome with the king's letter announcing the fact. On the 10th he delivered the letter; and on the 11th the Holy Father answered it. On that same day Cadorna and Bixio invaded the Roman States on two sides.

It may not be amiss, by the bye, to compare Signor Visconti Venosta's speech on the 19th of August, against the invasion, with the announcement in the "*Opinione*" on the 16th, that three divisions, under General Cadorna, had been mobilized, and sent on the frontiers of the Roman States, at Rieti, Orvieto, and Terni; nor is it un-instructive to notice the coincident facts that the news of Mac Mahon's defeat at Sedan was known in Florence on the 4th of September, the invasion of Rome definitely settled on the 5th, and the king's letter to the Pope written on the 8th.

The barometric effect of the Franco-Prussian War on the Florentine government is, indeed, remarkable enough—especially the fact that the day after the news of Sedan reached Florence the ministers decided to march against Rome—but less so than the complacency with which it was regarded by the conscience of Europe. One might have expected from statesmen, from journalists professing high principles, from that majority of influential men implicitly representing their class which, in fact, constitutes public opinion, some sign of disapproval, some indication at least that the public conscience of nations had received a shock. But the public consciences of nations, directed on the Continent by the secret societies, in England by the traditions of Protestantism, endorsed the deed with all its logical consequences—which may God in His mercy avert!

It may be said, not in defence of the deed itself, nor of the manner of doing it, but in comparative extenuation: Have not these things been done over and over again, only worse, in a manner equally treacherous and much more violent, with acts of personal cruelty into the bargain? And if one objects, that the active violence and violent treacheries of an age when men sinned by paroxysms, and went to die on ashes, is no criterion for one like the present, when people do their sinning respectably, and think that God ought to be satisfied with a feather-bed contrition, we are met with the fact that as late as the year 1809, Pope Pius VII. was made prisoner by the Emperor Napoleon I., and mentally tortured in every way that the petty malice of a low nature could suggest.

All this is true, but the bombardment of Sep-

tember 20th, 1870, was carried out with a barefaced hypocrisy which has no parallel at all. Mediæval emperors, coveting dominion and swelling with pride, were treacherous as well as violent, and so was Napoleon I.; but they had at least the decency not to talk about the "affection of a son and the faith of a Catholic," when they were preparing to bombard a city.

Our Lord calls the scribes and Pharisees distinctively and emphatically hypocrites, and of no one does he speak so severely as of them.

The details of the bombardment and occupation are consistent with what preceded them; and people who smiled on the systematic dishonesty of Cavour's worthy successors, and rejoiced complacently over the breach at Porta Pia, deeming it honourable to attack a small state in overwhelming numbers, as soon as the deed can be done without any danger, are consistent in their continued satisfaction, but have virtually abdicated the right to demand honest dealing from any government, or denounce any act of piracy.

The conscience of the British public has been put into a sort of mesmeric sleep by Italian revolutionism, so that in all things concerning Rome public opinion in England sees black as white. Statements of facts are received with bland incredulity, or what is worse, with a non-apprehension of their meaning, such as would seem incredible if one had not witnessed it. Men and women, conscientious, just, and kind-hearted, listen to the story complacently, as if it were nothing but a collection of words in an unknown language. Nevertheless, facts, as the proverb has it, are stubborn things. The truth cannot be for ever suppressed; for sooner or later the day always comes when even its enemies find their interest in bringing it to light, if its friends are not able to do so. It will not always be in the power of sophistry to disguise how Rome was entered, how Rome has been kept, how Zouave prisoners were assassinated in cold blood, how criminals were let loose from the prisons to bawl "*Morte ai Preti*"; how the railway brought crowds into Rome to personate the Roman people at the plebiscite; how, in spite of the customs of war, and the express terms of the capitulation, Zouaves were put into a common prison, like malefactors, and fed on bread and water; how, in defiance of the customs of war and terms of capitulation, the *Squadaglieri* were sent to convict prisons like thieves and murderers; how every guarantee and every stipulation, beginning with that about the Leonine City, has been violated; how the Quirinal was seized, the education of every class made infidel as far as the Government can make it so, the religious houses broken into and robbed, and the monks and nuns driven from their homes, after the king in his letter to the Pope, and the minister in his instructions to Count Ponza di San Martino, had solemnly protested that the act of occupation was to be conservative and protective, and solemnly guaranteed the spiritual independence of the Holy Father. Hypocrisy has manifested itself in many startling ways to the experience of mankind, but never like this. It remained for King Victor-Emanuel II. to talk about maintaining the spiritual independence of the Pope by

driving out his religious orders, and giving infidel teachers to his spiritual children.

And who suffer the most from the robbery of religious houses? Not the religious. They can say, as the old Carthusian said to Henry VIII.: "Threaten with these things those who wear soft raiments. We fear them not." It is the poor who suffer the most, who suffered the most in England on a like occasion, who always have suffered, and always will suffer the most from anti-Catholic principles, by whatsoever name they may be called. Widows and orphans are the accusers of those who have done these deeds.

It should not be forgotten that the old families and the majority of the citizens of Rome have refused their consent to the accomplished fact, with the exception of a few individuals, respecting whom we can only say:

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

YET a moment, and we will pass on from scenes that happily have but a brief and accidental connection with the story we are relating.

When King Victor-Emanuel bombarded Rome with the affection of a son who takes the first opportunity of robbing his father—the faith of a Catholic who does all in his power to destroy, if it were possible, the faith of his subjects—the honour of a king who has broken every pledge, and the soul of an Italian who put himself under the orders of France first, and then of Prussia—the Holy Father determined to do two things: 1st. To make such resistance as should be sufficient to show before the world that force had been used, and that he had yielded to nothing else but force; 2ndly. To prevent unnecessary and useless bloodshed, by ceasing to resist as soon as that object should have been attained.

Therefore, when the breach had been made at Porta Pia, the white flag was hoisted at various parts of the city, and the Italian troops entered.

When the heir of the old reigning house in Europe first raised his hand against the Holy Father, and the white cross of Savoy, from a symbol of faith and purity, became a badge of persecution and sacrilege, his ancestral dominions passed away by a shameful barter. It may be a fine thing to reign over twenty-five millions by favour of the Masonic lodges, but "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

How the Zouaves behaved is now a matter of history, and any one may learn it from sources that no one can suspect of favouritism.\*

At two o'clock on the afternoon of the 20th, the Zouaves were marched into the Piazza di San Pietro. The greater part of the Papal troops passed the night there. In the morning the terms

of the capitulation were made known to the army, together with the thanks of the Holy Father, and the general's commendation of their behaviour.

At noon that chivalrous little army paraded for the last time. The troops were all drawn up in the large square of S. Peter's, when the Holy Father appeared at the window of the Vatican. Colonel Allet, commanding the Zouaves, drew his sword, and exclaimed, "*Mes enfants! Vive Pie Neuf!*" Then there was a thrilling shout from the gallant and heart-broken little army. They knelt to present arms, and the Holy Father blessed them. When they rose from their knees he was gone.\*

They left Rome by the Porta Angelica, laid down their arms in a field near the Pamfili gardens, and marched eight miles to the railway station at Ponte Galera. There they remained until it was dark, when they were crammed into railway carriages, fourteen or more in a compartment. When they arrived at Civita Vecchia they were sent to different quarters—the English, with some Dutch and Swiss, were put into a convict prison, two hundred and fifty in a room. The convicts, not political prisoners, but murderers, brigands, and malefactors of all kinds, had been let out, and had gone to Rome, where, with their brethren from other parts of Italy, they afterwards personated the Roman people. Not a drop of water was given to the Zouaves by the authorities till the next day at noon; but they got a few things through the kindness of some Italian soldiers. About eight o'clock on the evening of that day (the 22nd) seven hundred and fifty of them were sent on board a small steamer, the "*Liguria*." Those who were on deck had barely room to lie down; those who were below fared worse by reason of the heat and closeness. In consequence of the overcrowding it was almost impossible to get a draught of water from the water-butts.

At dark on the 23rd they entered the harbour at Genoa; but it was decided by the authorities that it was too late for landing, and so they remained on board till the next day.

Finally the English Zouaves were quartered in the barracks of S. Benigo till the 1st of October. Many of the Italian soldiers used to come into their rooms to pray. It was impossible to do so in their own, and they were purposely kept at work till it was too late to hear Mass.

At length the English Zouaves embarked on the 1st of October for Liverpool.

The chivalrous little Papal army has ceased to exist, at least for the present; and as for the future—God's holy will be done! But that little army has left a name that will not die, though the whole press of Europe should combine to misrepresent it; and perhaps the greatest act of Christian heroism it ever did was when it capitulated. From no one on earth but the Holy Father would that command have been obeyed. Well—God is strong and patient, and we must try to be so also—at an infinite distance; but the occupation of Rome is hard for a Christian to bear.

\* See "Two Years in the Pontifical Zouaves," by T. Powell, Z P.

(To be continued.)

\* The "*Soluzioni*," an extreme Neapolitan paper, certainly not to be suspected of partiality to clerical principles, says: "Modest and brave, they have done their duty as heroes do; and the defence of Rome, as far as they are concerned, has been short, but brilliant. They would all have died—every one of them would have died at their posts, had it not been for the Pope's order to surrender."

## ABOUT LOBSTERS.

**A**S we have already, in our paper upon Crabs, detailed some of the world's celebrities who were remarkable for their *penchant* for these crustacean delicacies, we cannot do better than preface our notice of the lobster by enumerating a few of its admirers. Bellon, a foreign writer on natural history, tells us that Alexander the Great was so partial to this fish, that his courtiers were accustomed to mollify his frequent paroxysms of anger, by furnishing him with a supply of them. Cicero is said to have delivered one of his most effective orations after a dinner of stewed lobsters. We are told that at a supper given to the Emperor Vitellius by his brother, there were, amongst other kinds of fish, eight hundred lobsters. Another Roman Emperor, Maximinus, is affirmed to have eaten twenty large lobsters at a single meal. Charlemagne the Great, according to a work called "*Thinges that Be Olde and Newe*," published in London in 1611, was passionately fond of lobsters, upon which he feasted every night. In a book called "*Specimens of a Diary*," published towards the close of the eighteenth century in London, we read the following: "June 27, 1771. Went to see the '*Maid of Bath*' performed for the first time at the Haymarket Theatre. Saw there Lord Lyttleton, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Doctor Johnson, Garrick and Oliver Goldsmith. We all went out to have some refreshment. The Rev. Mr. Horne, afterwards John Horne Tooke, met us at the threshold of the play-house; and, learning our errand, he proposed we should all go with him to sup upon lobsters, cooked in a new fashion, with the richest sauce, at a fish-house hard by. We all consented readily, except Lord Lyttleton, who hung fire a little, but was prevailed upon to come with us, and Horne entertained us with some of his most piquant jokes and *bon mots*." Few of our readers, we opine, would object to join such a lobster party as the above. Porson, the famous Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, and so well known for his profound classical knowledge, and dissipated, grovelling habits, regaled himself three nights out of the week, to the full bent of his appetite, with lobsters. He had a curious theory that these shell-fish were the purest in the ocean, and lived entirely on water, and was accustomed, when in his cups, to argue the point with great vehemence, which occasioned many *pasquinades* to be chalked on his door.

There is little doubt that the lobster has been known from the most remote times. It is frequently found represented on medals and coins, both ancient and modern. Many of the ancient coins of Tyre and Greece bear the figure of the lobster on their reverse sides, but we do not believe the meaning of the emblem has yet been accounted for. One Roman medal portrays the Emperor Nero riding on one, as a mark of derision. Some of the fables associated with the history of lobsters are very amusing. Olaus Magnus and Gesner gravely assure us, that on the shores of Norway, and also in some localities in the Indian Ocean, they have been found *twelve feet long and*

*six broad*, and have been frequently known to seize unwary mariners with their claws, and drag them to their retreats and devour them! A certain Italian writer on natural history affirms that he once saw a lobster which measured *fifteen feet*, and was so viciously inclined as to require six men to terminate its existence! A curious, but it is said well-authenticated, incident is related of a storm which took place on the south-western coast of Scotland in the year 1627. The violence of the hurricane cast upon the beach of the parish of Caerlaverock, an incredible number of lobsters, which were seen crawling about in all directions. A very large one happened to be thrown into a cradle containing an infant, which in the hurry and confusion of the moment had been forgotten by its parents, and was in danger of being swept away. The lobster, however, surprised possibly at the novelty of its position, seized the foot of the infant with its claws, and the screaming which it set up, brought people to its providential rescue.

Of the physical conformation of the lobster, it may be observed that the limbs are divided into three sets. First, on each side of the mouth are five limbs called foot-jaws, furnished with tentacular appendages employed in masticating its food. There are next five pairs of true limbs, of which the two first are developed into powerful claws or pincers, of which one, sometimes the right and sometimes the left, has its edges finely dentated, to use as a saw in seizing and rending its prey. The third class of limbs are arranged on the under surface of the tail in five pairs, and are termed false feet. The head and thorax form one mass covered with a dorsal plate of armour; broad semi-belts of the same consistency protecting the abdominal viscera. One of the most striking facts connected with the natural history of this fish, is the power which it has of reproducing its limbs lost by accident, and of the moulting and re-acquisition of its shells.

The lobster is often called the scavenger of the seas, and is a determined marauder, pouncing upon garbage of all kinds; its carnivorous voracity leads to its destruction. It appears to have a powerful sense of smell, although we are not aware that any distinct organs for this office have been as yet detected. The capture of lobsters is actively carried on all round the British coasts. The mode of taking this epicurean crustacean is exceedingly simple. The apparatus used is generally made of wicker-work, with an aperture at the top or the side for the animal to enter by. Having been baited with any kind of half-decayed fish or other garbage, they are sunk in great numbers on a rocky part of the coast, in water which is four or five fathoms deep. A line from the traps attached to a floating cork, denotes their whereabouts. On some parts of the coast of Yorkshire, strong bag-nets are used. The season for lobsters begins about March, and is supposed to close with September. After being trapped, the lobster has his claws secured preparatory to being boiled alive.

The supply of lobsters from the Norwegian coast is very extensive. They are brought by steamers built for the purpose, having *perforated* wells in which the animals are kept alive during the voyage.



THEY LISTENED TO THE SOUND OF A SHORT PRELUDE.

## Mr. Thornley's Roses.

BY BRUCE MONTGOMERY.

### CHAPTER III.

**A** FEW day's later Adele came bright with pleasure to her uncle. She found him in no very good humour, and seeming to be just on the point of leaving the house.

"Good morning, uncle."

"Good morning, child," he replied, hardly looking at her. "Your aunt is within."

"No, no, I am going back directly. I do not want you, uncle dear, but Edgar."

Digitized by Google

"If I only could catch the fellow I would give fifty shillings."

"What has happened, my dear uncle?"

"Happened? It is still happening."

"Well, what?"

"A teacher of music lives out there."

"Yes, Miss Gaskell. I know her very well. She is to give me lessons on the piano."

"Do you say so! You used to hate the piano so! Since when is this?"

"Since this morning."

"Since this morning? Oh, since this morning. Then you must know her wonderfully well!"

"She has become the fashion. Everyone will have lessons from her."

"Yes, and she appears to have become the fashion in quite a different way. Just think——"

Adele changed colour slightly.

Her uncle continued:

"Look at that tea-rose. Do you know that that is a tea-rose? No, there is not a single flower upon it, and yesterday the branches were covered with them."

"And what has Miss Gaskell to do with this?"

"A great deal. The roses which I saw yesterday evening on my bush, I saw this morning as a bouquet at her window. And I manure, and weed and water and destroy the insects, and when the flowers are opening—it annoys me! I would give fifty shillings to catch the fellow. I have engaged a man to watch. He has three shillings for the night and breakfast in the morning, and if he catches the culprit and gives him a good hiding before he takes him to the police station, I will give him ten shillings extra, and will be answerable for the consequences."

"But, uncle, it must certainly be a lover."

"Certainly. And I have nothing to say against his infatuation, only he shall not evidence his affection by means of my roses."

"Have you not been to her and asked Miss Gaskell about them?"

"Oh, there is nothing to be done with the girl."

"Why not, uncle?"

"I went over in the name of the Water Company to try if I could, at least, get back my roses. The bouquet was very lovely."

"Well?"

"And then—and then—she looked at me in such a manner. I cannot describe it—and she said it grieved her, and you know at first I spoke rather harshly; it was just at the first moment, and then when a little tear rose into either eye——"

"Oh, you unnatural uncle!"

"And then I said: 'Madam, it gives me great pleasure if you like the flowers,' just as I was leaving the room; but since then I have been angry with myself that a look of her eyes and the sound of her voice should have made a fool of me. She must certainly have some suspicion."

"When she gives me my lesson I will ask her some more questions. You will see, uncle, I will bring it out, and then you will be pleased."

"If you find that out you shall have whatever you ask for."

"I will keep you to your word, dear uncle, good-bye," said Adele, then "Where is Edgar?"

"I saw him passing just now. I think he is fishing behind the garden."

"We will hope for the best, uncle."

"Now I will just go in and wish my aunt good morning, and then I must find Edgar to give him a message from Herbert. And then I have other business. It is a good thing that there is no school, for I really do not know where I should otherwise find time to look after other people's business."

Before her uncle could reply, Adele was gone a search of her cousin.

Her uncle looked kindly after her.

"A splendid girl," he said. "Slender as a young pine tree, a little bit too slight, but that will mend with time; full of happiness and good humour; it is a pity they are first cousins—then it would be quite right."

Meanwhile Adele went through the garden and out at the back gate, and down to the river where Edgar obtained carp, but he was not seeking the beautiful creatures which were swimming there, but was toying idly with his fishing rod.

Adele looked at him for a while. He did not seem to observe her presence.

"Have you been drinking bella-donna?" she asked at last. "Father says that it makes people foolish."

"Oh? You are there! Yes, I have taken bella-donna, and now I ask myself whether it would not be better to hang myself than to take any more."

"What has happened?"

"Oh, my mother! I do not know what to do."

"Well?" asked Adele, alarmed. "I was with her just now."

"She wants me to marry."

"But that is a good thing. She meets us half way."

"A pretty meeting!" replied Edgar, bitterly. "I only think——"

"What roses you can gather and place before her window."

"What do you know about that?" he asked, looking at her with surprise.

"Edgar, let us cease trifling. Your father is furious at the loss of his beautiful roses."

"Nonsense! dirt! If the perfume of the roses gives her a minute's pleasure, the roses have paid for their existence."

"Oh, how beautiful. I will write that down."

Adele took out her memorandum book and wrote down the phrase.

"He has placed police near to watch."

"I shall not live till evening."

"That would be foolish."

"What in the world could I do, when my mother, in the sweetest, kindest manner, asked me to read to her a translation of Schiller's 'Song of the Bell.'"

"Is that a reason for suicide?"

"No, but it leads towards it."

"I am curious to hear about it."

"I was reading innocently. I was thinking only of the poetry, Adele; my mind was free from any other idea when I suddenly came upon the passage where the young man is described as seized with a nameless feeling."



"Stop!" cried Adele. "Listen!" and she repeated with pathos from Schiller's poem:

"An unknown longing seizes the young man's heart; he wanders forth alone and from his eyes break tears. He shuns his brother's noisy sports and seeks for her whose greeting fills him with joy. He searches the meadows for the most beautiful flowers with which to adorn his beloved." Edgar, I have a suspicion—the history of the tea roses is discovered. Woe to my music lessons!"

"Folly! we have not yet got so far."

"That is good," said Adele with a deep breath. What then?"

"He wanders forth alone," said my mother. "Shut the book Edgar, that is your case." Then she said that for some days I had been so unusually silent and out of humour, I certainly was possessed by a feeling to which I could give no name."

"Yes, that is like all mothers," interrupted Adele.

"It belongs to my age, or rather to my youth; strength longs after beauty; it is so in all history. I thought she had her suspicions, and as she spoke so kindly, I entertained the greatest hope; then——"

"And then?"

"She told me that if I would pay attention to Mary Walter, the daughter of our neighbour, I should find a cure for my sadness, and it would not be displeasing to the family if at some future time——"

"Then she knows nothing, and that is a good thing. And what did you say?"

"I? Oh, I said I was very grateful, but as yet I was only a student."

"You had just courage enough for that," said Adele mockingly, "just as you advised me to act without my parents' knowledge—for shame! Tell your mother the real state of the case. This Amelia is such a lovable creature."

"You made yourself merry just now upon my taste," replied Edgar, his face lengthening.

"And rightly. You must not see the lady, but only hear her speak."

The manner which Adele assumed as she said this was indescribable.

"You are quite right; but what am I to say to my mother? She has told me her wishes. It is unfortunate. How can I say 'No.' She would feel it bitterly. I thought it would be quite different; that she would become acquainted with Amelia and then——"

"That she would come herself and present the lady to you."

"Not exactly that, but then I should have been able to speak to her. I do not know how the idea of my marrying could come into her head."

"And there stands the lord of creation," said Adele, "and when all does not seem smooth, he threatens to hang, or shoot, or drown himself—truly I am sorry for you! I will go and get my father to prescribe a mixture for you."

And the "simpleton" turned her back upon him to seek his uncle.

"But stop, Adele. I will do everything—only let me come a little to myself. I am so unprepared."

"It is lucky that I have fallen in love with this deity at the first meeting. I tell you to hold fast.

If you do not go on quickly I will speak to my brother, and he will carry off your treasure before your eyes."

The night passed quietly. Edgar did not hang himself; he would at least await the first music lesson which was to take place on the following day. He walked restlessly to and fro. All his mother's praises of Miss Walter pierced his breast like the swords of the dragoons. The lady had no interest for him, he had once met her at a party last winter; had danced with her, and had spoken to her about a dozen times. He had nothing to say against her, but the more his mother exhausted herself in her praise, so much the greater was the feeling of anger in him.

At last he could restrain himself no longer.

"I—I—it is very warm. I must go out into the air. I shall come back again—good night." And he went out.

"What is the matter with the boy?" asked his father, "he cannot be ill."

"Dear husband," replied his wife, "the heart has needs of which you understand nothing, but we mothers do. You may be quite easy about him. He has a need but that will soon be provided for."

"And what, then, does he want?"

"A wife."

"And would you marry him while a student?" he asked, as he laughed with all his heart.

"But, my dear husband, you take up the matter so suddenly that I have no time to speak to you about it."

"Be calm, Harriet. I will hear patiently. Why do you think that that is the case?"

"Hitherto Edgar has had no particular likings; now there is a dark feeling in his breast."

"Rubbish!" broke in Thornley. "If it is true that Edgar has a dark feeling in his breast, then—Wife, do you know what thoughts you awaken in me?"

"No; but what?"

"Perhaps you know who has stolen my tea-roses?"

"Oh, Thornley!" she said reproachfully.

"If any one has a feeling in his heart there is no doubt that he wishes for his father's roses, Harriet. You know that in the early days of my love for you I placed all my roses from Ispahan upon your window sill, without feeling the slightest regret if the Shah of Persia should lose some of his rosewater."

"But you do not suppose that he is paying court to that pianoforte player?"

"What is there so unlikely in it?"

"You see, I cannot talk to you about such things. I will do my utmost to lead Edgar's inclinations into a more worthy direction."

"But let me tell you that that music teacher is not a little dangerous. I went to her to learn about the loss of my tea roses and——"

"And so you fell in love with her yourself," said the lady, to complete the sentence.

"Not exactly so; but—just listen."

As he spoke these last words they heard through the open windows the sound of a short prelude, and a soft, subdued voice then began a mournful popular song. The words seemed to be borne

upon the wings of the evening breeze. The husband and wife listened till the end, while the voice sank slowly into silence.

"Look, Harriet," said Thornley, "if your 'dark feeling in the heart' is connected with the hearing of such songs and such a voice, it is easy to guess how my roses have found their way to that window. I have promised the police ten shillings if they will first cudgel the thief, but I shall recommend that first he shall——"

A deep sigh from his wife made him raise his eyes to her face. She was sitting deep in thought. "Well!" said her husband. "What are you thinking of, Harriet?"

"It is lucky that Edgar is not here to listen to that song."

She little thought how near Edgar really was. While his mother believed him to be far away he was standing about twenty steps distant from the house door, leaning against the stem of a chest-nut tree and looking up at the window whose white curtains were drawn to. And if by chance the shadow of Miss Gaskell passed across the curtains; then his happy eyes followed it just after the manner he had a short time before read to his mother from Schiller's poem, and when he heard the first sound of the piano it thrilled through him like an electric spark.

How he listened to those words! How his fancy saw in them himself. Ah, it was the song of his own grave. He seemed to himself the shepherd boy whose angel called to him:

You who now rejoice in this valley  
Will soon be interred in a pitiless grave;

and in the words:

Youthful shepherd, youthful shepherd,  
Listen how they call for thee,

he found a melancholy indication of his much desired death, since no more joy existed for him in the valley; and all this because his mother had mentioned Miss Walter as a suitable match for him, and had bestowed great praise upon her—praise which he was not in the slightest degree able to contradict.

The lights had long been extinguished when Edgar, weary and tired, came home, where his harassed soul at last found rest in a slumber which lasted till far into the following day. When he awoke and had yawned and stretched himself for half an hour he thought over in a clearer light and a more quiet mind the events of the preceding day, and they then appeared to him very simple. Who could oblige him to make a marriage he detested? And, then, as he was dressing, he remembered that his cousin Adele was to receive her first music lesson to-day, and that Miss Gaskell would for the first time be introduced to the personal acquaintance of his family. He felt the importance of this first impression, and his heart began to beat like a smith's hammer. The poor fellow! He was almost as silly as he had been the evening before.

In point of fact, this first lesson was of real importance. The whole of this day Edgar seemed to be roasting before a slow fire, and though his mother ceased not to speak of Miss Walter, it yet seemed evident to him that he would never be

able to make her understand that he would never be able to move in the direction she desired. She, on her part, seemed to think that no further trial was needed of Edgar's inclinations.

And yet she was engaged towards evening in another of these trials when Edgar heard Adele's voice. He left his mother standing there, or rather sitting, and ran out crying:

"Ah, there is Adele!"

His mother looked after him with surprise; such—she must call it—disrespect, she was not accustomed to. Poor fellow! Had she known his excuse she would have judged him less mildly.

"And how has it gone off?" he asked quickly, as he met his trusty confidant in the ante-room.

"Well, very well," was the reply.

It was impossible to say more; for Adele, not to excite suspicion, had entered the room from which Edgar had rushed; Edgar followed her.

"Edgar," said his mother in a reproachful tone, "I am pleased that you should be attentive to your cousin, but attention to others should never be carried so far as to make you lose sight of your mother."

"I have come at an inconvenient hour," remarked Adele as she observed Edgar's high colour. "I have only to give my uncle a message from my father and then I will go."

"That is not necessary; you do not disturb us," said Mrs. Thornley; and then she began to chat about indifferent things which seemed to have little interest for her son.

He soon left the party, for he had many purchases to make in preparation for his approaching return to the University.

Adele went away five minutes later, and was not much surprised when, as she turned the corner of the road, Edgar came up to her, and would hear all about the music lesson.

Miss Gaskell appeared punctually and was presented by Adele to her mother. After a few courteous words, the lesson took its course after the manner of first lessons in general. The mother remained in the room apparently occupied with her needlework, but in reality to make her observations. She listened, sometimes made an observation, and appeared on the whole quite content.

Towards the end of the lesson Dr. Masonius just put in his head, and when he saw the young teacher would have withdrawn not to disturb her, had not his wife called him into the room. The music lesson was ended, and they began to chat a little.

"I knew a Gaskell once, we studied medicine together. Was he any relation of yours? An uncle or cousin?"

"My father studied at Edinburgh."

"Your father! He was about two years older than I. I remember very well that he passed his examination rather earlier."

"He would now be fifty-seven years old."

"That agrees; but this Gaskell was in affluent circumstances. He was an only son, and the family was wealthy."

The music mistress coloured deeply.

"You must pardon my husband his indiscreet

remark," interrupted Mrs. Masonius. "His heart is upon his tongue, and he often says things which upon a little reflection he would have silenced. If your name had not excited a deep interest—"

"I should not have enquired after it," continued Dr. Masonius. "I grant that we men often feel our indiscretion after we have been guilty of it. But nature always gives us an opportunity for asking the pardon of a lady."

"That is just what my cousin Thornley is always doing," remarked Adele. "Do you know Mr. Thornley? He lives just opposite to you."

"I know the name of that family through the mention of it by my landlady," replied Miss Gaskell, with a little hesitation. "I have this day made the personal acquaintance of the master of that house, in rather a painful manner."

"But I assure you, Miss Gaskell, my brother-in-law is the best soul in the world."

"I cannot contradict that, nor can I blame him."

"But may we not hear about it?" asked Dr. Masonius.

"Dear husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Masonius, holding up her finger in a threatening manner. "There you are again! If Miss Gaskell likes to tell us she will without being asked."

"What trifling! I am accustomed to question my patients."

"But Miss Gaskell is not one of your patients."

"That is just like my father, Miss Gaskell," interposed Adele. "You must not mind him. He asks me very often about just the things I do not want to tell him about. One gets accustomed to it in time. But, then, you may ask him questions in return; he is never displeased. Is not that true, father?"

Meanwhile, Miss Gaskell had got over her feeling of embarrassment, and addressed Dr. Masonius in a gentle voice:

"You have a right to question me. If you admit anyone into your house not only as a teacher but also in some degree as a companion—"

"Yes, you have said as a companion," interposed Adele. "Yes, we must be friends. We will play for half an hour, and chat for half an hour. You speak French, too, do you not?"

"A little," replied Miss Gaskell, while she made rather an impatient gesture.

"Very good; then let us have half an hour of conversation. *Ah, mademoiselle, je suis très charmée*—"

"*Moi aussi*," said the doctor, "provided that you allow Miss Gaskell to be able to talk."

As her mother added a displeased shake of the head to this, Adele was silent for a while, and Miss Gaskell could speak.

"You meant then?" asked Dr. Masonius.

"That you have a right to ask who I am. My father might very well have been your fellow student. His name was Louis."

"Quite right; and he always spelled his name after the French manner. And now it can be no indiscretion if I ask of the daughter of my old friend what was his course of life."

"You would have a right to do so in any case. We lived at S—, where my father had a good practice; but, in spite of this, he made no money, but, on the contrary, spent what he already had. Let me pass over in silence how this came about. It gave my mother great uneasiness, but I was too young to understand this. When she died, I sat by her bed, a child seven years old, and wept, while I saw how my father ground his teeth to keep in his tears; I had never seen my father weep."

"Poor little one!" murmured Masonius.

"Then my mother asked what would become of me, and my father could hardly bring out the answer: 'What God pleases.' The words remained mine; their meaning I understood later. My father gave me a suitable education; no expense was spared; but soon I became aware that if that went on the day must come when I should be alone in the world, and possess nothing but the knowledge I had acquired. But my father was still in the prime of life, and we did not think—and then—"

"Well?"

"The typhus fever broke out in our house. I found myself on my recovery in a very nice institution in S—, and had yet time to witness my father's death. He lay distracted by delirious fancies, but before his death sanity returned, and he knew me. But, oh, how terrible! He said he ought to have taken better care of me, he should have known how uncertain is life. But what cared I then for life or for my future? All that I loved upon earth lay before me, struggling with death, and it would have been dear to me could I have united myself to him and fled to the arms of my mother."

"You are a good child, Miss Gaskell. I had the same feeling when I stood by the death-bed of my parents."

"My father was buried, my relatives held a family council, and I became the ward of Sir Henry Mordant, who had married my aunt. After a few days he informed me that my whole property consisted of a few hundred pounds which would be placed out at interest, and that, in the meantime, I should come to his wife, who would take me out of pity."

"And then I am sure she told you that you must gain your own living. How old were you then?"

"I was seventeen. In the then state of my feelings, everything was indifferent to me. I was to remain with Lady Mordant; but when I came to her she placed her programme before me."

Amelia's face became scarlet, she trembled and could hardly continue.

"Do not open old wounds," said the doctor kindly. "I know enough to excite my respect and my sympathy."

"She spoke disrespectfully of my father; she told me I might have occupied a good position, and he only was to blame if I was penniless and obliged to depend upon other people."

"Is it possible! And you?"

"I told her that I renounced her protection. I wanted nothing, and that my father had left me enough to live upon without asking alms."

"You were quite right!" exclaimed Adele, "but you should have said it angrily," and she let her little fist fall upon five keys of the piano at once.

"They did not understand that I depended upon the education which I had received and that I hoped to gain a living by its means. Lady Mordant knitted her brow, and I left her. After a few hours I found a bookseller who had known my father, and he entrusted me with the translation of a French work. When my guardian saw that I was in earnest in intending to work with a good will and strict economy, he proposed to me to settle at some distance, in order to spare my family the disgrace of seeing one of their members obliged to support herself by the work of her hands."

"In my eyes, that only does you honour," said the doctor warmly, "and I only wish that Adele thought as you do."

"I do think so," said the daughter, proudly.

*(To be continued.)*

## LOVE AND ANGER.

**S**PEAK unto her no angry word,  
For she will weep if such be said;  
But know, when Anger's voice is heard  
The spirit of true love is fled.

I know, he may return again,  
With sweeter smile and greater power;  
Yet he may fail to conquer pain  
Created in a careless hour.

When years have passed, if Death lay low  
The gentle one to thee so dear,  
Thy own hot words will swell thy woe  
While lonely weeping o'er her bier.

Or, if God call thee first away,  
She will not love thy memory more,  
If words like those thy lips would say,  
Have often made her true heart sore.

Our life hath more of night than day,  
Its days have more of shower than sun;  
But kindness is a lamp whose ray  
Will shine when days of joy are done.

Then let thy kindness brighter shine  
To-day when skies are dark above,  
And light with joy the face benign  
Of her who lives for home and love.

Thus, trampling down all selfish pride,  
A noble victory thou wilt win,  
Gladden the dear one by thy side,  
And hear a voice say from within:

"Well done! thy kind and manly word  
True blessings on thy life hath shed;  
For know, when Love's sweet voice is heard  
God's angel, Peace, thy way doth tread!"

GEORGE HULL.

## SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS TIMES.

[CONTINUED.]



ANY accounts have been handed down of the domestic life of Sir Thomas More, but the incidents, as related by Erasmus, are delightful. In the happy household at Chelsea the duties of religion were never omitted; every hour was employed in useful study or intellectual intercourse; gentleness was the spirit that guided, and love the bond that united, Sir Thomas More, his loving daughters, and his faithful and admiring friends. Erasmus says:

"With what gentleness does my friend regulate his household, where misunderstandings and quarrels are altogether unknown! Indeed, the host is looked up to as a general healer of all differences, and was never known to part from any on terms of unkindness. His house seems to enjoy the peculiar happiness that all who dwell under its roof go forth into the world bettered in their morals as well as improved in their own condition; and no spot was ever known to fall on the reputation of any of its fortunate inhabitants. Here you might imagine yourself in the Academy of Plato. But, indeed, I should do injustice to his house by comparing it with the school of that philosopher, where nothing but abstract questions and occasionally moral virtues were the subjects of discussion; it would be truer to call it a school of religion and an arena for the exercise of all the Christian virtues. All its inmates apply themselves to liberal studies, though piety is their first care. No wrangling or angry word is ever heard within the walls. No one is idle; every one does his duty with alacrity, and regularity and good order are prescribed by the mere force of courtesy and kindness. Every one performs his allotted task, and yet all are as cheerful as if mirth were their only employment. Surely such a household deserves to be called a school of the Christian religion."

The Furnival Inn was the scene of Sir Thomas More's interesting readings and public lectures. The king and his courtiers and many foreigners of distinction attended those readings. On one occasion six bishops and four judges were present, and the king is represented as making a short speech congratulating More on the delightful topics he brought forward. The lectures were continued for four years. Thorndale relates that "King Henry attended very often, and was the most unassuming, pleasant gentleman amongst the assemblage, and seemed highly pleased at the witticisms, jokes, and anecdotes elicited at those rare gatherings of English gentlemen with their king seated in the midst of them." "These were happy times," remarks Dr. Frances, "when a king sat down and freely discoursed with his subjects upon the commonplace incidents of life, and then to books, music, painting and architecture. Who could contemplate the dark and terrible future?"

Sir Thomas More was not fond of money. He felt a pleasure in giving rather than in receiving. Nothing pleased him so much as the power to do

a good office for those who were in need. When at Chelsea he "rambled about the lanes and by-ways alone, giving alms to the poor villagers whom he sought out in this way, with a liberality whose extent was known to God alone." The south chancel of Chelsea church was rebuilt by his munificence and furnished with a service of altar plate; the gift was accompanied with one of those observations almost prophetic. "Good men," he remarked, "give these things, and bad people take them away." Of a selfish husbanding of his means he appeared incapable. There is scarcely an instance on record, perhaps, except the following, of his taking pains, to recover money which he had lent, and then he made it the occasion of a joke. Having lent fifty crowns to an attorney, who showed no disposition to repay it, he ventured to give a hint on the subject; but the borrower commenced to moralize on the contempt of riches and the sinfulness of hoarding up money. He told More that, whether lawyers or citizens, we should not set our heart on money; that our time in this world was brief, and that it behoved us to remember the maxim, "*Memento morieris.*" "There you have it exactly," answered More; "follow up your maxim, my friend: *Memento Mori aris*" ("Remember More's money!").

This illustrious man had an aversion to the profession of the law. He admitted no lawyers into his "Utopia," and gives them but a questionable character. "I consider them," he says, "as a people whose business it is to disguise matters and to wrest the law at their pleasure."

So intimate and off-hand was the king with Sir Thomas More that whilst the latter resided at Chelsea his sovereign sauntered along the road, unaccompanied by a single attendant, till he reached the happy home of his chief minister, and then, "dropping" in at dinner-hour, told his host that he "came in a friendly manner to partake of his belly-cheer, have a walk in the fields and a stoup of liquor in the library, and, as a matter of course, a gossip about books and a game of chess." The "happy home" was seldom without visitors—"congenial spirits," as Thorndale describes them. Amongst the "more homely guests," as Dr. Logario puts it, "were Archbishop Warham; Leland, the antiquary; Father Haughton, the subsequent martyr of the Carthusian convent; and Dean Collett, Sir Thomas More's confessor." What a gathering of the great and good!

Upon the burning of his outhouses and barns, which were filled with corn, More wrote a very consoling letter to "Mistress Alyce," as he styles the antiquated dame who became his second wife.\* He begs of her "to be reconciled to the will of God in all things." This document gives some idea of the manners and customs of private life in a remote age. Its great charm is to be found in the unaffected piety, in the faith of heart, and in the kindness of disposition which it evinces.†

\* Two years after the judicial murder of Sir Thomas More the king granted twenty pounds to his widow, who was then in distress—a miserable instalment from the plunder of the great chancellor's property.

† The letter in question is printed in Lord Campbell's "English Chancellors," vol. i.

I here introduce one of the chancellor's judgments, that has been preserved amongst his legal notes:

"It happened on a time that a beggar-woman's little dog, which she had lost, was presented for a jewel to Lady More and she had kept it some se'nnight very carefully; but at last the beggar had notice where the dog could be found, and presently she came to complain to Sir Thomas More, as he was sitting in the Justice Hall, that his lady withheld her dog from her. Presently Lady More had to appear in court, accompanied by the little dog. Sir Thomas, taking in his hands the dog, caused his wife, because she was the worthier person, to stand at the upper end of the hall, and the beggar at the lower end, and saying that he sat there to do every one justice, he bade each of them call the dog; which then they did, the dog went presently to the beggar, forsaking my lady. When the chancellor saw this movement on the part of the dog he bade the lady be contented, for the sensible dog did not belong to her. The lady repined at the sentence, and in the presence of the chancellor made a regular purchase of the dog from the beggar for one golden angel. All parties seemed agreed; and the beggar retired comparatively independent." Upon this incident the noble author of the "English Chancellors" remarks: "It must be acknowledged that Solomon himself could not have heard and determined the case more wisely or more equitably."

I cannot omit the eloquent and earnest prayer said to have been written by Sir Thomas More in his Latin diary, which may be regarded as a reflex of his inner life—of his ever-present devotion to the omnipotent Creator of heaven and earth:

"Illumine, Good Lord, my heart; Glorious God, give me from henceforth Thy grace so to set and fix firmly mine heart upon Thee that I may say with S. Paul, The world is crucified to me, and I unto the world: take from me all vain-glorious minds, and all appetites of mine own praise. Give me, good Lord, an humble, lowly, quiet, peaceable, patient, charitable, kind, tender, and pitiful mind, and, in all my works, and words, and thoughts, to have a taste of Thy Holy Spirit. Give me a full Faith, a firm Hope, a Fervent Charity, and a love to Thee incomparably above the love to myself. May I love nothing to Thy displeasure, but everything in order to Thee. Give me a longing to be with Thee: not for avoiding the calamities of this wicked world, nor so much the pains of Purgatory nor of Hell, nor so much for the attaining of the choice of Heaven in respect of mine own commodity, as even for a very love of Thee."

Many anecdotes are related of More as chancellor which, while they show his integrity, raise a suspicion that corruption in the judgment seat had not been previously uncommon. The poorest suitor obtained ready access to him and speedy trial, while the wealthy offered presents in vain and the claims of kindred found no favour. Even his son-in-law, refusing, in his reliance on the chancellor's family affection, to fall into a reasonable arbitrament, was obliged to submit to "a flat degree against him." The custom of presenting New Year's gifts often afforded a cover to suitors in his court for tendering bribes, which,

when attempted, he would with sly humour evade. The other judges took the presents, or bribes, in open court with unblushing audacity. On one particular occasion a rich widow named Rose Croker, who had obtained a decree against Lord Arundel, presented Sir Thomas More, one New Year's day, "with a pair of gloves and forty pounds in golden angels in the said gloves. Emptying the golden pieces into the lady's lap, he told her that, as it was against good manners to forsake a gentlewoman's New Year's gift, he would take her gloves, but refuse the lining."

A portrait of Sir Thomas More, by Holbein, was to be seen in 1867 in the Louvre, at Paris, which was supposed to be the one of which Baldinucci relates an anecdote. "The King of England," he says, "had a portrait of his chancellor (More), which he placed in a large room with the pictures of other learned men. On the day of the chancellor's death on the scaffold the king was angry with his queen and told her she was the cause of his death. Queen Anna went to the apartment where the picture was, and, looking at it, she was suddenly seized with remorse and horror; she fancied that its gaze was fixed on her reproachfully; she flung the picture out of the window, exclaiming: 'Oh, mercy! the man seems to be still alive; he is looking at me, he is looking at me!'" It is further alleged that the picture fell into the hands of some one passing at the moment, who sent it to the Pope. Another tradition connected with this picture states that it was amongst the rare collections carried by Bonaparte to the Louvre, and that at the period when the works of art were restored to the Vatican Prince Talleyrand contrived to have this picture retained.

The hair-shirt which More wore in "penitential seasons" was left by Margaret Roper, at her death, to her cousin, Margaret Clements, a nun in the Augustinian convent at Louvain. At the time of the French Revolution this community removed to Spetisbury in Dorsetshire, where the interesting relic is still preserved entire, with the exception of one of the sleeves, which had been presented by the Augustinian nuns to the convent of S. Dominic at Stone, in Staffordshire. The shirt is made of hogs' bristles twisted into a kind of net.

Margaret Roper was buried in S. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury. For one hundred years subsequent to her death the leaden box containing her father's head was to be seen resting on her coffin. In 1835 the Roper vault was examined, and a small niche closed with an iron grating was found in the wall above, into which the box containing the head of Sir Thomas More was removed; and I understand it still remains in the same spot.

One of More's early biographers observes: "With alacrity and spiritual joy he received the fatal axe, which no sooner had severed the head from the body but his soul was carried by angels into everlasting glory, where a crown of martyrdom was placed upon him which can never fade or decay."

"The innocent mirth," says Addison, "which had been so conspicuous in his life did not forsake him to the last. His death was of a piece with his life; there was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He did not look upon the severing

of his head from his body as a circumstance which ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind, and, as he died in a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper."

The author of the "English Chancellors" remarks that "More's character, both in public and private life, comes as near to perfection as our nature will permit." The noble author continued: "With all my Protestant zeal, I must feel a higher reverence for Sir Thomas More than for Lord Cromwell or Archbishop Cranmer. I am, indeed, reluctant to take leave of More, not only from his agreeable qualities and extraordinary merit, but from my abhorrence of the mean, sordid, and unprincipled chancellors who succeeded and made the latter half of Henry's reign the most disgraceful period in our annals."\*

Although Mr. Froude holds a prominent place amongst the hero-worshippers of Henry VIII., nevertheless he affirms that "the execution of the philosophic chancellor of England was sounded out into the far-off corners of the earth, and was the world's wonder, as well for the circumstances under which it was perpetrated as for the preternatural composure with which it was borne. . . . Something of his calmness may have been due to his natural temperament, something to an unaffected weariness of a world which, in his eyes, was plunging into the ruin of the latter days. But those fair hues of sunny cheerfulness caught their colours from the simplicity of his faith; and never was there a grander Christian victory over death than in that last scene lighted with its lambent humour."

The Lutheran princes and their followers in Germany expressed their horror at the immolation of the illustrious chancellor of England. The universities of Europe, through their great scholars and philosophers, deplored the loss which the rising literature of the age had sustained by the sacrifice of Thomas More. Erasmus in forcible language denounced the judicial murder of the great genius—Virtue's model of perfection. Which of the crimes of Nero was comparable with the murder of Seneca? What weighed so heavily on the memory of Marc Antony as the death of Cicero, on the mind of Augustus as his resentment against Ovid? "No such culprit as Thomas More," exclaims a student of history, "has stood at the bar of justice in Europe for one thousand years." No wonder, then, that such a universal shout of execration was raised against Henry Tudor. The condemnation of Socrates is the only parallel in history; nor could Socrates claim a moral superiority over Thomas More. Quite impossible. There is, however, little to lament in the glorious end of such Christian martyrs as John Fisher and Thomas More, who cheerfully laid down their lives in the cause of the unity and truth of the Catholic Church, and the liberties of England which were so long associated with that holy and time-honoured institution.

\* Ellis' "Royal Letters," first series, vol. I.; Lord Campbell's "English Chancellors," vol. i., p. 588; Foss' "English Judges," vol. v.; and in "Bays de Secours" are to be seen several interesting matters in relation to the last days of More.



## SHERBORNE;

OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems,"  
"Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XXX.

**W**HILST a dingy steamer, redolent of oiled engines and stale brandy, was rolling and pitching somewhere in the stormy waters that lie beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and Moreton, on board the the same, lay incapable of thought or action in that abyss of sea-sickness which tempts the sufferer to feel with Macbeth,

I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,  
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.

there was a disturbance in the house at the Four Ways. Trunks made when George III. was king, and ladies "wore short waists," had been brought from their accustomed corners as if in readiness for use; dresses of no particular fashion, but very black, except where age had rusted them, lay about in provisional disorder. The old servant contemplated the disturbing elements in grim silence, angrily incredulous.

Mrs. Atherstone, having brought out the trunks and the black dresses, retired into the sitting-room where she had received Moreton and Don Pascolini; then she unlocked the old bureau, that she had bought from Mr. Linus Jones, when, on enlarging his nurseries, he had sold some "rubbish" left in the lumber-room by the executor of the late tenant—a circumstance already related with abundant commentaries by Miss Hermione Crumps, during afternoon tea at Sir Roger Arden's house, in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. Mrs. Atherstone, as we have said, unlocking the old bureau, took from it a leathern portfolio, and sat down to contemplate its contents, from time to time soliloquizing slowly in a voice just audible to herself, as was her custom—a custom which had been almost a necessity of her peculiar solitude.

Out of the Portfolio she took, from among a number of old letters and documents of different kinds, a letter received that morning. "That letter," she said to herself, "I have read twenty times and more since it came, for fear I should be mistaken. What an old fool I am to bring it out again!"

But she read it again; and this is what she read:

DEAR MADAM.—As you expressed a great desire to know whether Count de Bergerac was of English extraction or not, and as I promised by your request that I would inform you if it should ever fall in my way to obtain the information you desired, I write to say that I lately met a friend of the family who told me that the count inherited his title from his mother, and that his father's name was Braborne—the name assumed by Mrs. Sherborne's brother. I am happy to have the power of giving you the information you require: but, at the same time, I must say, as I said before, when you did me the honour to consult me, that such knowledge can be of no practical use. Count de Bergerac may be, and very likely is, the eldest lineal descendant of Mrs. Sherborne's brother; but that will not entitle him to the estate, nor give him any claim on the conscience of the present owner in that respect—

"And the rest—*haute* consideration, and his name, Domenico Pascolini," muttered Mrs. Atherstone, folding up the letter. "He has told me just all I wanted to know. That bit of information will go far, I think, to do the work that I have lived for, all these long years that I have inhabited this furnished hovel, weary of existence, and fearing to die. Ay! fearing much to die."

She rose from her chair, walked up and down the room restlessly, and went on thinking aloud with intervals of silence. Articulate or silent, her thoughts ran thus:

"Fearing to die! Ah! Ah! no one, of the few who know me, has the least idea—no one, if half the world knew me, would have the least idea how I fear death. An unspeakable horror comes over me whenever the thought comes into my mind, which it does unbidden and suddenly, sending a prolonged spasm through my heart, and an icy chill all over me, that seems to burn. And then at night, when nothing is heard but the weird-like voices of the wind roaring in the chimney and rushing through the fir-wood—or, still worse, on a summer's night, calm and full of sound, whilst I am lying awake, listening painfully to the distant bark of a sheep-dog, or the onward rattle and scream of the mail train, running a race with the time that is passing away. Passing, oh! how it does pass! I sometimes feel a sort of fierce delight in listening to the clock, and thinking how much nearer I am to the end after a few ticks; and I say to myself: 'What is it that I am regretting? A life of weariness and saddest memories. And what is it that I am using up, while the clock ticks on, on, on to the end? It is time, which to-morrow may not be, so far as I am concerned.' I say this to myself and shudder, but most at night. I don't ask myself these questions in the night. A dread comes over me then—a horrible dread, indescribable, unearthly; and a voice within me seems to say: 'For you time as yet is. Delay not!' And then, at length, I fall asleep through weariness, and say to myself in the morning: 'It was the effect of solitude on a mind imbued with the memories of old sorrows and regrets and remorse, and morbid meditation.' And so it was, I suppose; and so it is—must be."

She stood still for a while, and appeared to be questioning her own conscience; but in fact she was listening to what it forced on her notice as to the real nature of her belief in her own explanation of the interior voice—listening with comparative repose, and leaning towards it with a true instinct.

And then she listened with a pleasurable fluttering of the will to what another voice told her. It was an interior voice, for it spoke within herself, but it was not she who spoke. The devil suggested, and she listened—listened with the pleasurable flutter which his suggestions always produce when listened to. This conflict of interior voices went on, as it had gone on many times before, thus—only not so much in words as by their equivalent impression:

CONSCIENCE: I dread death because I dread the judgment, dread the nature of the eternity to follow.

THE DEVIL (*suggesting*): It is the wretch, the collapse of vitality, the mysterious awe, too,

engrained in your mind by its training from childhood up.

CONSCIENCE: I am physically courageous and strong-nerved, and I heard nothing of religion in my childhood that I can remember, except to say collects by heart for punishment.

THE DEVIL (*suggesting*): The force of the old traditions of Hazeley—old Mrs. Sherborne's romantic stories of the times of persecution, predispose you to accuse yourself of a sort of apostasy in not being a Catholic. It is romance and not conviction, the habit of entering into the religious feelings of others by living in the past rather than in the present when you were at Hazeley.

CONSCIENCE: I dreamed and imagined in the past, as a child who reads fairy tales. I *lived* in the present—I lived for *him*. *That* was life: *that* was hope.

THE DEVIL (*suggesting*): 'But it was then that you first felt this inclination, this supposed Grace, which was nothing but an instinctive desire to reconcile his heirship with the claims of the dispossessed heir, in whose course Mrs. Sherborne had enlisted your sympathies.

CONSCIENCE: It was not that. I resisted the inclination on his account, because I wanted him to be the heir, and hoped that Mrs. Sherborne would not find her brother's son, and because to become a Catholic would have been a hindrance to acting as I *did* act when she sent me to Bramscote to make inquiries. It would have been a hindrance to deceiving her and myself."

THE DEVIL (*suggesting*): With his death that impediment ceased, and you had the most powerful incentive of being what he would have been if he had lived (for you know you were a drag on his inclination in that respect) and of praying for his soul, which you could not do as a Protestant."

CONSCIENCE: No, no! The pride of individual reason, which I have cultivated in a spirit of fierce solitude, has pulled me back, and resentment, increased by remorse, has made me resist.

THE DEVIL (*suggesting*): Perhaps. But if it were the Grace of God you would have no doubt about it. When God offers His Grace He makes it clear and unmistakable.

CONSCIENCE: And has He not done so? and have I not let something within me, that was not my own feeling, not my own reason, not my own conscience, resist for me with sophistries, and ebullitions of pride, and stumbling-blocks of every kind?

THE DEVIL (*suggesting*): Would God permit something that was not yourself to make His Grace of no effect?

CONSCIENCE (*tampered with by rebel habit*): I *think* I could have prevented this, by resisting the influence of that something within me. Could I? Yes—no! I have done my best—I pray to do right, and I know that I am very wicked. One must try to do one's duty, and not look out for supernatural signs like a kind of inspiration. I am sure I am not good enough to expect such a thing. It would be presumptuous in me to believe it.

The devil knew better than to make any more suggestions after that, for fear of spoiling his own work.

Mrs. Atherstone then went into her bed-room, and passed the next three-quarters of an hour in

a vigorous packing of the black dresses, with their accompaniments great and small. The old servant looked on annoyed, and even tongue-tied with amazement at the unprecedented state of affairs; but at length, just at the end of three-quarters of an hour, she made her eyes very round, and ejaculated:

"Well, I never!"

Mrs. Atherstone looked up, and her countenance, habitually hard through long *disuse* of kindlier emotion, began to soften.

"Well, my poor old Susan," she said, "what's the matter?"

The old servant stared stolidly, and wiped her eyes with her apron. She had not realized fully the cause of disturbance.

"Poor old thing!" thought Mrs. Atherstone, smoothing one of the old black dresses in the trunk. "She is slow, sure, and retentive in everything. There is more grief in her than she knows as yet. Strange that she should care about me so much. I suppose it is because I am friendless and queer like herself—no matter how I became so. And perhaps——" (here she paused and gave a sharp tug at a petticoat to make it lie flat in the trunk) "perhaps it is because I have the stronger will; and that gives her a feeling of dependence, and so it makes her fond of me, and faithful, like a pet dog."

"Look here," she said, rising from her hands and knees, "I am afraid these old trunks will never do."

The old servant looked at the trunk, then at her mistress, and then upwards into space, with an expression half appealing, half resentful. The old trunk had been an old friend, a mate companion of her hazy musings, for many a long year, as it lay in a corner of the little room where she sat and stitched.

"Well, 'm," said she, "I'm sure I can't see nothing the matter with it. It's been a good trunk these many years, it has."

"Yes; but you see travelling is different now," said Mrs. Atherstone.

"Which I hear them nasty things a rattling away of a night, a killing everybody as goes by them. And it went right through John Huggins's garden—the son of old John Huggins, him as used to live up by Plaxley Mill. Which they did use to say as a Englishman's house were his castle, as nobody can say now, when they can take a poor man's cottage away like that. And then to say as he could go somewheres else! Why, in course he could. But what's that when you have lived in the same place, man and boy, for sixty years, and your father and grandfather afore you?—which Sir Roger wouldn't never have turned him out, not he, and tried hard to get the line turned. I hate the sight of them, I do; and you'll never come back again if you go off in that way—never."

"She will make me cry, the pathetic old creature, if I let her go on in that way," thought Mrs. Atherstone; "and I don't want to do that. One can't have lived more than half a century with one faithful companion, at the corner of four unquiet roads, without growing at least as fond of her as she is of the old trunk. She is better than the old trunk; for the trunk has no will, but

she has, and has exercised it well—I wish I could feel sure that I have done the same.”

“But I have tried to do my best,” suggested the devil, making the words appear to come quite naturally out of her thoughts, yet not so as to satisfy herself. This question was becoming ubiquitous obtrusive. Who would have expected it to turn up out of such a conversation as that? She took refuge in action and the limited indulgence of natural feeling.

“You dear old thing,” she said, “I mean to come back again. Don’t be afraid. There is no more danger in travelling so than in any other way. I don’t say that I like it; but it can’t be helped. I shall not be away long—a few weeks only, I dare say. But you must have some one to keep you company while I am away.”

The old woman shook her head at this proposal, moving grave doubts as to the chances of pleasant intercourse between herself and any one brought in to keep her company.

“Perhaps you would rather not have anyone here?” said Mrs. Atherstone. “Well, then, do as you like. After all, you will have as much protection as we have always had. But I don’t quite——”

“Oh! it’s all right m,” interrupted the old woman. “There’s the man as always sleeps in the pantry. And as to the day time—why, there’s the old blunderbuss. And I’d use it, too—that I would, if I was to catch a fellow a-croaking about or rob the house. But I *do* wish you wouldn’t go.”

“Don’t be afraid about me. I shall get on very well,” said Mrs. Atherstone. “But I want you to do a commission for me. You must see if you can get a light cart to take you into Lyneham, and bring back a large portmanteau. Go at once, please, for I must finish my packing to-night. Stay, while I give you the money to pay for it. I suppose five pounds will be enough; but, perhaps, I had better give you two five-pound notes—and you may get me a carpet-bag, or some other small thing of the kind.”

She went into the sitting-room, took the notes out of a drawer in the bureau, and returning, gave them to the old servant, who went off to do her commission without hesitating in her obedience. Only as she opened the door she was heard to mutter:

“Which it is too good a trunk to be knocked about on them nasty railroads as goes through people’s gardens, and——”

The shutting of the door broke off the remainder of the sentence, and Mrs. Atherstone took it up of her own thoughts.

“You poor old trunk,” said she, addressing it as if it were alive. “I am very fond of you, for you have never done me any harm, and I have never done any harm to you; and in this kind of libidinate seclusion in the world, one’s affections grow downwards, twining themselves loosely round material objects. What o’clock is it? Half-past seven. Four miles to Lyneham. If she gets there she will be back by two, I suppose. I must write this thing now, and then pack, and be off on the first train in the morning. Let me see—when is the train? Half-past eight? I must walk to the station and ask, as soon as I have finished writing.”

(To be continued.)

## WEDDINGS & THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.



FOR so far, in this world, there is no cessation to the occasions of marrying and giving in marriage, and, no doubt, our fair readers look upon such opportunities with a spirit of interest which would do honour to more primitive ages. We never knew any lady who has not gone a shopping with the most earnest zest whenever she was destined to appear at a wedding *déjeuner*, and we must add also, that we never knew one who was free from a flutter of excitement as to how such a transaction would go off. Until the bride has stepped into her carriage with the happy man, whirled off from a railway station, or steamed away in a packet-boat, the mental organisation of the most staid of the female members of the bridal friendly circle has been ever a victim to visions of tulle d’illusion, orange blossoms, white lace, and splendid settlements, to an extent positively alarming to contemplate. We must admit in our own person to have attempted—vainly attempted—upon a few occasions to combat the flutter to which we refer, and awe it down by the dignity of our mortal manhood, and we must confess our utter discomfiture in every such attempt. White lace and female excitement have been at all such times triumphant, and some of us have paid the penalty when we have paid for a bonnet, a cloak, or a pair of bracelets, as a peace offering specially designed for the adornment of our decidedly better half at the ceremony. At such times, probably, we have privately sought consolation from the contemplation of the reduction in our funds, by contemplating the systems of conducting marriage formula over the world, and now place the result before our readers.

In the Jewish tribes the candidates for matrimony were betrothed before the elders or the governors of the place, at the house of the bride’s father. It is asserted by Jewish writers that after the espousals the bride remained during ten months at least in her parents’ house, in order to make suitable preparations for her marriage ceremony. This period past, the wedding was celebrated by a feast of seven days. The bride was adorned on the occasion with as much care and elegance as could be afforded by her station in life, and a nuptial crown was placed upon her head. A curious difference existed between the Israelite mode of holding the festival and the modern. At the ancient marriage feast of the Jews, the bridegroom and his party feasted in one apartment, whilst the bride and her companions enjoyed themselves in another. On the last day of the seven the bride was conducted to the house of the bridegroom’s father. The procession usually set off in the evening with great ceremony. The bridegroom was clothed with a marriage robe and crown, and the bride was covered from head to foot with a veil. Each of them was accompanied by his or her companions marshalled in a distinct body, playing on musical instruments, and singing songs composed for the occasion. The maidens who accompanied the bride wore veils which completely concealed their features. As they passed

along the way which led to the bridegroom's house, their path was illuminated by the light of torches placed at intervals to shine upon their path. At the bridegroom's house his female relatives and friends, invited for the occasion, come forth to meet them. They also waved torches or bore lamps as they moved forward. Having met the bridal party, they joined their ranks and accompanied them to the residence. Upon their entrance the doors were shut, and no other guests admitted to the marriage supper and its accompanying festivity.

The modern Jews considerably differ in their ceremonial of marriage, from their forefathers. The bride is accompanied to the place of celebration by her female friends, and the bridegroom by his male friends. The company is always large, as unless ten men are present the ceremony is null and void. When the marriage is about to be solemnised, a canopy of velvet is brought into the room, and extended on four posts. The bride is led beneath this canopy by two females, the bridegroom by two men. Those are generally the female and male parents of each, if living; if not, the nearest kindred perform this duty. The celebrant then takes a glass of wine; and having recited a formulary prayer, offers the glass to the bride and bridegroom, who both drink of the wine, after which the bridegroom places the ring on the finger of the bride. Then the marriage contract is read, and when its reading is concluded, the person officiating takes another glass of wine and gives it to the bridegroom and the bride, who both drink. The empty glass is then laid upon the floor, and the bridegroom stamping upon it breaks it to pieces. This is intended to symbolise the frailty of life. All the company then cry out, "*Good luck to you!*" The ceremony is followed by alms for the poor. After this ensues the nuptial feast for seven days. The nuptial ceremonial of Christianity is, we have no doubt, a subject with which our readers are well acquainted; but the merely social forms were somewhat different in the early ages to those with which we are familiarised. Unmarried females in those times wore a purple fillet, which was unbound before the rites began; a veil was then thrown over the bride. The ordinary formula was then gone through, after which the parties were adorned with garlands of flowers, and went in procession to their home. The evening was closed with a marriage feast, at which the friends of the bride and bridegroom were present.

Amongst the ancient Greeks marriage was looked upon as a solemn transaction. On the day before its celebration sacrifices were offered. The bride and bridegroom cut off a portion of their hair and dedicated it to the gods. Towards the evening of the day of marriage the bride was conducted from the residence of her father to that of the bridegroom, accompanied by the bridegroom and a companion, whom he selected for the occasion. Crowds of attendants marched in procession, carrying lighted torches and vocal and instrumental music hailed the bridal party as it moved along. The bride was veiled, and she as well as the bridegroom wore a chaplet on her head. As the parties entered the house which was to be their residence, confections were

showered over their heads, to indicate the abundance of all good things might ever attend them. The marriage was not celebrated by civil or religious rite. A nuptial feast was held in the house of the bridegroom, at which both men and women were present, seated at different tables. The epithalamium or nuptial hymn was then sung, and the ceremonies were over. On the following day it was customary for the friends of the parties to send presents to the wedded pair.

The custom of a Roman marriage differed in many respects from the Grecian mode. The wedding day was never fixed without consulting the auspices. Certain days were always avoided as being unlucky. When those difficulties were arranged, on the occasion of the marriage the bride wore a long white robe adorned with purple fringe, or with ribbons, a girdle was worn around the waist, whilst a veil of a bright yellow colour was thrown over the head, and shoes of the same colour were worn upon the feet. When dressing, the hair of the bride was divided at the point of a spear. No religious ceremony was used upon the occasion. In the evening the bride was conducted to the house of her husband, carrying in her hand a distaff and a spindle of wool. Three boys accompanied her dressed in the prætexta, one bearing a torch before her, the other two walking by her side. The procession was also attended by a large company of friends both of bride and bridegroom. On reaching the house, the entrance of which was ornamented with flowers, the utmost care was taken that the bride should not strike against the threshold, which would be an unlucky omen. To prevent this she was carried into the house. Before entering, however, she wound a portion of the hair around the door-posts and anointed them with oil, after which the bridegroom met her with wine and water, which she was required to touch. She then advanced and took her seat upon a skin spread for the purpose, after which the keys of the house were formally handed to her, the marriage feast terminated the proceedings.

Amongst the ancient Scandinavians the marriage ceremony consisted in feasting chiefly. The bridegroom having obtained the consent of the bride and also that of her parents, appointed the day and having assembled his relatives and friends sent some of them to receive the bride from her father. On those occasions the dowry was given. The father of the bride then accompanied her and the bridegroom's party to his house, where formally gave her into his hands. At this the bride and bridegroom sat down to table with their guests, who drank their healths, and toasted the gods and heroes in Valhalla, in draughts of the *boir* of the fierce Vikings. The bride's friends then took her up on their shoulders and bore her around the compartment—a mark of esteem amongst the Goths. The husband then presented the wife with a pair of oxen for plough, a harnessed horse, a shield, a lance, and a sword. "This," says Tacitus, "was to signify that she should not lead an idle and luxurious life, but was to become a partaker with him in labours and a companion in danger, and equal sharing with him the lot of peace or war."

ates also that "the women on their parts gave em some arms; this was the sacred bond of er union, these their mystic rites, and these the ities who presided over their marriage." The ked oxen, the caparisoned horse, and the arms, served to instruct the women how they were lead their lives, and how, perhaps, life might terminated. The arms were to be carefully eserved, and, being ennobled by the use the sband made of them, were to be consigned as rations for the daughters, and to be handed wn to posterity.

Those modern nations which are still darkened heathenism have some very peculiar and interesting ceremonies upon the nuptial occasion. Japan, after the preliminary choice has been made by the bride, and the wedding day fixed, an intelligent female servant, of the second class, is sent to the house of the bride to attend her; and the father of the bride, having invited all his kinsfolk, entertains them previous to the bride's departure; the bridal party sets out in litters, led in that country *norimons*. A mediator or go-between, being always the originator of a marriage in Japan, precedes them to the house of the bridegroom. His wife occupies the first of the *norimons* or litters, then the bride, then the bride's mother, and finally her father, constitute the train. The bride is dressed in white, the Japanese mourning colour, to signify that thenceforth she is dead to her parents. At the right end of the entrance to the bridegroom's residence is stationed an old woman, having a mortar containing some rice cakes, and on the left is an old man furnished out in the same manner. When the bride's litter makes its appearance they begin to pound their mortars vigorously, the man ejaculating, at each blow, "a thousand aris!" the woman exclaiming, just as often, "a thousand!"—thus alluding to the supposed life of the tortoise and the crane, and wishing them for the bride. As the litter passes between those personages, the man pours his rice into the mortar of his female companion, and both pound vigorously together. What is thus pounded is made again into two cakes, which are given a conspicuous position in the apartment where the marriage is to be celebrated. At the passage of the house the litter is met by the bridegroom, who stands in his dress of ceremony ready to receive it. There is seated in the same room a woman with a lantern, and several others behind her. It was by the light of the lantern that the bridegroom first saw his bride, and if he feels dissatisfied with her appearance now, he can exercise his right of preventing the ceremony from being performed. The bride, on seeing the bridegroom, reaches to him a small bag, through the front window of her room, containing a small image of metal, used as an amulet, and he hands it to the female servant, who takes it to the wedding apartment and hangs it up. The bride is then led to her apartment, the lantern-bearer preceding her. The rest of the ceremony is very strange. The mediator, his wife, the bride and bridegroom, are assembled together in the same apartment, to which no one else is admitted. Two young girls, one of whom called the male and the other the female butter-

fly, from emblems upon wine-jugs which they carry, pour out wine into one of three bowls which are placed each upon the other. The bride takes the uppermost, holds it in both her hands, and sips a little of the wine in it three several times, and then hands it to the bridegroom. He drinks three times in like manner, puts the bowl under the third, takes up the second, hands it to be filled, and, drinking out of it three times, presents it to the bride, who performs the same ceremony, and puts the second bowl under the third, takes it up, and, after holding it to be filled, begins the same formula as before, and giving it to the bridegroom, he drinks and places the bowl under the first; this concludes the ceremony. The relatives are informed that the marriage is celebrated, and join the bride and bridegroom for the wedding feast.

In Madagascar, when the choice is made, and the preliminaries arranged, a lucky day is fixed by a soothsayer, and the relatives of the bride and bridegroom meet at the houses of the respective parties. All are attired in their best apparel, and decorated with their gayest ornaments. At the appointed hour the relatives or friends of the bridegroom accompany him to the house of the bride. Those receive the dowry, which being settled, he is received by the bride as her future husband. They eat together, and are recognised by the senior members of the family as husband and wife; a benediction is pronounced upon them, and a prayer offered to God that they may have a numerous offspring, abundance of cattle, many slaves, great wealth, and increase the honour of their respective families. They then repair to the house of the parents and friends of the bridegroom, and again eat together, when similar benedictions are pronounced by the senior members of the family, or the head man of the village, who is usually invited to attend the ceremony. The nuptial bond is in some instances now regarded as complete; general feasting ensues, after which the parties return to their respective homes, and the newly-married couple to the residence prepared for them.

In the South Sea Islands the marriage ceremony is a curious proceeding, as described by Mr. Williams in his "Researches." He gives a very life-like account of an instance at which he was present: "A group of women seated under the shade of a noble tree, which stood at a short distance from the house, chaunted, in a pleasing and lively air, the heroic deeds of the chieftain and his ancestors; and opposite to them, beneath the spreading branches of a bread-fruit tree, sat the newly-purchased bride, a tall and beautiful young woman, about eighteen years of age. Her dress was a fine mat, fastened around the waist reaching nearly to her ankles, while a wreath of leaves and flowers, ingeniously and tastefully entwined, decorated her brow. The upper part of her person was anointed with sweet-scented cocoa-nut oil, and tinged partially with a rouge prepared from the turmeric root, and round her neck were two rows of large blue beads. Her whole deportment was pleasingly modest. While listening to the chaunters, and looking upon the novel scene before us, our attention was attracted by another company of women who were following each other in single file, and chaunting, as they

came, the praises of their chief. Sitting down with the company which preceded them, they united in one general chorus, which appeared to be in praise of the bridegroom and his progenitors. This ended, a dance, in honour of the marriage, was commenced, which was considered one of their grandest exhibitions, and held in high esteem by the people. The performers were four young women, all daughters of chiefs of the highest rank, who took their stations at right angles on the fine mats with which the dancing-house was spread, and then interchanged positions with slow and graceful movements both of the hands and feet, while the bride recited some of the mighty doings of her forefathers." Such is the marriage ceremonial down by the lone Pacific. The bride is bought and paid for there, so that a numerous family of girls is a valuable stock-in-trade to the avaricious savage who possesses them. There is a touch of slave traffic about it which divests it of interest.

Marriage amongst the Hindoos, is conducted with great pomp and enormous outlay. It is stated that a parent will often expend his whole fortune on a marriage entertainment, and pass the rest of his days in the most pitiable destitution. The nuptial ceremonies continue during many days. The wedding dinner is given to an immense number of guests, and if the entertainers be rich, is extremely magnificent. Upon this occasion only, the bride sits down to partake with her husband, of the luxuries provided; indeed both eat out of the same plates. This, however, is the only time in her life that the wife is allowed such a privilege; henceforward she never sits down to a meal with her husband. Even at the nuptial feast, she eats what he leaves unless she be too much of an infant—for females are married in Hindoostan at ten or twelve years old—to be sensible of the honour done her. Some sacrifices being made on the last day of the festival, a procession is made through the town or village. It commonly takes place at night, the streets brilliantly illuminated with innumerable torches. The married pair are seated in the same palanquin facing each other. They are magnificently arrayed in brocaded silks and velvets, adorned with jewels presented them by their parents; if their parents are unable to make such presents, the gems are borrowed for the occasion. Before the palanquin marches a band of musicians who drown every other sound in the braying of horns, the clamour of drums, pipes and cymbals. As the procession moves onwards, the friends and relatives of the bride and bridegroom come out of their houses to express their congratulations as they pass, offering them presents, for which, however, they expect a more than adequate return.

Like the Hindoos, the Chinese incur large expense in celebrating marriages. The bride, locked up in a red gilt sedan, borne by four men, usually followed by a train of friends gaily dressed, accompanied by music, and bearing banners, is carried by night to the house of the bridegroom. Here the parties pledge each other in a cup of wine, and together worship the ancestral tablets, together with prostrating themselves before the parents of the bridegroom. This done, the Celestials are held to be formally united.

In these details, our readers have the description of most of the ceremonies by which marriage has been, or is at present instituted. From London Bridge to the South Sea territories it seems to be an interesting occasion to the fair sex, of which they take the utmost advantage. We confess, after all, to a leaning to the good cheer and other etceteras on such occasions, and conclude our jottings by professing our preference for them even at the cost of being amerced for the same on the next possible opportunity.

### A VICTIM TO ADVICE; OR, FOR WANT OF SOMETHING TO DO.

**M**Y unfortunate friend Phil Darcy, long since dead, was loved and respected by everybody, perhaps because he did everything that everybody wished him to do. He once had a small—very small—independence, and had lived a life of ease ever since he left "Old Trinity," now some seven or eight years, until at length the love of strong liquors, and the intoxicating charms of society deprived him of all he possessed. He had nothing to do, and his friends have been heard to say how remarkably well he did it, so well, in short, that he was not disposed to do anything else. This negative mode of employment, however, proved very unprofitable in the end, and poor Phil was fain to resort to his friends for assistance; but he soon discovered that they were not sufficiently acquainted with the doctrine of "moral obligations" to recognise the principle that, because they had been willing to accept favours from him, they should be equally willing to grant him favours in return. He had pushed his brains to such an extent, without any favorable result, that at length he began to think he no longer had any brains to puzzle, and being reduced to extremities, he meditated a trip to America, one of the colonies, where some people imagine that fortunes are to be picked up like leaves of an autumn day. He mentioned his idea to his friend and companion, Ralph Massey, who took or affected to take, a warm interest in his well-being.

"I am quite weary," said Phil, "of this precarious state of lodging-house existence, for, without money or employment, I am as a turtle on the broad of its back. There's nothing to be done here, for no one will employ me. I shall be off as soon as I can, and bid good day to the miseries and mysteries of my present life."

"Pooh, pooh! my dear Phil," said Ralph, "don't talk like that. Fortune is at the best but a fickle goddess, and as often changes her favourites as a nation does its ministers. Take my advice, old fellow, and stay where you are; and I'll tell you how you may jump out of your present chrysalis state, and become a butterfly of the choicest tints."

"Well, let me hear it," replied Phil; "but don't lead me into any rash speculation which may in turn lead me to ruin."

"Nonsense, my dear boy," rejoined Ralph, "I only want to lead you to the altar, not to ruin—God forbid, Phil. Be advised in time. Get married. The



introduce you to a girl who is well qualified to make an excellent and affectionate wife, for she has plenty of money and very little beauty."

Now, amongst the various schemes which Phil Darcy had conceived for the improvement of his fortune, the idea of matrimony had not once entered his head: but he was never too proud to take advice, and he immediately yielded to the suggestion proffered to him.

The preliminaries — introduction, etc., were speedily arranged through the dexterous contrivances of Massey, and in the course of a few days Phil was received as a visitor at the house of the young lady's parents. He was not devoid of natural gifts, and so well did he display them before the fair damsel whose fortune he wished to make his own, that in less than four weeks he was her accepted suitor. Miss Flora Henderson was certainly not handsome, nor was she very young, but her manners were good, she was well informed, a decent player and singer and she possessed a head of golden hair which was always so beautifully arranged that any fashionable coiffeur would have been proud to exhibit it in his window. Now golden hair was in the eyes of Phil Darcy a most charming ornament, and as in the present instance it bore the recommendation of belonging to a lady of fortune, and that lady his promised wife, he looked forward to being a very happy man.

Poor Phil was not now in a position to keep a horse, but he contrived on several occasions to borrow one, in order that he might raise himself in the estimation of his beloved, whose confiding disposition, he was quite sure, would never allow her to doubt that the animal was his own, and last though not least, he was an excellent horseman. One fine morning Phil proposed to Mr. Henderson that Flora should take a ride with him, for Henderson owned a horse and Flora was the proprietress of a habit. The matter was soon arranged, and though Flora was not accustomed to ride much, the young people were soon among the dashing equestrians in the park, Phil thinking how delightful it would be when he and his wife would disport themselves on their own chargers, and she meditating upon her good fortune in having gained so promising a husband. Suddenly, the horse which Miss Henderson rode made a round forward, and whilst that young lady was endeavouring to ascertain the cause of this eccentric movement, he began to indulge in various gymnastic exercises, which, though apparently very agreeable to himself, were extremely dangerous to his rider. Phil seized the horse's bridle, but not in time to avoid the shocking catastrophe that ensued. The elegant Flora, being unused to riding, and, of course, not accustomed to such capers as I have described, was unable to maintain her seat, and in the violence of the shock which disturbed her equilibrium, her head fell off — and oh, horrible to relate! her head and golden hair fell with it, revealing to the astonished Phil a stunted growth of — "carrots" — the dreadful word must out, however displeasing to our lady readers, which would, doubtless, have gone forth in rich luxuriance, had they not been deprived of their fair proportions!

I shall, or must, throw a veil over Miss Hender-

son and the scene which followed between that young lady and the bewildered Darcy. Suffice it to say that, having been deceived in one instance, Phil began to fear he might be so in another and, therefore, he thought it advisable to make some minute inquiries respecting her "fortune," which, together with the lovely golden hair alluded to, constituted the attraction of Miss Flora Henderson. The result of those inquiries was, that the fortune proved to be no more a reality than the hair; and thus was poor Phil Darcy's disappointment complete. He had innocently thought to improve his hapless condition; and whether he did so or not will be gathered from a brief conversation which took place between himself and Ralph Massey, about a month after the accident in the park.

"Here's a nice predicament you have brought me into!" exclaimed Darcy, as he entered his friend's apartment. "I'm a victim to your confounded advice."

"What's the matter, now?" said the astonished Massey. "I thought I had given you advice which any man ought to be grateful for; I not only persuaded you to marry, but I introduced you to a young lady of good connections and large property."

"Yes," replied the deluded Darcy, scarcely able to control his indignation, "a lady whose property might be purchased at any wig-makers in London for five pounds or less."

Massey was about to seek an explanation of his mysterious speech, but Darcy shocked him by exclaiming:

"Ask no questions, Ralph, but be satisfied with what I tell you. All I need say is, that I have become the victim of your gratuitous advice, and that, instead of being the husband of a lady of fortune, I am the defendant in an action for breach of promise of marriage!"

The result of the trial was that poor Darcy, the would-be-husband, was mulcted in heavy damages; and I have good reason to believe that he paid the debt of nature without paying the penalty of his matrimonial defalcations.

There is, moreover, strong ground for supposing that, in his determination to avenge himself upon the gentler sex, he afterwards gave gratuitously, that bold piece of advice to any of his friends about to marry—"DON'T."

### "PARCEQUE JE L'AIME."\*

SAY why does little pussy stand,  
With tail erect and looks so bland,  
Rubbing herself against your hand?—

"Parceque je l'aime."

And why does little robin come,  
When winter frosts his limbs benumb,  
And pick from out your hand his crumb?

"Parceque je l'aime."

Why does your pretty rose tree grow,  
And fairer than its fellows show,  
And sweeter odours round it throw?—

"Parceque je l'aime." J. E.

\* These lines were suggested by the answer of a little French girl, who, when asked, "Why is your rose tree so much finer than ours?" Replied, "*Parceque je l'aime*;"—"Because I love it."

## THE MONKEY AND THE CROW.

**I**N the jungles about the neighbourhood of Tillicherry, in India, there is a large species of monkey, frequently tamed by the natives; and at a village a short distance from this celebrated seaport, we had an evidence of the remarkable sagacity of this animal. A few yards from the house of the person to whom it belonged, a thick pole, at least thirty feet high, had been fixed into the earth, round which was an iron ring, and to this was attached a strong chain of considerable length, fastened to a collar round the monkey's neck. The ring being loose, it easily slid up the pole, when he ascended or descended. He was in the habit of taking his station upon the top of the bamboo, where he seemed perched as if to enjoy the beauties of the prospect around him; this was really striking. The crows, which in India are very abundant and singularly audacious, taking advantage of his elevated position, had been in the daily habit of robbing him of his food, which was placed every morning and evening at the foot of the pole. To this he had vainly expressed his dislike by chattering, and other indications of his displeasure equally ineffectual; nothing that he could do was of any avail to scare away these unwelcome intruders upon his repasts. He tried various modes to banish them, but they continued their periodical depredations. Finding that he was perfectly unheeded, he adopted a plan of retribution as effectual as it was ingenious.

One morning, when his tormentors had been particularly troublesome, he appeared as if seriously indisposed: he closed his eyes, drooped his head, and exhibited various other symptoms of severe suffering. No sooner were his ordinary rations placed at the foot of the bamboo, than the crows, watching their opportunity, descended in great numbers, and, according to their usual practice, began to demolish his provisions. The monkey now began to slide down the pole by slow degrees, as if the effort were painful to him, and as if so overcome by indisposition that his remaining strength was scarcely equal to such exertion. When he reached the ground, he rolled about for some time, seeming in great agony, until he found himself close by the vessel employed to contain his food, which the crows had by this time well nigh devoured. There was still, however some remaining, which a solitary bird, emboldened by the apparent indisposition of the monkey, advanced to seize. The wily creature was by this time lying in a state of apparent insensibility at the foot of the pole, and close by the pan. The moment the crow stretched out its head, and ere it could secure a mouthful of the interdicted food, the watchful avenger seized the depredator by the neck with the rapidity of thought, and secured it from doing further mischief. He now began to chatter and grin in a most refined triumph, whilst the crows flew around, cawing in boisterous chime, as if deprecating the chastisement about to be inflicted upon their companion. The monkey continued for a while to chatter and grin in triumphant mockery of their distress; he then deliberately placed the captive crow between his knees, and

began to pluck it with the most humorous gravity. When he had completely stripped it, except the pinions and tail, he flung it into the air as high as his strength would permit, and, after flapping its wings for a few seconds, it fell on the ground with a stunning shock. The other crows, which had been fortunate enough to escape a similar castigation, now surrounded it, and immediately pecked it to death. The expression of joy on the animal's countenance was altogether indescribable; and he had no sooner seen this ample retribution dealt to the purloiner of his repast, than he ascended the bamboo to enjoy a quiet repose. The next time his food was brought, not a single crow approached it; and I daresay that, thenceforward, he was never again molested by those voracious intruders.

**FIDELITY OF A LION.**—The circumstances attending the recent death of an American lion-tamer, named Stewart, are really very touching, as illustrative of the sincerity of affection that may exist between man and beast. Some months ago, it is narrated that an individual—now proved to have been the lion-tamer in question—came to the suburb of Romainville, just outside Paris, to take up his abode in a cottage there. He appeared to be of a misanthropical turn of mind, of strange ways, and insisted on unloading himself, in the utmost secrecy, the large waggon he alleged to contain his household belongings. The people in the neighbourhood marvelled about him, and then forgot him, for he was rarely seen out of doors, excepting when he went to the market to purchase large quantities of the commonest kind of meat. A week or so ago, however, it was remarked by the gossips of the locality that the stranger had not been seen for some time at the market place, and the attention of the authorities was called to the circumstance. The cottage was forcibly entered, no one within responding to the demands for admission, and the corpse of the lion-tamer, who had fallen upon evil days, was discovered in one of the rooms over the remains being stretched the lifeless body of an old lion. It is supposed the deceased succumbed to an apoplectic stroke, and that the faithful lion lay calmly down to die of grief and hunger by the side of its master.

## NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

THE Editor desires to call the attention of Contributors to the following rules regarding MSS.:—

1. Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each contribution must bear on the first page the contributor's name and address, and the conditions on which it is forwarded.
3. In no case can the Editor undertake the task of passing an opinion upon the merits or defects of poems or stories submitted to him; nor can he specify the reasons which may influence him in rejecting any contribution.
4. As MSS. are sent voluntarily, the Editor will not hold himself responsible for their safe return; but when an addressed wrapper accompanies the contribution, care will be taken to have such contribution duly posted in the event of its rejection.
5. When a stamped, addressed wrapper is not sent, the MSS. will remain for six months at the office, where they may be obtained upon application, either personally or by letter enclosing addressed wrapper. Beyond six months no application can be entertained.

# GEORGE MASON'S ESSENCE OF BEEF,

CONCENTRATED BEEF TEA,

Savoury Meat Lozenges, etc.

ESSENCE OF BEEF VERSUS ALCOHOL.—In all cases of Debility, Weariness, or Depression, GEORGE MASON'S ESSENCE OF BEEF is a far better stimulant than Alcohol. Its effects are immediate and lasting.

*Shippers, the Trade, and others, should apply to*

GEORGE MASON, 417, KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA, S.W.

# GUY'S

Sluggish Liver, Indigestion, Fulness after Meals, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Blotches on the Face, Low Spirits, Debility, and other irregularities of the Stomach, Liver, and Nerves, are cured with great certainty by a few doses of this valuable and elegant preparation. There is no remedy that so speedily restores these organs, however gravely or chronically affected, as Guy's Tonic. It is the best medicine in existence for a Torpid Inactive Liver, accompanied by Dyspepsia and Low Spirits.

*Sold everywhere, at 2s. 9d. per bottle.*

Sent free by post for 2s. 9d. in stamps from  
GUY'S TONIC COMPANY,  
6, SLOANE SQUARE, LONDON.

# TONIC

Free by post, One Shilling,

THE BEST LIKENESS OF THE LATE

## PIUS IX.,

A BEAUTIFUL WOOD ENGRAVING ON THICK TONED PAPER,  
FIT FOR ANY DRAWING ROOM.

"THE TABLET," the leading Catholic organ, of Feb. 16 says: "We have received from 'THE LAMP' Office one of the best likenesses we have seen of the late Pontiff. The price, one shilling, puts it within the reach of all."

OFFICE OF THE "LAMP," 25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

# Hop Bitters

Are THE PUREST, CHEAPEST, & BEST BITTERS EVER MADE.

They are compounded from HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, PODOPHYLLIN, and DANDELION, the oldest, best, and most valuable medicine in the world. Contains all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, being the greatest BLOOD PURIFIER, LIVER REGULATOR, and Life and Health Restoring agent on earth.

## No Disease or Ill Health

*Can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.*

TRY HOP BITTERS TO-DAY.

May be had of all Chemists throughout the World.



# BEETHAM'S Glycerine & Cucumber

Is the most perfect Emollient Milk for PRESERVING and BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN EVER PRODUCED. IT KEEPS THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE, during the COLDEST WEATHER, entirely removes and prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, &c., and preserves THE SKIN from the effects of FROST, COLD WINDS, and HARD WATER, more effectually than any other preparation! If applied after dancing or visiting Heated apartments it will be found delightfully cooling and refreshing. Bottles, 12s., 2s. 6d., of all Chemists. Free for 3d. extra by the Sole Makers, **DR. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.**

# Louis VELVETEEN

**GENOA FACE. FAST WOVEN FILL.**

Every Yard of the Genuine bears the Name "LOUIS" and the Wear of

**EVERY YARD GUARANTEED.**

**Patterns Post Free.**

**THOS. WALLIS & CO., HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.**

# ODONTOBAPH

THE ONLY ABSOLUTELY PURE DENTIFRICE.  
THE NEW TOOTH PASTE & POWDER.  
TOOTH BRUSH AND MOUTH WASH.

MARIE ROZE writes: I have much pleasure in stating that the ODONTOBAPH is a most DELIGHTFUL preparation, and INVALUABLE for cleansing and preserving the teeth.

(Signed)

*Marie Roze*

LILLIE LANGTRY writes: I think the ODONTOBAPH is EXCELLENT and MOST PLEASANT to use.

(Signed)

*Lillie Langtry*

**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

Price 12s., 2s., & 3s. 6d. Post free 3d. extra.

THE ODONTOBAPH COMPANY,  
CANNON STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

## Asthma

VIDE

The testimony of many eminent medical authorities, and scores of the general public.

## Bronchitis

"DECEMBER,"

CURED BY THE SIMPLE PROCESS OF  
INHALATION

## Consumption

With its fogs and dampness, is now upon us, and those who are subject to ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, and other forms of Pulmonary Affections, will be seeking, as heretofore, the best means of relieving their distressing symptoms. Immediate relief can always be obtained by a few inhalations from



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF "AMMONIAPHONE." ACTUAL LENGTH ABOUT 25 INCHES. Which maintains its unique reputation, and is universally approved by the leading physicians as the simplest, safest, and most effectual remedy for all Chest and Throat Affections.

READ THE FOLLOWING UNEXCEPTIONABLE TESTIMONY.

Dr. A. S. KENNEDY, L.R.C.P., writes as follows:—

"The two Ammoniaphones that I had from you have given very good results. Apart from improved timbre, resonance, and extension of register, which are undeniable, I have found the Ammoniaphone most useful in cutting short catarrhal and laryngeal troubles, and of great benefit in removing huskiness. Several patients have tried the Ammoniaphone at my suggestion, and are all pleased with the improvement in their voices."

Miss KARETT, Bramfield, Cavendish Road, Clapham Common, writes:—

"Miss Karetts incloses Post Office Order for 21s., to be sent to the above address. Dr. Cronin, Miss B.'s medical attendant, desires her to try it for a delicate throat. He particularly recommends it in her case."

THE AMMONIAPHONE (Harness' Patent) will be sent free by

Cheque (Crossed "London and County Bank") for 21s., and payable to C. B. HARNESSE, THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, Limited, 52, Oxford St., London, W. NEW YORK, 226, Fifth Avenue.

Dr. FRED. T. B. LOGAN, Eastville, Southville, Bristol

writes: "February 2nd, 1885."

"The Ammoniaphone arrived safely this morning. I happened to be suffering from relaxed throat and hoarseness, which the inhalations almost instantly relieved. I shall have much pleasure in forwarding you my experience with it after I have given it a fair trial."

LATER TESTIMONY.

"Dr. LOGAN sends his Ammoniaphone to be recalled according to your circular, and begs to express his entire satisfaction. Before its use he was subject to relaxed throat which has now almost entirely gone, and the effect it has upon the vocal notes of the register is almost marvellous."

not to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of P.O.O. for 21s., and payable to C. B. HARNESSE, MELBOURNE, Allan & Co., 17, Collins Street, East.



DIVINE SCIENCE

HUMAN SCIENCE

# THE LAMP.

*Established Half a Century.*

## CONTENTS:

	PAGE		PAGE
MR. THORNLEY'S ROSES (Illus.) ...	353, 369, 390, 401	ANCIENT FORMS OF CIVILIZATION .....	378
HOW TO BREAK OFF BAD HABITS .....	357	SINCERITY.....	381
CHRISTIAN BURIAL AND CREMATION.....	358, 373	THE PROMISED LAND .....	384
A VILLAINOUS PLOT .....	361	HEAVILY LADEN; A STORY OF TWO LIVES (Illus.)	385, 471
LONDON FOG .....	363	"HAPPY THOUGH MAR- RIED" .....	389
SHERBORNE; OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS .....	365, 380, 395, 410	THE REV. ALBAN BUTLER	394
THE SHYLLS AND THEIR BOOKS .....	367	ROMAN GLUTTONY.....	398
ERRONEOUS ESTIMATE OF BOYS .....	368	CHRISTMAS AND ITS OB- SERVANCES .....	399
A TOUGH YARN .....	376	CHRISTMAS BELLS.....	407
		A CHRISTMAS ON THE BALTIC .....	408

## OFFICES:

LONDON,—25, WHITEFRIARS STREET, E.C.  
DUBLIN,—SMITH & SON, MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.  
M. H. GILL & SON, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.  
LIVERPOOL,—SMITH & SON, CASTLE STREET.  
MANCHESTER,—J. HEYWOOD, DEANSGATE.  
SMITH & SON, 1, NEW BROWN STREET.



## BRADFORD'S



"VOWEL" A1.

Will wash eight shirts  
in ten minutes.

PATENT "VOWEL" A1

Washing, Wringing  
AND  
Mangling MachineIs PERFECT as a Washer, a Wringer,  
and a Mangler.See "Vowel" Testimony, containing the experience  
of over 500 users.Trial free, carriage free, full instructions free,  
and satisfaction always guaranteed.Mangles from 45s. Wringers from 25s. Write for New  
Catalogue.THOS. BRADFORD & CO., High Holborn, London;  
Victoria Avenue, Manchester; & Bold St., Liverpool.

## EXTRACT.

"The 'Vowel' A1 is the  
best value of any thing in  
my house, and the best  
laundress I ever had. We  
have really no trouble with  
our washing now, and that  
is high praise, considering  
the constant worry and  
trouble before we had the  
Machine."

PURCHASER'S LETTER.



ANYONE who  
A1 WRING  
and MANG  
MACHINE  
remember

BRADFORD'S are admittedly the best, as  
the true sense are the cheapest. Thousands  
these invaluable machines have been doing  
service for from 10 to 20 years, and are little  
worse for wear. See CATALOGUE.

## CAMBRIC

Samples &amp; Price Lists Post Free

Children's... 1/5 per doz.

Ladies'... 2/6 "

Gents'... 3/8 "

HEMSTITCHED

Ladies'... 3/11 per doz.

Gents'... 6/9 "

All Pure Flax.

By appointments to the  
Queen and Crown Princess  
of Germany.

## POCKET

"The Cambrics of Robin  
and Cleaver have a world  
wide fame."—Queen.

## HANDKERCHIEFS

Robinson &amp; Cleaver, Belfast.

Telegraphic Address: "LINEN" BELFAST

## Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S



ONLY GENUINE.

ORIGINAL AND

## CHLORODYNE

IS THE  
GREAT SPECIFIC  
FOR CHOLERA,

COUGHS,  
COLDS,  
ASTHMA,  
BRONCHITIS.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S  
CHLORODYNE. — Dr. J. C.  
BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff)  
DISCOVERED a REMEDY to denote  
which he coined the word CHLORO  
DYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE IN  
VENTOR, and, as the composition of  
Chlorodyne cannot possibly be dis  
covered by Analysis (organic substances  
defying elimination), and since the for  
mula has never been published, it is evi  
dent that any statement to the effect  
that a compound is identical with Dr.  
Browne's Chlorodyne must be false.

This Caution is necessary, as many  
persons deceive purchasers by false  
representations.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S  
CHLORODYNE. — Vice Chan  
cellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated  
publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS  
BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the  
INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE, that  
the whole story of the defendant Free  
man was deliberately untrue, and he  
regretted to say it had been sworn to. —  
See *The Times*, July 13th, 1864.

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY.  
GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH,  
London, REPORT that it ACTS as a  
CHARM, one dose generally sufficient.  
Dr. GIBSON, Army Medical Staff, Cal  
cutta, states: "2 DOSES COMPLETE  
LY CURED ME OF DIARRHŒA."

From SYMES & Co., Pharmaceutical  
Chemists, Simla, Jan. 5, 1880.

To J. T. DAVENPORT, London.

DEAR SIR, — We congratulate you upon  
the widespread reputation this justly  
esteemed medicine has earned for  
itself all over the East. As a remedy  
of general utility, we much question  
whether a better is imported, and we  
shall be glad to hear of its finding a  
place in every Anglo-Indian home. The  
other brands, we are happy to say, are  
now relegated to the native bazaars,  
and, judging from their sale, we fancy  
their sojourn there will be but evanes  
cent. We could multiply instances ad  
infinitum of the extraordinary efficacy  
of DR. COLLIS BROWNE'S  
CHLORODYNE in Diarrhœa and  
Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia,  
the Vomiting of Pregnancy, and as a  
general sedative, that have occurred  
under our personal observation during  
many years. In Choleraic Diarrhœa,  
and even in the more terrible forms  
of Cholera itself, we have witnessed  
its surprisingly controlling power.

We have never used any other form of  
medicine than Collis Browne's, the  
firm conviction that it is decidedly  
best, and also from a sense of duty  
owe to the profession and the public  
we are of opinion that the substance  
any other than Collis Browne's is a  
liberate breach of faith on the part of  
chemist to prescribe and patients  
We are, Sir, faithfully yours, SYMES  
Co., Members of the Pharmacopœia  
Great Britain, His Majesty's  
Viceroy's Chemists.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S  
CHLORODYNE is the

PALLIATIVE in  
NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER,  
TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S  
CHLORODYNE is a liquid  
medicine which assuages PAIN of every  
KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep  
WITHOUT HEADACHE, and  
VIGORATES the nervous system when  
exhausted.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S  
CHLORODYNE rapidly cures all  
attacks of

EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC, IN  
TENTION, HYSTERIA.

IMPORTANT CAUTION. — No  
MENSE SALE of this REMEDY  
given rise to many UNSCRUPULOUS  
IMITATIONS. Be careful to observe  
Trade Mark. Of all Chemists, 101  
28, 9d., and 4s. 6d.

SOLE MANUFACTURER  
J. T. DAVENPORT, 11, Good Hope  
Street, W.C.





"NOW, AWAY WITH ALL ILLUSIONS," AND SHE WEPT.

## Mr. Thornley's Roses.

By BRUCE MONTGOMERY.

### CHAPTER IV.

**H**AVING thus told her story, Miss Gaskell concluded with:

"And now you know why I am a c-mistress."

"Do not be simply my daughter's music-mis- but also her friend," said Mrs. Masonius.

"And now tell us," added Adele, "how you made the acquaintance of Uncle Thornley."

"The next time Miss Gaskell comes to us," said the doctor, interrupting his inconsiderate daughter, "and if it is not then painful to her."

"No, no, now at once," said Adele with unusual pertinacity. "If I do not know my curiosity will allow me no rest."

"Then you must learn to control your curiosity," said her mother.

"I beg of you, dear Miss Gaskell; we all wish it."

Adele's pertinacity had its own motive. She must know all. She saw that her father sympathised deeply with the orphan who was struggling so bravely with circumstances, and she did not wish this feeling to pass away. Then Adele thought she could raise a corner of the mysterious veil which floated over Edgar's love. "If my father can be interested in it," thought the little sly-boots, "we have won the game."

The music-mistress gave way to these impetuous entreaties.

"Let Miss Adele have her wish," she said to the doctor with a smile. "This secret will not be preserved beyond your next meeting with your brother-in-law, and there is nothing in it of which I have reason to be ashamed."

"If then you——"

"Yes; for some weeks an unknown person has shown his attention by sending me a quantity of flowers."

"Ah!" said Dr. Masonius.

"The beautiful roses seem to have been stolen from Mr. Thornley's garden: in short, that gentleman thought he discovered his roses in my window."

"Ah, yes! and so he went over to you."

"Yes."

"And was very cross."

"I cannot exactly say that. He was very much annoyed at the way in which his pet flowers had been destroyed."

"He has arranged with the police to entrap the thief. The garden will be watched during the night, and at the next attempt to plunder, the thief will fall into the hands of justice."

Dr. Masonius looked earnestly at the girl during this communication, and observed a slight increase of colour, and a slight tremor.

"She knows something about it," he thought. "And do you not know this secret admirer?" he asked.

"No," she replied calmly, "he has as yet given me no indication of his existence but by these flowers."

"You do not know at all who he is?"

"I do not know."

"And have no suspicion?"

She was silent.

"You have some suspicion," said Dr. Masonius suddenly in a tone of decision.

"But, Masonius," interposed his wife, "that is hardly a fair question. You are like a judge examining a witness."

"I have a suspicion," said Amelia sadly. "But would you yourself be pleased were I to put this suspicion into words? You, too, have a suspicion," she added after a short pause; "you, also—have you not?"

"Look, mother; my father is puzzled."

"The reason for the pianoforte lessons is, perhaps connected with these roses, and I am here not to give lessons but to receive them."

As she uttered these words the music-mistress rose and looked at Dr. and Mrs. Masonius with sparkling eyes.

"I left information concerning my intentions to another time," she continued with constrained coldness, "for I do not yet know where I shall make my abode. But do not be uneasy, either you or Mr. Thornley. Before we made this exchange of our suspicions I had already informed my landlady that I should seek a more distant home, where Mr. Thornley's roses will be in less danger."

"May heaven prevent that!" cried Adele.

"If I had known the relationship which exists between you and the Thornley family, I hardly think I should have accepted the proposal to become your daughter's instructress. The struggle for daily bread has hardened me, and I bid defiance to circumstances. There is but one thing I fear, and that is, that I should appear to intrude myself upon those who in social position are above me."

"But it seems to me——"

"In my heart I despise the influence of money and of birth. I know but one aristocracy—that of the mind and the heart, and if I must earn the salt for my daily soup I will not suffer that anyone should dare to look down upon me. My pride spares them the sad task of humbling a poor girl. I do not stand in your way. If you wish to have me you must seek me, and it is more than doubtful whether you will find me."

"But, my dear child," said Mrs. Masonius in surprise, "you are unveiling a tragedy which I do not comprehend."

"I hope, madam, you will free me from my engagement to give any further lessons here."

The lady shook her head in speechless surprise, while Miss Gaskell rose to depart. But she met with an unexpected obstacle; the doctor had closed the door and was leaning against it with folded arms.

"No, Miss Gaskell, not so," he said with a quiet smile as Amelia stood before him, and with an imperious gesture commanded him to make way for her. "I hope you will remain and have tea with us."

She looked at the doctor with unbounded amazement.

"So far you alone have spoken; will you not permit me a word? You have reproved us severely. Will you not at least permit me to tell you that I have never heard my own opinions about the aristocracy of mind and heart better expressed?"

"Yes; but what do you want?" asked Miss Gaskell surprised.

"That is just what I ask you," said Dr. Masonius with his calm smile. "Adele, will you go and look after the tea."

"It is too early, father; the water does not yet boil."

"I wish that you should go and look after the tea."

"I wonder why?" said Adele, pouting, as she went towards the door. "But wait a moment, I shall soon come back."

"Now we can speak openly. You have a suspicion which almost amounts to certainty that my nephew, Edgar, is the unknown sender of the flowers. And you now believe that, under the pretext of taking music lessons Adele has enticed you

hither, and then turned the conversation upon my brother-in-law that I might have an opportunity of reproaching you with having angled for the affection of the young man, though you could never suppose that so distinguished a family would ever consent to the union of their only son with a poor music teacher; is that not true?"

"And is this not the case?" asked the girl with sparkling eyes.

"No it is not so," answered the doctor dryly.

"But how is it not so?" asked Amelia after a long pause.

"I think we are all the victims of a little mystification; but it is in quite another direction from that which you suppose."

Then he opened the door a little.

"Adele, you may come back!" he cried.

"And what is it, father?" asked Adele, as she entered and looked rather timidly around.

She knew that she had been sent away; that she was now recalled was unpleasantly suspicious and her father's decided tone made her almost wish that she had been less obstinate in persisting in knowing in what manner Miss Gaskell had made the acquaintance of Mr. Thornley.

"Come and stand before me and look me in the face."

"Yes, father, I can do that."

As soon as the girl had placed herself in the required position the doctor asked:

"You wished to take lessons in pianoforte playing?"

"Yes, father."

"Look at me child—from Miss Gaskell?"

"Yes, father."

"Was this on account of the pianoforte or for Miss Gaskell?"

"But, father," stammered Adele, "it might be for both reasons, do you not think?"

"I will tell you what I mean. I mean that my wise little daughter is the confidant of my nephew, Edgar, and that she suddenly desires to have pianoforte lessons that my nephew may meet the beloved of his heart in my house. Look at me, Adele; I expect truth from my children. Is it so, or is not?"

Adele cast down her eyes.

"Oh, father," she replied at last, "if you had only seen the poor fellow——"

"Answer my question," said Masonius, sharply.

"Yes, father, it is so," she replied almost inaudibly.

"Now you hear the whole of the story, Miss Gaskell, and you see that we are innocent. Now tell us about the 'poor' fellow."

"He wished to drown himself. He stood on the edge of the river, and only hesitated while he considered whether he should not rather poison himself with belladonna."

The doctor laughed heartily—in which he was joined by his wife.

Now Adele first ventured to raise her eyes, and then she clung to her father's neck.

"Ah, father! you are so good. You will not let poor Edgar be undone! My aunt wants to marry him to someone of her own choice, and he said seriously that he would rather put an end to his existence."

"Do you require further proofs, Miss Gaskell?"

"No," she said blushing, "I have been very childish; what must you think of me?"

"Your anger has at least saved you from the suspicion of having any share in this plot, and that was the danger. Adele, you would have done better if you had made us acquainted with this business."

"Father, may Edgar hope for your intercession?"

"Intercession! With whom?"

"With my aunt."

"But I have not yet heard anything from Edgar and not a word from Miss Gaskell."

"I answer for them, father," said Adele.

"Miss Pert, this is not your business."

"Come, Adele, it is time for us to have tea," said Mrs. Masonius. "You have trespassed upon us too long with your little intrigue."

And she took Adele by the hand and led her away.

"I hope, Miss Gaskell, you now understand me better," remarked Dr. Masonius seriously. "Whether you love my nephew or not I do not know, neither does it concern me. If you wish to marry him your position would be no obstacle with me, for I acknowledge only one aristocracy—that of character. May I offer you my arm? I think my wife is expecting us at the tea-table."

Amelia involuntarily placed her hand on the doctor's arm, and he led her in silence to the dining-room.

Amelia, after spending the afternoon at Dr. Masonius', returned to her home; there, unseen and in solitude, she could give vent to her wounded pride. Taking one of the Thornley roses in her hand:

"This simple offering," she said, "has caused me both grief and joy; but now away with all illusions—my lot is to be cheerless and lonely after all," then bending her head on the table she wept bitterly.

It may be easily understood with what overflowing delight Edgar received Adele's communication. A little more and he would have embraced and kissed her in the public street. What most pleased him was that his uncle made no objection to Amelia's position. His father then would be easily persuaded. He only feared his mother.

"What then!" said Adele. "If it goes so far only let my father act; he will bring everything into order."

The girl had boundless confidence in her father's power.

Adele had succeeded in dispersing Edgar's anxieties, and he was in the best of humours during the evening.

"Rather absent it is true," thought his mother, "but radiant with happiness."

It was not until he was alone in his room, as he lay between waking and sleeping, that strange thoughts suddenly occurred and took possession of him. He appeared to himself to have been a great fool, to have gone wandering about till four days before his return to the university, and then had to learn from one he had called a little fool

what was to be done. He had been dreaming and dreaming while his little cousin, who was scarcely out of the schoolroom, had in three days done more than he had ventured to hope for in three weeks. This was rather humiliating. Added to this came the fearful thought that Amelia was seeking another abode. Therefore the quiet homage which he paid her must be unwelcome. He could know nothing of the line of thought which actuated the lady, for even Adele did not. He only knew the fact. It was little likely that the modest proofs which he had given of his quiet admiration would impel his beloved to flight. Then jealous feelings arose; but when he tormented his brain he could not remember ever to have seen Miss Gaskell in company with any man who gave him the idea that he was a lover. And how had he been passing his time lately? She could not make a step from the house without his knowledge. At last he came to the conclusion that he must find his way out of this labyrinth; that he would go to his Uncle Masonius and speak openly to him. It was plain that he must make the matter clear before he went away, otherwise he should not be in a state to go through his examination. So it stood thus: Either the certainty of a happy future or resignation. Only so could his troubled spirit find rest.

When he had tormented himself till long after midnight, he at last went to sleep to wake with a severe headache, but as soon as he could he rushed to his uncle's, where he was received by his Aunt Bertha with a smile which seemed rather malicious, and who begged him to condole with her, for that her husband had gone away and would not return till to-morrow.

"But if you are unwell, Dr. Millar has undertaken his patients."

"Gone away? And no one know of it?"

"Yes, yesterday, quite suddenly."

"And wither?"

"To S——."

"And what is he doing there?"

"But why are you inquisitive, Edgar," said Aunt Bertha with a smile. "He has business there."

Edgar's eyes sought for Adele, lest perchance he might read something in her face. The journey to S—— seemed a little suspicious, for the Gaskell family had formerly lived there. But Adele herself seemed puzzled and stupefied; in fact, she knew nothing, and Aunt Bertha was as dumb as a sealed book. What could this mean?

The explanation was very simple. The music-mistress had excited a deep interest in Dr. Masonius. The girl pleased him. What a glow of feeling when she thought of her father! What courage, what energy in the battle of life, without the least trace of self-conceit! If he had followed his first impulse he would have said:

"Quite right Amelia! I admire you, and if you really will honour that lubber, my nephew, with your hand, we three, you, Edgar and I, will all be happy together, whoever may be disposed to despise us."

But Dr. Masonius was a quiet man, and restrained himself till he had had time to think the matter well over. And for mature consideration he thought it necessary to hear what the people at

S—— had to say. Sir Henry Mordant would, perhaps, tell the story in a very different way from Amelia. Dr. Gaskell had had a large practice and a small family, and had had private property besides. It was strange he should have died poor. Not only did his relations reproach him but he reproached himself, and Amelia alone defended him without giving any reason for doing so. All this Dr. Masonius was determined to clear up before he came to a decided conclusion.

The first thing Masonius did at S—— was to inquire for Professor Otway, and he was introduced to a dark, little man, rather bent to one side, with thin, grey hair and eyes sparkling with talent and good humour.

Dr. Masonius stood surprised.

"Are you Otway?" he asked, after a pause.

"I seem to remember those eyes."

"With whom have I the honour——?"

"Ah, I forget that we grow old——"

"But you—you—yes, you are Masonius."

And they shook hands, looked at each other, laughed, and again shook hands.

"What a pleasure this is, old fellow!"

"Yes; do you remember the story of the Allens."

But I must introduce you to my wife, old boy. Lena! Lena!"

And the professor packed up his papers and led his friend into the next room, where an elderly lady was overlooking the arrangement of the dinner table by her maid.

"Just think, Lena, this is the rogue you know, the rogue who interfered in my contention with Allen. You know; I have often told you about it. That was no trifle, was it, old lady?"

"I remember the story," said Mrs. Otway.

"And Dr. Masonius came to your help."

"Came to my help," repeated the professor.

"That was not all. He took Allen by the arm and turned him out. We rolled about with laughing. Now you will stay and dine with us early, and after dinner we will have a walk together."

"I cannot promise to come back to dinner for I have pressing business."

"But, doctor, my husband will be so pleased——"

"Lay three covers. If he declines so shall I. His refusal includes mine. And now come with me while my wife completes her arrangements. Lena, let us have a bottle of Carlowitz. You know, old boy, I take mine for the restoration of my health."

They were now again in the professor's study, and had seated themselves on the sofa.

"Do you take Carlowitz for your health? Now, my friend, what is amiss with you?"

"Rheumatic affections; frightful pains. Look man; they have drawn me quite aside. But what pains me still more is—you know man is weak."

"What then?"

"I know well enough that there is no help for me but patience, and that all remedies for gout and rheumatism are swindles. I am, myself, the inventor of the witty things which appear in the 'Flying Leaves,' which are of use to the seller, but not of much to the purchaser. And look, my good old friend——"

"But yet you have——"

"Bought Pattison's *gout water*. In my sufferings I thought that perhaps this Pattison had discovered a specific of which our medical practitioners had not yet had an idea, and the efficacy of which could only be proved by trial. Place yourself in my position! You do not know of what a man is capable when he is tormented by rheumatism."

Glasses were filled with Carlowitz, and they drank to each other.

"Tell me what happened to our friend Gaskell. He must have lived here, but he died some years since."

"Oh, the good Gaskell," replied the professor, thoughtfully. "He could never keep accounts. About half a year ago the doctors of this town placed a stone to his memory over his grave, because his family—well—we had better say nothing about them. He had a daughter who was about sixteen years old. She went away—and no one has seen her since. She has seemingly learned the value of the protection of heaven as a teacher or governess, or nurse, or something of the kind."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you not know that affecting song

He who has never steeped his bread in tears,  
Knows not the power of the God he trusts.

I could have wished the girl, for her father's sake, a better mode of life."

"Did he die, then, so poor? Had he much feeling? He must have known a good deal. What became of his wife?"

"She died long ago. He had feeling enough. If he was called to a poor fellow, not only did he require nothing from him during his sickness, but during his convalescence he supplied him with medicine and paid for his food. It is true that he made the rich pay him, and the consequence was that his rich practice declined while his poor practice increased, so that he gradually lost the former. A hundred times upon our entreaty he vowed that he would harden his heart, and when he continually broke his oath and we reproved him for it, he became cross and said he had made a mental reservation, and so we did no good."

Masonius laughed aloud.

"Just think; he once came to me to borrow twenty shillings."

"Had he sunk so low?"

"I refused to lend it. He said he would give me back the money when he returned home; he could not go out without money. I asked if he had money at home why he came out without any. Then he gave me an absurd reason, but I remained firm, and at last the truth came out."

"And what was it?"

"What was always happening. He was called to a poor workwoman, and went to her dwelling with plenty of money in his purse, but returned with it empty. So I lent him the twenty shillings, and he repaid them punctually. It is a wonder that, instead of this, he did not send me his bill already receipted."

"Yes; all that shows feeling enough."

"Some talked to him very seriously about the future of his child. You will never guess what he replied. He said he lent the money to our Lord at ten thousand per cent. I called him a fool,

and then he made his reckoning of the interest, at which I laughed and left him. His brother-in-law, Sir Henry Mordant, whom his sister had married, read him a long lecture upon the same subject, to which he replied by an explanation of his views. The result was an opinion that he was a little wrong in his mind, but with all honour to his name."

"But what became of his daughter?"

"No one knows. She disagreed with her uncle and left him. Sir Henry is her guardian. Her father took care that she should be able to support herself; whatever was to be learned he taught her. They depended on each other, they had no one else. The poor made such a funeral for the good Dr. Gaskell, as has very seldom been seen, and if all the tears which were shed over his grave ascend to God, his entrance into heaven will be more of a triumph than any Roman emperor has ever had. You may be sure, old fellow, that there is a God, and that the story of the ten thousand per cent. is no myth."

"Ah, you still deal a little in the mystical. What should you say if Miss Gaskell were about to marry a millionaire?"

"I should then gladly give her a million of hearts."

"And if to this she added one of the noblest youths within a circle of five miles?"

"I then would value her at more than a million."

"You see a little way, then, incredulous man!"

"I see nothing, my boy, but that you imagine a case and upon this I take my position, for neither the noble youth nor the million exist."

"We will say more about this when you are invited to the wedding."

"Do you mean to say—"

"The dinner is on the table," said a maid, as she entered the room.

"I tell you," said Masonius, as he went with his friend to the dining-room, "That after dinner I will pay a visit to Sir Henry, and when I return you will hear a story that will make your chemical retorts shake their sides."

(To be continued.)

---

HOW TO BREAK OFF BAD HABITS.—Understand the reason, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons and the thoughts that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolution, just think the matter over, and endeavour to understand why it was you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is folly to expect to break off a habit in a day which may have been gathering strength in you for years.

## CHRISTIAN BURIAL AND CREMATION.\*

### NO. I.—CHRISTIAN BURIAL.



HE fundamental reason for the discipline of the Catholic Church regarding the disposition of the dead is the Apostles' Creed: "I believe in the resurrection of the body." Her philosophy is that the body is an essential part of the man, and that a religion which even partially ignores this fact is not universal, and, therefore, not true.

A Catholic has only to attend a Protestant funeral to feel the chill produced by the curtailing of the Catholic ritual. The Protestant dead is put away in a dark room; the corpse is shunned; it is carried in silence to the church, where pagan symbols in flowers, wreaths, and broken columns surround the coffin, where a few dry words of Scripture are read; and thence to a graveyard, beautifully laid out, indeed, with gravelled walks, weeping willows, and evergreen trees, for there is sentiment still even where faith has ceased to exist, but a graveyard, almost without a cross and without the figure of the kneeling widow, or father, or child—so often seen in the Catholic cemetery—praying at the tomb for the repose of the soul departed. There is no heart in the Protestant funeral. There is a hurry to put the offensive corpse out of sight, and then forget all about it. The old Church holds on to her dead with eternal affection. The dead body is the body of her child. It is sacred flesh. It has been the temple of a regenerated soul. She blessed it in Baptism, poured the saving waters on its head, anointed it with holy oil on chest and back, put the blessed salt on its lips, and touched its nose and ears in benediction when it was only the flesh of the babe; and then, in growing youth, reconsecrated it by Confirmation; and before its dissolution in death, she again blessed and sanctified its organs, its hands and its feet, as well as its more important members. Even after death she blesses it with holy water, and incenses it before her altar, amid the solemnity of the great sacrifice of the New Law, and surrounded by mourners who rejoice even in their tears, for they believe in the communion of saints, and are united in prayer with the dead happy in heaven, as well as with those who are temporarily suffering in purgatory. The old Church, the kind old mother of regenerated humanity, follows the dead body of her child into the very grave. She will not throw it into the common ditch, or into unhallowed ground; no, it is the flesh of her son. She sanctifies and jealously guards from desecration the spot where it is to rest until the final resurrection; and day by day, until the end of the world, she thinks of her dead, and prays for them at every Mass that is celebrated; for, even amid the joys of Easter and of Christmas, the memento for the dead is never omitted from the Canon. She even holds annually a solemn feast of the dead,

the day after "All Saints," in November, when the melancholy days are on the wane, the saddest of the year, and the fallen leaves and chilly blasts presage the season of nature's death. Then are the graveyards filled with the living who go thither, "not as those without hope" to read inscriptions and curiously inspect stately and gorgeously carved monuments, or gratify a vain and pagan sentiment by hanging a wreath of immortelles around some favourite's tomb, but to kneel and to pray that the souls of the beloved dead, and of all "the faithful departed through the mercy of God may rest in peace." The intense belief of the Church in the resurrection of the body is seen in all this solicitude and love. They are the expression of her conviction that a body, which has been repeatedly united with the flesh and blood of Christ through the Eucharist, ought to be honoured even in the grave, and that it will be a sharer in the glories of His resurrection.

"The resurrection of the dead gives confidence to all Christians," wrote Tertullian in the third century. Two general councils—that of Constantinople and the fourth Lateran—have defined the resurrection of the body as an article of faith. The Christian belief on this point is inherited from the Hebrews, for Job says: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth. And I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God." Daniel and the second book of Machabees bear similar testimony.

Martha's words to our Lord showed what was the common belief of the Jews in her time: "I know that he (Lazarus) shall rise again in the resurrection of the last day." Our Lord expressly taught this doctrine in refuting the Sadducees, a sect of Hebrew materialists, who denied both the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body: "And concerning the resurrection of the dead, have you not read that which was spoken by God, saying to you: I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? He is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Although dead to men, they were alive to God both body and soul. The central idea which runs through many of the epistles of S. Paul is that there are but two men in the world—Adam and Christ. All our misfortunes come from the former, original sin and death, while from the latter come our restoration, our regeneration and resurrection. Christ is our spiritual head, who proved His divinity by His resurrection; we are united to Him, both to His soul and to His body, and by this union we share in the graces and privileges both of His soul and of His body. "For if the dead rise not again, neither is Christ risen again. And if Christ be not risen again, your faith is vain." Then again he writes, in a text so often quoted in the Ritual of the Church: "And we will not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that you be not sorrowful, even as others who have no hope. For, if we believe not that Jesus died and rose again, even so them who have slept through Jesus will God bring with Him." Again, in words that remind one of Plato's arguments for the immortality of the soul, in "Phædo," the apostle writes: "So, also, is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown

\* Abridged from the "American Catholic Quarterly Review." For many valuable references, etc., for which we have not space, we refer the reader to the October, 1885, number of the Review.



in corruption, it shall rise in incorruption. It is sown in dishonour, it shall rise in glory. It is sown in weakness, it shall rise in power. It is sown a natural body, it shall rise a spiritual body."

This dogma of revelation is intimated even by the law of nature and its analogies. Nothing is annihilated. "Our bodies die to us, but not to God," says Tertullian in his treatise on this subject. "God is able to remake what He made. He gave life and can give it a second time." There is restoration of all that perishes around us; life comes out of death. The winter is followed by the spring; the living bud and blossom come again on the same branch upon which they perished; and the green grass grows again where the frost and snow killed it. The juicy stalk and ripened ear spring from the soil in which the planted seed lies rotten and dead.

This is not only the argument of Tertullian, but even of the pagan Seneca. And why should not the partner of the soul's toils, the instrument of its mortifications, of its abstinence and fasting, as well as of its sensuality, rise again to share its bliss or its misery? The whole man, not merely part of him, is destined for eternity; and man is not complete without his body, either in this life or in the next. S. Ambrose puts this argument as follows: "Since the association of soul and body is continual during this life, and the resurrection implies a reward for well-doing or a punishment for wickedness, it is necessary that the body should rise to receive its due. For how can the soul be called into judgment without the body, since the account to be rendered concerns the relations of the soul with the body?" The objections against this doctrine made by certain rationalists are all answered by the simple but profound philosophy expressed in the words of the "Catechism": "Nothing is hard or impossible to God."

Therefore the Church claims the corpse. It has once been a holy tabernacle of the body and blood of Jesus Christ. She orders the civil power away from the bier and the graveyard. The funeral and *Requiem* Mass are hers. Her jurisdiction over them is supreme; and although it may not be always respected, it nevertheless exists, for the dead man was a Christian and has a right to Christian burial; and Christian burial is not a subject within the province of the civil magistrate. The Church, indeed, recognizes the right of the state to make sanitary regulations and order things of a purely civil character regarding funerals and cemeteries; but she considers interference with her ritual, or with property owned and consecrated by her, as intrusion and usurpation. Hence her Canon Law—and it holds good wherever the Church is untrammelled by the state—gives the right of burying the dead to the priest alone, and descends into the most minute details regarding funerals. It dictates the place and manner in which bishops, priests, novices, and monks, as well as laymen, should be buried; tells who should bury those who die in hospitals; gives to the pastor of a parish the right even to choose the road which the funeral procession should take in going to the grave, and leaves nothing to doubt from the very death to the in-

humation of the faithful. Indeed, if we follow the letter of the old Canon Law, the authority of the relatives over the funeral is confined to inviting the guests to the ceremony and determining the expense of the funeral. All other matters pertain to the clergy.

Nor is this legislation recent or arbitrary. Its reason is found in the Old Testament and in the writings of the Fathers. Tobias is repeatedly praised for his care in burying the dead, and S. Augustine quotes the example of the Hebrew patriarchs to urge Christians to decency in funerals and care of the dead. "We should not despise nor reject the bodies of the dead," he writes; "especially should we respect the corpses of the just and faithful, which the Spirit hath piously used as instruments and vessels in the doing of good works. For if the coat of arms and ancestral ring are dear to children in proportion to their love of their ancestors, how much more are our bodies to be respected, which are nearer and dearer to us than any garments; for these bodies are not mere ornaments, but pertain to the very nature of man. Hence the funerals and burying of the patriarchs of old were cared for with officious piety (Gen. xxv. 9; xxxv. 29; l. 2, 13, etc.); and even while living they made provision for the burial or translation of their bodies (Gen. xlvii. 29, 30; l. 24). Our Lord Himself, about to rise on the third day, praises the good work of the woman who anoints His head, and says it will be told to future ages, because she poured ointment over His body; and those who took care to have His body properly buried are praised (John xix. 38-42). But these authorities do not mean or intimate that there is any feeling or sense in corpses, but that they live to God, and such offices of piety are acceptable to His providence as confirming faith in the resurrection of the dead."

Any one who desires to see at a glance the riches of patristic literature regarding funerals, cemeteries, and care of the dead, has only to read the Index of Migne's "Patrology," under the head of "Sepulture." Tertullian, Lactantius and Jerome, Chrysostom, Ambrose and Augustine treat of it; and tell us of the *Requiem* Masses, and the prayers offered for the souls of the departed; the hymns and psalms sung at funerals; the solicitude of the faithful to be buried in consecrated ground; and the avoidance of all vain pomp, or display, or extravagance in the funeral. Prudentius, the Christian poet, speaks of the custom of decorating the martyrs' tombs with flowers; S. Ambrose, in his funeral oration on the death of Valentinian, alludes to the same custom: "I shall not strew flowers on his tomb, but incense his spirit with the odour of Christ." S. Jerome also refers to the use of flowers at funerals. "Other husbands," says he, "scatter on the tombs of their wives violets, roses, lilies, and purple flowers." Baruffaldi also, treating of the rubric on the burial of children, speaks of the ancient usage of putting a crown of flowers, artificial, if natural ones could not conveniently be found, on the head, not only of dead children, but of all persons who died unmarried, no matter how old they might be, as a sign of their innocence and purity, real or supposed. This soon

begot an abuse. Not satisfied with strewing flowers on the tombs of the dead, Christians began to bring them into the Church, and crown the coffin, not only of the child, whose well-known innocence deserved the tribute, but even of sinners who barely escaped damnation by a death-bed repentance. Some of the early fathers, like Lactantius, reproved this abuse; and by degrees bishops were obliged to condemn it by diocesan laws. It is indeed very bad taste to crowd the church aisle and load down the coffin with garlands and crowns, and enormous bouquets, symbols of joy, which are out of place among the dirge, the mourning altar, and the sombre vestments of the *Requiem* Mass.

It would be long to tell of the influence of this Christian respect for the dead, and of Catholic belief in Purgatory, upon the art-life of modern peoples. Dante's "*Purgatorio*" could never have been penned by a pagan or a Protestant. The *Requiems* of Donizetti, Mozart, and Rossini, and the plaintive wail of the Gregorian dirge, as well as the words and music of the "*Dies Irae*," are blossoms of Catholic teaching regarding the fate of the dead and the cult that is due to them. Over the tombs of the martyrs were built some of the finest Christian churches. The crypt, often a masterpiece of art, in Romanesque and Gothic architecture, finds its reason of existence in the Christian tomb. The beautifully decorated sarcophagi of the Middle Ages; the "brasses" and enamels on the tombs of the great and illustrious buried in the walls, or under the pavement of the mediæval church, the cenotaphs of marble, of stone or wood, with angels swinging censer, surrounding the sculptured figure of the deceased, reposing on the marble pillow; tombs like those of the dukes of Brabant, in Louvain, or of Bishop Evrard de Fouillay, in Amiens Cathedral, which he founded; or of Philippe le Hardi, and Jean Sans Peur, at Dijon; the tombs at S. Denis, in France, and of Edward III., at Westminster, and of the Black Prince, at Canterbury, England, as well as countless others throughout Christian Europe, attest the piety of the living, and the influence of the doctrine of the resurrection of the flesh, and the communion of saints, upon the art-life of the people. The beautiful chantries, or little chapels, built in the cemetery, or near the tomb, to insure the saying of Masses for the souls of the departed, is another fruit of belief in purgatory.

No one who has seen these splendid evidences of Catholic faith and who has examined the beauty of their design and execution, can fail to recognize their superiority to the broken shafts, draped shafts, the senseless columns, topped with capitals and with statues of rich and vulgar nobodies, the pagan nymphs, half nude, modelled by inartistic hands, and the other pagan symbols which characterize the modern cemetery, since the "Reformation." Nor has the hand of the botcher always spared in modern Catholic cemeteries the tomb from the desecrating travesty of the Madonna or the Saviour. The invading spirit of revived paganism and its morganatic sister, Protestantism, has intruded, with its pagan symbolism, even into the Catholic "*Campo santo*." Pagan vanity, a vulgar love of display, show them-

selves too often in the modern funeral and the modern cemetery, instead of the simple faith and modest hope of the Christian believer.

Blest are they  
That earth to earth entrust; for they may know  
And tend the dwelling whence the slumberer's clay  
Shall rise at last, and bid the young flowers bloom,  
That waft a breath of hope around the tomb,  
And kneel upon the dewy turf and pray!

Mrs. Hemans.

The ground in which the bodies of the faithful are to repose has ever been an object of the Church's special legislation. She has given it the name of dormitory, because, as S. Jerome says, "the bodies sleeping in it are one day to rise." "Lazarus, our friend, sleepeth; but I go that I may awake him out of sleep." So said our Lord of His dead friend; and, imitating her divine Founder, the Church employs the word "sleep" to designate the death of her children. "He fell asleep in the Lord," instead of "he died," is a common form of expression in her liturgy.

In the early ages, any decent place served for the burial of Christians; and during the ages of persecution it was difficult to set apart and bless special cemeteries for them. Yet, even when the cemetery was not specially consecrated, the early Christians, as indeed even the pagans, looked upon the place of burial with religious reverence, and put it beyond the pale of human commerce. But now, and for centuries, a Catholic cemetery is that place alone set apart, and solemnly blessed by the authority of the bishop, for the burial of the pious faithful. This blessing distinguishes and separates the graves of Catholics from the graves of heretics, infidels, and others specifically excluded by ecclesiastical law from the right of Christian burial. "No Christian," says the Roman Ritual, "dying in the communion of the faithful should be buried out of the Church, or cemetery properly blessed; but, if necessity compel, and for some reason the body should be temporarily buried elsewhere, care must be taken to have it transferred to a holy place as soon as possible ('*quamprius*'); and, in the meantime, a cross should be erected at the head of the grave to signify that the departed rests in Christ." Up to the ninth century, except in very rare cases, no one except bishops, abbots, priest, or pious laymen, could be buried in the church; but gradually this privilege was granted to others, as the clergy saw fit. The ancient place of burial was in the yard or porch of the church, or in ground adjoining it. Most of the civil governments of Europe now forbid burials within the church. Hence, in France, even a bishop cannot be buried in his cathedral without permission of the government. Nor does the Roman Ritual favour the promiscuous burial of bodies in the church, for it says: "Where the ancient custom of burying the dead in the cemetery exists, let it be retained; and where it can be done, let it be re-established." Everything which canonically desecrates a church will desecrate a cemetery, if it be adjoining, and therefore no one should be buried in it after desecration until it has been "reconciled" by a new blessing. But if the cemetery be apart from the

church, the desecration of the church does not carry with it the desecration of the cemetery; nor does the desecration of the cemetery, even when it adjoins the church, imply the desecration of the church, "for the less worthy, or the accessory, does not carry with it the principal. . . ."

(To be continued.)

## A VILLAINOUS PLOT.

**R**ODNEY, the witch-finder and informer, was a fellow of tremendous strength and agility. When he stood erect he had the appearance of a huge ape, for his hands nearly touched the ground. He was, besides, bleary-eyed and red-headed, while his mouth was simply that of one of the lower animals.

It may not be easily divined why he never permitted any living soul to cross his threshold, save Captain Ringwood, an English officer stationed in Boston, who spent no inconsiderable portion of his time in fishing and shooting along the coast whenever he came to see his friends at Salem.

This Ringwood, it appears, had made, but without effect, several attempts to poison the ear of Lady Phipps against her husband, Sir William, subsequently a royal governor of Boston.

It is only necessary to say that he failed totally, without having committed himself in any way that could be taken hold of, and became consequently as deadly an enemy of her ladyship as he had long been of Sir William himself.

Rodney resided in the vicinity of Boston, and was well known to most of the inhabitants of that city.

Through his various delinquencies, however, he had become an object of annoyance to the authorities of the place, and on one occasion had received a sound horsewhipping from Sir William, and deservedly, for having mischievously frightened her ladyship's horse when she was out riding one morning.

This the Bloodhound never forgot, for he then and there secretly vowed that if ever opportunity served he would avenge himself a thousandfold.

Ringwood had by some means become aware of this, and now that Sir William had left for England for a few months without his wife, he thought he would like to pay yet another visit to Salem and compare notes once more with his old acquaintance Rodney, whom he had often met privately in Boston, and whom he now learned carried life and death in his right hand, to be dealt out at will to high and low.

Although Ringwood was the secret enemy of Sir William and his wife, he so managed affairs as not to arouse the suspicions of either.

All his operations against their character or peace of mind were carried on in a most adroit and underhand manner, so that they received him as an acquaintance, if not as a friend upon whose kind offices they could rely.

When, therefore, he had found Rodney, who had received the appellation of the Bloodhound, and the terror of whose name had spread far and

wide, a scheme was soon concocted by which it was designed to entrap Lady Phipps into their power, and not only her, but the beautiful Alice Vernon, a relative of hers, who had but recently arrived from England, and who was now residing with her in Boston.

The gist of this villainous plot was that Rodney should proceed secretly to Boston, and there throw himself in the way of Lady Phipps, who remembered the hunchback but too well, and could not fail to entertain some dread of a wretch that had become the terror of the land.

It was then to be secretly communicated to her ladyship by Ringwood that some of the first persons in the city had been denounced by him, and that their destruction was certain; while, as the *coup de grace*, and when a small vessel was in readiness to bear her away along the coast, he was to suddenly seek her presence on a certain evening after night had fallen, and in a state of apparent great trepidation inform her that she and Alice had been denounced also by the witch-finder, and had only a few moments to escape from arrest and certain death.

He was then to offer his services with the assumed view of conducting them to some place of safety until the return of Sir William, which was now expected daily; and when once aboard his vessel, where Rodney was to be concealed until they were beyond the reach of pursuit or danger, he was to steer his course for the solitary stone hut of the Bloodhound, who was to present himself before them in the interim, and apprise them that they were still in his power, and must accept whatever fate awaited them or the death they sought to fly.

So the project was pushed on towards its completion, succeeding at every stage, until the very night arrived, when he sought the presence of Lady Phipps and Alice, and so preyed upon their fears and feelings that they hastily gathered together a few necessaries, and at once secretly fled their dwelling under his guidance, and entering his craft, that was lying in readiness, with Rodney concealed in its hold, put off to sea.

There was not a braver or more noble woman in the universe than Lady Phipps, nor a more pure and courageous girl in existence than Alice Vernon.

Of the honour and friendship of Ringwood they had not a shadow of doubt, but were somewhat astonished at being unable to perceive any other persons on board to assist him in working the little vessel.

Since they had entered their small cabin he had presented himself only once, being obliged, he said, to stand by the helm, as the sea was becoming somewhat rough. In replying, however, to the question whether there were any other hands on board, an expression so sinister overspread his countenance that Alice instantly observed it, while her companion became almost paralyzed at the words.

"Oh, yes; an old friend of your ladyship."

The times were dangerous; and neither Alice nor Lady Phipps ever moved abroad without being armed. And hence it was that the two friends had now concealed about their persons a long, slender dagger each.

When, therefore, Ringwood turned towards the deck once more, and disappeared from view, each, as if influenced by a common dread of impending danger, thrust her hand into her bosom to assure herself that she was not totally helpless.

The moment was one of intense anxiety and terror, but the horror was complete when a strange figure was observed slowly descending the cabin steps, and Rodney, the Bloodhound, presented himself before them.

Both daggers flashed from their hiding-places at the same moment, and the villain, who expected no such reception, stood for a moment paralyzed before the two courageous women.

Quickly regaining the deck, he sprang towards the captain to obtain his sword, with a view to awing his intending victims into submission, when lo, and behold! as if fate would have it, Ringwood was unarmed also, and there was not a single weapon in the vessel save those in the hands of the two captives.

This, of course, was fortunate for the latter although they were not cognizant of the fact, and now stood awaiting the return of the villain, determined to defend themselves against any attack that might be made upon them, and comprehending at once that they had been betrayed into some dreadful position by Ringwood.

When both the conspirators found themselves unarmed, their mutual recriminations were not by any means calculated to cement the infamous friendship.

The wind was beginning to blow a hurricane, and their vessel was being rapidly carried out to sea.

Although well accustomed to the management of a boat, the captain, with all his skill, could not keep the little craft under shelter of the coast, notwithstanding that he succeeded partially in keeping her head in the direction of Cape Ann. He was terribly irritated at the idea that he was not yet full master of the field, and that the two individuals that he had regarded as the most helpless and defenceless in the vessel were absolutely the most dangerous and powerful.

The poor captives below clasped each other's hands, lost in gloomy apprehensions and terrors.

They were aware that they were in the midst of an awful tempest, and tossed about on the raging deep; but no apprehension of danger lay in this direction, as their minds were occupied altogether with the perfidy of Ringwood and their probable ultimate fate.

Although it was now verging towards dawn, and they had neither slept nor tasted food for many hours, they felt no absolute fatigue or hunger. Fortunately there was some fresh water within their reach, and a draught of this occasionally cooled their parched and fevered lips.

They had resolved between themselves, should the vessel survive the storm, to suffer no outrage that could and ought to be prevented by the most desperate resistance.

They knew that they must be a long way at sea, as their craft had been running all night at a fearful rate before the wind; and they were about to shut down the upper portion of the cabin door, and bar it also, so that they might snatch, if pos-

sible, a few moments of repose side by side, when a sudden and loud crash made their hearts almost stand still.

Their only mast had gone by the board, and they were now drifting, a helpless wreck, before the merciless gale, with the sea washing over them and the two conspirators who had lashed themselves to the helm.

They had not long been swept forward in this terrible condition when to their unspeakable joy and relief, they heard the sound of many voices above the roar of the elements.

Breathless for more information, and with their hearts beating wildly, they ascended the cabin stairs; when, in the grey light of the dawn, they discovered themselves beneath the lee of an English man-of-war, that had apparently caught sight of their perilous situation, or close to which they had so blindly run.

The ship was beating up against the wind, and therefore had not much headway, so that she had easily come to and grappled the disabled craft.

In a moment several of the crew were in her chains, and some of them on the boat released Ringwood and Rodney from their self-imposed bonds, now quite insensible from the seas that had broken over them so constantly.

No sooner had these two worthies been transferred to the ship than the cabin was entered and the two ladies, now almost knee-deep in water, rescued, and tenderly lifted on board also. After this, the wreck, that was fast sinking, was cut adrift, and the huge ship got under way once more.

Without disclosing their name or rank, the ladies, who were now comfortably disposed of in a handsome private cabin, apprised the officer of the deck that the men who had been rescued were villains of the deepest dye who ought to be placed in custody at once, and that, when they themselves had recovered from their fatigue and fright, as they had been betrayed into the false clutches of the scoundrels through the false representations of one of them, they should explain more fully the circumstances of the case, at which period they should like, if possible, to have an interview with the commander of the vessel.

This much said, they betook themselves to the repose they so much needed, and were soon lost in a profound, refreshing sleep.

When Rodney and Ringwood had recovered their consciousness they found themselves firmly handcuffed, and on board a large vessel that seemed to have, through some mysterious process, dropped into the place of the little craft to the helm of which they had so recently lashed themselves.

By degrees, however, they began to comprehend that they were lying on the deck of an English man-of-war; and this conviction once settled, they knew that their fate was sealed.

About nine o'clock, and when the storm had greatly abated, they were dragged into the presence of the commander, entering it at the same moment as the ladies approached to give evidence against them.

The captain rose to receive the latter, when to

his utmost surprise and consternation, his wife, Lady Phipps, bounded forward and fell almost fainting into his arms. It was Sir William himself, who was returning from England as Royal Governor of Massachusetts, and who had, providentially, crossed the track of that infamous wretch that sought to destroy all that he held most dear on earth.

The trial was a brief one, and the guilt of the accused established so fully, that they were at once convicted and dragged furiously on deck again. No sooner, however, had Ringwood caught a fitting opportunity, than he bounded overboard and was never heard of more; while, in a few moments afterwards, the unsightly form of Rodney, the Blood-hound, was swaying to and fro a blackened corpse at the yard-arm.

## LONDON FOG.

**N**OVEMBER is, by long prescription, nominally the most gloomy month in the English calendar; and it was long a prejudice among foreigners, that, during this month the inhabitants of England, and those of London especially, got tired of their lives, and that chiefly on account of the fog. What may have been the state of things in former times, when square miles of the vicinity of London, which are now covered by excellent houses, and peopled by an intelligent, happy, and thriving population, consisted of stagnant marshes crossed by dingy dykes, and spotted with lazy pools, it is not our business to inquire. Our maxim is "much enjoyment to-day, and more to-morrow;" and we are very much deceived, if the desire of life is not greatly heightened in November, and that it is the spring-time of family sociality in a very eminent degree. Sometimes November is a gloomy month to the gloomy, and at other times it is quite the reverse. In fact, it very much resembles the odd trick in a game of whist, in which autumn and winter are the parties opposed; and thus we may conclude, that sometimes the one of these may win the trick, and sometimes the other. *N'importe!* let us speak of this same fog; because, as it is a pretty regular winter visitant of the metropolis, not unknown in many other parts of the country, but having peculiar characters in London, it is worth being a little acquainted with.

Substantially, the London fog belongs to that division of cloud to which the name of *stratus* is given, on account of its lying low, and, as it were, stretched out upon the surface of the ground; and it is never seen either descending from the sky, or ascending towards it. When pure, that is, when there mixes no portion of any other cloud with it, it differs from all other clouds and mists in being quite dry, that is, not wetting those who are exposed to it, even though the exposure should continue for a considerable time. We shall say something of the reason of this property by and by; but we may, in the meantime, mention that, on this account the cloud in itself is healthy, nor

are we aware that there is more disease of any kind when the metropolis is enveloped in fog, than when the air is clear. The London fog is no doubt disagreeable; but this is not the fault of the fog, it is the fault of the substances mixed with it—the consequence of its being London fog in fact; and if it were stratus of pure water hovering over a clear stream and its grassy banks, it might be breathed with as much impunity as the keen air of the mountain top, and with far more by people of delicate constitutions, for it is doubtful whether, from its particular nature, it may not afford a sort of attenuated bath, which, from its peculiar character, may have medicinal effects in some disease of the organs of respiration. In this, however, we speak of the base, or stock, if we may so call it, of the London fog, though it is by no means improbable that the pungent substances which the compound contains may have beneficial effects. They consist in great part of nitre, and sulphurous and pyroligneous acids, all of which, when properly attenuated, are known to be very efficient in the destruction and removal of putrescent and other pestilential miasmata. Thus it is by no means improbable that this very fog of the metropolis may be one of the means by which so vast a city is rendered one of the most healthy, if not the very healthiest, on the face of the earth. In clear weather, the substances which we have mentioned fall to the ground in part, and are in part carried off by the winds; but the fog holds them suspended; and it is so insinuating, from the extreme minuteness of its particles, that it finds access almost as universally as the air itself. We throw these out as hints, however, and more to induce those who are fond of such subjects to investigate the matter than as positive opinions.

The *stratus*, or basis of the London fog, is an earth-cloud, having a different origin and mode of formation from all the clouds that appear in the air above the surface of the earth. Among the mountains there is a white fog which trails along the upper precipices, or sometimes lies on the summit like a broad tile, or divides the mountain across its elevation; but this is a very different sort of fog from the London one, and is one of the most insidious and wetting elaborations of the sky. It comes from the air above, but *stratus* neither falls nor rises: it is formed in the air in the very place in which it appears; and when it disappears, it melts into the very same air. That which is required for its formation, is a cold atmosphere at some distance upward, and a warmer atmosphere completely saturated with moisture on the surface of the ground; and the way of its formation is this: The heat, which always radiates from the earth when the air a little way up is colder, is partly consumed in evaporating moisture from the humid surface. The first portion is carried a little way upward, and it assists in forming the next portion by retaining a portion of the heat which does not radiate down again into the surface, in a manner that it does when a cloudy sky prevents the formation of dew. So far the process bears some resemblance to dewing; but the surface is not cold enough for making the moisture adhere the instant that it is set free; and thus it gets up a little, in particles so minute that it floats easily

in the air; and as it is actually formed out of the moist surface, and not out of the air in contact with that surface, as is the case with dew, it is necessarily in exactly the same electric state with the earth, whereas drops of water formed in the air, or even the moisture of dew, set free at the very surface, are in the opposite state of electricity. The air in which the little particles float, is a non-conductor, containing no free moisture of its own; and therefore the said little particles repel each other, and are repelled by the earth; and this is the reason both of the rising of the fog and of its remaining suspended; and it will readily be seen that this is the reason why when it is not mixed with air-deposited particles of water, it feels dry, and has no tendency of itself to adhere to any surface. It may be also that its having the same electric state with the earth and all bodies on the earth, is at least one of the reasons of its wholesomeness, though there is no doubt that in London that effect, as it tells upon any thing tending to putridity, is greatly increased by the pungent matters above alluded to; and we believe that we may add, as an additional proof of the fact, that the fever wards of the London hospitals are seldom so clear at any season as during November.

In London, this fog forms on the drier subsoils as well as on the more humid, though by no means so copiously. It is also aided by other causes; for additional heat, by giving a fresh evaporative power, has nearly the same effect in the production of this fog, as increased humidity of the surface. Thus it often happens, that during the night, and in the early morning, the London atmosphere is clear, but that the fog comes on about the time that the early fires are lighted. It also very frequently partially clears away at the hour when the influence of the sun is most powerful; but if there be no counteracting cause, it is always most dense in the evening, though its quantity diminishes again after the night is far advanced. There are various reasons why there should be less fog during the latter part of the night. The people have then left the streets; the greater number of them, instead of breathing there, and loading the air with a great quantity of moisture, are in reality breathing either up the chimneys or out at the higher windows of the houses; that is, the vapour of their breath goes off in these ways, which amounts to the same thing. At that time, too, the greater number of the fires are extinguished; and though this brings a certain quantity of the fog down the chimneys, it depresses the whole mass nearer the surface, and the depression is augmented by that natural descent of the atmosphere which takes place during the night. It is also easy to see why the fog should deepen, or even come on originally when the fires are lighted, and also that it should do this most readily in frosty weather. The lighting of the fires not only produces a great deal of heat, but it also sends up a vast deal of the vapour of water, because the whole of the coal used for fuel is at first moist. This vapour of water carries up with it many products which would be consumed by clearer fires, and these help farther to deepen the fog. Nor are we at much loss to see why it should be very thick in the evenings and the early part of the night. There are still many people in

the streets, the fires are kept up with vigour, and the atmosphere, beginning to descend after the influence of the sun has left it, condenses the whole mass.

The London fog does not rise to any great elevation in the atmosphere, generally to about the middle of the dome of S. Paul's, and seldom beyond the first gallery; so that any one who chooses to go to the top of the cathedral in a dry fog may enjoy clear sunshine, and at the same time have an opportunity of observing the surface of the whole fog, which he will see under him like a fleecy ocean, swelling and subsiding in many places, showing differences of colour, according as the sun shines differently upon it. Water is not so favourable to the production of fog as moist surfaces, which are irregular, as will be readily understood by any one who considers that there is really a great deal more surface in irregular bodies than in regular ones of the same measure. A common brick, for example, if all the little hollows and projections on it were measured, would be found to have probably three times as much surface as a portion of still water which the brick would cover. Thus, as evaporation is from the surface only, there would be three times as much evaporation from the face of the brick, as from a surface of water equal to that face; but, besides this, the brick is very susceptible to differences of temperature, and its own internal heat promotes the evaporation to probably a greater extent than its increased surface. On this account the channel of the Thames is a hollow on the top of the fog; and there are some curious inequalities arising from the character of the ground, the fog rising higher over the clay than over the sand gravel. In fact, the surface of the fog presents one with a rude sort of geological map of the ground upon which the metropolis is built. But there are some volcanic heights displayed in this map, which belong to the operations of the city, and not to those of nature in forming the ground upon which the city is built. Wherever there is any great work, such as a porter brewery, it is pointed out by a hummock standing up above the rest; and the same is the case in situations where tall buildings are huddled together and thickly crowded with inhabitants. The fog slopes away considerably towards the west end, where the houses are large, and the inhabitants and persons in the streets comparatively few.

This fog has a sort of tidal motion, answering to that of the river, though it is carried much farther downward in proportion than upwards. Downward it finds a congenial situation in the neighbourhood of the marshes; and here it performs a service which would not perhaps be expected—it enables Leadenhall Market to be supplied with wild fowl in better condition. They feed chiefly in the twilight, and the fog gives them twilight all day over, and also protects them while it lasts against the fowlers. Thus, in as far as wild fowl may be considered game in London, the London-fog acts the part of a sort of game-keeper. Many more particulars of this curious formation might be given, but what has been said must serve in the meantime as a chapter of the economy of the London fog.



## SHERBORNE;

OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems,"  
"Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued.)

**M**

RS. ATHERSTONE returned to the sitting-room took a sheet of foolscap paper out of the bureau, and wrote as follows:

"I Amelia Charlotte Atherstone, being of sound mind (which is a wonder, considering all it has had to bear), and of sound bodily health, in spite of my advanced age, and the doctor's prognostications more than half a century ago, sit down to-day—the 26th day of September, 1870—to write this my last Will and testament. I have no patrimonial fortune whatever—why, it matters not, since this is not an autobiography, but a Will. My income is derived from an annuity of three hundred a year on the Hazeley estate, out of which I have put by two thousand five hundred and fifty-seven pounds. Of this I shall take one thousand five hundred and fifty in a letter of credit with me on the journey I am about to undertake. The remaining thousand is invested in my name in the three-per-cent consols.

"This thousand I leave unconditionally to my old and faithful servant, Susan Stubbs, and, failing her appointment, to the poor, at the discretion of my executor. I appoint Sir Roger Arden, of Bramscote, my executor—not that I know him, but because he lives near, and I can think of nobody else. I hope he will not refuse to do this service of charity. It is my wish that all my papers be given to the priest at Bramscote—not that I know him either, but because a Catholic priest will not tell the contents to the whole parish, as most people would do.

"Susan Stubbs is to have everything that is in her house and about it. Failing her appointment, it is all to be sold for the use of the poor, and given in such a manner as my executor may think it.

"I shall put this Will in the mahogany bureau hat is in my sitting-room, and tell Susan Stubbs to deliver it herself to Sir Roger Arden in case of my death."

Then she lit a candle, brought out from the drawer of the bureau some black sealing-wax, and began to muse aloud as she folded up the paper.

"That sealing-wax has been there," said she, "ever since I came into this queer house, where I have lived a queer life—a very queer life, and oh, what a sad one! It is well for me that I have had his one idea, this one hope—above all, this one duty to live for. There is something solid and hopeful, vigorous and honourable in the idea of duty—even when one fulfils it because it is something else as well. It is not duty that has made me go on hoping against hope to find John Sherborne's heir. But it is not duty that makes me set off now, old as I am, and without friends anywhere but ignorant of the world's ways, and the rail-

ways, and all the ways by which people can and will make themselves obnoxious to me. It is not duty. Then what is it? It is an irresistible impulse to get rid of remorse by undoing as much as possible the cause of it."

She had better have looked straight at the one paramount duty which concerned her most, instead of deceiving herself by a false humility, and getting out of her depth; but so it was, and so it is every day in similar cases. Like Sherborne, she consulted her conscience with a reservation; like him, she persuaded herself that she was examining it, when she was only drowning its voice by asking it questions that were not to the point; like him, she diverted her attention from the duty she continued to evade by musing over the omissions of others; like him, she did this while looking towards the truth, but not at it, and repeating continually, "I look, but I cannot see."

She sealed the paper slowly, musing in a spirit of unspeakable sadness. The sudden shock to the habits of fifty-six years, the new exertion of packing, and the preparation for an indefinite travelling, had excited in her a false gaiety, the reaction from which was rapid and intense.

"A miserable old woman," she said, "and that is the end of it all. Miserable in the past—if a brief delirium be excepted; miserable in the present, which is but a dreamland for sad memories, and a point from which to measure the distance to the end; miserable in the future, that stretches out, hopeless and menacing, into infinite space and infinite time. A miserable old woman, who would have gone mad long ago but for excessive reading and study, and what people call cultivation, which has produced no crop except weeds—means of self torment and, perhaps—"

Here she pushed the sealing-wax into the flame of the candle, and, while it dropped in thick masses on the folded paper, said:

"And perhaps—the means of self-deception. Nonsense! why does this rubbish come into my head so often to-day? Look there, now, at that wax—black, so black—everything about me is so black! I might have saved *him*—Alfred; he inclined *that way*—as—as I did—perhaps more. And persecution would only have roused my courage—*pluck* they would call it now. I have plenty of *that*, and now, when he lies dead in that cold slimy vault, under the great family pew that was once the Lady Chapel, before the nation turned cur first and then apostate, I am hankering after what I refused while I could have—"

She broke off again. Tears, hot and blistering, blinded her as she plunged a large old-fashioned seal into the seething mass of wax.

"While I could have—" she repeated, and then stopped again, unable to finish the sentence. "While I— But what am I sealing this for when it isn't witnessed?"

She broke the seal, tore the paper open, and wrote on the outside: "I, who sealed this, have broken the seal because I had forgotten to have my signature witnessed.—A.C.A."

"Lest some pettifogging lawyer should call it a suspicious circumstance, and rob old Susan of her money. Perhaps, after all, I had better get it done properly by a lawyer, as I go through London. I ought to have done this long ago."

She threw down her pen, and burying her face in her hands, burst into tears, weeping passionately, as she would have wept fifty-seven years before. Then the flood of tears dried up, and the long continued sobbings, that shook the old table, ceased by degrees.

"He lies dead," she muttered—"dead in that cold slimy vault; and shall I hanker for what I refused when—when I might have been one with him in accepting it? Refuse it for *him* then, and accept it for myself now? No! No!

"No!" she repeated in a scream that might have been heard in the lane.

By this one suggestion the devil had enlisted in his service her strongest feeling and her strongest defect—that love for Alfred Sherborne which had marred and moulded her life, that pride of firmness which had enabled her to live alone for upwards of half a century, without going mad at continual contemplation of a sorrow that neither diminished in degree nor varied in kind. And there was no one to brush away the flimsy sophism.

"No!" she shrieked, and started up, clutching the leather case as she rose; then carrying it to the bureau, she said in the same tone of passionate despair, crumpling the leather case between her fingers, and pushing it violently into the centre compartment between the two rows of pigeon holes, "I cannot, and I *will* not believe."

Such was the nervous force of the movement, and the resistance at the other end of the compartment, that the leather doubled up in her hand, and her forefingers pressed heavily against the back of the bureau. She felt something give way, and then resist with an elastic sort of thrust like a spring.

"A secret drawer, I suppose," thought she. "All these odd, old bits of furniture have them. I must look and see how to shut it up again."

Pulling the leather case out carefully she muttered:

"I cannot, and I *will* not believe. That is, I can't, and so I won't. What is the use of one saying one will if one can't? And perhaps I won't because I can't be one with him in it now, and wouldn't when I could. No! I won't—I won't, I say, I won't separate myself from him. The won't is too strong for me: it possesses my whole being: it is equivalent to can't. Of course it is—of course, of course."

Then she suddenly became interested in the secret drawer, refused to think, and burst into a hard artificial laugh.

"Perhaps I shall find old Moreton's love letters," she said, pulling the drawer out with a jerk and smiling in acute angles.

The drawer exactly fitted the space at the back, and was so narrow that its width might have been mistaken for the thickness of the wood.

"Perhaps there is one underneath," she thought. "I must have a look. How childish it is of me to feel any curiosity about a secret drawer! There can't be anything in it—at any rate nothing that would concern me, nothing that could throw any light on anything I want to know. And besides—Don Pascolini's letter gives me all the information I want. For we know that John

Sherborne's eldest son is dead; so that Count de Bergerac, being, as it clearly appears that he is, the eldest son of the eldest, or eldest surviving son of the younger, *must* be the heir.

"So all I have got to do is to find him out. Nevertheless, here is this drawer, and I must have a try. How natural is curiosity to a woman! There is a spring at this left corner, I think by the feel—and there it is."

A narrow piece of oak, even with the surface of the whole compartment, and exactly covering the space on which the drawer had rested, began to slide off. She pushed it, and it slid away into a groove on the right, disclosing a narrow space beneath. It was about two inches in width, rather less than more. Its depth could not be seen, owing to its extreme narrowness and the impossibility of looking down into it. She reached as far as she could with her forefinger, and found nothing but space. Then she tried a long pair of scissors with the same result.

"Where can it go to?" she said, and went to look for an obsolete instrument called lazy tongs. It was no easy work to manoeuvre them in so small a space, as any one who has ever handled lazy tongs will know; but at length she induced them to go into the narrow space and stretch downward. They found the bottom at the depth of eight or nine inches.

"Oh! but there *must* be something in it after all this," she exclaimed—"a Queen Anne's penny, or perhaps an old account book."

Then came a fit of laughter that gave relief but not enjoyment, and then she made another dig with the lazy tongs.

"I do declare," said she, "there *is* something; I can feel it—paper folded. But I can't get hold of it with these things. I must try something else."

She brought a knitting needle. It was not long enough to reach the bottom or prize up the paper; but it reached as far as the seal, which was large with a thick rim of wax protruding upwards, like a wall, round the impression.

"This will do it," said she, sticking the knitting needle just under the protruding wax, and gently raising up the paper.

The process was slow, because the sealing-wax was slippery and the knitting needle blunt; but at length the top of the paper appeared at the narrow aperture of the secret place, so that she could seize it with her finger and thumb. It was a small thick packet, directed to somebody; but the ink was pale, of a yellowish tinge, and indistinct. She put on her spectacles, and holding the packet up to the light, read aloud:

"For John Moreton.

"From E. M., July 16th, 1810."

"Good gracious!" said she, taking off her spectacles, and putting them on again. "What can this be? John Moreton! That must have been the old rector of Fernham. Let me see now. He came to live there in the year '24; and his wife died, and he married again; and his son—the young man I made come here with Don Pascolini, because I felt sure he would turn out of use somehow, but he hasn't yet—is the son of the second wife. Well, then, this packet must have been

meant for old Moreton—but by whom? ‘E. M.’ His mother, I suppose. But why has it never been opened? and why was it hidden away? and what am I to do with it, when I don’t even know where young Moreton is to be found? What a load of other people’s concerns my own shoulders have to bear! Well, in it goes into the leather bag, and perhaps I may fall in with him somewhere, or hear of him.”

And in it went, with Don Pascolini’s letter, the old diary, and documents of various sizes. The leather bag had a lock and key, and, except when brought out for use, was either kept with her money, in a fire-proof safe let into the wall of her bedroom, or stowed away in the bureau. The former was its place whenever she went out, and there she put it now, in company with her Will.

“Now I must go to the station, to ask about the train, and get two people to witness my signature,” said she, sitting down to meditate and conjecture concerning the packet. “I had better sign this, in case anything should happen to me before I get to London.”

But before many minutes had elapsed there was a sound of wheels—the heavy rattling sound that heralds the approach of a light cart. She got up and walked to the window, looking at her watch as she went; and seeing the carrier’s cart draw up at the door, with old Susan, the carrier, and another man in it, said to herself:

“How convenient! these two men will just do to witness my signature.”

Then she went downstairs and opened the door, saying to old Susan:

“You have been very quick about it;” and to the men: “Will you be so kind as to witness my signature?”

The men followed her into the sitting-room, witnessed her signature, and went away. Then old Susan showed her purchases with much satisfaction.

“Yes—a very good portmanteau, strong and roomy,” said Mrs. Atherstone. “And the bag, too. They couldn’t be better. Thank you, Susan. You have done your commission famously. And now—stay! Call them back. I want to speak to them.”

Old Susan opened the window and screamed as loud as she could:

“Hi! come back a moment!” Mrs. Atherstone did the same. The carrier pulled up, and slowly turned round.

“When is the first up-train in the morning?” said Mrs. Atherstone.

“At five and twenty minutes past eight, ma’am,” said the carrier.

“Ah! then I shall want you,” said she, “to take my portmanteau to the station for that train to-morrow morning. Be here not later than half-past seven. Thank you, that is all. Now then, Susan, just attend to what I am going to say.”

“Yes, m,” said Susan, dilating her eyes into a blank expanse, and twirling the corner of her apron round her thumbs.

Mrs. Atherstone took the Will from the table, and laid some blotting-paper upon it; then, folding it up and placing it in one of the pigeon-holes of the bureau, she said:

“Look here. You see where I have put that?”

“Yes, m.”

“When I die——”

“Lor, m, don’t!”

“Well, but every one must die, some time or other, you know; and if people don’t arrange their affairs while they are alive, why—don’t you see?—they won’t be able to do it afterwards.”

Old Susan nodded her assent to the proposition, but would not commit herself to any statement. She perceived the connection between the Will and the journey.

“Whenever I die, whether here or elsewhere,” said Mrs. Atherstone, “mind that you open the bureau (I am going to leave the key with you) take out that paper—my Will—you understand?”

“Yes, m, I understand.”

“And you must take it to Sir Roger Arden, at Bramscote—yes, yes, to him—I have my reasons. I have left you a little independence, so that you will not have to go among strangers.”

This was too much for old Susan, the apron went up to her eyes, and she sobbed aloud.

“You dear old thing, it won’t make me die any sooner,” said Mrs. Atherstone.

But old Susan retired to her little room, among the old trunks, and would not be comforted.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE SIBYLS AND THEIR BOOKS.



ONE of the great results of Christianity has been the destruction of superstition, and all the evils which used to flow from it. The prevalence of its influence in ancient times was general.

It was confined to no rank, to no degree of education, or ignorance. Society was subject to its most degrading forms, and ruled by its power. Men lived in an atmosphere of dread which continually surrounded their actions, and they sought in some way or other to find a balance for their dominated reason. It was this which gave to the Sibyls of heathen countries and pagan people the authority which they exercised. They were consulted in the belief that their answers would guide the consultant in the future. The etymology of their name has been derived from two Greek words, signifying that their counsel was divine, because it was believed that those women were inspired by some divinity, in whose name they gave response in the oracles. Other etymologists assert that the first Pythoness known, lived many ages before the Trojan war, and was called Sibylla. Hence, they say, all women who afterwards exercised the art of divination bore the name of Sibyls.

The most celebrated were Sibylla, Manto, daughter of Tiresias; Demophile Athenais, Nysa, Malenchreus, Deiphobe and Tiburtine. The answers which they gave were generally tortuous, obscure, and not only could be interpreted in many ways, but even adapted themselves to events the most opposite. Those ambiguous forms were

of prime necessity, in order that the oracle should not be subject to error, as it had almost always reason to avoid it. To understand this, we need but recapitulate a few of those Sibylline responses.

The Medes desiring to know the result of the war which they waged upon the Babylonians, consulted the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, and were answered that "the victory should belong to those who most honoured the gods." The Babylonians, consulting the same oracle, on the same occasion, received assurance of victory on the same conditions, however, they lost the battle. In consequence they attributed the cause of it to some faults committed towards the gods.

Philip of Macedon, seized by a desire to consult the oracle, enquired of the Sybil of the oracle of Trophonius, what time he had of his life remaining; the oracle answered him: "My child, if thou wouldst live long, beware of chariots." From the hour of that warning Philip never afterwards sat in a chariot. When he was eventually assassinated by the traitor Pausanias, it was proclaimed over all Greece that the oracle was fulfilled, because the figure of a chariot was sculptured on the point of the sword which had traversed his bosom. Another of those ambiguous answers is found in the story related of a rich merchant of Corinth, in love with a young Eupatrid who disdained his sighs. The lover, "sighing like a furnace," went to consult the oracle at Delphos, to ascertain if the young girl should ever return his affection, or in the contrary case if he should try a leap from the rock of Leucadia. The oracle, which he had largely endowed, replied to him: "The chameleon changes, woman resembles it. The wise man should never despair."

Making such answers it is very clear the oracle and its Sibyl could never be found deceptive. A remark of Voltaire, in observing on the predictions of the Sibyls, was very judicious. He said that they resembled the prophecies of the Almanack of Liege, when that compilation foretold that "a great man shall die this year; there will be shipwrecks." Indeed it is rare that in the course of a year there should be no deaths amongst the great, or no vessel cast away; and the Sibyls were as prophetic in this view as the compiler of Liege Almanacks, the antiquated Mathew Lænsberg.

It is well to observe that the Sibyls answered always according to the desire of any powerful person who consulted them. The priests of Delphos, fearing that Philip of Macedonia should pillage their temple, caused their oracle always to speak in favour of that king. It was on this account that Demosthenes, when the oracular response was made to the people as an argument against war with the Macedonian prince, made answer: "The Sibyl philipises." Alexander the Great, after his father's death, rendered vain by victory, desiring to be the son of Jupiter Ammon, forewarned the officials of the oracle that he would consult it. However, when he arrived, it was at a period of the year when the oracle was silent and he could obtain no answer. Entering into the temple he seized the Sibyl by the arm, forcing her to be seated on the tripod. At this act of violence, knowing with whom she had to deal,

the Sibyl cried aloud: "No one can resist thee, oh my son!" This exclamation Alexander took as an oracular response, which presaged a career of conquest for him.

With such weight given to their merest ravings or most cunning sentences the oracles and prophecies of all the Sibyls were collected into a number of volumes, and were held in the greatest veneration. They were reduced into verse and precious guarded in the temples with all respect due to sacred things. Under the reign of the elder Tarquin, an old unknown woman brought to Rome the Sibylline books, and proposed that the king should purchase them, but being asked the price she named one so exorbitant that he only laughed at her. Then the old woman, who was afterwards recognized as the Sibyl Demo, cast the three first books into the fire, and required for them the same sum she had previously asked for the six others she had left. As Tarquin hesitated still, Demo gave three of the remaining books to the flames, and offered the three last, demanding the price she first required for them or else she would destroy what remained of the precious collection. Astonished at this tenacity, the king convoked the council of augurs, who decided in common accord that it was necessary to yield to the conditions of the Sibyl, and withdraw from her hands the precious volumes.

In consequence of this the Sibylline books were immediately purchased, and enclosed in a coffer of cedar wood. The augurs carried them in great pomp to the capitol, and a college of priests was created in order to care them duly, for an oracle had predicted that the salvation of Rome depended upon their preservation. At the time of the burning of the capitol, under the dictatorship of Sylla, the Sibylline books became the prey of the flames. This was a great calamity; the republic gave themselves up for lost. They hastened to name deputies who went to Erythrea, to Delphos, to Cumes, and to all the places wherein oracles existed, in order to collect all the Sybilline verses which either the priest had preserved, or tradition had perpetuated there. When they had been collected Augustus deposited them in an urn of gold, and concealed them under the statue of Apollo in the temple of the Palatine Hill. There they remained until the year 400 of the Christian era, at which time a violent fire broke out which destroyed the temple, and the Sybilline books were burned and lost for ever.

---

**ERRONEOUS ESTIMATE OF BOYS.**—Douglas Jerrold was considered a dull boy; at nine years of age he could scarcely read. Goldsmith was a very unpromising boy. Dryden, Swift, and Gibbon in their earliest pieces did not show any talent. The mother of Sheridan, herself a literary woman, pronounced him to be the dullest and most hopeless of her sons. The father of Barrow, the great preacher and writer, is said to have exclaimed, "If it please God to take away any of my children, I hope it will be Isaac." The injudicious parent regarded the lad as a miserable stupidity, but he afterwards proved the glory of his family.





HE THREW HIMSELF ON THE GRASS AND AFFECTED TO BE READING.

## Mr. Thornley's Roses.

BY BRUCE MONTGOMERY.

### CHAPTER V.

HE dinner was a cheerful one; the two old friends exchanged their youthful recollections, and spoke a little of Dr.

Gaskell and his relations. Sir Henry Mordant was described as a fair man with bloodshot eyes, who carried his head high, neglected the poor, and had no other feeling than respect for his



ancestors. His wife seemed to be a clever woman, with whom you must be on your guard, very haughty, her pride annoying others, while her husband's esteem for his ancestors did no one any harm. The professor said their income seemed to have increased during the last year. They had a good many small debts, but these were all at once paid, and since then all had gone on smoothly. People said they had inherited some property or had a handsome legacy. "But these were evil tongues," said the professor, "which spoke no good of them."

"For example——"

"I am sure it is the general opinion. Gaskell was beloved by young and old, and that his daughter should be immediately cast upon the world raised awkward suspicions in the minds of the numerous admirers of her father. No wonder that in anything that concerned the Mordants the worst possible interpretation was given."

"And what was that?"

"The sudden change of fortune was much commented on, and most people thought they had inherited property. Now people said: 'This cannot come from his side, for he had no expectations at the time of his marriage. It must therefore come from the Gaskell side—his wife's; and if so Miss Gaskell is co-heir.' It is also maintained that half of the income of the Mordants' is obtained by Miss Gaskell's money, while she is residing in some distant place without a suspicion of how rich she has meanwhile become."

"I thought it was all idle chatter," interposed Mrs. Otway, "about which it was best to keep silence. Those who speak in that manner only say that it is a supposition, and those who listen to them believe it to be true, and thus it is that reports arise."

"I think the supposition by no means impossible," remarked Masonius. "Gaskell had property himself, and belonged to a family who possessed much. Why may not some member of the family have died unmarried, and thus Miss Gaskell, as her father's representative, be the heir of part of it. If Miss Gaskell is the heir, what is to be done with the inheritance? The administration falls to the guardian, and I doubt whether he knows where Miss Gaskell is to be found. He would only have to ask whether she was of age. I see nothing wrong in that. For if Sir Henry made use of his position he had quite a right to do so. The injustice would be if he refused Miss Gaskell her portion if she claimed it. She must come and ask for an account."

"That is quite just," remarked Mrs. Otway; "but people have not taken this view."

"I can easily believe that; but the matter cannot now be settled without going into the courts. Has no enquiry ever been made?"

"What has that to do with it?"

"Oh, that is good! It has a good deal to do with all those foolish conjectures being put an end to, but not much with the rest of the matter. Now it is all of some consequence to me, for my nephew wishes to marry Miss Gaskell, and this gives me good reasons for making myself acquainted with her circumstances."

"You are quite right," replied the professor.

"Do you know the chief magistrate here?"

"Of course; he studied jurisprudence here. You must know him. His name is Lambert. I will give you my card; you will be all the better received by him."

Dr. Masonius learned from Mr. Lambert that in fact an old aunt had died without a will, and that Miss Gaskell had inherited half of her property—about five thousand pounds. Fame had increased the value of the property, but the report was a true one and not mere conjecture.

Prepared with this information Dr. Masonius appeared at about four o'clock in the afternoon before the villa residence of Sir Henry Mordant, and rang the bell at the gate.

The doctor was conducted into an octagon-shaped room, which had four side doors, by a servant in livery. Rush chairs stood against the walls, and near the door by which he entered were two stands for coats and umbrellas. It was a kind of ante-room.

The servant took his card, and disappeared through the door opposite to that by which the doctor had entered.

In about two minutes the door was opened, and a person appeared with long light hair, pale blue eyes, and a somewhat turned up nose. He had a crimson fez upon his head with a blue tassel, and he was wrapped in a brown frock *à la Zouave*. Dr. Masonius could hardly restrain a smile when he remembered the description which Otway had given him of this figure.

"What do you want of me?" asked Sir Henry Mordant.

"I have already told the servant that I wished to speak to Sir Henry Mordant, and I must now express my surprise at being asked by another servant after my business."

"What other servant?"

"Why you?"

"I am Sir Henry Mordant," he replied.

"Then I beg your pardon. It did not occur to me that Sir Henry Mordant would receive a visitor in an ante-room full of doors and draughts. May we sit down?"

"But one's doors are not opened to everyone, and you were not introduced."

Meanwhile the doctor had seated himself.

"My card would tell you who I am," he said. "If you wish for further information, I am a military officer out of service, but with a right to wear the uniform of my regiment. If you want references send one of your lads to Professor Otway; he will answer for me. Meanwhile I am here to speak about the affairs of your ward, Miss Gaskell."

He paused to observe more closely the change which came over Sir Henry's countenance.

"Pray come into my study," stammered Sir Henry. "Pardon my mistake. Your character is not written on your card."

"Character!" replied Masonius coolly. "Is it a character to have been a military officer? The vanity of printing such things on your card belongs only to young persons. At my age a doctor's diploma is valued more highly than an officer's commission."

Sir Henry stared at the doctor without finding a word of contradiction.

"There is the same difference between a doc-



tor's diploma and an officer's commission as there is between search after knowledge and instruction in duties; but let us come to business."

"Permit me to conduct you."

Dr. Masonius followed him, and found Lady Mordant seated upon a sofa, richly dressed. She noticed her husband's introduction by a slight bend of her head.

"Dr. Masonius wishes to speak about the affairs of our niece."

"About whom?" she interrupted. "About our niece! Who is that?"

"Miss Gaskell," returned Masonius, calmly.

"I have a dim remembrance of a Miss Gaskell, but she had such plebeian notions that it is impossible for me to recognise her as my niece."

"That depends upon definitions," remarked Masonius. "I have a nephew who wishes to marry Miss Gaskell, and I desire, therefore, to learn why that lady is left so alone in the world, and is not under the care of her distinguished relations."

As he said this he looked at the baronet, and saw that he had seated himself; he, therefore, took a chair which, as it appeared, that his was not a visit but a call upon business, might not have been offered him.

This conduct seemed hardly polite, but Masonius at once entered upon his business.

"What am I to tell Miss Gaskell about the five thousand pounds she has inherited."

The lady grew pale.

"Her claim?"

"I have not any at present. I wish, in confidence, to gain information as to Miss Gaskell's antecedents."

"Ah," said the lady, and seemed for a while to be deep in thought. It was some time before she spoke.

Sir Henry seemed as if disinclined to talk upon the subject. At last he began:

"Will you tell me upon what point it is that you wish for more exact information? We have had no communication with Miss Gaskell for some years, and do not, therefore, well know what we have to say about her."

"I wish to know the reason of the interruption of your intercourse."

"After the death of Dr. Gaskell such a change arose in her temper that it seemed impossible that we should live together, and Miss Gaskell, therefore, left us. You may form an opinion of her act, from the one circumstance that she did not consider it necessary to inform us of her place of abode."

"She supported herself by giving music lessons, doing translations, and selling her fine embroidery, and any other means that came to hand."

"Perhaps she was afraid that your social position—"

"I owe her, then, an acknowledgment for her consideration. A person who has sunk so low could not remain in social relations with us."

"Indeed," said the doctor, slyly. "But through this marriage we shall come into near connection."

"At any rate," interposed Lady Mordant, warmly. "I know nothing of her social position.

We once offered her an asylum in our house, which she refused in order to become a teacher. Abominable! What would our acquaintance in this neighbourhood say, if they heard that our niece disposed of her beautiful work for money?"

"They need not hear of it," replied Dr. Masonius, gravely.

"You are right: you would leave this degenerate child to forgetfulness."

"We will let that be. How is it with the property she has inherited?"

"What property?"

"The property which this degenerate child has inherited."

The lady looked Dr. Masonius in the face. The irony of the words was too plain for her to misunderstand, and though the doctor's innocent face still puzzled her, she replied more cautiously than she had done before:

"It is not for you to trouble yourself about a degraded person whom you desire to leave in deserved forgetfulness. But I will give you an account whenever you require it. But it would be of no use to suppose there is much of this property, for with it so many of her father's debts came to light that little enough remains of it."

"Yes, yes; good lady," replied Masonius, at his ease, "I know all that. For the present is always increased, while no one remembers the past. I thank you for the explanation you have given, and will make the best use of it. I know quite enough, and have made up my mind."

He rose, and the lady went so far as to do the same and slightly bend her head in return for the doctor's low bow.

Masonius returned to his friend, Professor Otway.

"They are a low set," he said, as he threw himself into an easy chair.

"Now, old boy, have you got poor Amelia her rights?"

"No! He is an old simpleton, and I should have made the matter straight with him at once, but she—a very ordinary woman—knows nothing about plebeians. She made me angry by what she said of her niece, and she made out the property to be as small as possible. But wait, wait, even you will be glad. My nephew must marry Amelia Gaskell, and then I shall have some ground for seizing this—this—I cannot find a veritable word—this worthy pair by the collar. Then I shall have the better of the nobility in spite of their contempt for plebeians."

"But, my friend, there is a little plebeian self-satisfaction mixed with this."

"May be. I will not deny it, nor is it necessary. The higher class have had their day; they were the cultivated. That time has passed and the middle class are now the pioneers of culture. It is no longer an honour to live by the sword, people live by the work of their heads and of their hands, and for my part, I do not find that at all amiss."

On the next evening Dr. Masonius returned home, and was received by Adele with great joy.

"Well, father; what is the news at S—?" she enquired at once.

"Ah, child; you want to know all about it; learn to control your impatience till to-morrow."

"Ah, I know all already," said Adele.

"Know what?" asked Dr. Masonius, surprised.

"That Edgar's affair goes on well," replied Adele, quietly. "If this were not the case you would not make game of me."

"You rogue!"

The next day the intercourse between the houses of Thornley and Masonius was interesting. As they were taking their coffee, the doctor told the story of his excursion, and immediately after Adele suddenly recollected that she had to purchase two numbers of a book she must have for her prize exercise, and that as in going for it she must pass close to Mr. Thornley's house, she said she would look in and bid her aunt good morning.

"A very pleasant piece of attention," remarked the doctor, with a sly smile. "And one which I do not generally find in you."

Adele was hardly gone when Bertha observed:

"But we had better tell Miss Gaskell of her inheritance or Adele will be beforehand with us. It will be a great pleasure to the poor girl."

"Only leave that to Adele, my dear. I do not know my own flesh and blood if Adele does not do this without delay."

"And do you wish that?"

"Of course. I hope you do not think that she is going to her aunt. This I know perfectly well; she will go to Edgar and tell him all she knows. No doubt she will wish her aunt good morning. But she only wishes her good morning that she may be able to give us a reason for her going out."

"But surely this is a secrecy——"

"My dear wife do not interfere with her freedom. Adele is now at an age when she must learn to decide things. We must all learn to know when these diversions become dangerous. But do not let us disturb her when she exercises her wits on innocent things; the story pleases me uncommonly."

"Is it then your idea that Edgar should marry this Miss Gaskell?"

"But Bertha, what have I to do with it?"

"That is just the question."

"If Edgar will marry the music mistress, he has my blessing; and if she will marry him, she has it also."

"In other words you have no objection to it?"

"Not the least."

"Then why not speak to my brother?"

The doctor shook his head.

"I do not interfere in such matters. If he wants my advice he can ask for it. I should decidedly advise my son, but for the same reasons I preserve, what you may, if you please, call a benevolent neutrality."

"Miss Gaskell has taken your heart by storm. To see her, to dispute with her, drink tea with her, and then off to S—— in order to be able to advise Edgar, and all this since the morning of the day before yesterday."

"Yes, my dear child," said the doctor smiling, "if a man is compelled to make his diagnosis upon which life and death depends, in five minutes, he is obliged to think rapidly. I only know two things

of this Miss Gaskell which cannot be contradicted. Her father died poor, and she knows very well that he might have left her a comfortable income; she gives up a life of affluence and chooses that of one working for her subsistence, because she will not suffer reproach to be cast upon the memory of her father, and to this she is a sacrifice. So highly principled a girl, dear Bertha, will become a woman upon whom all will look with respect, who at all value a noble mind."

"You are quite right."

"Then in the second place I know that she is changing her place of abode because she has a suspicion that she has attracted Edgar's attention. I wish only that I knew if there is a deeper motive; but I shall find that out at the next music lesson."

"What do you mean?"

"Whether she likes Edgar, and whether she places any confidence in the sincerity of his attentions."

"They go together," said Bertha; "if she loves him she must trust him."

"Very right;

For where there's neither faith nor hope  
Love can no more exist.

"But that belongs to a later period, to the moment when this love becomes conscious and has arrived at an exchange of thoughts."

"And what do you now want of Miss Gaskell?"

"I wish I knew! We are in a position where pride comes in. The Thornleys are rich, and their only son is a desirable match. If this poor girl were to accept him, it would be because she liked him; she would accept him if he lost all his property, and were he sick and suffering she would work for him and suffer with him. It seems to me that Edgar's wealth would be rather an obstacle to her showing it if she had any love for him. If I am able——"

"What then? Do you mean to make her believe that Edgar has to earn his bread?"

"Yes; that is my idea. After that I will go to my brother-in-law and put him on the scent. He can then speak to Edgar."

The doctor had not yet set out to visit his patients when Edgar rushed into the house.

"You see, Bertha, I was quite right; it is plain that Adele has been with him."

Edgar came full of joy. Adele had told him that his Uncle Masonius took his part, and so he considered his cause won. That his parents, and particularly Amelia, should also take his part never occurred to him as necessary. Uncle Masonius stood for everyone. He now understood his uncle's wish that Adele should associate with Amelia, and as his uncle was in his favour in the business there was no need for anxiety. Adele would act as his deputy-suitors, and at this moment his fate was perhaps decided.

The doctor told him as he had decided to do that he must speak to his father; and Edgar returned home as happy as one stretched upon the rack of doubt could possibly be, and learned that Adele had gone away, as the hour for her studies had arrived, and she could not wait, but she would return when these were over.

"I cannot imagine," he said angrily, "how a girl like Adele should still be in the school-room. But my uncle is so decided."

But the last object on the doctor's horizon was any thought of his nephew's love affairs in reference to his daughter's education.

Towards noon Dr. Masonius came to hold a council; Edgar was not of course present. He was walking wildly, with a volume of poems under his arm, up and down by the river, philosophising upon the object of life, upon the misfortunes which pursued him and—we must give him the praise which is his due—upon his own negligence, for in point of fact he had taken no step in his own business except to gather his father's roses. But he would have done wonders if he had only known what step to take.

At last he saw his father coming towards him. His blood seemed all to flow to his heart, his steps became uncertain; he could not have believed himself so weak. To feign indifference he threw himself on the grass and affected to be reading. The book he had carried now served the purpose he intended.

"Edgar," said his father, "your uncle has told me that you wish to marry the music-mistress over there. I must tell you that for the present that goes for nothing. You have to pass your examination, to settle down, and to earn an income with which to support a wife; then will be the time to look around and to choose a maiden, to speak to her and to me. We will leave the rest."

"And suppose this maiden were to be Miss Gaskell?"

"Then I would maintain with your Uncle Masonius that you, booby, were he who stole my roses."

"Ah, father," said Edgar sadly, "your jokes are good but I want earnest."

"Now as far as I can see, Miss Gaskell is very good. You do not yet know her, and I only know what your uncle has told me of her, and that is very estimable. I was once under her irresistible influence. Yes, yes, if nothing appears upon further acquaintance—it is all right, as far as I am concerned, but the difficulty will be with your mother. Your Uncle Masonius says she can be managed if we all unite. However, we shall see what is to be done? Above all things, Edgar, you must tell your mother everything."

"Then, father, all is lost!" replied Edgar, sadly.

"It is your duty; and henceforth we will play our cards openly."

"I cannot tell my mother!"

"You must, man; and do not tell her that you are entrusted your secret to anyone, and beg for her intercession with your father."

"But my father—"

"Has not yet given you his blessing, he has only said that he has nothing to object against the opening of preliminaries."

"Heavens! I hardly dare to hope; so much my heart still torn by doubt."

"Then why have you so fragile a heart?" said his father with a smile. "You still have need of intercession in your cause."

(To be continued.)

## CHRISTIAN BURIAL AND CREMATION.

[CONTINUED.]



THE very important question now arises—who are excluded from Christian burial? The answer is clear in ecclesiastical legislation. Infidels, apostates, heretics, publicly and notoriously excommunicated or interdicted persons, suicides, duellists, public sinners who die impenitent, and sinners who die in the act of committing a crime, if the crime be certain and public. The words of the canon are as follows: "It is decreed in the sacred canons that we cannot hold communion with those dead with whom we could hold no communion while they were living, and that those who have been cut off from the unity of the Church, nor reconciled to her in the hour of death, should be deprived of ecclesiastical sepulture." The Roman Ritual enumerates those who must be excluded from Christian burial: "Pagans, Jews, and all infidels, heretics and their abettors, apostates from Christian faith, schismatics and persons publicly stricken with major excommunication, persons interdicted by name and those living in an interdicted place, while the interdict lasts; suicides, unless it can be shown that they were insane, or unless they give signs of repentance before death; duellists, even if they give signs of repentance; public sinners who die unrepentent, children dying without baptism, and those who are publicly known to have neglected to receive the sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist once a year, and who have given no signs of contrition before death." Where there is doubt the bishop or his representative should be consulted.

There is no part of Church legislation which has been more bitterly attacked in modern times than this regarding the sanctity and exclusiveness of the cemetery. Monseigneur Gaume's pious and earnest book, the title of which is "*Le Cimetière au Dix-Neuvième Siècle*," was prompted by the bitter onslaughts made by French freethinkers on the sacred character of Christian burial. Modern French law, in great part, ignores it. The present "statesmen" of France, instead of trying to bring their country back to the greatness which it lost through infidelity and the last war with Germany, are degrading the name of liberty and of republic, by using them to minimize the influence of, if not actually to destroy, the Church, and are seeking every opportunity to trample on her laws concerning the sanctity of the cemetery. They have secularized and desecrated it everywhere, as they have the school. To such extent has this desecration gone that now, in French cities, it has become a practical necessity for the bishops to leave cemeteries unconsecrated, and for the priests to bless each individual Christian grave when made. In Belgium, also, the so-called "Liberals" have nullified canonical legislation on the subject. Any Belgian magistrate now, ordering a person unworthy of Christian burial to be interred in the unconsecrated part of a cemetery, is liable to be brought

before the Civil Court, and fined or imprisoned. "Promiscuous burial" is the freethinker's cry, "and no exclusiveness;" no "*coin des reprouvés*."

The leading spirits, who founded the American republic were true rationalists, and believed in the natural law and the natural rights of man. No bitter hatred against Christianity characterized them. Even Paine, although a mere Deist, respected the belief of Christians, and was totally opposed to any interference with the rights and liberties of the churches. A European "Liberal" or "Rationalist" seems to become a demoniac the moment he finds a chance to persecute the Church. Not so with the fair-minded American rationalist. He respects Christianity, and of all the Churches he respects most the one which holds to the supernatural in its entirety, and which is alone uncompromising in teaching and practice. It is hard to find a European liberal or rationalist who is not a priest-hater, while the most bitter American rationalist bows to the Catholic priest.\* The reason of this is, perhaps, because the European freethinker is an apostate, while the American rationalist is simply in a state of negation; he never knew the truth. Be this as it may, American legislation is not anti-Catholic, although it may be sometimes un-Catholic. The rights of American Catholics are respected; their property put on a level with that of other denominations. The greatest amount of personal and corporate liberty is allowed; for it is the true American idea of government that the state shall interfere in nothing which is not absolutely necessary for the common weal. To leave to citizens the largest individual liberty, civil and religious, to trust to their good sense and spirit of obedience to law, not to make them feel that a large standing army is necessary to keep them in order—this is the American way of ruling. This is clearly seen in the laws regarding cemeteries in nearly all the States of the Republic.

Sanction is even given to the custom in Catholic cemeteries, of reserving a portion for unbaptized children, "the trustees shall reserve a reasonable portion of such ground (cemetery) for the interment of strangers and other persons." Such scandals as daily occur in Belgium and France, under sanction of law, in the burial of Freemasons, or persons otherwise under the ban of the Church, in consecrated ground against the will of the Church authorities, could not take place in the State of New York. No burial could be forced in a church there without the consent of its pastor. The scandal of Victor Hugo's funeral, and the consequent desecration of the Church of S. Genevieve, could not take place in the United States. It was laid down as the law by the New York Court of Appeals, in the case of the Buffalo City Cemetery *v.* the City of Buffalo, "that a conveyance for burial purposes only confers upon the grantee a right to use for the purpose of interment. No such estate is granted as makes him an owner in such sense as to exclude the general proprietorship of the association. The association remains the owner in general, and holds that relation to

the public. While subject to this, the individual has a right, exclusive of any other person, to bury upon the subdivided plot assigned to him. He holds a position analogous to that of a pew-holder in a house of public worship." He has a privilege, but is not absolute owner.

It was decided by the Supreme Court of New York, that the certificate of ownership of a plot or grave gives a right to use it for burial purposes "subject to and in conformity with the established rules and bye-laws of the corporation;" and, "that where a party applies for a burial lot at a cemetery distinctively Roman Catholic, it is with the tacit understanding that he is either a Roman Catholic, and as such eligible to burial therein, or that he applies on behalf of those who are in communion with that Church." Thus the State will not force the Church to bury in her cemetery any one whom she considers unworthy. Now contrast this legislation with that of France. "When the minister of religion, for any pretext whatsoever, refuses to bury a body, the civil authority, either as of right or upon the requisition of the family of the deceased, will call in a minister of the same religion, to fulfil those functions. In every case the civil authority is charged with the transfer and burial of bodies." Thus, if a conscientious priest refuses to violate the laws of the Church, French liberty calls in some pliant tool to break them both at the funeral and in the burying-ground. This is a despotism of which even the most absolute and odious of the Bourbons was never guilty, and of which even Bismarck is not capable.

But although it would be a sin to bury in Catholic cemeteries any of those excluded by canon law, it does not follow that they are desecrated, and require "reconciliation" in the case of every such illegal burial. Those who knowingly bury in consecrated ground a person nominally excommunicated or interdicted, or a notorious heretic, are excommunicated. (Bull. "*Apostolica Sedis*.") By burying others unworthy of Christian burial, sin is committed, but excommunication is not incurred.

If the party buried be excommunicated by name, the cemetery is desecrated.

But the burial of persons not excommunicated by name, or of heretics not denounced by name, does not desecrate a Catholic cemetery. The law is the same for the desecration of a cemetery as for the desecration of a church. "If notorious heretics be buried in the church, it is not considered to be desecrated, nor does it need reconciliation"—re blessing or reconsecration. Notoriety no longer suffices to induce all the effects of excommunication. Since the Bull of Martin V., "*Ad evitanda scandala*," denunciation is necessary for that purpose. Hence, in places where Protestants and Catholics live together, the burial of the former in Catholic cemeteries, although illicit, does not desecrate them. Canonists are not agreed as to whether certain other persons, excluded by law from Christian burial, desecrate the cemetery so as to require its reconsecration. In this matter much must be left, especially in the States, to the judgment of the head of the diocese. If, even in the Catholic countries of

\* We know that this is true of Ingersoll. It was notoriously true of William Lloyd Garrison, "Thad." Stevens, and is so of nearly all the "Transcendentalists."

Europe, it has been found necessary to modify very materially the old canonical requirements in regard to sepulture, as well as to many other subjects certainly in a new country like the United States, where the Church has never had a true canonical status, much should be left discretionary with the bishop. For experience begins to show that the more of the old canonical legislation we introduce, the less does it agree with our surroundings, or prevent scandals from becoming public.

In concluding this part of the subject we call the reader's attention to the solution of two moral cases in Gury's "*Casus Conscientie*." In the first, the priest goes to the death-bed of a man who for years had refused to receive the sacraments, and who dies unrepenting. Yet he acts wisely in permitting ecclesiastical sepulture in this case to avoid scandal, for we should not refuse Christian burial to an impenitent sinner unless his impenitence is publicly known.

In the second case, a pious man, but prone to melancholy, is found one morning hanging by the neck, dead. The priest is called in. He hides the fact of suicide, and gives the body Christian burial. He does well, because, as the suicide was secret, it should not be published to the detriment of the man's fame and that of his family. For the law of the Church does not bind in such cases. Besides, as the man was known to be a practical Christian before his death, his taking-off would be attributed to insanity; and when such is the fact, the Church does not exclude suicides from Christian burial.

#### NO. II.—CREMATION.

But how stands the Catholic Church in regard to the revival of the pagan system of disposing of the dead—cremation? Can she tolerate it? Is there anything in it contrary to Catholic dogma or the essential discipline of the Church? The answer to these questions is, that the Church cannot tolerate cremation if she wished. She has the right of eminent domain over her own discipline. There is, indeed, a portion of that discipline of divine origin, and it she cannot change; but all things purely ecclesiastical, having been made by the Church, and those things in which our Lord has not forbidden alteration, can be by the Church modified or abrogated. She has abolished the old system of public penances, which prevailed for centuries, and the "Discipline of the Secret," which was the direct opposite of her present mode of dealing with certain portions of the sacred deposit of truth. While the discipline of the secret lasted, the text continually on her lips was, "Neither cast ye your pearls before the swine," while now she says, "that which you hear in the ear preach ye upon the housetops." She repeatedly dispenses in vows, and in impediments of marriage arising from consanguinity, she has abolished the custom of baptism by immersion, which was common even up to the time of S. Thomas Aquinas; and has withdrawn the use of the cup from the laity, and again in certain cases conceded it, in the administration of the Holy Eucharist. In these changes she adapts herself to circumstances, and is prompted

always by what is best for the salvation of souls.

As to modifications of the custom and law of inhumation, there are not lacking instances. In the Capuchin cemetery at Rome and at Einsiedeln, the desicated bodies of the holy fathers are placed above ground and in plain view of whoever wishes to look at them. Is not this an infraction of the custom of inhumation? Again, in Catholic Naples the practice of putting the corpses each day into one of three hundred and sixty-five pits in the old "Campo Santo," and then throwing quicklime on them to burn away the flesh, does not seem to be a literal following-out of the law of inhumation. In case, therefore, a great epidemic should occur, or some extraordinary case might arise which would justify cremation, the Church could and might permit it. When a Catholic dies at sea, he is buried in the water; necessity sometimes abrogates a human law; and great difficulty in carrying them out is always a cause for which the Church grants dispensation from her enactments.

But, having said so much as to the right or power of the Church to permit cremation, the moral question now arises whether, if a dying Catholic wished to be cremated instead of inhumed, and *insisted* upon *post-mortem* incineration, a priest could give him the sacraments? No! Such a man would not have the proper disposition for receiving them. He would be in a condition of wilful insubordination to Church law and discipline. He would be asking what the Church refuses to grant. He would be disobeying or asking some one else to disobey the requirements of her sacred liturgy in a very important matter. In a word, although the Church may modify her burial service in certain extraordinary contingencies, it is certain that cremation is contrary to all her traditions and to all her legislation regarding Christian burial.

"The Christians never gave in," says Alban Butler, "to the customs either of preserving the bodies of their dead, like the Egyptians, or of burning them with the Romans, or of casting them to wild beasts with the Persians; but, in imitation of the people of God from the beginning of the world, buried them with decency and respect in the earth where, according to the sentence pronounced by God, they return to dust till the general resurrection."

With the single exception of the cremation of the body of Saul and his sons by the men of Jabes Galaad, to prevent them from further contumely by the Philistines, all the burials of Jewish history, most of which are alluded to in the text of S. Augustine, already quoted from the "City of God," expressly imply inhumation. Even after the cremation spoken of in the first book of "Kings," the men of Jabes Galaad inhumed the bones in the wood of Jabes.

Eusebius gives a reason for the Christian aversion to cremation, which still holds good, because they (the Pagans) did this (cremated) to show that they could conquer God and destroy the resurrection of the bodies, saying, "now let us see if they will arise." It is notorious that the modern revival of cremation as a mode of burial is due to pantheists, materialists

and other unbelievers in the resurrection of the flesh.

Even when the pagan Greeks cremated, they deposited the ashes of the dead in a grave, and over it "heaped a high earth mound." Schliemann found at Mycenæ graves of the heroic age, with complete skeletons of both adults and children, showing that cremation was not universal. In early times inhumation was the rule. The grave was dug by the nearest relatives, and the corpse buried in it. Thucydides tells us that the bodies of Athenians who had fallen in battle were put in coffins and buried.

According to Cicero, inhumation was older in Rome than cremation. Some noble Roman families never permitted their bodies to be burned, and Sulla is said to have been the first Roman who ordered his body to be cremated after death, lest his bones should be scattered by his enemies. The pontiffs of pagan Rome would not acknowledge a funeral to be complete unless at least a single bone cut off from the corpse, or rescued from the flames, had been deposited in the earth. It was a pagan superstition that those whose bodies were left unburied had to wander about for a hundred years. Horace alludes to this belief in the twenty-eight ode of his first book of songs, in which he represents Archytas as begging the passing sailor for a few handfuls of sand for his unburied corpse.

Virgil's lines on the subject are familiar.

The early Christians, like the ancient Jewish patriarchs, ever showed their anxiety to be inhumed according to the Christian liturgy. Sometimes the living Christians tore the bodies of the martyrs from the flames in order to give them proper burial. S. Fortunata gave twenty pieces of gold to the executioner for rescuing her body from the flames and having it put in the earth. The Catacombs were specially dug out by the Christians for burial purposes; although they had also many graveyards in the open air, set apart from the pagan burying grounds. The ritual of funerals and the consecration of cemeteries all suppose that the corpse is to be inhumed. All the Fathers in explaining the resurrection of the dead, speak of inhumation as the only proper mode of sepulture, as it was, in fact, the mode in which Our Lord Himself was buried. Boniface VIII. (in C. I., tit. Sep., Extrav. Comm.) forbade all violent modes of disposing of the dead as savouring of barbarism. "The respect due to the human body requires that it should be allowed to decay naturally, without having recourse to any violent system;" so says Grandclaude, but this reason would seem to hold good against the Neapolitan custom of using quicklime as well as against cremation. A forcible argument against cremation is also found in the Catholic custom of preserving and honouring the relics of the saints and putting their bodies or portions of them in the altar. It would be no longer possible to have the most important relics of future saints if their flesh were to be consumed by fire.

The chief arguments in favour of cremation are from sanitary considerations. The cremationists say that inhumation poisons the air, and that cemeteries injure the healthfulness of the neigh-

bourhood in which they exist. But if proper precautions are taken, if the bodies are buried deep enough in the soil, as they must be, no danger can arise to the public health from the practice of inhuming the dead. The immense sewers which run through our populous cities do not injure health if they are properly built, although decaying refuse and poisonous vapours fill them. Neither can cemeteries, properly managed, in which the graves are deep, and which are generally remote from the town or city. Would not the public health be far more endangered if the reeking stench of burning bodies, arising out of crematories on every side, were to pollute the atmosphere? On a moist summer's day, when the winds are still, how long would it take to get the smell of the crematory out of the nostrils of the community? You may put the crematory in the country; but you have no more right to afflict the rustic than you had to incommode the citizen with your nuisance.

De Cavagnis, a Professor of Canon Law in Rome, gives against cremation another argument which is rather striking. "Humation," he writes, "renders it possible to inspect the corpse long after it has been buried, if suspicion of foul play should arise; whilst cremation would give testimony, and then only when carefully done, as to death by poison alone."

This affords, undoubtedly, a good legal argument against the new mode of disposing of the dead, but no such exceptional reason motives the Church's opposition to cremation. It is under her ban, because it is contrary to the letter and the spirit of her liturgy, and to the universal custom of the Hebrew and Christian dispensation. "*Nihil innovetur nisi quod traditum sit.*"

## A TOUGH YARN.

"I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."



THE Malcolm, outward bound East Indiaman, was skimming along before a freshening breeze which had just begun to ruffle the broad bosom of the Atlantic, every stitch of canvas was set, and joy sat smiling on the countenances of all at the prospect of soon escaping from the regions of calms and variable winds, when suddenly a seaman engaged about the rigging lost his hold and fell overboard. "Put the helm down!" shouted the officer of the watch, "a man overboard! Aft here, cutters; clear away the boat!" In one minute all was bustle and excitement; small sails flapping in the wind, studding sail-booms cracking, tacks and hal-yards let go by the run. The ship flew rapidly up in the wind, the mainbraces were let go, and the mainyard swung aback. The cutters were lowering the boat, when suddenly came the orders, "Keep all fast, 'tis too late! Port, quarter-master; keep the ship on her course. After-guard, brace up the mainyard!" and these orders promptly and actively obeyed, the vessel



soon moved on in the even tenour of her course. All was silence and gloom, for Pat Kelly was a universal favourite.

Meanwhile however, the cause of all this commotion was quietly perched upon the rudder, patiently waiting for some friendly hand to render him assistance. The officer of the deck had seen him go down under the ship's quarter, and looked in vain for his re-appearance, he having risen under the counter, and being a good swimmer, instantly and instinctively striking out for the rudder chains. Pat loudly shouted for help, but amid the noise and confusion which prevailed, his cries were unheard. Being a bold and active young fellow, and not endowed with much patience, he made a spring for one of the gunroom ports, which in the tropical latitudes are often kept open to give air to the various stores the room contains, and once more succeeded in getting on board.

Tired with his exertions Pat seated himself for a moment and looking round, what a tempting spectacle presented itself! On one side was a tin box of the best biscuits, on the other an open case of bottled ale. Pat looked long and wistfully at them both, no doubt weighing in his mind the enjoyment offered against the probable consequences. At least "here goes," said he, dipping his hand into one, and taking a bottle from the other, and in ten minutes a quart of Bass' best had changed masters. He soon began to feel its powerful effects, but before yielding to them, contrived to stagger to a dark corner, and to lie down between two packages. Here Pat slept soundly, and unobserved by the gunner when he went his evening rounds, till the shrill sound of the boatswain's pipe awakened him to a sense of his situation, and the discipline to which he had subjected himself; but the common board-ship saying, "swallow a tooth of the dog that bit you," recurred to his recollection, and having in vain endeavoured to stifle his conscience in any other way, he at length fairly drowned it in another bottle of ale. The consequence was another long sleep, from which he awoke with all the horrors of the "Cat" hanging over him. But it was time to think how to escape from the dilemma; and when an Irishman once fairly sets his wits to work, what can he not accomplish? It was broad day. The sun had nearly attained his meridian, and the smooth and unruffled sea reflected his beams with almost intolerable splendour, while the ship, lying perfectly unmanageable, heaved and rolled heavily with the swell. It was a dead calm. Pat looked out of the port-hole, and a bright idea striking him, he proceeded to act upon it. The fear of the "cat" overcame his dread of the sharks, and letting himself quietly overboard, he dropped as far 'astern as he could without being observed by those on deck. It was seven bells in the forenoon watch; as usual, the officers were busy "taking the sun," and laughing and joking with each other, when suddenly the cry "Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" arising from the sea filled every one with astonishment and surprise. All rushed to the taffarel, where to their dismay they perceived poor Pat Kelly, slowly, and apparently with much fatigue forcing his way through the waters. The first surprise over, and with no little

difficulty, this "dead alive" was hoisted on the deck.

"Where do you come from, sir?" cried the captain.

"Why, sir," says Pat, blowing and spluttering at intervals, and seeming scarcely able to articulate, "it was too bad—to leave a poor fellow—kicking—his heels—in the middle of the—Atlantic; if it hadn't been for this blessed calm—I'd never have come up—with the old ship."

Here Pat sunk exhausted upon a carronade; but he chuckled in his sleeve when he saw the captain's steward bringing a glass of brandy to revive him. Pat's impudence, and his invariable reply to all direct and indirect questions put to him on the subject, "Sure I never had such a swim in my born days. If it hadn't been for the calm, I'd never have got on board again," carried him well through, and the boldness of his unwavering assertions staggered his messmates into a half belief of his story.

Time wore on, and the "Malcolm" arrived safely at her anchorage in Bombay harbour. Like all other nine-day wonders, Pat's adventure had ceased to be talked about, when Captain Briggs dining on shore in company with the commander of another vessel in the roads, the conversation turned upon swimming, and the great power in the water which a black man on board the latter gentleman's ship displayed. Pat Kelly and his adventure occurred to Captain Briggs. "When the wine is in, the wit is out," and considerable bets were laid by the two gentlemen upon the result of a trial of the prowess of the two seamen. The next morning was named for the match. Pat Kelly was summoned to the quarter-deck, and told what was expected from him, and that it was arranged the two men should swim directly out to sea, with attending boats to pick them up when exhausted. Though a good swimmer, Pat well knew he was no match for the black, and he trembled at the consequences of a discovery of his deception; still he trusted that his native impudence would again save him. And so it did. The story of the bet had got wind—the beach was crowded with people—the boats were manned—the swimmers stripped, and just about to make the plunge, when Pat exclaimed:

"Avast there, mate! heave to for a minute, will ye?"

He went to his own ship's boat, and took from it a large and well-filled bag, which he slowly and deliberately began to lash to his back.

"Hallo!" cried the astonished black, "what you got dere?"

"Grub, to be sure, you nigger! You don't suppose I'm such a green horn as to go out to sea on a cruise without laying in a stock of provisions?"

"Why, how long you going to swim?"

"How can I tell, you black squall, how long we shall be out; it won't be less than a week, any how," said Pat with the greatest coolness.

He knew his man; nothing could induce the black to swim; Pat came off with flying colours, muttering to himself:

"Oh, an' it 'ud be a quare thing if I couldn't bother a dirty nigger when I cheated my own captain."

## ANCIENT FORMS OF CIVILIZATION.



OUR forms of civilization seem to have existed in the early dawn of history, in regions of the earth, and amongst races of men remote from each other, all remarkably antagonistic of those Western races who now play so prominent a part. These regions were Egypt, India, China, and the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris; and the civilized races occupying them were the Copt, the Mongol, the Assyrian, and the Indian or Hindú. Through thousand of years these races have invariably presented unmistakable differences in physical organization and moral character, as is proved by historical as well as sculptured evidence. The unchangeable nature of the forms of civilization is as remarkable as the constancy of their physical characters. One of these races—the Coptic—has ceased to exist as a nation, but so long as it retained the resemblance of a people, it seems never to have undergone any change. The Persian, Greek, Roman, and Saracen swept the valley of the Nile, gazing with wonder or contempt at the sublime and mysterious monuments of ancient Egypt, but these peoples made no permanent change in the *morale* or *physique* of the Copt race. What the Hindú is now, his ancestors were in the days of Alexander the Great, and there is nothing to show that the Mongolian of China was ever different than at present.

It is almost certain that, although the Arab and other foreign races have displaced the native Copt from the soil of Egypt, the remains of that race, unaltered physically, still wander by the banks of the Nile. We are not aware of the existence of any pictorial remains of the ancient Celtic inhabitants of France; but it is certain that those of many parts of that country so strongly resemble those of our native Caledonians, that the identity of the race can scarcely be questioned: whilst the Basque remain an isolated people to this day. An indigenous race may be driven out by another, but even this accident, apparently so probable, seems but seldom to have happened. However, be this as it may, we have evidence of a pure Coptic race still in Egypt, while the physical characteristics of the Jew, the Gipsy, and the Parsee remaining unaltered under every circumstance and climate, and the pictorial and sculptural remains of races whose features are still recognizable after a lapse of over 4,600 years, prove not only the fixity of race-characters, but their persistence and antiquity. The four races referred to, differ remarkably in their physical organization and social conditions, their literature and language, architecture and fine arts, and mode of warfare. Had nothing of the Coptic race remained but their skeletons, how meagre and erroneous would be our knowledge! But in the sculpture of the tombs of Thebes, the Coptic artist of the day has handed down to us the knowledge of that exterior by which Nature distinguishes her varied productions. In the presence of the monuments the Copt ceases to be black, as was asserted by Herodotus. From them we learn that the race was peculiar: seemingly

African—certainly not European. Those elongated, sleepy eyes could never have been conjectured had we possessed but the crania of the race; the enlarged nostrils, extended mouth, and tumid lips, so characteristic of the Copt, must have remained for ever unknown, but for those representations of that exterior in which resides all the remarkable distinctions.

The key to the literature of the Coptic race has been lost, and Egypt's place in history, consequently, is not yet determined. The Indian records are regarded as untrustworthy, as well as those of the Chinese. Thus, of the three most remarkable nations on the earth, the Coptic, Mongolian, and Hindú, who each invented a civilization peculiar to itself, we are unable to determine the historical relations. The history of ancient Egypt would have thrown light on that of Syria, Phœnicia, Assyria, Babylonia, Arabia, and Ethiopia. In a true history of the Phœnician race might have been found the secret of Etruria's ancient monuments; a reliable history of India might have discovered traces of the history of Central Asia, as yet unknown to us. But those records fail us at the point where they are most wanted, and thus the history of those races must be sought for in the territories they are known to have occupied.

The aboriginal races of Asia Minor are quite unknown to us, and have not been mentioned by any author since Homer; whilst those of the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris are only known to us through the imperfect narratives of the early Greek writers. The discoveries of Botta, Layard, and Rawlinson, show us that these races, isolated from Egypt and Syria, held in check by the natives of Asia Minor, and limited on the north and east by mountainous regions, presented a form of civilization, of art, and a written language entirely peculiar. There is another difficulty in respect to these races of the Euphrates and Tigris, who invented, or at least employed, the cuneiform letters as the medium of monumental inscription—viz., that all traces of any littoral races seem to have been lost; although it is certain such must have existed. Such a race may have stood in the same relation to the more inland races, as the Phœnician held to those around, and as the modern Basque to the Celtic race of France.

The Phœnicians sent warlike colonies to Africa and Europe, of which the African offshoot fill as bright a page in history as the Carthaginians; but this maritime people made few or no conquests, and consequently but slightly influenced the fortune of the African continent; as in like manner the maritime Basque have made no head against the Celtic races, in a conquering point of view. But it may have been otherwise with an Egyptian or African colony, landing in Southern Babylonia. Modern authors hint at this when they speak of the Egyptian or African origin of the Chaldees. The Armenian historians obscurely indicate a race entering by the valley of the Persian Gulf, and carrying to the highlands of Armenia the elements of civilisation. Numerous have been the attempts of scholars to assign to these three races—the Coptic, Mongol, Hindú—not only their respective places in history, but likewise their respective claims to the discovery of the arts:

who were first civilized, and what they borrowed from each other. Dr. Knox, whom we are quoting in this short paper, gives it as his opinion, which he has long since expressed, that each created its own form of civilization, literature, language, art, and religion. Two distinct races of men are portrayed on the Coptic monuments—the Copt and the Negro; and an ancient race not now to be found anywhere is depicted on the Etrurian monuments. Others, then, are also on the Coptic relics, of which it seems impossible to define the races. They may represent some Scythian people, but they are certainly not Jews, if the Jew of that day resembled the Jew of the present.

The ancient Coptic artists have represented on their monuments a considerable number of figures, having different physiognomies; but many of these are representations of Arab tribes, inhabiting the borders of Egypt, and not at all intended to represent great original divisions of the human family. In these paintings, much was obviously left to the fancy of the artist; but from the pictorial representations, the Copt seems never to have penetrated into the land of the elephant, although this animal, the great arm of war in every age in India, abounded in Abyssinia, and, without doubt, also in Southern Libya. The absence of the elephant, the camel, and of cavalry, strikes at once at those theories which have assigned to the monarchs of Egypt a vast territory, and innumerable conquests over adjoining nations. The ancient Copts, observes Dr. Knox, made no conquests; and what at first seems almost incredible, were not the fact proved by their own monuments, they had not, during the lapse of thousands of years, discovered the art of training the camel and the elephant to domestic or warlike purposes. The Egyptian monarchy had made no progress with Northern or Southern Libya, and the elephant was unknown to them until the time when the generals of Alexander the Great returned from India, and thus introduced the Asiatic elephant into Africa and Europe.

It is remarkable that there are amongst the Egyptian pictorial representations figures almost resembling the Chinese. If they are really such, we have then another race depicted on their ancient monuments besides the Negro and the Copt. In very remote times the Chinese had penetrated as far as the Caspian, and we see no reason to doubt that their vessels may have navigated the Red Sea. In the time of Herodotus, an African people who shaved their heads, reserving the long central lock, dwelt to the south of Egypt, in the direction of the sea-coast, and it was possibly these people which are represented. The ancient Egyptians, Persians, Medes, Assyrians, and Babylonians, seem alike to have been ignorant of the use of cavalry and of the elephant.

Dr. Knox does not wish it to be understood that in his opinion no civilized race existed anterior to the Copt, the Mongol and the Hindú. On the contrary, he believes that there were many such, but that their monuments have disappeared. What he contends for is, the originality of the ancient forms of civilization; and as regards the Coptic, it frequently occurred to him, that Egypt, with its original population, holds relations much more intimate with Syria than with Africa. There

is undoubtedly in the Coptic physiognomy something Syrian. Of the Mongolian, as represented by China, and of the Hindús, all who have studied the monumental history of these races must admit that if they borrowed their civilization from western races, the period when this happened must be infinitely remote, and that if such races existed, they and their monuments have wholly disappeared.

Subsequently to the Coptic, Mongolian, and Hindú forms of civilization, a race new to history and a new civilization appeared in the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris—viz., the Assyrian. Many are disposed to add the Babylonian or Chaldee. In physical conformation the Assyrian race were quite distinct; they were Asiatic, possessed a written language peculiar to themselves, and arts which, although in some features resembling the Coptic, yet presented striking differences. We are able to determine much of the physical organization and form of civilization of the Assyrians from their monuments; that the latter was Oriental and peculiar does not admit of a doubt.

In early times there arose by the shores of the Bosphorus and the Propontis, the Hellespont and Egean, a race of men whose destiny it was to present to mankind the highest form of civilization, and to teach them art, science and philosophy. They likewise perceived the beautiful in Nature, and had the ability to express it in sculpture. They had penetrated, at a remote period of their history, far into Asia Minor. These Greeks mingled deeply with the Asiatic races, and were supposed by Niebuhr to have drawn much of their architectural inspiration from the Oriental mind. The contrast between the Assyrian, Coptic, and Indian sculpture with the "Elgin Marbles" and other works of Greek art, may be well studied in the British Museum. "Turn then," says Dr. Knox, "for an instant from the contemplation of the dog-headed Anubis, the barbaric forms of Egypt, India, and Assyria, to the divine figures which meet the gaze in the Grecian galleries, and we shall be forced to admit that between the minds of the races which fashioned and invented these different forms of art, there is a gulf impassable by any educational bridge." That ancient Greece altogether borrowed her grand ideas of art from the East cannot, however, be conceded, when we see such distinctive features in the minds and characters of the races.

It is a matter of surprise how it happened, that great Western races—the Scandinavian and Celtic, the Teuton and German, the Goth and Slavonian—continued in the lowest condition of barbarism, until a period which appears like yesterday, in the history of man. In forty centuries they were unable to advance a single step in the direction of true civilization. Architecture they had none, and to speak of their literature and arts would be simply ridiculous. Nor was it until returning from the East, where the Saracenic form of art had taken root, that a new order of architecture, the Gothic, arose. It was not until the discovery in Italy of the remains of Greek art, that the beautiful and true in Greek art, literature, and science were once more recognized on earth.

Central Africa is the cradle of the Negro; the Copt has never been traced to or from any other country but the valley of the Nile; in Southern Africa alone dwells the Bushman; to Eastern Asia we trace the Mongol; to the valley of the Euphrates and the Tigris, the Assyrian. The descendants of the latter still exist, in the modern Armenians, who for some thousand of years have unconsciously trodden under foot the temples and palaces of their ancestors; as for the Arab tribes they were as conquered in the time of Augustus as they are now; Nineveh and Babylon rose and fell, leaving them free in their deserts. Brought into contact with many races, they adopted the inventions of none. They accepted fables for truth, and the Koran was their tomb of science, literature and art. They attempted three settlements on three continents, and signally failed. Nature gave them Desert Arabia as their home, and there only do they thrive.

## SHERBORNE;

OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems,"  
"Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER XXXI.

**A**T or about half-past eight o'clock next morning the train started from the little station of Ferry Corner—puff, puff, puff, puff, to the music of the guard's whistle. Among the passengers were Mrs. Atherstone and Miss Hermione Crumps; whereat the latter said "Lor!" but was in a different carriage and got out soon. Mrs. Atherstone, who had not travelled at all since the Christmas of 1812, when she arrived at Lyneham in a stage-coach on her way to Hazeley, sat upright and read Murray's handbooks apparently with much composure. The black leather bag, containing all her important documents, she carried on her left arm, as ladies carry what was once called a reticule. She reached London by two o'clock, instructed that eminent firm, Messrs. Foreclose and Grabbit, to make her will, left written directions with them about sending it to Sir Roger Arden, in case of her death, took up her quarters in one of the enormous modern hotels with seven storeys, belonging to a company (limited); and, finally, went to bed early, feeling very tired, but not sleepy.

It was not until the following day that she was impressed with the novelty of her position. She felt it when she awoke and found herself in a strange room, hearing a strange jumble of distant sounds, and looking out upon a forest of dark red chimney pots through a yellowish grey atmosphere, tinged in the east with a diffused light, hot and vapoury. She listened awhile, and looked at the chimneys. Then she began to remember, and compare, and realize.

"People never feel astonished in a dream," said she, sitting up in bed and meditating. "I

was in a kind of dream all yesterday, everything was so strange, that (what a queer sight it is, all those chimney pots!) everything was so strange, that it all seemed as if I were accustomed to it. The fact is, my mind was so taken up with the present, that it had no room for anything to compare the present with. I feel very odd now, though; it all comes before me in a moment, like a scroll held up in one hand and tumbled out at once."

Then she dressed as quickly as possible, packed up, and went to breakfast.

"I am like a toad who has lived for a hundred years inside a wall, and creeps out when repairs are done," said she to herself, as she ordered the bill.

The bill was the first thing that astonished her. She counted it up many times, measured with her eye its length in inches, considered its items, and finally made a series of protests, to the waiter who brought it, to the porter in the hall, to the smart young woman who sat in state near the entrance. But the waiter made round eyes, and referred her to the manager; the porter referred her to the young woman sitting in state; the young woman sitting in state only tossed her head, and turned away to take a parcel from an errand-boy.

"Where is the manager, then?" said Mrs. Atherstone, holding the bill up in both hands, one at each end, significantly.

"He went out a few minutes ago," answered the porter, scraping his thumb nails with his two forefingers.

"I call it cheating," said she in an audible voice, pulling out a long silk purse from her pocket. "I will never come here again—never. I can't bear to be cheated."

With this final protest she paid the bill, and soon afterwards was on her travels again.

She had no adventure between London and Dover, but she had two conversations—one with a man of business, whom she astonished by saying that she had missed the old Charlies in London, preferred oil-lamps to gas, and had not been to London, till the preceding day, since she was fifteen, fifty-nine years before; the other with a college tutor. The man of business collapsed, and would have taken her for one of the seven sleepers—if the idea had occurred to him. The college tutor was amused and interested. He soon became astonished. He began by saying:

"Do you take much interest in the war?"

"Yes!" she replied, "I have had nothing to do for the last fifty-six years, but to read and observe."

"You went in for study——"

"Yes, or I should have gone out of my mind. I have lived alone, with one servant, my books, and the remembrance of bitter sorrows. The books gave me something to think of, the quaint, old-fashioned servant something to care for. She is so faithful and true. I think she saved me from becoming a savage. I have no friends, I might as well have had no relatives, and I never could see that a pet dog would do instead of all human ties."

"A very remarkable old woman," thought the college tutor. "I wish I were not obliged to get out at the next station."

"Of all the events that have taken place in your recollection," said he, "those of the last few months are, perhaps, the most interesting, viewed in the light of their consequences."

"They will be viewed in the light of a social conflagration before many years are over, if people don't mind," she replied.

"I think not," said he. "In all repairs there is necessarily a disturbance of the thing repaired."

"Certainly. But if you take out the few good stones remaining, and repair with rubbish, the disturbance will be a warning of a crash."

"I won't argue," thought he, "but only draw her out. I wish the next station were farther."

"What do you think about the occupation of Rome?" he asked.

"As I should of a man committing burglary in his father's house after somebody else had muzzled the mastiff," she replied.

"I think you will find," said he, "that the Romish priesthood are divided in their views with regard to—"

"My dear sir," interrupted Mrs. Atherstone, raising her right hand with a gesture of strong decision, and laying it vigorously on the arm of the seat, "I must protest against that word 'Romish.' I dare say you will think me very self-opinionated—and perhaps I am—I have lived alone so much. But I *do* like a word to mean what I mean, when I use it, or assent to its use."

"Undoubtedly," said the college tutor, adding within himself, "I have half a mind to forget about getting out at Tunbridge—only they will have sent to fetch me."

"And," said she, "before a term is applied to an individual or a class, or to any act or principle of any person or persons, as individuals, or as a body—"

"Am I awake? or this a mixture of indigestion and woman's suffrage?" said the college tutor to himself.

"—it seems only just that it should have a definite meaning, and be what it pretends to be. Now the term 'Romish' isn't definite, for its meaning varies with the mind of the speaker, and makes impressions by inferences, which (begging everybody's pardon) is hardly honest: it isn't what it pretends to be, for it pretends to mean the mere fact of belonging to the Church whose centre is Rome, and its head the Pope of Rome, when its real meaning—"

A protracted whistle and scraping of iron against iron told that they were pulling up at Tunbridge. The college tutor caught up his carpet bag, umbrella, and railway wrapper.

"Its real meaning?"

"Varies much, but is always abusive. I think it may be broadly stated that 'Rome' in that sense means the embodiment of some mysterious principle, which is, must be, or ought to be, the sworn enemy of no one quite knows what, and that 'Romish' means characterized by that principle, so as necessarily to be held in undefined suspicion."

"But," said the college tutor, as the train stopped for the examination of tickets, "I know some Roman Catholics very well, and I

am sure I have no suspicions about them of any kind."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Atherstone, "I know that happens so very often, and I never could understand the process of reasoning, by which a person can be supposed to live and act voluntarily as a rogue, and be honest all the same."

"I—I *almost* wonder you are not one," said he as he gave his ticket to the guard.

"Not what—a rogue?" said she, with a grave twinkle in her eyes.

"You caught me there," he replied, laughing. "Of course I meant to say—but it isn't quite right to say it."

"Please do," said she. "You won't do me any harm. I don't recollect that I was ever influenced in my life."

"I almost wonder (I was going to say) that you are not a Roman—"

"There is no occasion for that prefix—"

"—Catholic."

"So do I."

"Then, if it is not an impertinent question, what is it that prevents you?"

"Pride, I think, and intellectual congestion from intellectual cramming, and perhaps—"

At that moment a multitude of voices bawled—"Tunbridge, Tunbridge, Tunbridge;" "*Times*, *Daily News*, *Standard*, *Telegraph*, *Echo*;" "Stop ten minutes;" "Hi! porter!" "This way, ma'am;" "Clap a label on that gun-case, will you?" "Open the door, I say;" "Hallo! bring me a *Telegraph*;" "Tunbridge—change for Tunbridge Wells;" "Hi! open the door! are there no porters here?" etc., etc., etc.

"—and, perhaps, for want of opposition," said Mrs. Atherstone, in the midst of the turmoil. "The female mind is often developed best by what used to be called, when I was a child, the rule of contrary. Opposition makes you take a side, instead of halting between two; and if it comes from the wrong side you choose right, and and you are all right; but—"

A burly man in knickerbockers, a large lady with a small hat on the top of her head, two small boys, three little girls, and a pug dog, here claimed the attention and presence of the college tutor, who got out, saying:

"Good morning! I—I hope I shall have the pleasure of meeting you again."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Atherstone, adding to herself, "But I don't see any chance of it."

In ten minutes more the guard whistled, porters opened the doors and slammed them, the train bumped and jolted itself out of the station, passed a hissing luggage train, and gradually settled down into an even forty miles an hour, the engine beating time in that peculiar manner which has been interpreted, "making money for the Quakers," though it does not appear that railway investments have been exclusively profitable to the Society of Friends.

The man of business looked up from his newspaper, meditated on the city article awhile, and disposed himself for conversation by a preliminary cough. He was a man of shrewd common sense, within a certain range, and of clear, though not quick intuition, to a limited depth. He saw that Mrs. Atherstone was worth talking to, notwith-



standing her predilection for Charlies and oil lamps, or any other peculiarity that might turn up in talking. She, too, was disposed to converse with him or with anyone else, and she ingenuously confessed the fact at the outset of their brief conversation, which was terminated for them at Penshurst by the entrance of a loquacious lady with two daughters and a young man, who all talked at once and continuously. The brief conversation ran thus:

MAN OF BUSINESS: You had an interesting conversation with the gentleman who got out at Tunbridge.

MRS. ATHERSTONE: It was very interesting to me, apart from what we were talking about. Talking is a new sensation to me in my old age—I mean, of course, talking and being talked to. I used to talk to myself, and found a kind of safety valve for my pent-up thoughts, like the man who dug a hole in the ground and told it that Midas had an ass's ears. But, then, one can't answer one's self; or if one does, it doesn't come come fresh to one's mind; and above all, one meets with no opposition; one doesn't oppose one's self really; one scourges one's own fallacies gently against the wind, after the fashion of—wasn't it Sancho Panza.

MAN OF BUSINESS: Were you not rather hard on your own sex a little while ago, if I understood you rightly? I understood you to mean that women are specially adapted to do well under opposition.

MRS. ATHERSTONE: Yes; but I don't think I was hard on them at all. Women are naturally more exposed to opposition in matters of conscience than men are, owing to their natural home-dependence on parents, husbands, and others; therefore, unless they had naturally a latent spirit of opposition, neither good nor bad in itself, but depending for that on the motive that calls it forth, and the manner in which it is exercised, they would not, so to speak, have a fair chance. It would be having a free will in theory without the power of using it in practice.

MAN OF BUSINESS: Well, really, I never thought of the matter in that light. I'll make a note of it, and think it over. But suppose the spirit of opposition is called forth by being opposed in doing wrong?

MRS. ATHERSTONE: That is exactly what makes women so unreasonable when they take a wrong line in anything. But the natural instinct of a healthy-minded woman is to yield when duty does not bid her resist. Depend upon it, there is something out of joint when you find it otherwise.

MAN OF BUSINESS: I presume—

MRS. ATHERSTONE: No, don't!

MAN OF BUSINESS: I—I beg your pardon!

MRS. ATHERSTONE: Oh! nothing. It must have been a jolt of the carriage. I am not used to railway travelling.

MAN OF BUSINESS: I was going to ask you what you thought of what they call women's rights?

MRS. ATHERSTONE: My dear sir, I am a woman, and therefore I have no patience with people who want to turn women into inferior men. If they had their rights they would be put in the stocks, as people used to be when I was young.

MAN OF BUSINESS (*smiling, yet rather scandalized*): But not for an opinion—"

MRS. ATHERSTONE: Ah! well, but you mustn't expect those little niceties of justice from a woman. Women have a quick and keen intuition of broad principles, but in applying them their minds are often hazy about the fitness of things. That is why they are so pre-eminently suited to train children and influence men. For (don't you see?) you must keep to broad principles with infant minds. Modifications would only puzzle them, and the good influence of a wife (of course I am speaking of average cases) is more in broad lines than in exact details: it is a power that persuades by developing the heart of the person influenced, more than by distinctly pointing out the end required."

MAN OF BUSINESS (*who has learned to be cautious in committing himself to a principle*): I shall think over what you have said. One can't give an opinion all at once on such a subject.

MRS. ATHERSTONE (*her eyes twinkling as before*): You mean as to whether the people ought to be put in the stocks?"

MAN OF BUSINESS (*almost jumping out of his seat*): Gracious me! No, not that!

MRS. ATHERSTONE: Ah! now you see the difference between a man and a woman. You are scandalized at the unfitness of the remedy. I only see that these people ought to be trounced in some way or other, and I can't see the harm of putting them in the stocks. These attempts to make women something they are not, irritate me inexpressibly. Is it a small thing to have the power and privilege and responsibility of training human beings at an age when impressions are permanent, and precepts have roots? Is it a small thing to foster and develop all that is best in the heart and mind of a husband, by an influence that none but a woman can possess—an influence powerful as it is gentle—felt, but unseen? Is all this nothing? Yet very ordinary? Yet very ordinary women can do this, and do it; and then a lot of people, who have nothing of women in them, except their unreasonableness and their petticoats, want to turn a parcel of pert girls into medical students (which is very immodest of them), and want to stick themselves forward (I wonder what S. Paul would have said?) on platforms and school-boards, and what-not. They think it all very fine, and, as Burke wrote of the French Revolutionists, they think they are combating prejudice, but they are at war with nature. I repeat that I *should* like to put them in the stocks. But I was going to ask what you think the best way of getting to Italy. One can't go by Paris now, I suppose. I was consulting a map and a foreign Bradshaw, and it seemed that I had better go by Brussels, Cologne, Basle, Lucerne, and S. Gothard.

MAN OF BUSINESS: Yes; you won't meet with anything disagreeable that way.

MRS. ATHERSTONE: I want to get on as far as Lisle to-night, if I have time. But I really must dine at Calais. Hippocrates may say what he likes about old men being better able to fast than others, but I know that old women are not.

MAN OF BUSINESS: You seem to have read a great deal.

MRS. ATHERSTONE: Oh! don't tell me that. I hate blue stockings, strong-minded women, and all that. When one lives alone for fifty-six years one must do something, or go mad, or become an idiot; so I took to instructing myself, and was not the first instructor that knew no more than the instructed. In D'Israeli's "Miscellanies of Literature" there is a chapter on the self-educated—it is where he tells of Moses Mendelssohn sitting down on the steps of houses in Berlin, by moonlight, to learn Latin from a vagrant Polish Jew—and he says they are marked by stubborn peculiarities. I dare say I am stubborn and peculiar, and certainly you must think me so for wanting to put the "Women's Rights" people in the stocks; but I don't think that the little serious reading I have had (mere playing at study) can have had anything to do with it.

MAN OF BUSINESS: I assure you I have been very much interested in all you have said, and—

Voices of various railway officials as the train stopped: "Penshurst—Penshurst—Penshurst."

It was at this moment that the large lady, her two daughters, and a young man appeared at the window, of the carriage, all talking at once, and calling out, "Here, porter, open the door!"

Then the man of business betook himself to the *Times*, and got out at Paddock Wood. Mrs. Atherstone glanced at Murray's hand-book, and then looked about the country till the train came in sight of the sea near Hythe, when she exclaimed:

"Oh, what a glorious sight. This is a new sensation."

The sight made her feel young again. Nothing in it bore any resemblance to any scene connected with her past life. Everything was new and fresh, not only to the eye but to the imagination. The horizon seemed so distant across the expanse of blue water; the line of golden light above was so suggestive of indefinite beauty beyond.

After a while that freshness became too keen, like an intense frost under a brilliant sky. It sharpened her sensations overmuch, and made her feel faint at heart. Her eyes filled with tears, but she could not take them off the sea. She saw as through a mist, and presently thought aloud, as it was her old custom to do.

"This is too much, after the first impression," she thought, "at least, for me, seeing it at the end of seventy-five winters for the first time. The symbols have changed so, in a few minutes. That vast expanse of blue water, with a misty light above the horizon, and ships disappearing beyond it, made life seem to be in the future; but now the whole scene tells of the past, and intensifies everything—even what I have no concern with. These fishing-boats, or whatever they are, even they are oppressive. They have a story of their own time, and of centuries before—the story of all that can be remembered or imagined as happening while they or other such were in being. I would look no more, but I can't help looking. I can't help it—I can't help it."

(To be continued.)

## SINCERITY.



WHAT honesty is in deeds, sincerity is in words—the best policy. It is a virtue, nevertheless, to which the artificial habits of society are not very favourable. The forms of politeness, with all their utility, have this disadvantage, that, in teaching to restrain the real sentiments and ideas which cannot conveniently be expressed, they are apt to lead to the expression of others which are not consistent with the truth. Insincerity, however, arises from many sources in the human character. In some it springs from the genuine love of concealment and intrigue. In others it is prompted by the dread of the consequences which they suppose would result from the disclosure of the truth. In others it arises from a false love of approbation, the flattering of others seeming to them a sure way of gaining that object.

To the first of the classes of individuals all that can be said is, that they possess a feature of character which they should endeavour to keep in check, as, if indulged, it cannot fail to procure them much contempt, and frustrate all those cherished views which they think by such means to realise.

To the second class I would say that, like all cowards, they are apt to miscalculate the supposed danger. Even if a dread of consequences were a fair excuse for a departure from truth, they should still reflect that they should not give way to it in a greater degree than is absolutely necessary. They will readily allow that to incur a considerable danger in endeavouring to escape a small one, can only be the mark of an imbecile mind. In the most of circumstances, the danger from telling the truth, as it is usually immediate, can at least be calculated with accuracy; but no one can tell what mischiefs are to ensue, in long-drawn succession, from either the saying of what is false or the suppression of what is true. In general, the straight-forward course only threatens us with a slight loss of the respect of others, which the majesty of sincerity is almost sure immediately to restore. But what an awful responsibility do we incur when we undertake to endure the unalleviated miseries, with which we are to be overpowered at that moment, when it is discovered that we are not only guilty of the fault, but destroyed our honour in a vain endeavour to conceal it! In the very dread of such a detection there must be infinitely greater pain than in the most humiliating confession. The timid insincere, when tempted to take this means of avoiding a little trouble, would do well to consider the one danger as well as the other, and not, for the sake of a trifle, pledge away more than the nature of the risk entitles them to stake. But persons of this kind often imagine there is danger where there is none, and act the hypocrite for nothing. They conceive themselves to be called upon either to assume certain feelings, which they would not naturally assume, or to put a disguise upon those which really animate them, and thus, from whatever cause—often from a mistaken deference to a few surrounding minds—subject themselves to the

humbling and vitiated sense of doing what is mean and wrong; when a candid and conscientious course, so far from injuring them in any way, would gain them that approbation which sincerity never fails to command.

Insincere discourse towards others, for the sake of gaining a larger return of approbation, is so short-sighted and so contemptible a folly, that they must be weak indeed who are guilty of it. In many of our previous papers, an endeavour has been made to impress the great truth, that, without genuine deservings, there can be no genuine appreciation of estimable praise. All false arts for obtaining the respect and admiration of our fellows, are labour in vain; or rather, by engrossing present energies, and creating contempt in the discerning, serve but to postpone the time of genuine approbation. The peculiar mode here pointed at is no exception from the rule. The insincerity is much more liable to be detected than may be imagined, if not by the immediate object, at least by some other person; but, at the best, it can only impose upon those whose approbation is not worth having, or will, when obtained, be equally false. With the discerning and good, such a miserable expedient can only serve to raise the worst suspicions, neutralising the value of any little merit that may exist.

There is a kind of insincerity to which it may be more difficult to attach the idea of guilt, but which must not be overlooked. It is the abuse of the habit of innocent jesting. Some give themselves up so entirely to an ironical and bantering kind of discourse, and use a phraseology so full of whimsical slang, that their real sentiments are at length buried beneath a heap of rubbish, and, after knowing them for years, you become alive to the painful recollection, that, during the whole time, you have not found in their character a single piece of solid ground whereon to rest your foot. Persons of this kind live in a perpetual masquerade; they grow old with the rattle in their hands; and, while their neighbours are all more or less busied with some serious objects, aim at no higher gratification than that of being laughed at. All manly and estimable qualities in time sink under the habit; the motley at first put on as a mask, eats in time into the character itself; and that which was once perhaps a good and valid human being, is found in the end a mere painted husk. There is, in contrast with such a habit, an open and pure kind of speech which, however homely its tone, or in whatever dialect it may be expressed, dignifies every one who uses it, and is unquestionably conducive to moral excellence.

In the indulgence of every kind of dissimulation, in whatever circumstances, there is much danger. However innocent a transaction may be in itself, however absolute may appear the necessity of managing it clandestinely, it cannot be so carried into effect without injury to virtue. In the very consciousness of putting a veil over our thoughts, there is a sure degradation. Hence, smugglers, conspirators, and the members of various ambuscading professions however convinced they may be of the abstract innocence and even praiseworthiness of their practices, in time become vitiated. It is of very great importance that the course of our lives should be such that we have little to conceal.

In conclusion, to all who may be disposed by nature or "evil communications" to the vice of insincerity, I would not only represent the obvious disadvantages which follow the practice of the vice, but also the great advantages which accrue from the opposite virtue. No one can reflect on the vast number of evils and inconveniences which afflict society on account of the necessity of being guarded against possible insincerity; no one can reckon up the fears, discomforts, and expense of both money and pains, which are everywhere occasioned by the few who habitually depart from the truth, or contemplate the happiness which would attend even a sublunary world, where truth prevailed more generally; without feeling that he cannot in himself practice a virtue more useful to his kind, or accord to any fellow-creature greater praise than to say that he is sincere. But, besides the lustre with which we are invested by the practice of sincerity, there is the comfort of the still brighter and more blessed light which it kindles in our own bosoms. He who is conscious of sincerity can never know fear; he walks through the wilderness of this world in the placid enjoyment of an internal fountain of happiness, which can neither be damaged or impaired.

T. C.

## THE PROMISED LAND (THREE ACRES).



HEAR thee speak of a plot of land.  
For each and all of the peasant band.  
Where, oh, where is this golden store?

Shall we not till it, and starve no more?  
Is it where the lordling sits in his pride,  
'Mid wealth that to me has been denied?  
Is it where the flocks on the hillside graze?  
Or the stag in the forest leaps and plays?  
Or the hare runs wild on every hand?  
Is it there? Is it there? that promised land—  
Not there, not there, my man.

Is it far away in some distant spot,  
The promised parcel of garden plot?  
Where nothing is heard but the murmuring bees.  
And the sound of the wind among the trees,  
Where no turnips are planted, no apples grown.  
Or the fruits of the earth in season sown,  
Where the land is idle, and nought is seen  
But the fragrant flowers and the woodland green,  
And the sun shines down on a desolate spot;  
Is it there? Is it there? my three acre plot?—  
Not there, not there, my man!

It is deeply hid in the mazy brain  
Of the venturesome Joseph Chamberlain;  
It is but a bribe to catch a vote;  
A bait to hook a fish by the throat;  
In vulgar phrase it is "All my eye,"  
A newly invented election cry.  
It has no existence in sober sense;  
It is but the product of impudence;  
It lives but in Chamberlain's speech so bland,  
The tempting plot of that promised land.  
It is there! It is there, my man!



YES, THERE STOOD THE FALSE, CRUEL WOMAN.

## Heavily Laden: a Story of Two Lives.

### CHAPTER I.

**A** BLEAK November evening had gathered round the dwellings of the north-west district of London. The air was damp and the ground was in that most disagreeable state—of half-dry mud that always seems to stick to the boots in flakes, and makes one's steps uncertain and timid. However, in strong contrast to the gloomy and clammy atmosphere, the shops of the neighbourhood were resplendent with gay colours; and everything in the locality seemed to be putting on a bright face in preparation for the coming joyful season.

Housewives on this occasion scorned to trust their shopping to any but themselves, and as we looked at many of them, it just occurred to us how like walking larders they appeared, so many and so various were their packages. Children too, there were, laughing gaily, many of them no doubt in childish anticipation of all the good things they expected the dear Santa Claus to put in their stockings. With eyes bright and cheeks aglow those little people in their innocence little dreamed of the clouds and shadows that meet the unfortunate as they march forward on this world's thorny path. Yet we may not further digress, but to our story.

Keeping along by the light of the shops we come upon a row of houses, on the end one of which glimmers the warm ruddy light, denoting it to be a doctor's, and here, my reader, we will stay awhile, for here in reality our story begins.

The surgery is filled with all kinds of people, and amidst a low buzz of voices sits the doctor at the other end of the room, at a table, listening to one case after another. Leading from the surgery and divided by glass doors, on which hung bright red curtains, supported on the brightest of brass poles, adding to the general look of cleanliness, comfort, and warmth, very welcome this bleak November evening, was another room.

The doctor himself was not the least comfortable looking; broad-shouldered, not too thin, but with a certain healthy-looking vigour about him. Add to this kindly-looking dark eyes, a ready and genial smile which, no doubt, made him so general a favourite, not only with the ladies, but also with those of his own sex.

These facial aids, with eight years hard work, had gained the doctor a tolerably good practice. There had been a time in the bygone years when no mirth had stirred the depths of the calm, brown eyes. The change was owing to a staunch friend, who had pulled him out of his "slough of despondency," never leaving him time or opportunity for bitter thought, until he saw him landed high and dry on the safe rock of a busy and useful life.

Dr. McGrigor had many patients this particular evening, and glancing round he was pleased to see ocular demonstration of a practice still growing.

Every now and then his kindly brown eyes would glance into the sanctum beyond, where a lady was waiting. She was evidently a new patient, and unknown to the doctor, for having arrived at an inopportune moment, said she would prefer to wait, if she might, until Dr. McGrigor was more at leisure. For an hour or more she had been there seated by the fire, gazing wearily into the flames, her hands clasped as if in entreaty. Though books and papers were there with which to wile away the tiresomeness of waiting, she touched them not, and at last the eyes closed as if to shut out for a brief space a prospect too dark for the weary heart to face. We will take a nearer peep at her ourselves. There we see a graceful figure, it is clad in sombre black, the face pale as marble, and the smooth brow, youthful though it may be, has the signs of some great mental suffering. Motionless she sat, and only when Dr. McGrigor came into the room saying, "I fear I am keeping you too long. I did not count on so many to-night. Pray excuse me," did she raise her eyes. "But perhaps," the doctor went on, "you would not object to make an early appointment for to-morrow morning?"

"I would rather wait if I may," was the quiet answer; and he turned away chilled, as it were, by the blank look of misery on that fair young face. The eyes that were upturned to him somehow or other ruthlessly recalled the past. Recalled to him in that look the days that were dead.

"My God, how cruelly alike!" murmured he to himself.

At length Dr. McGrigor had closed the door upon the last of his patients in the outer room, and

now came into his study. Approaching the young lady, he said:

"At last I am at liberty. Dear me! you are not looking well. Are you in pain?"

"No," she answered; "but I wanted you to tell me if my heart is affected. I think it must be. I pray you to tell me the exact truth about this," she said earnestly. "I came to you especially, having heard that you have made a rule in such cases not to deceive."

"Quite true!" he answered, "for with this knowledge a patient will avoid many an exciting scene that otherwise he would be careless about. But what leads you think your heart diseased? You are so young, I trust your fears are quite unfounded."

"I do not fear," she answered. "Oh, not at all."

The tone in which this was said was so earnest that the doctor looked up quickly; it was so very much more like the tone of hope that it might be the case, than a fear, that it quite took him by surprise.

"Tired of life at twenty, is that it? or you think you are," mused he to himself.

"No," he answered, "there is no actual disease, but your heart is very weak."

He instinctively glanced at the pale face beside him, expecting to see some look of relief. But no; no brightening of the sad countenance showed him the least appreciation of the fact; on the contrary, he told himself afterwards if that look were not one of disappointment, he did not know how to read that most expressive face.

Turning to an elderly person who had accompanied the girl, he asked if they had far to go.

"No," she replied, "to Curzon Street only."

"Ah, I might have looked at the card to be sure," he said, and taking it up he read: "Miss Margaret Digby, 249, Curzon Street, N.W."

"I will send you a tonic," he said. "You must avoid excitement, though at the same time, I should say, it is most requisite for you to have some cheerful company."

He then made another appointment for not later than a week hence and they parted.

Those mournful eyes haunted Dr. McGrigor for many a day afterwards. Who has not felt that an expression or an air will, as it were recall the past. The eyes of Margaret Digby had somehow this effect on the usually cheerful doctor.

The girl quitted the doctor's sanctum, and silently walked on, but at such a rapid pace, as if to escape some torture, that her humble attendant exclaimed;

"Ah, poor dear, she's almost dazed like!"

Poor Margaret was not dazed, but the brilliantly lighted shops had reminded her of what season was approaching, and recalled to her mind vividly the contrast with the last Christmas.

About a year and a half previous to the opening of our story, Ralph Glenthorne, barrister-at-law, had met and loved Margaret Digby. Happy days now followed. Never were two beings happier. Never was maiden more tenderly cherished; and Ralph, though only thirty-four, who had in the past tasted deeply of the bitter cup of unhappi-



ness, was now free to take to his heart and home this gem of womanly beauty and goodness. Ralph some years before had been fascinated by a handsome face and pleasing manners, and blindly married a worthless woman. Day by day came proofs of the dross he had taken for better or worse. A woman indeed, not only possessing the follies of the vainest of her sex, but devoid of one good or true feeling. She had been a consummate actress before her marriage, but soon after she threw off all disguise, and Ralph Glenthorne, was aware of the truth of the saying, "Beauty is but skin deep."

As each day rolled over his head, his yoke became more intolerable.

Highly sensitive and proud to a degree, his wife's degradation humbled him to the dust.

At last he could bear it no longer and spoke seriously to her of his intention of getting a legal separation. It must be understood that long before he had used every argument to prevent such a course, but in vain.

They were accordingly separated. After the monetary affairs were settled they parted; he in quiet scorn, for he had been tried beyond endurance; she with not the least appearance of regret, vindictive to the last.

Soon after the separation he was informed of her intention of sailing for America and becoming an actress. She started, and from that time he heard little of his worthless wife, except twice on the matter of money.

Sedulously he worked, early and late, as a means to divert his mind from dwelling on his wrecked peace. For five years this continued, and then he found himself on the road to prosperity. But "prosperity for what?" he sometimes bitterly asked himself. One morning about this time he received a black-edged letter with the American post mark, and accompanying it a parcel. The letter gave information of the death of his wife Esther, at Baltimore, on the 4th day of February, 1869, and seemed to have been written by a servant. Then came a second communication formally stating that after a few days' illness his wife had died suddenly. The parcel contained a bracelet which he recognised as his gift. He wondered if at the last she felt any remorse for her past conduct, and, thought he, perhaps, this has been sent in accordance with her dying wish.

To do him justice, he evinced no indecorous mirth at his regained freedom. He felt no sorrow, it is true; and at his age, we cannot wonder at this, nor yet at his feeling a relief at being again free.

"Poor Esther!" he said, "she certainly was her own enemy. God grant she may have turned over a new leaf at last."

A month later he was preparing to spend Easter at Richmond, at the house of an old college chum. It was with a certain light-heartedness that he left his dingy chambers in Gray's Inn, and set off as he termed it "for a sniff of fresh air."

Ralph had often before been invited to Beechwood, but until now, had never been able to avail himself of John Northcote's invitation.

"Here you are at last old fellow," said John, the son of the house; and after Ralph had divested himself of overcoat, and his valise had been sent

to the room appointed for him, and John had repeated over and over his greetings, he said:

"Come into the drawing-room. My mother and my cousin are waiting for us."

The necessary introductions over, Ralph was quick to observe John's cousin, an orphan, who had within the last six months found a home with her father's sister, who truly had taken the place of her deceased parents.

In Margaret Digby Ralph saw the personification of grace and beauty.

Ralph asked himself in after days what it was that enchained his heart. Was it the face with its warm ready smile, and its beaming eyes so soft and brown. "No," he said to himself as though indeed he had been taking Longfellow's advice given in the poem of the "Maiden Fair to See." "No; had he not schooled himself, and vowed that a pretty face should never entrap him again. So like a wise man, made wise by experience, he looked beyond. He looked not once but often, and was satisfied.

That happy Easter was by no means the last holiday enjoyed at Richmond, but was the beginning of a series of little trips from Saturday to Monday.

Margaret's fresh youthful beauty, her simplicity of manner, and with her pure soul ever shining through her innocent eyes, soon entirely won Ralph's heart; and Ralph, be it remembered, was not a youth, and he loved now as a man does but once in a lifetime. As yet he knew not whether to hope or despond.

Fate, however, favoured him. Mrs. Northcote was fond of boating and Ralph a good oarsman, and thus many a long afternoon was spent on the river, during which, Margaret had learned to regard Ralph with more than indifference.

One Monday morning, at the close of one of his little Saturday to Monday visits to Beechwood, as he bade his friends adieu he willingly promised to spend the Christmas with them.

"Nothing should prevent that," he said, and away he started.

How dark and dreary now seemed the prospect of returning to chambers; he could not banish the thought that perhaps he was only deluding himself in thinking that Margaret cared for him, so with a determination to go to Beechwood the next Saturday, he sat down at once to work.

The Saturday came, and he went to Beechwood, but pressing business would not allow him to remain—he must leave soon after dinner, and begged Mrs. Northcote to excuse him, and if she would let him off he would return by the 9.30 train. He observed with delight the look of regret in the sweet truthful eyes opposite him.

This time his chambers appeared to have borrowed some of the Richmond sunshine, and Margaret's face we fear often seemed to be among those dry old law books.

"This is not good for business," he laughed, "the sooner I know my fate the better."

So saying he made another attempt to read.

The weeks flew by and the time was drawing near for that Christmas holiday, the time when Ralph was to convince himself that fate was going to deal kindly with him at last.

Christmas-eve arrived and there is Ralph, portmanteau in hand, slipping into the "hansom" that is to bear him from the station to Beechwood.

As his cab drives up, he says, "all the heads are at the window; nay, not all, for Margaret's is not there."

However it is not long before he has a glimpse of her, with a soft blush on the expectant face and the love light in the bonny brown eyes.

That evening was to make Ralph a happy or an unhappy man for life he told himself, and he watched his opportunity closely to say what his heart could no longer keep to itself.

Fortune favoured him, for Mrs. Northcote declared her intention of going round to the schools to give a last look at the crib, and to arrange about the preparation for a play to be given there on the following Tuesday.

That wicked John must have guessed he was not wanted; anyhow, he announced that he would go to take care of his mother.

He certainly made a pretence of asking Margaret if she cared to go, then, not waiting for her answer, said:

"Oh, no, I forgot, Margaret, you must get rid of your cold by to-morrow, so as to sing the '*Adeste*.' We shall not be more than an hour at most, and it will not be particularly interesting where we are going."

Accordingly, Ralph made the most of his time.

Margaret was not prepared for all that happened on that Christmas-eve. She had been singing some duets with Ralph, and he had made her leave off to rest. Something in the tone of his voice made her look up, and if she had ever had a doubt of Ralph Glenthorne's love, she was convinced now.

"Margaret, dearest Margaret, I must know tonight my fate," he said. "Do you not know how I have been loving you all these months?"

There was no coquetting in the girl's answer; no playing with this man's strong love in order to revel in her own power. Her answer was that the little hand, the hand that he longed to call his own now and for ever, was put into his, and Ralph's heart was full to overflowing.

The year rolled on with the engaged pair, love twining itself round their very heart strings.

"Margaret is not the girl one could love and unlove," Ralph Glenthorne had said, and she, his heart's desire, only knew that day by day he grew more dear to her.

Between the two there was the most solid of all foundations, perfect trust, without which no love can last.

It was now March; the wedding was to come off in the following April. A house in London was to be taken, not too far from Ralph's chambers, and several journeys had been taken together to choose it.

One evening about the end of March Ralph had dined alone at his lodgings, and was finishing his day by diligently getting ahead with his work, for to-morrow was Saturday, to him holiday—when all business, hard work and anxiety were put away. Indeed it was now the rule that each Saturday found him at Richmond.

Ralph was contemplating to himself how much this extra reading would help to prolong his leisure next month, when a knock came to his door, and his clerk appeared, saying:

"I didn't see you, sir, before you left; but I thought I had better come and tell you a woman came while you were away and wanted to see you, and when I said you were not in, and asked her name, she wouldn't give it, but asked me for your private address. I didn't give it, as I thought you might not like me to. So she said she would call again to-morrow morning."

"A woman!" said the barrister. "What was she like?"

"Tall and fair, with large dark eyes," returned the worthy Samson.

"Strange," murmured Ralph. "A woman! Who can it be?"

"Well," returned Samson, "perhaps I ought to say lady, for her clothes were fine enough."

"Humph!" said his master, "time will prove, I suppose. Good night Samson. You did quite right to withhold the address here."

Barely another hour had passed when a ring came to the door.

Oh, happy veiled future, how could we gaze into your dark shadowy depths and live!

Had Ralph known what was coming to him, the sorrow that was being woven even during those sunny days at Richmond; but no, he did not even dream them; but now?

The door was opened, and in a moment a voice was heard, the sound of which sent the blood to his heart, and a feeling of inexpressible horror took possession of his heart. He heard his own name, and a moment after there stood before him—his wife!

Yes, there she stood, the false, cruel woman, the curse he had once thought, aye, verily, the curse indeed of his life.

A look of triumph shone in her eyes as she said:

"Am I revenged, Ralph Glenthorne?"

Some things that come upon us have a numbing effect when the blow is first dealt, and so it was with our Ralph. Cold, sick and numb, he listened as he heard from his wife's lips the diabolical plan she had drawn out for destroying his peace. She had not been idle, she said, but had possessed herself of all facts necessary for the furthering of her plot.

In a deliberate tone she also informed him that she had decided upon going to Beechwood to acquaint his friends there of her existence, unless he promised her to do so by noon the next day.

At any cost he thought *she* must not go.

"Woman," he cried, "I will go; I do not seek to intrude your vile presence there at least."

"Of course you will go—and mind you tell the unvarnished truth to your cherished Margaret—and how I have come in the nick of time to spoil your pretty little romance—but the story would be better told by me—by your wife, Ralph Glenthorne."

With a scornful glance at his pallid countenance she again warned him not to forget, and left the room.

(To be continued.)

## "HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED."

**A**N author, who witholds his name, has just published an entertaining volume under this title. Usually that which is recognised as universally desirable is left unpraised—like youth and wealth—though sages have written books on the great advantages of old age and poverty! Marriage presumably is one of the good things almost universally desirable, and this writer upholds the condition generally, so that the reason for his book may be found in the number of really good stories that seem to tell against it.

An old Cameronian informed his daughter that "it was a very solemn thing to get married." A great many young women will sympathise with the daughter in the reply that "it was a great deal solemn thing to remain single."

A lady orator, in defending, or asserting woman's rights declared that, "Solomon owed his wisdom to the number of his wives." We may venture to believe Solomon as better informed: he had derived but sorry benefit from that source and did not encourage others to experiment.

Archbishop Whately (neither accurate nor humorous) is said to have defined woman as a "creature that does not reason and that pokes the fire from the top."

The son of Sirach (wiser than Whately) said that he would "rather dwell with a lion and dragon than keep house with a wicked woman."

The ungallant Count Rostopchin classed "rats, ardent spirits, and spiteful women," among his objects of special aversion.

Southey once told Byron that "a man ought to be able to live with any woman." Perhaps, if he could submit absolutely—like the man who returned his wife on the Census paper as "head" of the family.

The author of "How to be Happy," &c., assures us that in Hampshire, and he might have mentioned places nearer London, it is quite customary at the marriage service for the man to say to his wife: "With my body I thee wash up, and with my hurdle goods I thee and thou;" to which the wife sometimes replies: "To 'ave and to 'old from this day for'n't, for better horse, for richer power, in siggerness health, to love cherries, and to bay."

A young woman who had been recommended to marry a husband of fifty, said she would "rather have two of twenty-five." The credit for this little story is divided between Lord Beaconsfield, Douglas Jerrold, and Lord Byron, so it must be a good one, even if older than either of them.

The late Lord Derby being assured that he would not suffer from gout if he drank a certain sherry forwarded to him by an advertising wine merchant, sent back the wine with the simple observation that he "preferred the gout."

Perhaps the readers already know the story, but it will bear repetition, of the man who, seeing another man turned back by S. Peter from the gates of Paradise, on the ground that, never having been married, he had never known suffering, went confidently forward boasting that he had been married twice. "This is no place for

fools," was S. Peter's answer; and the wanton tempter of Providence found himself excluded equally with the cautious egotist who had shunned matrimony altogether.

Mr. Spurgeon (in a volume of wit and wisdom) speaks with approbation of an inscription engraved on the ring of a man, about to be married for the fourth time: "If I survive I'll make it five!"

Henry the Eighth made it six. Probably Mr. Spurgeon does not regard that monarch with feelings of enthusiastic admiration.

Ivan the Terrible (less terrible than Henry) had his half-dozen too, a number which is now thought excessive by Russian ecclesiastical law. Indeed, we are told that Russia has set "its canon" (or what passed for ecclesiastical artillery) against any series of wives beyond three, unless, indeed, a thrice made widower can persuade a Jewess to marry him, and at the same time become a convert to Christianity, in which case a fourth wife is permitted. It is said that once, under the reign of the Emperor Nicholas—through some misreading, it may be, of the law on the subject—a Russian married his three wives all at the same time. The offence not having been provided for in the Statute Book it was referred to Nicholas, with the observation that the Russian law punished bigamy, but of the more heinous crime of "trigamy" made no mention. With the same decision which, on another occasion, made him declare, by a stroke of the pen, in answer to a memorandum of the "Holy Synod," that there was *no purgatory*, he wrote on the margin of the report setting forth the details of the case of trigamy: "Must live with all three." The lawyers shook their heads, and murmured that this was no punishment at all. But the Czar knew better; and, in fact, at the end of a week the poor fellow hanged himself.

The author reminds us that the abuse of the marriage ceremony was never carried to such an excess as in the days of Imperial Rome, when, on one occasion a man who had married nineteen wives, married a woman who had buried twenty husbands. This strange wedding was looked upon by the populace as a sort of test union. Each party to the contract was regarded as a competitor in a critical struggle; and the cheers of the mob were impartially divided between the two combatants. After six months the wife died; and at her funeral the husband, whose matrimonial record now stood as high as that of his lamented spouse, was followed to the ground by the plaudits of an admiring mob. In this and many other cases happiness in marriage is not deserved; and the author of the new guide to matrimonial felicity was probably right in leaving them out of account.

---

FOOTE, dining at the house of Mrs. Thale, found nothing to his liking, and sat in expectation of something better coming up. A neck of mutton being the last thing, he refused it, as he had the other dishes. As the servant was taking it away, however, understanding that there was nothing more, he called out to him: "Holloa, John, bring that back again; I now find it is neck or nothing."

## MR. THORNLEY'S ROSES.

BY BRUCE MONTGOMERY.

## CHAPTER VI.

**A**S Mr. Thornley concluded, a figure emerged from the bushes and stood surprised before the three men.

"Come a little nearer, Adele," said her uncle, "it is quite right that you should wish your aunt good morning, not only before school hours, but after they are over, at noon. Have you been with your aunt? How is she? Or have you come straight to the pond?"

"I—I—I—I have brought Edgar his pencil."

"But, my child, only think. You have already seen him this morning. Edgar has told me so. And then your visit to Miss Gaskell. Show us your pencil; I should like, too, to know what Miss Gaskell thinks about it."

Adele stood for a moment like a pilferer caught in the fact, her eyes fixed on the ground, her cheeks rosy red, and her finger on her lips as if she was thinking what answer she could make. Her father came up at the moment. Then she collected herself and looked him full in the face: "I will tell you all, father. Lies have short legs, and truth carries one through much better."

"Quite true."

"Yes. Perhaps you will reprove me, but yet I shall be able to look you full in the face."

"A fine girl!" said Thornley rubbing his hands.

"I went to Miss Gaskell, and I told her about things. It is all over; she will have nothing to do with it."

"Thornley, observe that. He whō springs into the water catches no fish."

Edgar shuddered; he sank upon a bench and with folded arms gazed fixedly on the water.

"And what are her reasons?" asked Masonius.

"She gave none."

"Has she any other affection?"

"No; she has never loved anyone but her father who is dead, and it is her intention always to remain single."

"Very well. Good."

"And you are not angry with me, father?"

"Well, little one, you deserve that I should be. I am much too indulgent to you."

"You will say nothing about it to mother?"

"I cannot promise that, little witch. Now go home. I must talk to your uncle. And you, Edgar, go to your mother. You are the very picture of woe. Tell her everything, and tell her that your flame rejects you—but tell her the whole."

Adele went home as quickly as possible. Edgar stumbled into the house and to his mother; and Dr. Masonius, arm in arm with his brother, continued to walk up and down by the river. He instructed him in the part he was to enact, and Thornley smiled as if the idea pleased him.

When Edgar entered the room, in which his mother was engaged with a book, one glance at

her son was enough to make her spring up exclaiming:

"For heaven's sake, Edgar tell me what misfortune has befallen you."

"A misfortune, indeed," he said almost inaudibly.

"But what is it?" she asked, with increasing anxiety.

"Oh, mother, I am in love!"

The mother gave a deep sigh.

"Heaven be praised! That it is nothing—"

"And I fear——"

"That you will find no acceptance. Calm yourself, Edgar; let me, your mother, see to that. Open your heart to me; you should have done this long ago. I have suspected it. You are at an age to fall in love——"

"You suspected it, mother?"

"I knew it my son."

"And you will be content with the dowry she brings."

"Dowry, dowry?"

"You will receive her heart instead of position and fortune?"

"But who is it?" asked Mrs. Thornley, who could not repress a sudden feeling of alarm.

"You do not know it," replied her son again resuming his disconsolate air. "Ah! you cast down the hopes which were just beginning to bud. For me there is no longer a future."

His courage had forsaken him and he turned to go.

"Stop, Edgar," said his mother. "It shall not end thus. You have said too much. I require your whole confidence. A child should never doubt his mother. Who is it?"

Edgar remained for a while enquiring of the carpet. At last he murmured:

"Miss Gaskell."

There was a long silence. Mrs. Thornley suffered her hands to fall into her lap.

"I knew it," said Edgar at last, "I knew that it was a deceitful happiness in which I rejoiced. My sentence has been passed?"

"Does she know anything about it?"

"Only since this morning."

"You have engaged yourself behind our backs?"

"She has refused my hand."

And now Mrs. Thornley's anger and surprise rose to their height. She looked at her son like one who hears without understanding.

"Edgar! Do you mean to say that you have honoured her with a proposal of marriage, and that she has refused it?"

"Yes, mother, it is so. Adele has been with her, everything conspires against me. I do not know what I have done to deserve this. I was not born a hero and have not in me the stuff which can overcome mountains of obstacles, but I have an honourable heart. That I have offered her. I should have loved her and been happy. I thought perhaps you would have taken my part. It is now over!"

"She would not accept you? And why not? What has she to say against you?"

"I do not know," replied Edgar gloomily. "I know nothing, and I do not desire to."

With this he hastened from the room regard-

less of the anxious entreaty of his mother that he would stay. In fact in his despair he heard nothing. He rushed to his own room and buried his face in his hands. How long he remained in this state he knew not. For him there was no longer time.

Edgar had hardly left the room when his father entered.

"I have been hearing some pretty stories of Edgar. He must have had some suspicion that I was seeking him, must have seen me coming, for I saw him rushing like a madman across the hall."

"Ah," said Mrs. Thornley looking up. "What do you want with the poor boy? You are always spying after him."

"I have good reason for spying. Do you know who it was who gathered my roses?"

"What do I care for your rubbish! If I want roses I send to the gardener for them. It has long been displeasing to me to see you going about with a green apron like a gardener's boy and employing yourself in work which others might do for you."

"Be calm, Hetty. I will wear a blue apron to-morrow, and shall then look like an indoor lad. But you would act more becomingly if you looked more after Edgar's wishes than after my gardening aprons."

"What have you to say," asked his wife, seeing that he now assumed a defiant position.

"I have to say that what I lately said I suspected, has now become certainty. Edgar is madly in love with the music mistress."

"Madly? Mr. Thornley, our son is not madly in love. He loves, and it is with the whole of his true and honest heart. And is that unnatural? Do you think that a young and noble nature such as Edgar's could hear such singing as we lately heard and not fall in love. What more?"

"What more?" asked Mr. Thornley, surprised. "Whither is this love to lead? If she is the noblest creature in the world, if her whole soul were in her affections, she has neither a position in society nor any fortune. I dare say she will angle for our son?"

"Oh, Albert! A new and excellent quality appears in you. Because the girl has neither position nor fortune are we to suppose her to be without honour or heart. I have heard you speak with more kindness and forbearance about strangers than now, in a matter that concerns our son. But he has a mother, a mother to whom his heart has turned in trusting confidence, and we shall see whether the narrow heartlessness of an exclusive circle or motherly affection will have the last word. The king of the Gallas may talk in that way, but we take different views."

To all this Thornley made no reply except by an occasional nod of the head. He was very pleased to hear his wife speak with increasing warmth. When she at last stopped quite exhausted, he thought he might take up the cudgels:

"If the lad had only said a word about it!"

"To whom could he open his heart?" she said with renewed displeasure. "To you, perhaps, who on account of a few roses put the police on the watch? What should you know about hearts?"

"I observed the case before you did."

This was the spark upon the powder flask.

"You observed?" replied the lady, while she rose to her full height, and with a contemptuous look at her husband. "When you began to remark, I had long been acquainted with the whole business. But it was not one suitable for the rough heart of a man. It is not even at present, only circumstances have occurred which require your intervention. From whom have you your information?"

"From Masonius."

"And he must learn it from Adele. Do you know everything?"

"I know only that he is going to the music mistress. What more should I know?"

"Do you know that Edgar has suffered a proposal to be made to her this morning?"

"Indeed!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Thornley. "You see if you do not know the chief circumstances it is impossible to form a just conclusion. This in some measure inculpates you, for know that while you were telling me that she was angling for Edgar, she had refused his proposal."

"And wherefore?" asked her husband while he endeavoured to put on a countenance of blank surprise.

"Go and ask her yourself," was the angry reply. "You went to her once before on account of your roses."

"I shall take good care to avoid doing so. I remember well the absurd part I then played. And besides I think it is all quite right. If she does not choose to marry Edgar she has no need to give me her reason; she has my blessing."

Mrs. Thornley had seated herself. Now she arose, and measured her husband from head to foot.

"Oh, you—I cannot find words to express myself! Edgar no longer has a father, but he shall know that he still has a mother."

As she said this she hastily quitted the room, and soon returned in her hat and mantle.

"Are you going out, my dear?"

"How can you ask?" she replied. "I shall go and learn from this person the grounds upon which she thinks it right to despise my son."

"Go then! And to this, too, I give my blessing!" said Thornley with an imperturbable expression of face. Then to himself: "I hope Dr. Masonius will have managed so well that her arrival will be at the right time as it always happens in plays. Now we shall see what comes of it. Shall I go and seek Edgar? No. Let us wait."

And Mr. Thornley waited for a considerable time.

Whilst the last act was being played in the Thornley Villa a scene was passing in the neighbouring dwelling of which the reader can have no expectation.

When the two gentlemen separated with smiles and a hearty pressure of the hand, and the contradictory spirit of his wife increased Mr. Thornley's feeling for his despairing son, the doctor went over to Miss Gaskell in order once more to speak of matters which were so interesting to



him. Before he gave up his nephew's cause, he wished to know the reason for her rejection, and this, as seemed probable, consisted in a mistaken pride which would have little weight with him. To banish this demon he must return to the use of the lancet.

When the door was opened to Masonius he was filled with surprise. The room, instead of being encumbered with all sorts of articles, presented an appearance of unusual elegance. Curtains, sofa, chairs, writing-table, all suited each other. Everything had been chosen and arranged by the best taste. Through an opening in a curtain drawn before an open door there was a glimpse into a hardly less elegant looking sleeping-room.

The furniture had remained hers from the lifetime of her father. She had a sort of pious memory for what had been his, and whatever she did not require she sent to a warehouse in her native town, and paid a trifle for its care. Her mother had died when she was very young, but her portrait hung over the writing-table her father once used, and at which his daughter still sat. Under the picture hung a small crucifix, such as the Catholic Union of the place gave to their friends and colleagues, and the chief value of which consisted in its having been blessed by Pius IX.

Miss Gaskell was sitting at the writing-table. At her right hand lay an open book, and immediately before her a sheet of paper on which she was rapidly writing. A quarto book, evidently a dictionary lay near, and it was evident that Miss Gaskell was occupied in translation, while an open atlas proved that it was a book of travels which engaged her pen. A work basket and a letter already sealed lay upon the centre table.

As he entered at her "come in" in answer to his knock, she was hardly less surprised at Dr. Masonius's appearance than he was at the elegance of her surroundings. A deep colour suffused her cheek.

"You must pardon me, madam, if I venture to intrude upon you. Doctors, you know, are privileged."

"Excuse me, Dr. Masonius," said Miss Gaskell calmly, "I have not the means to keep a servant, nor do I require one. We poor people who work for our daily bread must not be stiff when our acquaintance come to visit us. You are the father of my pupil and I quite authorize your visits."

"It is true that we have known each other but a short time," replied Masonius with equal calmness, "but I hope that during that time I have done nothing to make me forfeit the exchange of the title of friend with the father of your pupil. But everything regarding the schoolroom question lies within the jurisdiction of my wife, and for this reason I come here only if I can be received as a real friend."

And then Miss Gaskell took up the letter which lay on the table and gave it to him.

"To my wife!" he exclaimed.

"The contents need not be concealed from you. You may read it; indeed, I wish you to do so."

"But will you not rather tell me the contents?"

"I wish you to read it. If you are here only as

a friend it will cut short a conversation which in all probability would be very painful to me. Do you know that Miss Adele has been with me this morning?"

"Yes. It was without my knowledge; but I have reproved her. I would have been more severe with her but you see, dear lady, one cannot get over that little witch."

"If you are my friend do me the kindness to read that letter."

"I know my lesson. The philosophical quotation ought to be enough for you that writing is not intended for people who can speak; you have poured out all that ink in vain."

And with a deep bow he laid the letter on her writing table.

"But doctor," said Miss Gaskell annoyed.

"You desire that my visit should be short—"

They had remained standing during this dialogue. Now Miss Gaskell requested her visitor to sit down, as with a wave of the hand she pointed to a chair, she took her own place on the sofa.

"I only mean that you should permit me at length to tell you why I am here."

"Dear sir, I know it," said Miss Gaskell sadly, "spare yourself and me—"

"You may know some circumstances, but you have not the gift of prophecy. Think also that I have just returned from your father's grave."

"You have been at S—?" she said as if electrified, "and you have remembered my father? Did you go to the church?"

"You forget that he was a dear friend of mine."

"Ah, yes."

"He has a very beautiful memorial stone."

"No, there is only a simple cross above his grave," said Amelia as she repressed a tear, "I was not able to do that; but I have worked hard since then, and part of my earnings are put aside for a suitable memorial."

"Your father requires no memorial from your hand, he has one in your heart with which no other can compete. But the memorial stone to which I allude has been erected by the professors of medicine, his colleagues, and the physicians."

"And my cross?" asked Amelia with tears in her eyes.

"Your cross was taken into the design of the memorial, in which there is also a medallion with a striking likeness of your father. These are under a Gothic canopy, at the four corners of which stand four genii; Strength with helm and sword. Affection with a dove, Science with a laurel wreath, and Martyrdom with the palm. The inscription has a story which Professor Otway related—"

Here Dr. Masonius paused, but as his auditor said nothing he continued:

"An unknown person, whom perhaps the departed Gaskell might have visited, came to Otway and said: 'We have heard that a monumental stone is about to be erected to Dr. Gaskell, and many of our people who knew him, have met to consider what kind of inscription it should have. We searched and searched but could find nothing more suitable than S. Matthew.' The professor told me the chapter and verse but I have forgotten the numbers. When

the committee met next Otway related the case, and on opening the Bible they found the words were: "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." I have brought you a photograph of the whole," and he handed Amelia a small leathern case.

Amelia took from his hands the photograph. After looking at it tears trickled through her fingers, and she with difficulty suppressed a sob.

Masonius continued in a low voice:

"The meeting looked at each other with surprise, and whatever proposals were made they all came to the same resolution. The cross is yours, the rest is from his friends and colleagues, and the poor of the town of S— have placed the inscription on it. Calm yourself; the memory of your father is held in honour in spite of your guardian."

Dr. Masonius was silent. There was a long pause only interrupted by Amelia's gentle sobs.

"I can give you some other good news," said the doctor, when, after a while, he thought the paroxysm of Amelia's grief had passed away. "Your are no longer dependent on your own labour for your support. I am quite sure that you would never have lived the tedious inactive life which so many young ladies lead under the mistaken idea that to work with any reasonable object in view is unworthy of a lady. But it is a different case when the pressure of daily need urges us on. You have been strong under this trial—now it is over."

She let her hands fall from her face and looked at the doctor with painful surprise.

"What do you mean?" she asked with forced coldness. "Is the conclusion of all this that the thought of my father is to lead me to accept the hand of a wealthy lover as the reward heaven gives me for my courage and my pious devotion to him?"

"No," replied the doctor with a quiet smile. "Providence does not act in so complicated a manner, the case is much simpler. You have had a legacy. Your share amounts to about five thousand pounds, and upon the interest of this no one can make any claim. I heard of this by chance from the magistrate as I was speaking to him about your late father. This legacy your guardian has taken. He has the whole of the money and must already have received some hundreds of interest from it. I will not attempt to persuade you in the affair of my nephew; on the contrary, I advise you to persist in your refusal. It is therefore that, as an honourable man, I permitted Adele to make you aware of Edgar's wishes."

"How?" asked Amelia a little confused; "you say—What have you then to tell about your nephew?"

"I? Nothing at all. He is a very worthy young man, but you have done quite right to refuse him."

"You speak in riddles—"

"Let us leave that; be satisfied with the consciousness that you have acted wisely, and if in this you have, as is to be regretted, followed the movements of your heart, so much the better for you."

"But, doctor, if it is not indiscreet—"

"Ah! indiscreet," said Masonius. "The world will soon enough learn all—do not mention it elsewhere—the Thornleys are ruined."

"Is that possible?" asked Amelia becoming pale. "Everything in that house seems so well conducted."

"I asked myself the same question when Mr. Thornley trusted me with the secret. He has lost in some stock exchange transaction. No one as yet knows of it. He himself has only learned it within a few hours. I almost fear that there will not remain the money for enabling Edgar to carry on his studies."

"That is terrible!" she exclaimed.

"It is indeed. A student who is unable to complete his studies becomes a useless kind of man. And worse still, he has the feeling that he is nothing—nothing in his own family."

"But that ought not to be. No, never!"

"I have said that also to myself," remarked the doctor, "and I have been seeking for means by which I could enable him at least to pass his examination."

"And do you think I could suffer that?"

"Why, what would you do?"

Amelia rose.

"When he thought himself rich, and believed, and rightly, that he might take a distinguished place in society, he laid all at my feet and told me that nothing he possessed was of any value unless he could share it with me; and now that it appears that he is poor while I have money, ought I to leave it to any other person to come forward to help him?"

"But just think!"

"Do you think I am incapable of this small act of gratitude?"

"Not the smallest blame rests upon you. You refused his hand when you thought him rich."

"I do not understand you, doctor," replied Amelia painfully surprised. "I refused him while I believed him to be rich because I knew that the world judges by appearances, and I could not bear that anyone should think that I had accepted him on account of his money."

"Very well; but it does not therefore follow that you are to risk your happiness upon a sinking ship."

"Very reasonable. But what if I find it my happiness to go down with him, since I cannot save myself in his prosperity?"

"Then, as a physician, I should order you the cold *douche*," said the doctor as he rose. "I can understand, though I may not be able altogether to approve it, how a person may marry a man on account of his wealth, but that he should be rejected on this account, and then be accepted because he no longer has any money—this belongs to psychological pathology. You must remember that Adele has already spoken with him, and now he could hardly accept your help. There is pride on that side also."

"No, doctor, it need not be so," replied Amelia, "not for a continuance. In this letter I have begged Mrs. Masonius to excuse me from further music lessons. The letter now lies in the waste-paper basket," and she tore it and threw it away; "it is the first step I make in triumphing on my pride. I will come and speak to Adele; I

will retract everything, I will humble myself before him till he permits me to give him all that I possess. That capital will give good interest. Doctor, you will help me!"

At that moment there was a knock at the door. It was opened even before there was time for "Come in!" and Mrs. Thornley appeared, not a little surprised to find her brother-in-law in conference with Miss Gaskell.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## THE REV. ALBAN BUTLER.

AUTHOR OF "LIVES OF THE SAINTS."



HE Rev. Alban Butler was the second son of Simon Butler, Esq., of Apple-tree, in the county of Northampton, who was married to Anne, daughter of Thomas Birch, Esq., of Gorscot, in Staffordshire. His family, for property, descent and alliances, had vied with the noblest in England; but had become reduced at the period of his birth, which took place in the year 1710.

At a very early age Alban was sent to a school in Lancashire, where he applied himself to his studies with that unremitting application which in every stage of his life he gave to literature. Even at this early period he used to repeat with surpassing accuracy the most noted facts in chronology, and whatever was remarkable in the lives of the Christian heroes, particularly those of the Saxon era.

When only eight years old he was sent to the English College at Douay, having then lost both his parents. His conduct whilst at college was remarkably correct—practising every virtue, and avoiding every vice. As he advanced in years he advanced in learning and virtue.

He generally allowed himself but *four* hours' sleep, and spent little time in mere animal enjoyment. "When alone he read, when in company he read, when at meals he read, and when riding even he read." He generally made abridgments of the principal works that he perused, copying the most noted passages, and thus ever afterwards remembered their contents.

After Alban Butler had completed his studies, and received the sacred order of priesthood, he was appointed Professor of Philosophy; and after teaching a course was made Professor of Divinity. His mode of life was most exact, every duty having a certain portion of time allotted to it. He discharged all the duties of a priest, professor and confessor with great zeal and piety; was always present at the morning meditations; said Mass daily with edifying composure, sweetness and recollection; dictated to the students with the greatest clearness; and heard the confessions of his penitents with humility and meekness. He frequently attended the military hospital to instruct, exhort, and hear the confessions of the Irish soldiers; and used to tell them that there are more saints belonging to the military profession than to any other profession in life.

He was always ready to relieve the poor, the

Irish particularly. He animated by words and example the young priests, whilst his modesty and virtue edified even the most aged.

He corresponded with the learned men of his time, more especially with Dr. Challoner, author of the "Meditations," etc., Dr. Walmesley and others.

He maintained with great strictness the principles of Catholic morality; defended with firmness the truth of the Catholic faith; and unceasingly upheld the obedience that is due to the centre of Catholic unity in the person of the successor of S. Peter. Accordingly his first publication was "Letters on the 'History of the Popes,'" a work published by an apostate named Bower, whose falsehoods were not only ably exposed by Butler, but by Dr. Douglas, the then Protestant Bishop of Salisbury. These letters displayed great depth of learning and showed a powerful mind for criticism and judgment.

In 1745 the Rev. Alban Butler accompanied the Earl of Shrewsbury and the Honourable James and Thomas Talbot on their travels through France and Italy, an interesting account of which he subsequently published.

Upon his return he was sent on the English mission. He was anxious to be settled in London in order that he might more effectually complete his great work, the "Lives of the Saints," on which he had been for some years engaged; but the Vicar Apostolic of the Midland District, claimed him as his own, and appointed him to the Staffordshire mission. From thence he removed to Warkworth, the seat of Mr. F. Eyre, a most intelligent Catholic gentleman, who successfully sustained a public discussion in defence of his religion.

The Rev. Alban Butler was subsequently chaplain to the Duke of Norfolk; and superintended the education of Mr. E. Howard, his nephew and heir-presumptive.

After some years he conducted his pupil to Paris, and here he completed and sent to the press his immortal work the "Lives of the Saints."

For this stupendous performance he had qualified himself in every possible way that man could do. He was a perfect master of the Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French and English languages; and knew many of the Oriental languages as well.

In Biblical knowledge, Moral and Dogmatic Theology, Canon Law, the writings of the Fathers, ecclesiastical antiquities, universal history, and modern controversy he was deeply read. He was skilled in heraldry, philosophy, botany, medicine, and ancient and modern geography. He devoted himself in a special manner to the study of the Acts, martyrologis calendar, merologius, and lives of saints, written in almost all languages. He read the acts of the beatification and canonization of the saints; he perused the most judicious critics and historians, ancient and modern, he examined original documents and authentic records in various libraries; and for thirty years spared no labour or expense to render his work the most perfect of the kind ever published.

It was soon printed in almost every language in Europe. The edition published in Ireland under Dr. Carpenter, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, contained notes and documents which

rendered the work still more useful to the Catholics of Ireland. Mr. Murphy, an Irishman, published a splendid stereotyped edition in 1815. Some thirty years later a new edition with a preface by the famous Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, was published in two volumes by Coyne. There was only one thing to be regretted in this great work, that the learned author had said so little in general on the Irish saints.

The Rev. A. Butler wrote many other learned works, all full of piety and unction. The "Life of Mary of the Cross" conveys great instruction on the various duties of a religious life. His book on the moveable feasts (which he left unfinished), though prolix, was a most learned work. His "Discourses," published after his death, formed a most admirable work. He wrote a "Short Life of Sir Toby Matthews," which was published by his nephew, Mr. Charles Butler, as was also "Short Treatise on Prayer" by him.

The Rev. Alban Butler was chosen President of the English College at S. Omer's, which was originally founded by the Jesuits, an office he continued to fill until his death. He was for several years Vicar General to the Bishops of Arras, S. Omer's Ypres, and Boulogne, which established his reputation in every part of France.

The number of letters by him was stated by his biographer, to exceed belief; and contained an immense mass of interesting matters on topics concerning religion and literature.

Having enjoyed throughout life good health, though somewhat impaired by study, he had a slight attack of paralysis some years before his decease, which affected his speech.

His death took place on the 15th of May, 1773, in the sixty-third year of his age.

A monument was erected to his memory in the chapel of the English College at S. Omer's.

His nephew, Charles Butler, Esq., was a famous lawyer and a Catholic champion of his day. Though his zeal was unquestionable, his acts were not always the most orthodox, and he found an untiring and inflexible opponent in the person of the still more famous Catholic champion and bishop, Dr. Milner, the author of the "End of Controversy," the "History of Winchester," etc.

The above account of the life of the Rev. Alban Butler is, with the exception of a few verbal alterations, taken literally from No. 38 of the "Catholic Magazine," published in Dublin, November, 1834.

**LAND CRABS.**—Bishop Heber, after describing the appearance of the country near the City of Poonah, in the neighbourhood of which, and at the bottom of a hill, is a tank, or large cistern, thus speaks of the land-crabs: "All the grass-land round this tank swarms with a small land-crab, which burrows in the ground, and runs with considerable swiftness, even when encumbered with a bundle of food almost as big as itself. This food is grass, or the green stalks of the rice; and it is amusing to see them, sitting as it were upright, to cut their hay with their sharp pincers, then waddling off with the sheaf to their holes as quickly as their side-long pace will carry them."

## SHERBORNE;

OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

Author of the "*Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems*," "*Grey's Court*," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)



MS. ATHERSTONE still continued to gaze at the vast expanse before her. But the symbols had changed again. The line of golden light above the horizon seemed, as it were, the entrance to the indefinitely beautiful, and a voice within her said that the indefinitely beautiful was but a pictorial way of expressing the faith seen as yet dimly, yet in a way that could not be mistaken.

"Yes," she said, "how wonderfully our Lord condescends to the circumstances and peculiarities of the wretched creatures to whom He gives His priceless treasures! First my instinct of opposition was aroused by a man using the word 'Romish' in a fat voice. Then the sea burst upon my sight, and it made me feel young again at first, and then indescribably oppressed, and then—oh! then, and now, and for ever—I see clearly. Yes, I see what I felt long ago, and ought to have seen, and did see, but with a shadow before it. How long and how obstinately have I resisted the grace of God, and yet not quite in wilfulness. I cannot analyse how the truth has come home to me, but I can trace its last steps—feel it—see it—know it."

The train slackened speed, and in two or three minutes more entered the station at Dover, jolting and banging alongside of the platform, till it pulled up heavily where a line of faces looking into the carriage windows fronted a line of faces looking out of them, her own included.

A great calmness had come over her, new to her experience, yet not strange to her understanding, an external cause, an internal effect, an atmosphere of peace that was her own because she breathed it into her soul.

A bustling porter and a creaking truck brought her luggage to the steamer, which was filling the air with columns of black smoke. She looked from one end of the deck to the other, and the prospect seemed to her otherwise than encouraging. The engine-room smelt of heated iron and grease. The passengers nearest to her looked not only prepared, but determined to be sea-sick, and a sailor was dragging a rope from under every one's feet. She elected to go below, with her leather bag, her guide book, and her umbrella, but had better not have done so. The cabin smelt miscellaneously, and the countenances of its inmates were pale or yellow. She had better have remained on deck.

And yet, perhaps, that would not have saved her from suffering a sea change. The expanse of clear blue water, with the golden light above the horizon, had a swell on, for there had been wind the day before; so that the steamer descended at intervals into a small abyss of unsteady water, causing sensations unutterable, and reducing several human beings to a state of absolute passiveness.

At the end of two hours Mrs Atherstone appeared on deck, little, if at all, the worse for the peculiar effect of the treacherous elements: but now her first real trial as a traveller was to begin. Her big portmanteau arrived safely at the Custom-house on the shoulders of a Herculean fishwoman, the carpet bag was carried by a *commissionnaire*, self-elected for that office, whilst others of the same craft thrust cards of different hotels in her face as she walked. So far all went well, and the scene amused her; but, inside the custom-house, a man in a cocked hat wanted to take her leather bag!

Virgil tells us that, on the occasion of Æneas' visit to the shades below, the Greeks, when they saw *The man*, "*ut videre virum*," trembled with a great fear, some fairly turning tail, and others protesting in a feeble manner. Custom-house authorities at Calais are not so susceptible to potent appearances; nevertheless the man in the cocked hat was kept at bay by the resolute aspect of Mrs. Atherstone; and so was the head man, who came to see what was the matter, and his subordinates, and the *commissionnaires*, and the irritable old gentleman who wanted to be off by the next train for Brussels.

Yet the position was critical. The subordinate officials after a while began to draw round and gesticulate—the man in the cocked hat muttered strange oaths, the head man thrust both his hands into the pockets of his baggy trousers, and said:

"Enfin, Madame——"

While Mrs. Atherstone kept declaring alternately in English and French that everything she cared for in the world was in her black bag, and that she would not let it out of her hands under any consideration.

The adventure was on the point of taking a disagreeable turn, for Mrs. Atherstone finally declared in distinct though not very idiomatic French, that she would sooner go back to Dover in an open fishing-boat than resign her leather bag to anybody, and one of the officials thereupon stated his belief that she had got a secret despatch for the Prussians—when an English traveller, hearing sounds of distress articulated in a British accent, made his way through the small crowd, and seeing how the affair stood, said to her:

"It will be all right if you just unlock the bag, and show them that you have nothing contraband in it."

It was Sir Roger Arden—the very man she had chosen for her executor, the very man most likely, as she thought, to know where Count de Bergerac could be found. She took his advice, and was able to keep the leather bag peaceably. Then Sir Roger, who felt much astonished at meeting his mysterious neighbour from the Four Ways in a French Custom-house, but was too well-bred to let her perceive it, went on to say:

"I ought to have the pleasure of being acquainted with you, and I have often wished to be. Will you allow me to consider myself so now, and to ask you if I can be of any service?"

"Oh, yes; indeed you can," she replied impulsively. "You can help me in every sort of way."

Sir Roger winced a little at this internally, for

it occurred to him that so large an interpretation of his proffered assistance might be inconvenient, and his cheeks glowed with a sudden heat as he remembered certain vague reports about some monomania of hers respecting the Hazeley estate. It passed through his mind in an instant, and so did these words:

"No! I can't—I really can't listen to that! I'd better say so at once."

But a woman's wit is not often at fault. Mrs. Atherstone saw what was passing through his mind, and answered as if she were not answering:

"Yes! do you know, it is in every sort of way; for I am ignorant of everything connected with foreign travel, and I am going to Italy. I am old, and for the last winter or two, I have felt the cold a good deal. So I am going to try a warm climate and come back the end of May, if I live to do so."

"How uncharitable I was to think she had any design of that sort!" thought Sir Roger. "I can't think how I missed you on board the steamer," he said.

"I was so silly as to go below," she replied. "Nothing shall ever get me into the cabin again. I had rather be drenched with sea-water."

By this time her luggage had been examined, and the *commissionnaires* asked where it was to be sent. She looked up expressively at Sir Roger, and said:

"Should you advise me to go on, or stay here to-night? Is there a good hotel?"

"Yes; I used to like the old one better, but they have pulled it down."

"Where Sterne wrote his 'Sentimental Journey'?"

"Yes; an old-fashioned place with a garden to it. But anyhow, as you ask me, I should advise your stopping here to-night."

"Well, I think I must, I am so tired."

Whereupon Sir Roger offered his arm, saying: "I think you will find it pleasanter to walk and let the luggage be rattled over the stones by itself. Allow me to introduce my daughters."

As he was about to do so, it struck him that he remembered, when a boy, some story about her having changed her name, either on coming to live with old Mrs. Sherborne at Hazeley, or when she took the house at the Four Ways.

"What shall I call her?" thought he. "People are so affronted if one gets their name wrong. I have heard she is well connected; and perhaps now that she has come out of her hiding-place, it may affront her very much not to be called by her right name. But I don't know what it is!"

He tried to pronounce confusedly the name that he did remember, hoping that it would not be heard amid the din of omnibuses and *commissionnaires*; but Mrs. Atherstone's ears detected the attempt. She smiled and said:

"I took for a purpose that name which people try so hard to get rid of when they have it naturally. But there is no reason why I should not tell you who I am. My name is Atherstone."

"Of Braxmore?"

"Yes; my father was a younger son, and married, and was poor, and—perhaps you have heard of my coming to Hazeley in old Mrs. Sherborne's time. It was before you were born. Well, the



act is, I got on badly at home, and my home got on badly with me. I was poor, too, for my father was a younger son, with a large family; and so Mrs. Sherborne, who was an old friend of the family, took me—it really was out of charity, and she was very, very kind. When she died I came to the house at the Four Ways, and changed my name—but that is all past and gone. I have never seen any one of my own family from the day I left home, or any one connected with my family, till now. You are the first—you are remotely connected. An ancestor of yours married one of my family long ago."

"To be sure," said Sir Roger. "There was an intermarriage—I think it was—"

"Long, long ago, before my family apostatized," said Mrs. Atherstone with decision.

"A curious old lady, that," thought Sir Roger. "What am I to say? I hate getting on that subject with Protestants, for it does no good, and—"

But the curious old lady gave him no time to think further, for she added in a very distinct voice:

"Yes, apostatized—one may as well call things by their right names. One of them—the head of the family at the time—apostatized before God, and turned cur before men. Have I expressed myself plainly enough?"

He assured her emphatically that she had, and both the Miss Ardens did the same.

"Well, I suppose I have," said she. "It's a way of mine, and all the more so in this case, because I feel that I share the reproach. The fact is, I ought to have been a Catholic years and years ago. Well! that's a long story; but the end of it is, that—"

Sir Roger listened attentively for the rest of the sentence, and so did the Miss Ardens, but the sentence was not finished.

"But what is the end of it, I wonder," thought he, as they walked on in silence to the hotel. "And why did she break off in that way? And what is the meaning of her altogether? I suppose she isn't mad. I rather wish though that I had not volunteered to be quite so civil."

But when they had arrived at the hotel his kind heart silenced his caution.

"She is old, and she looks tired and solitary," he said to himself. "I *must* be civil to her."

And both the Miss Ardens, being impressed with the same kindly feeling, whispered:

"Oh, do ask her to stop with us this evening! She looks so lonely."

The result was that, after dinner, she sat talking with them in their sitting-room till ten o'clock, telling them much, but saying nothing about Sherborne or the dispossessed heir.

This was the end of her second day's journey.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

NEXT morning Mrs Atherstone came downstairs between seven and eight o'clock, intending to take a walk round the ramparts before breakfast, and try conclusions with herself respecting the duty which, before her arrival at Dover, had seemed to her quite clear, and of an importance, not only transcendent but immediate.

To many good and sensible people this

reopening of a question so solemnly closed would appear to indicate either an excitable instability of purpose, or unseemly haste, and a fictitious conviction purely emotional; but no one who has traversed the very rough and difficult road that leads from what is significantly called the National Church to the Church of Christ—One Holy, Catholic, Apostolic—no one who has intelligently watched any one else traversing it, would come to that conclusion at least without corroborative evidence; for on that road there are toilsome ascents and dangerous precipices, dark places, and blind pitfalls, broken bits at the end of smooth runs, and deceptive by-paths with blurred finger-posts.

And when, by the grace of God and the guidance of its angel guardian, that struggling soul has reached the spot where the way is plain, the road even, the by-roads no longer deceptive, the light unmistakable, even then the struggle is not over. A confusion of tongues, echoing from that modern Babel, the Establishment, then does its utmost to divert by spasmodic interruptions, and disturb by sophistries that are unanswerable because they change while they are being answered. Temptations of all sorts press upon the exhausted will: the devil offering them sometimes as an angel of light, sometimes as

A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food.

In other words putting forward the fact that Popery is hard to flesh and blood. Sometimes, and this is the hardest of all to resist, he pretends to plead for what was learned in childhood, associated with childhood's happiest memories and best affections, taught in good faith by parents—perhaps by a much loved mother long dead. This is the hardest of all to resist, especially where feeling and imagination are stronger than the reasoning powers, as in the majority of women, or where the early associations have roots like an oak-tree, and induction is under prohibitory by-laws, as in the majority of Englishmen.

In both cases the belief of the mother is supposed to include the truth of what she believed, and her good faith goes bail for a conscience differently circumstanced.

Of course the answer is self-evident in itself; but the most self-evident things are as if they were not when all those voices, real or imaginary, or both, keep on incessantly clamouring and questioning and repeating in different language, and driving the sense out of words by indefinite use. The sure way to silence them is to pray hard and to will vigorously.

Mrs. Atherstone's own special trials of that kind had been peculiar, like the rest of her history. We have seen something of them in her account of the Sherbornes, in her remarks to Don Pascolini and Moreton, in her troubled introspections the day before her journey. She had since then reached the spot where the way was plain and the light unmistakable, reached it after a long and rough journey, reached it suddenly at last, as every one does, more or less, who reaches it at all; and now, on the threshold of the Church, she had to resist the devil's final assault.

It was the old suggestion strongly urged, and it

dimmed the light as a storm-cloud darkens the sun. There was no form of words in her mind, but a weight on her heart, impressing the idea that she had dissuaded Alfred Sherborne from accepting the grace now offered to her once more. It was the devil's forlorn hope against her, and the issue seemed very doubtful; for that suggestion had a two-edged power: it appealed to her best feelings and her worst, her immense love and her subtle pride, her generosity and her self-will, her unselfishness and the resentful habit of mind which had grown into her nature as a part of it. Her position at that moment would appear dangerous in the extreme—and who can venture to say that it was not? Yet final assaults, not essentially differing from this, are common enough, and though the devil suggests, the angel guardian suggests also.

Often in an extreme crisis the proximate cause of escape is something which, viewed apart from its results, would seem to be an accidental occurrence of the most ordinary kind; and it happened so then. Just as Mrs. Atherstone was leaving the hotel to walk on the ramparts, and risk the consequences of a dangerous introspection, instead of corresponding at once with the Grace that had been offered to her, the sweet face of Mary Arden made her pause and hesitate and turn back.

"It is only civil to do so," she said within herself. "And I want them to help me about finding this great-nephew of mine."

Mary Arden was coming downstairs, her sister and Sir Roger were a little way behind. Mrs. Atherstone stood still, and felt strangely troubled as the thought darted through her brain, "Perhaps they are going to Mass."

"Are you going to take an early walk?" said Sir Roger.

"It comes into my head that I should like to go where you are going," she replied in a low and trembling voice.

"I wonder what she means me to understand by that?" thought he, wishing heartily that he had happened to come downstairs five minutes later.

"One is afraid of saying the wrong thing," he whispered to his youngest daughter on the staircase, under cover of some casual remark made by the elder.

Thereupon in a private corner of the young lady's mind this thought arose:—"He needn't be so afraid about *her*, when he believes in Mr. Sherborne's pretences." And she answered with a referential fitness truly feminine:

"Oh! but she has nothing to *gain* by it; and she couldn't have expected to meet us on the stairs, or have known where we were going to."

Sir Roger felt the reference, and retreated.

Then they set out conversing in a fragmentary way. Mrs. Atherstone was not talkative now: she talked by fits and starts abruptly, varying in tone. Evidently there was a struggle going on within, and it appeared to grow fiercer as they drew near the church.

"I think I won't go in, after all," she said, almost rudely, when they had reached the door.

Sir Roger and his daughters made no reply, but moved on one side to let her pass back if she would.

"I am following you," she said in a querulous voice. "Following you," she repeated impatiently. "Don't stop me, don't look at me, don't think about me!"

Sir Roger's experience was at fault, but he saw that something was the matter, and hoped it would come all right. The Miss Ardens, being women, though young and inexperienced, said within their own minds, "One can only pray for her." All three drew back quietly, and, trying to suppress the evidence of their presence, went in.

(To be continued.)

## ROMAN GLUTTONY.



WITH the empire began the epoch of splendid gluttony which has no parallel. The History of the Cæsars, with some exceptions, is the narrative of a continual orgie. Take the notorious group at random—Commodus, Caligula, Tiberius, Domitian. These men spent their lives in a round of monstrous debaucheries. The day and night, we are assured, were not long enough for their revels.

Verus, the first to increase the number of guests from nine to twenty, prolonged his suppers throughout the night. Nero sat at table from midday to midnight. Tiberius spent day and night at the festive board. They had huge appetites—not only the gigantic Maximilian, who devoured forty pounds of flesh-meats and drank five gallons of wine at a meal, but financial dandies like Commodus, who ate even in the bath; Vitellius, who ceased only while he slept; Domitian, who ate "out of his hand" to stay his stomach in the intervals of regular repast.

Heliogabalus was perhaps the most elaborate; Vitellius the most extravagant in his daily fare. The latter squandered in seven months £7,000,000, chiefly on his table. This total staggers belief; but let us examine the figures on the other side.

The Roman epicure is reported to have paid £65 or so for a mullet; a brace of pigeons cost £1 12s. At an entertainment given to Vitellius by his brother, 2,000 pounds of the rarest fish and 7,000 of the most curious birds were served up. One individual spent £5,000 on a single dish, made of the tongues of the costliest singing birds.

The Roman bon vivant, supping on the brains of peacocks and pheasants, the tongues of nightingales and the roes of the most delicate fishes, swallowed thousands of pounds at a meal; and we need only multiply the individual expense by the number of the guests to form a notion of the cost of a high-class dinner in the days of the Cæsars.

A supper in the Apollomeantone or two thousand pounds thrown to the purveyors. But the emperors were certainly the most reckless in the profligacies of the table. Seneca and Tacitus are among the authorities who tell us that Heliogabalus spent £20,000 on one supper; that Nero, master of "the House of God," ate a dish which cost over £30,000, and drank a bumper still more precious.

## CHRISTMAS AND ITS OBSERVANCES.



ALTHOUGH almost every subject of interest in connection with the historic and traditionary associations of the festival of the Nativity of our Lord and Saviour have been from time to time elaborately treated, we must confess that each return of the season carries with it so many pleasurable emotions, that, even at the risk of being considered prolix and tedious, we cannot refrain from noting a few of those time-honoured observances which have for many and many a generation tended to remind erring humanity of their Saviour's natal morn, and to inculcate that grandest and noblest of lessons which, in the words of one of the old Christmas Carols, teaches :

All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace ;  
Good will henceforth from Heav'n to men,  
Begin and never cease !

The Saxons and other northern nations kept a festival at this time of the year in honour of Thor, in which they mingled feasting with sacrifices and religious rites. It was called Yule, or Jule, a term of which the derivation has caused much antiquarian discussion. Some consider it to mean "a festival," while others assert that Iol, or Iul, is a primitive word, conveying the idea of a wheel, and, therefore, applicable to the return of the sun. The name Yule still continues to be applied to the festival of Christmas in Scotland, and in parts of England, having been retained when Christianity put its broad-arrow on pagan goods and chattels. The "Saturnalia" of the Romans had apparently the same object as the Yule-tide, or feast of the northern nations. The Greeks, Persians, Chinese, Mexicans, etc., had all something similar. According to Brady's "Clavis Calendaria," the Christmas epoch was first introduced into chronology in the year 523, and was established in England by the Venerable Bede, but the observance of the feast in honour of the Nativity was of much earlier date. In the second century it was ordained, according to Telesphorus, that in the holy night of the Nativity of our Lord and Saviour, they do celebrate publique Church services, and in them solemnly sing the Angell's hymne." In the course of the fourth century a perfect holocaust of human victims was sacrificed at the very altar, by Dioclesian, the Tyrant, while engaged in commemorating the festival of our divine Redeemer. They had assembled for that purpose in the temple at Nicomedia, in Bythynia, when the sanguinary ruler in question caused it to be enclosed and given to the flames, about twenty thousand persons perishing on the occasion. The first ceremony, after decking the house with evergreens, not forgetting the mistletoe, with pearly berries and osculatory charms, is, or rather should be, to light the Christmas block, or ale-log, a very ancient custom. This consists of a massive piece of wood, frequently the rugged trunk of some old tree, which should burn throughout the holidays, reserving a small piece with which to light the fire for the ensuing Christmas. The Wassail Bowl, a mixture of ale, nutmeg,

sugar, toast and roasted apples needs no more than mention here. Then there were the well known Wassail songs, of which the following is not a bad sample, with its odd mingling of compliments, hints and wishes, good and bad :

Wassail, wassail, all over the town,  
Our toast it is white, our ale it is brown ;  
Our bowl it is made of a maple tree ;  
We be all good fellows ; I drink to thee.

Here's to Branch, the horse, and to his right ear ;  
Luck send our maister a happy New Year—  
A happy New Year as e'er he did see ;  
With my wassailing bowl I drink to thee.

Popular belief will have it that it is not man only that recognises the sanctity of Christmas morning ; for the bees are heard to sing, and the oxen may be seen to kneel, in memory of the oxen at the holy manger. Howison, in his "Sketches of Upper Canada," relates the circumstances of his meeting an Indian kneeling at midnight on Christmas-eve :

That happy night  
That to the cottage, as the crown,  
Brought tidings of Salvation down !

There is an odd superstition current in some parts of Germany, an innovation of "Reformer's days," contrasting with a relic of the child-like faith of the "dark ages." The "immortal Will," Shakespeare, who so cleverly enshrines all sorts of odds and ends of legendary lore in his plays, records the popular belief that no spirit dares stir abroad during the Christmas reason :

The nights are wholesome then ; no planets strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch have power to charm,  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

The peasants of certain German regions hold no such comfortable belief. On the contrary, they deem the midnight hour of Christmas-eve the favourite time for witches and hob-goblins generally to play their pranks. The counter-spell is to ring an alarm on the village bell, during which ringing the cattle must be fed, else they will die of the plague, and the fruit trees bound with straw, else there will be "nothing but leaves" the next summer. These witch-fearing folks, however, retain so much of olden traditions as to hold stoutly that the cattle fall on their knees at the sacred hour.

The boar's head was a celebrated dish at Christmas, and was ushered in with great pomp and ceremony. Holingshed relates that in the year 1170, Henry II., on the day when his son was crowned, served him at table himself, bringing up the boar's head, with trumpets before it, "according to the manner." Long after this, and to this day in some counties of England, the boar's head, with a lemon in its mouth, is one of the first dishes brought to table.

Minced, or mince-pies, is another dish of considerable antiquity, and, as we know, still in great request as an essential article of Christmas fare. This savoury viand is said to be emblematic in the variety of its ingredients to the offering of the Wise Men or Magi. In Christmas folk-lore, it is said, among other innumerable items, that in so

many different houses as you taste mince-pies during Christmas, so many happy months will you have during the ensuing year.

Turkeys appear to form a portion of Christmas fare everywhere. In Spain it was customary for patients to send their medical attendants presents of this fowl, as well as capons. Gascoigne, writing in 1575, says :

And when the tenauntes come to paie their quarter's rent,  
They bring some fowle at Midsummer, a dish of fish in Lent ;  
At Christmas a capon, at Michaelmas a goose ;  
And somewhat else at New Year's tide, for feare their lease shal loose.

There is a custom in the south of Ireland, and, indeed generally throughout the country, for the peasantry to carry about on S. Stephen's Day, from house to house, a holly bush adorned with ribbons, having several wrens depending from it. The "wren boys," as they are termed, chant verses, the burthen of which may be gleaned from the following lines of their song :

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,  
S. Stephen's day was caught in the furze.  
Although he is little, his family's great  
I pray you, good landlady, give us a treat.

My box would speak if it had but a tongue,  
And two or three shillings would do it no wrong,  
Sing holly, sing ivy—sing ivy—sing holly.  
A drop just to drink, it would drown melancholy.

And if you draw it of the best,  
I hope in heaven your soul may rest ;  
But if you draw it of the small,  
It won't agree with the wren boys at all.

In the early ages minstrels and mimics were in great request at the Christmas festival. The term "Wait" was employed to designate a species of musician, who kept watch at night during certain times of the year, having a haut-boy, or some similar instrument, on which he was to pipe watch, as it was called, and to make *bon gayte*—that is *bon guet*—at the different chamber doors. In the household of Edward III., we find mention among the minstrels of "Waytes," who had twelve pence a day in time of war, but in time of peace only twenty shillings a year. In old times minstrels used to travel the country in search of bride-ale, Christmas dinners, fairs, etc., and whenever they could do so, gained access to the mansions of the nobility and gentry.

The practice of decorating churches with evergreens at Christmas is of very ancient date. From the most remote times branches of trees and flowers were employed in religious ceremonies as emblems of gladness. One of the earliest of the old Christmas carols, is of the time of Henry VI., and is called "A Song on the Ivy and the Holly." In many parts of Germany, and in Sicily, a large bough is set up in the principal room at Christmas time, the smaller branches of which are hung with little presents suitable to the different members of the household. This custom prevails now throughout Europe, the Christmas Tree affording no end of delight to our youngsters. The mistletoe, which forms a prominent object in these decorations, was looked upon by our Pagan ancestors with a species of veneration ; it is supposed to have been the sacred

branch referred to by Virgil, in his description of the descent of Æneas to the lower regions.

If so, it is probable it was in use in the religious ceremonies of the Greeks and the Romans. The Gothic nations attached extraordinary qualities to it, and it is said in the "Edda" to have been the cause of the death of the famous hero Balder. Frigga—from whom our word Friday—when she adjured all other plants, with the animals, birds, metals, earth, fire, water, reptiles, diseases and poison, not to do him any harm, neglected to take any oath from the mistletoe, from a blow of a branch of which he was ultimately slain. It is well known that this plant was held sacred by the Druids and the Celtic nations. The former were accustomed to collect the mistletoe on the approach of the new year, with many mysterious ceremonies, such as cutting it with a golden sickle, and receiving it in a white cloth, the officiating Druids being also clad in white. Coles, in his "Art of Simpling" (1656) observes, that "if one hang mistletoe about the neck, the witches can have no power of him." Witchcraft, however, is by no means defunct in the present generation, for beneath the bunch of mistletoe suspended from the ceilings of pleasant drawing-rooms at Christmas-tide, the glamour of bright eyes, and the nectar of ruby lips have enthralled the hearts—aye, and senses too, of many a liege subject of the realm.

The original application of the term "carol" would appear to have been to festive songs, and as these become most prevalent during Christmas, it has for a long time past designated those songs during that feast.

As far back as Shakespeare's time, carols were sung at night during Christmas about the streets, and made a pretext for collecting money. Many of the songs sung may be traced back to the Anglo-Normans, who were very prone to co-vivality and all pertaining to it.

There is no doubt that carol singing was of very ancient origin in France, and that the Christmas customs there had a common source with, and were similar in many respects to our own. Perhaps one of the most familiar of these carols is that entitled "A Child this Day is Born," and commences thus :

A child this day is born,  
A child of high renown,  
Most worthy of a sceptre—  
A sceptre and a crown.  
Novels, Novels, Novels,  
Novels sing all we may,  
Because the King of all kings  
Was born this blessed day.

Well, here is Christmas once again, and it is a meet time for all to see what lies in his or her power for them to do, in order to make it a happy season for others. The recollection of the past year may not be to many of us a pleasant one, but we must endeavour to assuage any feelings that do not harmonize with the holy and cheerful associations of the holy tide. That good fortune may deign to smile on us all in the coming new year we sincerely hope, and thankfully acknowledge our appreciation of the progress that has up to this attended us.



THE BLOW FELL HEAVILY.

## Heavily Laden: a Story of Two Lives.

### CHAPTER II.

**R**ALPH spent the remainder of that night in wild imaginings. The intensity of the agony he suffered, seemed to crush him. The more he thought of Margaret, the more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing became the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while and the smile will vanish from that cheek, the merry song die from those lips, the lustre of those eyes be dimmed, and the heart which now beats so lightly will be bowed down like his own in misery. "Oh, how am I to strike her very soul to the earth by telling her — I cannot!"

757

Self-love then stepped in and whispered :

"She is yours ; she, who accepted your love in all good faith thinking you a free man, she has a right above the false, cruel woman who stole the best feelings of your heart to trample on them, giving you nothing in return but bitterness of soul."

It was a terrible waging of war between right and wrong. Could he bring the world's cold scorn on her devoted head, and see the proud spirit sink under its unrelenting censures. No, no, that would be truly awful.

Towards morning he threw himself on his couch and fell into a troubled sleep ; but who can describe the agony of the awakening when slowly

one by one the facts of the evening before passed bitterly before him.

Right however conquered, and he rose and prepared himself to take the dreaded journey.

How he got to Richmond he never knew; and, all too soon he found himself at Beechwood.

Margaret was not at home. She had gone out with her aunt. With a sigh of relief he went upstairs to await their return.

Who shall speak of the agony, the double agony of having to pierce with one's own hand the heart, the one in the whole world we would cherish dearer than life?

How could he frame the bitter truth to her. She who only a few days since had so confidently accepted him for better or worse.

Nearly forty minutes passed when presently the door opened, and there stood Margaret. With glad surprise she had hurried to welcome him at this early hour, and on her sweet face beamed truth and innocence.

One look was sufficient. With the quick eyes of affection she at once saw that all was not well with him; his altered, haggard looks and stifled sighs alarmed her.

"What is it?" she gasped.

"My darling! God help me! God help us both!" he said, and his voice shook with the agony the words cost him. "What have I brought upon your innocent head?"

Then covering his face with his hands he sat silent.

"Forgive you! What are you saying, Ralph? Speak!" she cried, unable longer to bear the painful suspense. "Have you lost money, Ralph, a great deal of money perhaps? but that is nothing," she said, growing bold in her expressions of affection.

At last he said: "That woman has ruined me, ruined us, oh, my darling!"

"Woman! What woman?" she queried sorely puzzled.

"My wife," he moaned, "my wretched wife. She lives; the story of her death was invented to ruin my peace."

Great and terrible though this communication was, and one that for some moments left Margaret speechless, yet, as with all true unselfish love, by far the greater portion of her grief was at seeing the sufferings of Ralph.

He besought her to forgive him, using every tender name he could, for the pain he was inflicting.

"Forgive you, Ralph? Do not I well know what you suffer; and do you think I could add to it by unjust reproaches?"

He had now no lover's right he knew, but this was perhaps the last time they should ever meet, and he held her to his heart.

"Only this once, Margaret, my heart's love," he cried, and she resisted not; who shall blame her? Quietly disengaging herself, however, she said:

"Now Ralph, it is over—over," as if trying to weigh the depth of pain in the word; "it must be so!"

Margaret's grief was calm, but the blow fell heavily. She could not at once realize the change that had come so suddenly in her relation to

Ralph, and as she uttered these last words so emphatically she fell to the ground fainting. Ralph placed her on the couch, and opening her eyes she exclaimed:

"Oh, my God, if you would only let me die!"

Ralph had gone in search of Mrs. Northcote, and when he returned with her, Margaret was again unconscious.

The blow was too much for the fragile frame, and that week she lay on her bed in the delirium of brain fever, and for some time her life was despaired of.

Slowly, however, youth and a good constitution helping, she gradually recovered, and it was at this time when she became strong enough to take the journey, that she went with Mrs. Northcote to London, where we have seen her as Dr. McGrigor's patient.

As we have already said, the girl's face, beautiful still in its wan palor, had made a great impression on the doctor.

Over a week passed and she did not return, and he began to speculate as to whether anything was the matter, when to his surprise he received a visit from Mrs. Northcote. She had discovered that Doctor Donald McGrigor was an old friend of her eldest son, who was then quartered with his regiment in Malta. She said she would be glad if he could come and see her niece who was very weak and ill she thought.

"I am not asking from impertinent curiosity," said the doctor, "but has the young lady been suffering mentally?"

"Yes," she answered, "a fearful trial has overtaken the poor child;" and being glad of someone to speak to, the old lady opened her heart to her son's friend.

Dr. McGrigor listened with interested attention.

"What name did you say—Glenthorne?"

"Yes—Glenthorne. Esther Glenthorne—that is his wife's name."

"I have heard that name; it is certainly familiar to me, and somewhere, quite lately, too. Glenthorne? Glenthorne? Not a common name either."

Even after the sorrowful story was finished, and the doctor had gone to see Margaret, whom he found very low and weak, he still mused with his hands in his pockets, a habit that seemed with him to assist memory.

"By-George!" he suddenly said, talking to himself. "I'm sure of it."

Leaving the house, he got into a cab and drove to S. Thomas' Hospital, where he enquired for the house surgeon who was a friend of his.

"How d'ye do, old fellow," said the surgeon; "didn't think I should have the pleasure of seeing you again so soon."

"Nor I," replied his friend; "but the truth is I want you to do something for me—to give me some information."

"Complimentary, I must say," laughed the other. "You do not beat much about the bush but you always did speak your mind," and here he laughed at some recollections of the past.

Dr. McGrigor, however, seemed so earnest that his friend asked him what he wished him to do, for he was quite ready.



"You remember when I was here last Friday you were speaking of a case that had just come into hospital?"

"The accident at the Adelphi? Ah, yes, poor soul, she died this morning. Yes," he continued, "I thought it a bad case—fracture of the skull and injury to spine. She was mighty unwilling to go, too," added he, with a certain amount of *sang froid*.

"What was her name? Can you remember?" enquired McGrigor.

"Well, a letter was found having the name of Esther Glenthorne in it."

"Ah!" said our worthy doctor, and that "Ah!" spoke volumes. "Now, have you found anything to indicate her whereabouts or her relations?"

"I never trouble in those matters, but there were some letters in a hand-bag, and—and a photograph, I think—yes—a photograph of a man."

"Oh, could you let me see it; it might be of the greatest importance to certain people I know, and in any case, I will promise, you shall have it back the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Yes, I can do so if you are sure of its return here by that time; otherwise, we have no right to part with what may be very useful for the identification. We have had the case advertised by bills, and also put into the papers the last three days, but no one has as yet turned up to claim her."

A nurse brought the desired photograph which the doctor put into his pocket, and began to make his adieux.

"This is very mysterious," said the other. "Do you know anything of her?"

"No, I do not. But I fancy I have a clue to her history. You will have a line from me by the first post to-morrow."

And so saying, Dr. McGrigor hurried on his homeward journey. Stopping his cab he left the photograph in an envelope with a note at Mrs. Northcote's door. The note gave her a sketch of his afternoon's work and of the unknown woman. The photograph was that of a man, young, about twenty-three. He then drove quickly towards his own home for he knew by that time patients would be waiting for him. He was right, for he was assailed by the boy who opened the door.

"Mrs. Weston, sir, with her baby. It had a fit here, sir. Mrs. Topham and Mrs. Shilds also, sir."

The doctor hurried in, thinking he was not a moment too soon.

He had scarcely been in his study an hour when the same loquacious boy announced "Mrs. Northcote," whom he at once received.

"I am so glad to have found you alone," said the lady; "first to thank you for your kind interest, and secondly to tell you I have been in quite a state of excitement since last night. I cannot make out the photograph. It is like Ralph Glenthorne in a way, and yet it is not striking. It is the likeness of a much younger man."

"I have sent a telegram to Mr. Glenthorne to go with me to the hospital to see the body of the woman you mention in your note;" and here the poor lady was quite overcome by the strange pro-

ceedings of the afternoon. "It seems too strange to be true," she said, as the tears came to her eyes.

"My dear madam, have you not learned yet in life that—Truth is stranger than fiction?"

"Yes, truly," she answered, "even in my quiet life one or two things have happened, that, perhaps, had they been put into a book would be called far *fetched*."

How shall we describe the scenes that took place afterwards?

Suffice it to say, Ralph had been to the hospital and found the corpse to be indeed the remains of his poor wretched wife, cut off so suddenly by an accident at the Adelphi, where she had been playing. He had no doubt, however, of the sequel to his journey. The photograph, he said, while looking at it, was the fac-simile of one he had taken in his first married days.

Horror was intermixed with other contending feelings. Great and sudden joy have sometimes as disastrous an effect on a weakened system as great sorrow; so Margaret had been kept in ignorance until all was over, and then it was arranged that Ralph himself should be the one to tell her all.

It was indeed strange. To her it was as if waking from death to life.

The girl alarmed those around her when Ralph told his story. She could not believe it at first, and wept bitterly. She was extremely weak, and all around her were afraid what the consequence might be.

Little by little, however, she became calm, as Ralph, quietly holding her hand, convinced her that he was indeed free.

She seemed so appalled at all she heard, and was so quiet that Ralph was seized with a new horror. Had all the terrible events of late affected her mind, so that perhaps she would never be her old self again?

"Oh, my Margaret," he murmured. "Can all these months of suffering have destroyed her love for me?" and in the impetuosity of his fears he gave vent in her presence to his dread.

"Ralph, how could you think that?" she answered. "Nay, dearest, I am too happy to be noisy; but I cannot help thinking of the unhappy end of that poor woman."

"Oh," said he, taking her hand, "thus your charity makes you, if it were possible, more loveable to me than ever."

They were now both silent, hushed as if by a feeling of awe caused by the exciting and strange events of the last few days. Daily experience indeed teaches us that "truth is stranger than fiction," and that "God's ways are not our ways."

The marriage did not take place for some months, both parties agreeing that it would be more seemly to wait a while.

Many and many a time had Margaret awakened in the morning fearing the peace at her heart was but a dream.

In the following May, our hero and heroine became man and wife, and though on Margaret's fair face there lingered still a trace of that bitter time of suffering, Ralph thought it only added to her beauty. A few weeks later, they went to their new home near Ralph's chambers;

a home truly blessed with peace and contentment.

Margaret was a devoted wife and mother, whose world was her home, and whose true discerning piety taught her to raise up her heart in gratitude to the Giver of all good, and to serve Him in the faithful fulfilment of home duties, instilling into the hearts of her little ones a love of home, that great safeguard from evil in the days to come, when temptation would come to her children, as it comes to every child of earth in one form or another.

Many a merry Christmas was spent at Beechwood, where the old house rang with happy laughter of the children, who tormented cousin John, so that he declared he had no will of his own.

"What more can a man want!" said the husband, fondly gazing at the young mother in the midst of her little ones, for Ralph had at this time a little son and daughter.

"I once thought, Ralph," said Margaret, "that Christmas would never be aught but a painful remembrance."

"And I, too, dearest," he replied; "but God willed otherwise," he continued, kissing her fondly; for Ralph and Margaret you see had not given up being lovers, nor are they likely to, for the husband thinks each day shows him some new and loveable trait in his wife's character, and Margaret thinks herself singularly blessed in her husband.

Before closing our little story we must not forget the good doctor, who took no small trouble in his efforts to make the course of true love to run smooth. There never was a more welcome visitor than Dr. McGrigor at Margaret's home. He is married now himself, and he always declares laughingly that Ralph and Margaret set him the example, and that going home from the many pleasant evenings he spent with them, he began to find the red light of his house not sufficient welcome. So not long afterwards, the matrons of the neighbourhood of the north-west district, were put into a state of mingled curiosity and excitement at hearing of the doctor's intended marriage.

"I suppose," said one, "it is Miss Paget; he is sure to try and marry money."

But the doctor surprised them all in his choice, for his wife did not bring a dowry. Truly it might be said that "her face was her fortune" only that her heart, too, should be included.

The doctor, however, was satisfied and content, and while treading the prosperous path of life his wife shared with him every trivial joy which were mostly acts of charity and care to the poorer among his patients.

A warm friendship sprang up between the two young wives, and in their tastes for elegant pursuits they seemed to spread a witchery of refinement in their homes.

MINNA ABRAHAM.

"My boy," said a conscientious teacher, "do you know the reason why I am going to whip you?" "Yes," replied the hopeful. "I suppose it's because you're bigger than I am."

## MR. THORNLEY'S ROSES.

BY BRUCE MONTGOMERY.

### CHAPTER VII.



MR. THORNLEY required but a moment to recover herself; then she stepped into the middle of the room, and fixing an annihilating look upon the doctor, while she played nervously with her golden eye-glass:

"I am distressing you brother," she said. "I am very sorry that you should be engaged about a business which my husband over the way has entrusted to me. But you must learn what the heart of a mother really is."

Then she turned to Miss Gaskell and in measured tones continued:

"You, this morning, refused the hand of my son. May I venture, as his mother, to ask your motives for so surprising a step?"

"I am sorry, madam, that this should have happened; it was from pride, miserable pride," replied Amelia modestly; "but I have so much feeling for your son that I will do anything you require in order to atone for my fault. Only permit me one thing; do not accept from anyone but myself what he requires to maintain his position. What is mine is his, and is of no value to me unless he will make use of it."

"That is all very well, Miss Gaskell, now you have repented of your refusal, but pardon me," continued the lady slowly, "if I do not understand a word of what you have said."

"Oh, then, you do not know?" cried Amelia much distressed. "What have I done!"

"What is it then?"

"You must learn it soon," said Amelia half to herself. "Dear Mrs. Thornley," she continued, "the misfortune of one is sometimes the good fortune of another. Thus goes the world. Do not attach such importance to the loss you have sustained; I will do all I can to make you forget the sad events to which I owe my happiness."

"You alarm me. What do you mean?"

"Dr. Masonius tells me that Mr. Thornley has been speculating on the Stock Exchange—"

"My husband!" exclaimed the lady as she stood in astonishment before Miss Gaskell. "My husband!" she repeated after a long pause, "ah, now I understand!" she exclaimed, "because it was foreseen that I should not allow my poor son to fall into a state of despair, it has been arranged that the lady should not persevere in her decision. Is it so or is it not?"

"No, it is not so," replied the doctor calmly.

"Did you not tell me that Mr. Thornley had lost a great deal of money on the Stock Exchange," asked Amelia annoyed.

"Yes," replied the doctor with the same calmness. "Do not look at me in that manner."

"But why this untruth, brother?"

"You may well ask, sister. This noble heart was to be won at no less price. The lover must be poor; but for this happy invention of the Stock Exchange in which any sums of money can be lost, I should have been in a predicament; I

supposed that Edgar had become so poor that he had not money enough to carry on his education, and while I was considering how I could help him, Miss Gaskell came to my aid with her little recently acquired fortune."

"What a farce you have been playing!" cried Amelia angrily, "and you are still exercising your wits on me. What justifies you—"

"Do not dispute my right, my child," said the doctor, as he took both her hands in his. "You have deserved this little punishment for your pride; for pride it was, and whether it assumes this or that form the thing remains the same. And from this time we are your Uncle Masonius and your Aunt Bertha."

"Now I begin to understand," said Mrs. Thornley as if awaking from a dream. "You refused my son when he was rich and would give him your all and be all to him if he was poor."

Amelia nodded assent.

"I pardon my brother-in-law this falsehood very willingly. I do not know what fortune you will bring to my son, but your heart is of more worth than any dowry. We receive from you; we give nothing. I cannot forget the night when I first heard you sing."

"But now we will go across, that our candidate for suicide may no longer hesitate between the rope or the pistol."

"But stop," said Mrs. Thornley; "we must take counsel. We must conspire. My husband is opposed to the engagement—dear Amelia, he does not yet know you—"

"We must consider what we shall do."

"But when we are over there you will learn that your husband could have told you—"

"That is too bad!"

"Yes; but it is a fact. Our candidate for suicide feared only what might be the decision of his beloved, and if she is willing to take him for her knight—"

"Give me time to collect myself," whispered Amelia, as she cast her eyes towards her father's picture.

"Come, sister! She wants to talk with her father, and requires no witnesses. In the course of an hour I will send my nephew hither."

He then led away his sister-in-law, who when upon the stairs broke away from him, exclaiming that she had not yet clasped her daughter in her arms.

She ascended the stairs and opened the door of the room without a sound. Amelia was kneeling before the writing-table, her face, streaming with tears, upraised to her father's portrait as the whispered words escaped her:

"Father, dear father, your blessing!"

Mrs. Thornley closed the door quietly, and retired. Even her eyes were moist with tears.

The few remaining days which Edgar spent in his father's house were those of supreme happiness. Much too quickly did duty call him to his studies at the University on which, in great measure, his future position depended.

"I shall work hard, Amelia," he said, as he pressed her hand tenderly on taking leave; "I know it will give you pleasure if I return crowned with honour."

"You may be quite easy," said Adele as she took leave of him; "I shall talk about you to Amelia continually, and above all shall endeavour to induce her to give me compensation."

"Compensation!" said Edgar smiling, "that would be something to be ashamed of."

"And why! But for me you would have continued to gather your father's roses, till you fell into the hands of the police. I, too, my lad—do you hear?—I opened the trenches for you, took music lessons, let myself be scolded by my father, prevented you from suicide, and finally became a suitor in your cause—all this in four days. I will—marry also for you, if you like."

"You little witch! I will do that for myself."

"This is your gratitude!"

Edgar went off. When some days later Amelia came to give her music lesson to Adele, for with the doctor's approval she continued her occupation as if her engagement had not taken place, Masonius said to her:

"You must now permit me to look into your pecuniary affairs. You are alone and have little knowledge of such matters. Have you written to your guardian?"

"No. Why should I? I will have nothing to do with him."

"But you are now of age, and he must give you your money."

My money! Uncle Masonius, it is not worth the trouble. Let him be!"

"What? The five thousand pounds?"

"Oh, yes! Since we do not want them I have forgotten them. I dread intercourse with these people; their condescension annoys me."

"You are very absurd. But I will write to them and tell them how matters stand, and ask for an account in your name."

"On my part, if it must be so; but leave me out of the business as much as you can. I would rather work myself to death than ask anything from them."

"You are quite right; but they must give you your half of this property."

So the letter went.

For a long time there was no reply; then, on a reminder from the doctor, Amelia received a short and cold congratulation, but not a word of the guardian's account.

"That is not quite clear," said Masonius, "tomorrow I will go to our lawyer, and you will give me power to act. Then I will be off to S—."

Dr. Masonius was on this occasion received in a friendly manner. The spoken good wishes were much warmer than the written ones. But the questions about the reckoning were always answered by others as to the health of the dear niece, and how she liked the position of being engaged.

As Professor Otway had already expressed his doubts as to the financial concerns of Sir Henry Mordant the doctor easily saw the tendency of all this, and amused himself for a while playing with the baronet and his lady as a cat plays with a mouse.

Tired of this, he after a while asked in a very courteous but rather abrupt manner, after hearing a repetition of good wishes:

"But, good lady, I should like to have some account of the guardianship."

"Now?" said the lady, with evident annoyance. "My husband will place all this before my niece in due time."

The doctor shook his head.

"I am very sorry that this cannot be. The income for half a year is now due, and must be paid."

"But we do not even know the address," said Sir Henry excusingly, and becoming very pale.

"Do you require any address for making up your guardian's account? But you have known the address for three weeks, and that has given you full time to make out an account which it does not require more than a minute to put in order."

"Doctor —! What language!" said the lady proudly. "I must remind you that such allusions to the name of a man of position are very painful. We will place the matter in the hands of our man of business, and then in the course of a few days, we will send to my niece and give her the necessary explanations. I have already told you, Mordant, that you had better not interfere in these trading concerns."

"Sad to say, madam, such reproofs are of no value. Sir Henry, if you have not the account in writing you can, at least, tell me how, and at what interest the fortune of our niece is invested."

"I have nothing to say to you," replied the baronet, "and do not wish this conversation to be continued."

"Take care that our wishes do not mutually clash," said Dr. Masonius rising. "You have quite a right to break off the conversation we carry on here, but I have also a right to take it up again before the magistrate. Good morning."

The doctor could not but observe the paleness of both Sir Henry and his wife, but before they had found words he had disappeared. They remained in no very enviable state of mind, nor was this made more pleasant when a summons arrived for them to appear before the magistrate on the following day, "In re. the guardianship of Amelia Gaskell." The unpleasantness found relief in mutual reproaches, which no one would have been more delighted to hear than Dr. Masonius.

Sir Henry Mordant had not in fact made any clear distinction between his ward's portion and his own. It never came into his mind that this was an unjust mode of proceeding. He considered that Amelia had lived with him, supported by his wife, and that he had a claim upon her property; and, besides, Dr. Gaskell had left so little that Amelia herself called it nothing.

Then Amelia went away, and he had heard no more of her. He began to think of her as a person deceased, and if she should appear it would then be time for the account. In the meantime the not inconsiderable legacy fell due and it was treated after the same manner. The fortune of his wife had sufficed to satisfy some of his claims but it melted away like ice before the sun. Amelia's portion of the legacy was made use of, first the income and then some capital was spent. "If she ever comes we can — but who knows whether she will come; perhaps she is dead!" Thus did they help themselves and their consciences over the difficulty; but it was not removed, some hundred pounds were still wanting

and then arose the momentous question how they should continue to live?

Their only anchor of hope in these painful circumstances was a cousin of the baronet's, a certain Mr. Faulkner, a singular person, who lived in an old country house and had never married. Wonderful things were told of him. His customs and manners belonged to the middle ages; even in eating and drinking, as well as clothing he had nothing in common with modern times.

To him had Sir Henry recourse. He climbed the steep ascent that led to his cousin's house, and stood panting before it. As he rang the bell his cousin appeared and looked at him enquiringly.

"What the dickens do you want?" he asked.

"I want five hundred pounds," he replied, for he knew that with his cousin it was best to go straight to the point.

"And for what?"

"To give to my niece."

"And why?"

"It is hers—I have borrowed it."

"And what has become of it?"

"It has been used."

"Where does she live?"

"I do not know."

"You thief!"

Sir Henry grew pale.

"A ward's money made use of! The house of correction is your desert."

"But my position in society?"

"Position in society? The house of correction! Make use of money in trust! Restore it! Go to America!"

"But what shall I do in America?" cried Mordant in despair.

"Work. Do you mean that noble blood does nothing—ride, hunt, fight. Give a good example. Put light outside the bushel. Take a ward's money; shame! Dishonour to noble blood!"

Mr. Faulkner took a memorandum book from his pocket, wrote a few lines on it, tore the paper from it and gave it to Sir Henry with the words:

"Give this to your man of business."

The baronet read it.

"I do not understand," he said; the prospect of going to America filled him with horror.

"Your man of business will understand. Only ask him."

A wave of the hand dismissed Sir Henry, who had never entered the castle but had remained outside. The master of it entered and muttered between his teeth:

"Miserable creature! Disgrace to a noble name! To deny right and duty?"

Amelia's fortune was paid down, and Sir Henry Mordant and his wife disappear from our story. Our best wishes accompany them that they may be guided by the advice given them by their singular cousin.

But Amelia yet continued to lead the same retired and industrious life which she had done before her engagement, only a little later she removed to the dwelling of Dr. Masonius, who could not forbear to offer the daughter of his old friend a shelter till at last the young Dr. Edgar Thornley should be able to take his bride to his own house.

She had a most loving reception in the family to which she now belonged, and Mrs. Thornley is hardly less devoted to her than Adele.

As Edgar was once asked to decide the question of greater merit in mother or cousin, he put on a very thoughtful face, and said at last that they both had rendered him the greatest of services and without his own exertions had rendered him the happiest of men.

THE END.

## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

**L**IKE charms to lull the dying year,  
The Christmas bells are pealing,  
And hark! Once more from yonder sky  
The Angels' song is stealing;  
For eighteen hundred years and more  
That strain of peace and glory  
Has come to glad the hearts of men,  
To tell the Blessed Story!

Alas! that sounds of strife and hate  
Should well nigh drown the chorus;  
That earth which God made very good,  
Lies stained with blood before us!  
That man through all the Christian years,  
Has wronged and slain his brother,  
As if the Incarnate had not come  
To bid us love each other!

Alas! that want is in our midst,  
And leaves its cruel traces  
In wasted hands that may not work,  
In crowds of haggard faces.  
That festal days are days of dearth,  
That homes are filled with sadness,  
Which once, in better times gone by,  
Were bright with Christmas gladness!

Hunger and cold, how hard to bear,  
The empty grate, how dreary!  
And still the bells are pealing on,  
Nor grow the angels weary;  
And hunger asks with sinking heart,  
"What means this high thanksgiving—  
This tale of peace, goodwill to men—  
This struggle for a living?"

Oh, blessed Babe of Bethlehem  
What answer are we making?  
Brothers are dying at our doors,  
And stricken hearts are breaking:  
Thrice blest the deeds this Christmas tide  
Which, selfish love expelling,  
Shall make that home a "house of bread,"  
Where famine now is dwelling!

Sing on, sweet angels, though your song  
Floats down to scenes of sorrow;  
Ye tell of peace, goodwill to men,  
Be this the strain we borrow:  
The Christ Whom you proclaim is here,  
And shall we naught afford Him?  
Yes, rather in His starving poor,  
Be love we owe restored Him.

## THE TELL-TALE SNOW.

**T**HE sluggard living in what he considers a country solitude should, when there has been a fall of snow in the night, break through his rule of not getting up until the day is well advanced. Let him do that, and he will not only get an unaccustomed appetite for his bacon: he will also gain a little insight into the way in which that half of his world lives about which he knows so very little. Perhaps he will not care much for the knowledge when he learns it; but it has its points.

On going down to his door, stifling the yawn of which he makes use to blow out the candle he has been dressing by (the sluggard is not alone in hating to get up by candle-light), the first thing he will notice is that, while it is much colder than he thought it would be, it is not half as dark. The sun will not be up for some time yet, but the white snow seems to throw up a thin pale light of its own. Or perhaps there is still a little moonlight. About a yard from his door he comes upon the footprints of a dog which has apparently been walking round and round the house until he has made for himself a beaten track. It is impossible to say whose dog it was or what he wanted: it is only clear that the dog is not there now. The sluggard's own dog is fastened up every night by the hen-house, where if he barked at any the most desperate robbery, he would disturb nobody. The sluggard has been looking in his idle way for rabbits lately, the gardener having complained that the garden was full of them and that they were eating the young cabbages; but of course he has never come across any. Now, however, the whole garden is trodden as if by a multitude from a neighbouring warren. The inference would necessarily be that there had been scores there, if it was not well known how indefatigable a rabbit is, especially when there is snow about, in trying to give the impression that he is "legion." There have been hunters out too since the snow fell. A cat has been creeping about in the shrubbery, and has breakfasted long before the sluggard was called. A drop or two of blood and some feathers—poor blackbird!—are lightly lying on the snow. Further off where the field comes up to the garden fence, a weasel has been stealthily following a rabbit. It is almost a certainty that the rabbit has shared the fate of the blackbird, and that the cat and the weasel broke their fast at about the same hour. There is a gap here in the field hedge, or a hole in the bottom of it; and a whole troop of dogs seemed to have forced their way through: a sort of night pack. The sluggard can hardly go twenty yards without coming on the tracks of some animals; yet no living thing is to be seen. Even the poor little field-mouse, who has been laboriously dragging himself through the, to him, deep snow, has got home again somehow, and left nothing but the neat *intaglio* of his tiresome journey. The snow has drifted here and there, and so rendered inscrutable the motives and objects of what were certainly not purposeless wanderings.

It is not all unlikely that if the sluggard goes

further afield, he may come on something which will make him think, unless Dr. Watts was right in saying that the sluggard "never loves thinking." There may be other revelations of the night than are afforded by the tracks of field-mice and rabbits.

Going down the high road leading to the village, the sluggard comes on a sudden to some small footprints made in the virgin snow by something wearing a pair of tiny boots. He comes on them as Robinson Crusoe came upon the "print of a man's naked foot on the sand." These footprints, appearing where they do, are but little less puzzling to the finder. They are continued for about twenty yards, where the wearer evidently stood still for a while before returning the way she came: as still, at least, as she *could* stand. There is a little round spot, scarce eighteen inches in diameter, which is trodden flat and covered with impressions stamped by the little heels: stamped, perhaps, from vexation at being kept waiting, perhaps only to keep them warm; for it is probable that the gallant little lady had not long to wait. Within a foot or two of the little circle of trodden snow in which she stood and waited, or fretted, are seen the prints of a vast pair of hob-nailed boots; the wearer of which—there can be no doubt of it—must have occupied for some minutes at least a spot close to that where stood the lady. By no great stretch of imagination the conclusion is arrived at that the occupants of the two dissimilar *chaussures* stood on their several positions at one and the same time. The hob-nailed boots also carried their wearer back the way he came.

The sluggard must be sluggish indeed if he is not curious to know who it was who went forth on such a night, and whom she went to meet. Not that the inquirer is likely to find out, supposing him really to wish to evaporate the idyllic little mystery. At the place where the footsteps were first noticed going down the hill to meet the prints of the hob-nailed boots, they are covered by a slight snowdrift, which also hid them again at the same spot when she returned. Not even one of Cooper's red men could have succeeded in tracing them any further. Snow in its day has been kind. It has also been unkind. About 300 yards from the spot where the high road was first reached is a place where four roads meet. They are all mere country roads, leading to a village or two some miles off and a few farm-houses nearer home. It is possible that by careful tracking the sluggard might come upon the footprints again. But he will turn back, carrying his bit of romance with him; and hoping, if he be a good sluggard, that it was no "false lord" whom the wearer of the little boots went so pluckily, perhaps so lovingly, to meet through the tell-tale snow.

HE was at breakfast, wrestling with a piece of remarkably tough veal. His wife said to him, "You always say there's something to be thankful for in everything. I fancy you'd be puzzled to find something to be thankful for in that veal." "Not at all," he cheerfully responded, stopping to breathe; "I was just thinking how grateful we should be if we met it when it was young."

## A CHRISTMAS ON THE BALTIC.

IT was the day before the holy feast of Christmas. The December sun shone with unwonted mildness upon the green waves of the Baltic Sea, as well as upon the human beings of the little sea coast town of Dugana, who were preparing for the celebration of the joyful festival. It was all joy and happiness, young and old were longing for the coming morn. And joy had taken such full possession of my heart also, that there seemed to be no room for any other feeling. And no wonder! Had I not a few days before, after long and severe study, passed my examination and become practically a doctor? I looked forward to the battle of life full of courage, and my heart beat with desire to exercise my profession.

Fresh and happy, my friend and colleague Brice and I, journeyed towards Dugana, there to keep our Christmas in the loved home circle; and on this day we could not allow the lovely weather to escape us without indulging once more our old passion for the chase on the waters of the Baltic Sea. We did not know whether, we should ever again be permitted to ride upon its rough waves, and perhaps a couple of roast ducks would not be an unpleasing addition to Aunt Augusta's Christmas dinner. We had often admired the skill with which she could change an old tough Baltic sea-duck into an excellent roast for the table.

But we left Aunt Augusta to her business, took our rifles and revolvers, and with well provided game bags hastened to the strand. A boat with a boatman and a boy to steer was soon found, and with a light breeze we launched out on to the fresh open sea.

Those of my readers who pursue this noble sport, and are accustomed in a rocking boat to chase the feathered inhabitants of the water, know how exciting are expeditions of this kind. Our destination was a wide bay, which led from Dugana, after about half a mile into the open sea. Thousands of wild ducks were there, and besides these, flocks of swans and, what increased our ardour not a little, we at last saw some seals.

After a short time some ducks lay before us, which we strove to approach with as little noise as possible. We had got within about fifty steps of them when they rose from the water. Four shots sounded and two ducks splashed back into the watery element. One had been struck by my bullet, by whom the other remained uncertain.

"A good beginning, Treffer," cried Brice.

After we had taken the two ducks out of the water, and put fresh cartridges into our guns, the chase could be continued. Shot after shot was fired, most of them were given to the wind, but at any rate within an hour we had eleven ducks in our boat. It might be about three o'clock in the afternoon when our boatman suddenly cried:

"To the right, my masters, to the right! a seal! a seal!"

To turn our heads to the right to see that of the creature, and to raise our weapons to our cheeks, was the work of a moment. But master seal seemed to have observed our proceedings and



disappeared under the water. Brice was full of anger; he seemed inclined to spring after him.

"Be calm," I said, "keep a sharp look out."

"Sir," said the boatman, "if there is no more firing, curiosity will bring him back to look about. I also advise you not to fire till he is quite near, and you are sure of him. He will certainly stop to observe you even if you send two bullets through his head."

"Oho," cried Brice, "captain, if you bring us within forty paces of the seal you shall have a dollar for drink money."

"Hoist the sail; to the larboard, to the larboard!" cried the captain.

We threw ourselves flat in order to avoid a box on the ears from the sail, and our old craft pressed on rapidly towards the place where we had seen the animal. In a short time the head appeared above the water about a hundred paces in front of us and in the direction of the open sea. The wind was favourable; it blew right against our backs and we sailed rapidly towards him.

To the great regret of our captain, the seal, whose head, at short intervals, became more and more clearly visible, pursued his course towards the open sea, which in consequence of the increasing strength of the wind and the crazy condition of our craft appeared rather a dangerous domain. But the ardour of the chase prevailed over every other thought; we must have a shot at our prey and then we could return in time.

The waves became higher and higher, the wind continued to rise, and after a quarter of an hour our boatman decidedly refused to proceed. At our pressing entreaties he allowed himself to be persuaded to one last attempt.

Fortune was so favourable that she brought us within shot of the seal at about thirty paces distant. As soon as the dark object appeared we raised our weapons; a moment to take aim, then a crack, and the seal went down in a whirlpool. Our shots had not merely struck the water, they had hit the mark but the seal had vanished.

To have waited would have been foolhardiness, for our danger increased every moment, and besides this, darkness approached. The sail was lowered and we began to row against the wind.

We neared the land, but almost imperceptibly; it was still a good half mile distant. The wind became violent, the clouds which came heaped upon each other rapidly from the west showed to the experienced eyes of our boatman the greatness of our danger. Should the storm break before we reached the land, we, in our little nutshell should be lost. I had felt no anxiety for our lives as I had my gun on my shoulder, and an abundance of provision in my game bag; but the thought of this made me cold as ice.

"Gentlemen, down with your guns; take the oars and help us to escape," cried the boatswain; and we willingly obeyed. We fought against wind and waves with almost superhuman strength, but the labour of a whole hour had not brought us half way nearer to the landing place. It grew dark, the heavens were obscured, and a thick fine rain drove against our faces. Then came a sudden squall, a second followed still more violent, and our sail, which was reefed and half mast high, split in two with a crash. It was fortunate

that it was so, for otherwise our boat must have been capsized and we all hopelessly lost. But in what a situation were we now! A prey to wind and weather we were tossed upon the angry waves, and seemed to be driving further and further from the land. The storm raged with all its strength, death upon the waters seemed our certain fate.

The boatman and the steering lad sat in their places, the latter busied in bailing out the water which rushed into the boat. Pale as death Brice cowered near me, and pressed my hand. His voice was lost in the howling of the storm.

I again mechanically seized the oars. Even Brice worked with the strength of a giant, while the boatman held the rudder. While larger vessels seek safety during a storm in the open sea, ours consisted in reaching a small stretch of sand, and from thence to reach the shore either by swimming or wading.

It had become quite dark, and we were all wet to the skin. In spite of full two hours work we had not succeeded in reaching the land. Quite exhausted I laid down my oar, and Brice threw his into the boat in despair. The wind continued to roar, and the waves which broke over our poor craft. Merciful heavens! Four human beings two of whom, quite young, had a few hours before looked into the future full of joyful hope. I sank into a state of dismal brooding, I was indifferent to everything about me. I did not hear the howling of the storm. I did not feel the waves of water that broke over me. I thought only of myself and those I loved, and not least of all God, the all Mighty and Merciful; and He helped us.

Only for a moment did the moon look down upon the fearful scene, but this was enough to show that we were not twenty paces from the strip of sand. This sight restored all my strength. With a mighty leap I sprang into the waves, feeling that it was better to fight for my life with them than to drift about helplessly in the boat till a pitying wave should overwhelm it and put an end to my misery. I was a good swimmer, and had already had a struggle with the waves for my life; perhaps in spite of the heavy surf I might be able to reach the land.

I put out my whole strength, but yet I remembered that I had left the boat with both my gun and game bag. There was neither time nor possibility to dispose of them. After very hard work I really felt the ground under me, and I might have rejoiced had not the situation still been a fearful one. Wading and leaning upon my gun I got to the dry sand. Some heavy waves sent their last spray after me, but they broke harmless at my feet; they had no longer any power. I believed myself safe, when after a few steps I found myself again in the water, and pressing forward found it deeper than before, and the waves so furious that I was obliged to return. So now I stood upon a little spot of sand, the raging sea around me, and everything covered with impenetrable darkness. Where was I? The land could not be far off, for no sandbank lay in the middle of the sea, but how was it possible to get to it?

I had not long been thus standing, when amid the howling of the storm I heard a cry. The

thought suddenly rushed into my mind that my friend might have leaped into the water after me. And that was indeed his voice. I answered him, felt cautiously about on every side, and in a short time I held Brice in my arms, hardly able to keep himself upright from fatigue.

He also had observed the land, had seen me leap overboard, and at once determined to follow my example. He had, however, been caught by stronger breakers, and had had the greatest difficulty in contending with them. A sip from my hunting-flask restored him to life, and so we two now stood freezing and anxious upon a very small dry spot of sand, surrounded by the endless waste of waters. The boat had disappeared. Were its occupiers still living. Who could tell?

But at this moment our thoughts were directed more to our own chances of being rescued than to the boat. After a short time the moon again broke through the clouds, and there, hurrah! right before us was the wooded coast, from which we were only separated by a narrow strip of water. But this water was in a fearful state of commotion and to swim across it in the darkness was not to be thought of. We were prisoners, and must wait till the daylight should bring up escape. The hours seemed endless as trembling with wet and cold we walked up and down our little sand-hill. But we had now a feeling of safety and with it returned the desire for life.

The storm had gradually become less violent, the clouds were lighter, the full moon shone down upon us freezing human beings, and illuminated the woods upon the shore, through whose naked branches the wind piped his last melodies. Only fifty paces from land yet prisoners as if in the strongest dungeon.

"Would it not be as well to fire a few shots? perhaps someone might hear them," said Brice.

"I have yet to learn that wet powder will burn," I answered, "but at least we will try."

I raised my gun and a shot echoed through the night which was heard above the roar of the surf.

"All honour to your cartridge and powder manufacture!" cried Brice.

The moon only lent us her light for a short time, then she disappeared and we were again left in darkness. Hour after hour passed away till at last dawn broke in the east and Christmas morning appeared. How many dear heads had slumbered softly the whole of this holy night cheered by sweet dreams, and for us how terribly had the solitary hours been spent. But they were shortened by the certainty that we should be rescued and feelings of gratitude filled our hearts.

The young day became brighter and brighter. The heavens looked down calm and clear, the storm had subsided, but the waves were still high and rough. We were in fact standing on the shore, but the waves raged about our little hillock and made it an island.

"Forward!" cried Brice, in a commanding voice, and entered the water up to his waist.

In a few minutes we reached the wood. We kneeled down, and with a prayer of thankfulness looked towards our desolate island.

"Oh," said my friend, "now I have had quite enough of the seal family to last for my life."

Luck favoured us; in a short time we came to

a peasant's cottage, the inhabitants of which showed us every attention. I was clothed in the garments of the master of the house, my friend in those of his son, whose dimensions being rather smaller, he afforded us all some amusement.

A messenger was despatched to calm the anxiety of our friends at Dugana about two miles distant, and in the afternoon we made our appearance there. My fears for Brice's health were not without foundation; he had a sharp attack of fever which however soon passed away; in his delirium he often repeated the word "seal."

But what had become of our companions in the boat? It grounded about an hour after our leap. Its inmates together with Brice's gun and our ducks were washed into the sea and become a prey to the waves. The boatman by exerting incredible strength reached the land, but no trace was ever found of the boy.

## SHERBORNE;

OR, THE HOUSE AT THE FOUR WAYS.

BY EDWARD HENEAGE DERING,

*Author of the "Chieftain's Daughter and other Poems," "Grey's Court," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

**M**RS. ATHERSTONE had become deadly pale, and trembled exceedingly. Voices innumerable warned her to go back: others taxed her with being infirm of purpose, and hypocritical, for the sake of travelling in the company of the Ardens. "You know," they hissed in her ear—"you know very well that you will never take the step really—never, never." She turned away more than once, and again came back to the church door—she knew not why. Then she lost sight of the church, and the town, and the people passing by. She only saw the swollen waters of the river, and the lifeless form of Alfred Sherborne stiffly stretched on the bank—his unclosed eyes fixed in a ghastly stare that seemed to say: "This has been for your sake." Then as she gazed on those eyes, and shuddered, yet desired to gaze on them, the scene changed again to the family pew, once the Lady Chapel in the parish church of Hazeley, under which was the burial vault of the Sherbornes; and a voice whispered in her ear: "You refused it for him, and he is dead; and you would seek for yourself (ha! ha!) what you don't believe in."

The voice died away; the scene melted into a dim reality of the place where she stood; a force that was not her own impelled her to go forward and enter the church. Then a great change came over her. She knelt down and prayed mentally without effort; her soul seemed to expand, her mind experienced a fortaste of a new knowledge, perfect of its kind, certain, definite, satisfying.

She had no knowledge of Catholic doctrine, but she recognized its whole truth implicitly; so that nothing surprised her, nothing seemed unknown;

nothing had the appearance of being absolutely new, though she had never been inside a Catholic church before.

And what of the suggestion that had tempted her so powerfully, if not to resist Grace, at least to shrink from recognizing its presence? It troubled her no more. She knew that God is omnisciently merciful in His justice, and she knew what He had done for her when she was less well-disposed than Alfred Sherborne had been at the time of his death. There was not one discordant note in the harmony of her mental prayer; or, it may be, that the stupendous oneness of God's perfection, which the human mind by reason of its own imperfection is compelled to divide into attributes, impressed the soul, making her feel at once resigned and confident.

When she came away she looked about for the Ardens, but they were gone. It was half-past nine. She returned to the hotel, and found that they had just finished breakfast.

"I am sorry to interrupt you," she said, "but I have something to say that is very important to myself—in fact, it could not be more so."

"Do come in," answered Sir Roger, who was still much puzzled as to what it all meant, but felt a general interest in whatever it might be, liked the old lady on her own account, and felt rather ashamed of not having tried to bring her out of her seclusion at the Four Ways.

"But you have had no breakfast yet," said Miss Arden. "Do breakfast here. Let me ring."

"Thank you, not till I have said what I am going to say. I will not be long; but I must not be interrupted."

"Nothing disagreeable, I hope," thought Sir Roger, feeling a momentary twinge of suspicion. "I won't be let in for a long story of how the Hazeley estate passed from the elder branch to a younger one. It has done so, and there it is."

"I must ask you to attend for a few minutes, if you please," said Mrs. Atherstone, whose sharp eyes had seen that something was in his mind besides the intention of listening to her.

"With pleasure!" said he, feeling that he had better hear the worst at once.

"When I went to Mass this morning," said she, "it was not to stare, nor to appear what people call, now-a-days, 'liberal'—not to try how I liked it, as if truth were divisible and open to a competitive examination of its externals—nor to look like a Catholic abroad, and be a Protestant in England, according to what used to be called, in the early days of the Puseyites, the 'Ultra-marine Theory'; I went because I felt impelled to go—because God is so merciful, so patient with a troublesome old woman who has, at the least, hindered the action of Grace for more than half a century, that He gave me one more chance after I had hesitated even this very morning. Now the long and short of it is that I can't afford to waste any more time—no one can, under such circumstances, and particularly at my age. I must see a priest directly; I won't leave this place till I do. Will you put me in the way of doing it?"

"Oh, yes," said Sir Roger. "At least, I don't know any of them here, but I can ask some one."

"Thank you. I hope this act of charity will not make you late for the train."

"Oh! never mind about that. We are not pressed for time. I can go with you there now, if you like—only you have not breakfasted."

But Mrs. Atherstone would not wait for anything. She rose from her chair and set out for the church with Sir Roger, as soon as he had learned the address.

"I have been wondering," she said, as they walked along, "what good thing I can ever have done, that I should have had another chance given me after I had played fast and loose with more than one before."

She said this aloud, but it was addressed to herself—or rather, not addressed at all, for she had no expectation of finding an answer. Sir Roger, not being accustomed to her habit of speaking her thoughts, and supposing that he was expected to say something in reply, answered:

"You must have corresponded with Grace. God does not compel people to accept what He offers."

"Yes; but I was not thinking of to-day," said she, "I was wondering why it was offered again. Well! I suppose that is an idle question. One can't measure infinite mercy with a rule and line. The fact is, I was musing aloud: it is an old habit of mine, acquired in solitude. But there is another thing I was thinking of as I walked home from the church—not an idle question, but a fact, and a suggestive one. I never was inside a Catholic church in my life till this morning, and I know nothing at all about Catholic doctrine, except that the whole of it is true; yet I was not startled, nor astonished, nor puzzled. Nothing impressed me as being new, though it was all new. I felt as if my mind were in a condition of awakened consciousness, after being in a dormant state for an indefinite period. Now it strikes me that this is natural, and could hardly be otherwise if the mind is free. How can that seem new which was the spiritual life of our forefathers in England? How can that seem strange which the eye of faith recognizes at once?"

They had just reached their destination, to the great comfort of Sir Roger, who, though much pleased to hear such devout sentiments from his old neighbour and new friend of the Four Ways, could find nothing in his experience or imagination suitable for an answer. Mons. le Curé was out, but would be at home in an hour. Mrs. Atherstone left word that she would return at that time, and they walked back towards the hotel.

"Another thing I noticed," she began to say before she had walked many yards.

"I wish she wouldn't notice so much," thought Sir Roger; "or else tell it to somebody else. I am not used to this sort of thing."

"It was this," she said. "Not only was there nothing apparently new, nothing strange even in the ceremonies of the Mass, which are in themselves as new and strange as possible when one has been accustomed to see a person in whiskers and shirt-collars get up into a reading-desk and preach the act-of-parliament prayers, beginning with 'When the wicked man turneth way from his wickedness,'—not only was there nothing in it apparently new, nothing strange, but there was something in it all that made me feel at home, and understand that I should feel the same where-

ever there is a Catholic church throughout the world."

"Oh yes! one does, of course," said Sir Roger, adding in his own mind, "I fancy that I should find it new, though, just at first, pleasantly new, after what she describes."

"You think I am exaggerating the impression," said she, "but I am not. I have lived too much, and had too much to do with hard, uninteresting realities, to be carried away by enthusiasm."

"But I didn't say anything," thought Sir Roger.

"I know you didn't say so," said she, smiling.

"What a dreadful old woman!" he thought.

"But I mustn't even think so, or she will find it out. No! she can't have been deceived—she is too sharp for that. Certainly I shouldn't have thought that any one could feel so at home at once; but then, to be sure, I have never had her experience."

"You were surprised at my [seeing what you were thinking about]," said she; "but it was easy enough. I only supposed you to think what it was likely that you *would* think. What I experienced this morning *does* sound out of the way—I know it does; but then, facts beat fiction on its own ground, and therefore it is but natural to expect that the human mind, which invents fiction, ought to judge correctly in questions of act."

Sir Roger had a rooted dislike to abstract propositions about what he called "people's minds, and that sort of thing," but he always understood the upshot of them when they came before him practically. He answered without hesitation:

"Of course one can't guess another person's experience."

Then thinking that this answer had an unsympathetic emphasis, he added:

"But I can understand that the change would be so great as to make you forget what had gone before."

"As one forgets the feeling of past illness," said Mrs. Atherstone. "But I am afraid I have been talking too much about myself."

"No, no! not at all," he said.

"Well, it is very kind of you to say so; but one mustn't forget that what is everything to one's self is a very small part of everything to others."

"But I assure you now —"

"Then I will say just this one thing more, and have done with the subject. I have been much impressed with the propriety of saying Mass in Latin. I felt this at the time, and on reflection since. It appears to me not only expedient because the faith is one, and nations are many, but also beautifully symbolical of the Church's conquest over the great pagan empire whose language it was. To my mind there is a fitness of this that is very satisfying, so far as it goes, if one thinks about it: but what thoroughly satisfied me about this was not anything that can be explained or reasoned upon. I was conscious of its being a sort of external help to feeling at home in that church; I was conscious of its helping to impress me with the unity of Faith. Here we are now at the hotel. Why *would* they do away with Dessin's, where Sterne wrote his "Sentimental

Journey"? Don't think me flippant for breaking off into such a question. No; I don't think you will—you are too charitable. But the truth is, that the intense joy that one feels at finding one's self close into port takes off one's balance at first, and one becomes egotistical—loquacious about one's self, and over-communative about one's own feelings and impressions because—because (don't you see?) the subject is just everything, and therefore one not only can't keep one's self off it when inclined to speak at all, but one can't help having an inclination to talk too much. And when one is talking fast under the stimulus of an intensely strong feeling that absorbs all the vigour of one's heart and mind, one is sure to say something that sounds flippant, and is out of place, as I did just now—running off from the unity of the Faith to Dessin's Hotel. So it is; and I suppose it is natural, for somehow I don't feel as if I could have helped it."

"Certainly. Most natural. I am sure I congratulate you with all my heart," answered Sir Roger.

They had entered the hotel, and were passing the door of his sitting-room. She made a stately curtsy of the last century, and was going on.

"Won't you come in?" he said. "You will find my daughters there."

"But I shall be in the way—you will be setting out presently."

"No, not to-day. It is too late, and my eldest daughter is tired. She has not quite recovered from the effects of the typhus fever she caught in London last June."

"I had better go in, certainly," thought Mrs. Atherstone; "for I have not yet asked him the direction of this great-nephew of mine, who has turned up with a foreign name."

And, in order not to lose that most uncertain and slippery thing—an opportunity, she was going to ask the question as they entered the room; but female tact, so seldom at fault in its own sphere of action, told her that she had better not do so just then.

"I want to speak to you for a moment," said Sir Roger to Mary Arden, who thereupon left the room with him.

(To be continued.)

## NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

THE Editor desires to call the attention of Contributors to the following rules regarding MSS. :—

1. Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each contribution must bear on the first page the contributor's name and address, and the conditions on which it is forwarded.
3. In no case can the Editor undertake the task of expressing an opinion upon the merits or defects of poems or other MSS. submitted to him; nor can he specify the reasons which may influence him in rejecting any contribution.
4. As MSS. are sent voluntarily, the Editor will not hold himself responsible for their safe return; but when an enclosed wrapper accompanies the contribution, care will be taken to have such contribution duly posted in the event of its rejection.
5. When a stamped, addressed wrapper is not sent, the MSS. will remain for six months at the office, where they will be obtainable upon application, either personally or by letter enclosing addressed wrapper. Beyond six months no application can be entertained.



# "IT SAVED MY LIFE"

"For the Fever had obtained a strong hold on me. In a few days I was quite well."—*Extract from letter of C. Fitzgerald, Esq. formerly Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian in Albania, referring to*

## LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE,

WHICH IS EFFERVESCING AND TASTELESS, FORMING A MOST INVIGORATING, VITALISING, AND REFRESHING DRAUGHT.

*Drs. PROUT, MORGAN, TURLEY, GIBBON, SPARKS, DOWSING, STEVENS, CARR JACKSON, and many other Medical Gentlemen, have given unqualified testimony to the importance of the discovery and the immense value of*

# THIS GREAT REMEDY



as possessing elements most essential for the restoration and maintenance of Health, with perfect Vigour of Body and Mind.

It gives instant relief in HEADACHE, SEA or BILIOUS SICKNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, LASSITUDE, HEARTBURN, and FEVERISH COLDS; prevents and quickly cures the worst form of TYPHUS, SCARLET, and other FEVERS, SMALLPOX, MEASLES, and ERUPTIVE or SKIN COMPLAINTS, and various other altered conditions of the blood. It is the cure for CHOLERA.

**CAUTION!**—Dr. Wilson writes: We all know how much rubbish is put into the market in imitation of it.

In Patent Glass-Stoppered Bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 21s. each.

## LAMPLOUGH'S CONCENTRATED LIME JUICE SYRUP.

A perfect Luxury. Taken effervescing with Pyretic Saline a most agreeable Summer Drink. Sold by all Chemists in Patent Glass-stoppered Bottles at 2s. and 4s. 6d. each.

H. LAMPLOUGH, 113, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON, E.C.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE"

## CLARKE'S

WORLD-FAMED

## BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Sores of all kinds, Skin and blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. In bottles, 2s. 9d. each, and in cases of six times the quantity, 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent to any address, for 33, or 132 stamps, by the Proprietors.

THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN.

## HOLLOWAYS OINTMENT

### AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY

For BAD LEGS, BAD BREASTS, OLD WOUNDS and SORES. If well rubbed on the Neck and Chest, it cures SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS and COLDS; and for GOUT and RHEUMATISM, it is unequalled.

INSTANT RELIEF AND A RAPID CURE OF ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, AND ALL DISORDERS OF THE BREATH, THROAT, AND LUNGS,

are insured by

## DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS

Which Taste Pleasantly.

In Hysterical and Heart Complaints, they are unfailing; in Rheumatism and Nervous Pains, "they act like a charm."

CURES OF CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, &c.

Mr. James Williamson, Pharmacist and Analytical Chemist, 9, South Street, Scarborough, writes:

"I could send numerous testimonials in favour of your excellent medicine (Dr. Locock's Wafers), for I have had reported to me, and have seen their beneficial effect for years; in cases of Consumption, Asthma, Coughs, &c., the effects of your deservedly popular Wafers are most wonderful."

### TO SINGERS & PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Dr. LOCOCK'S WAFERS are invaluable; in a few hours they remove all hoarseness, and wonderfully increase the power and flexibility of the voice. Full directions in English, French, Spanish and German are with every Box. Small books of many thousand Cures may be had from every Agent.

Dr. LOCOCK'S MEDICINES are prepared only by DA SILVA & Co., 26, Bride Lane, London, E.C. Sold by all Druggists and Medicine Vendors.

Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. per Box.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR

## BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS.

### GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA & LUMBAGO.

The excruciating pain is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by this celebrated Medicine.

These Pills require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.



# BEETHAM'S Glycerine & Cucumber

Is the most perfect Emollient Milk for PRESERVING and BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN EVER PRODUCED. IT KEEPS THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE, during the COLDEST WEATHER, entirely removes and prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, &c., and preserves THE SKIN from the effects of FROST, COLD WINDS, and HARD WATER, more effectually than any other preparation! If applied after dancing or visiting Heated apartments it will be found delightfully cooling and refreshing. Bottles, 1s., 2s., 6d., of all Chemists. Free for 3d. extra by the Sole Makers, **M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.**

THE

# Louis

## VELVETEEN

**GENOA FACE. FAST WOVEN PILE.**

Every Yard of the Genuine bears the Name "LOUIS," and the Wear of

**EVERY YARD GUARANTEED.**

**Patterns Post Free.**

**THO'S. WALLIS & CO., HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.**

# JOSEPH KIRKMAN & SON,

INVENTORS AND PATENTEES OF THE

## New Over-Strung Steel-Framed Pianos,

3 & 9, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

### Asthma

VIDE

The testimony of many eminent medical authorities, and scores of the general public.

### Bronchitis

"DECEMBER,"

CURED BY THE SIMPLE PROCESS OF  
INHALATION

### Consumption

With its fogs and dampness, is now upon us, and those who are subject to ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, and other forms of Pulmonary Affections, will be seeking, as heretofore, the best means of relieving their distressing symptoms. Immediate relief can always be obtained by a few inhalations from



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF "AMMONIAPHONE." ACTUAL LENGTH ABOUT 25 INCHES. Which maintains its unique reputation, and is universally approved by the leading physicians as the simplest, safest, and most effectual remedy for all Chest and Throat Affections.

READ THE FOLLOWING UNEXCEPTIONABLE TESTIMONY.

Dr. A. S. KENNEDY, L.R.C.P., writes as follows:—

"The two Ammoniaphones that I had from you have given very good results. Apart from improved timbre, resonance, and extension of register, which are undeniable, I have found the Ammoniaphone most useful in cutting short catarrhal and laryngeal troubles, and of great benefit in removing huskiness. Several patients have tried the Ammoniaphone at my suggestion, and are all pleased with the improvement in their voices."

Miss RABETT, Bramfield, Cavendish Road, Clapham Common, writes:—

"Miss Rabett incloses Post Office Order for 25s., to be sent to the above address. Dr. Cronin, Miss B.'s medical attendant, desires her to try it for a delicate throat. He particularly recommends it in her case."

The AMMONIAPHONE (Harness' Patent) will be sent free by post to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of P.O.O. or Cheque (Crossed "London and County Bank") for 25s., and payable to C. B. HARNESS.

Dr. FRED. T. B. LOGAN, Eastville, Southville, Bristol, writes:

"The Ammoniaphone arrived safely this morning. I happened to be suffering from relaxed throat and hoarseness, which a few inhalations almost instantly relieved. I shall have much pleasure in forwarding you my experience with it after I have given it a fair trial."

LATER TESTIMONY.

"Dr. LOGAN sends his Ammoniaphone to be recharged according to your circular, and begs to express his entire satisfaction. Before its use he was subject to relaxed throat which has now almost entirely gone, and the effect it has upon the high notes of the register is almost marvellous."

**THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, Limited, 52, Oxford St., London, W.**  
NEW YORK, 226, Fifth Avenue, MELBOURNE, Allan & Co., 27, Collins Street, East.













# BEETHAM'S Glycerine & Cucumber

Is the most perfect Emollient Milk for PRESERVING and BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN EVER PRODUCED. IT KEEPS THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE, during the COLDEST WEATHER, entirely removes and prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, &c., and preserves THE SKIN from the effects of FROST, COLD WINDS, and HARD WATER, more effectually than any other preparation! If applied after dancing or visiting Heated apartments it will be found delightfully cooling and refreshing. Bottles, 1s., 2s., 6d., of all Chemists. Free for 3d. extra by the Sole Makers, **M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.**

# THE Louis

## VELVETEEN

GENOA FACE. FAST WOVEN FIBRE.

Every Yard of the Genuine bears the Name "LOUIS" and the Wear of

EVERY YARD GUARANTEED.

Patterns Post Free.

THOS. WALLIS & CO., HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

# JOSEPH KIRKMAN & SON

INVENTORS AND PATENTEES OF THE

## New Over-Strung Steel-Framed Piano

3 & 9, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

### Asthma

VIDE

The testimony of many eminent medical authorities, and scores of the general public.

### Bronchitis

"DECEMBER,"

CURED BY THE SIMPLE PROCESS OF INHALATION

### Consumption

With its fogs and dampness, is now upon us, and those who are subject to ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS and other forms of Pulmonary Affections, will be seeking, as heretofore, the best means of relieving their distressing symptoms. Immediate relief always be obtained by a few inhalations from



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF "AMMONIAPHONE." ACTUAL LENGTH ABOUT 25 INCHES. Which maintains its unique reputation, and is universally approved by the leading physicians as the simplest, safest, and most effectual remedy for all Chest and Throat Affections.

### READ THE FOLLOWING UNEXCEPTIONABLE TESTIMONY.

Dr. A. S. KENNEDY, L.R.C.P., writes as follows:—

"The two Ammoniaphones that I had from you have given very good results. Apart from improved timbre, resonance, and extension of register, which are undeniable, I have found the Ammoniaphone most useful in cutting short catarrhal and laryngeal troubles, and of great benefit in removing huskiness. Several patients have tried the Ammoniaphone at my suggestion, and are all pleased with the improvement in their voices."

Miss RABETT, Bramfield, Cavendish Row, Clapham Common, writes:—

"Miss Rabett incloses Post Office Order for 21s., to be sent to the above address. Dr. Croxson, Miss B.'s medical attendant, desires her to try it for a delicate throat. He particularly recommends it in her case."

The AMMONIAPHONE (Harness' Patent) will be sent free by post to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of P.O.D. Cheque (Crossed "London and County Bank") for 21s., and payable to C. B. HARNES.

**THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, Limited, 52, Oxford St., London, W.**

NEW YORK, 226, Fifth Avenue,

MELBOURNE, Allee & Co., 17, Collier Street, East.

Dr. FRED. T. B. LOGAN, Eastville, Southville, Bristol, writes:—

"The Ammoniaphone arrived safely this morning. I began to be suffering from relaxed throat and hoarseness, which I inhale almost instantly relieved. I shall have much pleasure in forwarding you my experience with it after I have given a fair trial."

### LATER TESTIMONY.

"Dr. LOGAN sends his Ammoniaphone to be recharged according to your circular, and begs to express his entire satisfaction. Before its use he was subject to relaxed throat which has now almost entirely gone, and the effect it has upon the notes of the register is almost marvellous."